State Normal Magazine

Vol. 20 February-March, 1916 No. 5

CONTENTS

In Memoriam

Thomas Braxton Bailey

Died

January 25, 1916

Member of the Board of Directors
1903-1916

Chairman Executive Committee
1910-1916

State Normal Magazine

VOL. XX GREENSBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1916 No. 5

Thomas Braxton Bailey

An Appreciation Read Before the Faculty Council
By Prof. W. C. Smith

It is with a deep sense of personal loss that this faculty records the death of Mr. Thomas Braxton Bailey, of Mocksville, North Carolina, a member of our College Board of Directors, the Chairman of its Executive Committee, and for more than fifteen years one of the institution's most loyal friends and benefactors.

Mr. Bailey was a splendid type of the honored and useful citizen. An able lawyer and a very successful man of business, his legal successes did not render him hard, nor his increasing wealth unmindful of the finer things of life. He guarded well the rights of his clients, but did not forget justice and charity; he made liberal investments of time and money in material enterprises, and yet was none the less active in behalf of the agencies of personal and community uplift—civic, fraternal, educational and religious.

In his community, Mr. Bailey was recognized as its leading citizen. In the course of his useful life he filled many positions of trust and honor, among them city attorney and school committeeman, county representative in the State Senate, chairman of the County Board of Education, attorney for the North Carolina Midland Railroad, president of the Mocksville Furniture Company and of the Bank of Davie, director in the Wachovia Loan and Trust Company, trustee of Davidson College, and a member of the Board of Directors

of the State Normal and Industrial College. Mr. Bailey was also an honored officer in his church and a most liberal supporter of its orphanage, ministerial, educational and mission work.

The modesty and reserve of the man were such as to effectually conceal from all except his most intimate associates the extensiveness of his public service and the widespread nature of his benefactions. The Winston, Raleigh, and Statesville papers, however, bear eloquent testimony to his liberality and state-wide usefulness. The Masonic Orphanage, at Oxford, gives public expression to its gratitude for his fostering care of that institution; the Barium Springs Orphanage declares him one of its most liberal supporters; the religious press records its appreciation of his gifts to ministerial and mission funds, and a correspondent of Davidson College tells of his establishing a permanent scholarship there and of liberal contributions made to the endowment fund.

In one of the most trying ordeals this College has known, the fever epidemic of 1900, Mr. Bailey lost his two daughters, Sarah and Evelyn. As a memorial to these young lives, he built and furnished the beautiful room so constantly used by our Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Bailey also established a permanent scholarship bearing the name of his daughters. The interest on this fund, supplemented by additional contributions, has met the expenses of one or more students annually. Chiefly through his efforts, too, the College has received a liberal part of the proceeds of the Annual Masonic Picnic at Mocksville. This has been devoted to defraying the expenses of orphan girls at this institution. Our Secretary reports that since 1903 we have received $1,715.00 from this source and that by it sixteen young women have been aided. Our friend and benefactor thus lost two daughters to become the educational father of many.

In his labors as director and as chairman of our Executive Committee, Mr. Bailey has been a source of quiet strength to the President, to his fellow members of the Board, and to all the larger interests of the College. The institution has had no more loyal friend nor has any one served it more modestly or self-effacingly.

For this life, so abundant in helpfulness to humanity, we here add our tribute of gratitude and appreciation. Such a record we feel to be an ever-living benefaction, one that has already borne rich fruit and that will continue to bless increasingly the generations that are to come.

February

Lucile Reams, '18, Cornelian

February! and a hint of Spring
Is wafted on the soft and gentle wind;
Fragrance of new-ploughed earth,
Vision of a half-hid violet.
Longing, pain and joy combined,
When February brings a hint of Spring.

February! and a hint of love,
Is wafted on the soft and gentle wind,
Youthful fancies finding birth
In the glowing heart of a violet.
Longing, pain and joy combined,
When February brings a hint of love.

Husks

Marguerite Maddrey, '19, Cornelian

The Busy Bank Clerk looked up from assorting the morning mail. There is something peculiarly attractive and elusive about morning mails. You may get some, you may not; anyway it is a diversion from rows and rows of figures and wavering lines of red ink, and while you are looking over the mail you have a moment to let your fancy dwell on the vast difference between should-be's and are's.

The Bank Clerk carefully laid aside a letter that bore his own name. It was not an unusual thing. The Little School Teacher Lady quite often used him as a safety valve when she was tired, lonesome and heartsick. This morning he did not have the time nor the inclination to read the letter which would tell of some fresh escapade of the Bad Boy, or another long walk with the Blue-Eyed Professor, who of late seemed to consume many of the Teacher Lady's odd moments.

In reveries the Bank Clerk reviewed his past life. The most of it had been spent in letting empty buckets down into empty wells, the remainder would be spent in trying to draw them up again. Work had filled his days and pleasure had claimed his nights. He had danced away his health and strength, and now when he most needed both the piper had ceased to pipe the wild, weird tunes and firmly, stoically demanded pay for each minute of overwork, for each moment of dissipation. Nothing remained but bitter ashes of regret; a wreck financially and physically; a desire for real life and a home, without the ability to acquire either. Again he lived over the evening weeks ago when he had told the Little Teacher Lady that he had no right to love any one seriously, for the few remaining years would be only an endeavor to patch up the broken-down machine; when he told her that the close confinement of the office work and the strain of late hours had wrecked his never over-strong constitution; how he realized too late that he wanted a home and wanted her in it; that he could not for one moment think of asking her to share

the lot of a failure, a tramp, a ne'er-do-well, and her only answer had been, "I love you." With a sigh the Bank Clerk slipped the letter into his vest pocket and turned again to his pencil and books.

* * * * * * *

The Tired Little Teacher Lady laid her head on her desk, closed her eyes and gave herself up to a moment of absolute rest before making a schedule of the next day's work. She thought of the letter she had written and hoped the tear blots would not be noticed as a direct denial of the contents. It was so hard to pretend you are having a good time when all the time the call of life is so strong as to be almost unbearable. Yet she must be brave, she must not let him know that life gave her only the dregs to drink when she had never had a sip of the wine. And yet she knew that it must be so always. The little souls with whom she came in contact every day bore silent witness that the survival of the fittest is not the divine plan.

"God, keep my soul sweet and my faith unshaken," she murmured. "Give me strength to do the right thing, to be unselfish, and, dear God, help him to be strong and brave and true." Raising her head, she planned the work for the next day, jotted down the items in her notebook, pinned on her hat, pulled down the shades and left the school building. The other teachers had been gone hours it seemed to her.

When the Little Teacher Lady reached her boarding place she found a letter offering her the position of assistant in a high school in a distant part of the state for the coming year. Grasping the letter tight in her hand, she fled to the big pine on the other side of the hill. This was her thinking place. Here she came to wrestle with all her problems, from the disciplining of Freckle-faced Jimmy to the cause of the European War. The Other Man had called last Sunday evening, had told her again that he loved her, had asked her to share his home and fortune. The Teacher Lady was rebellious; she did not love the Other Man, she had told him so, and she announced the fact again.

"Marry me and love will come," he pleaded. "You are fanciful, full of ideals that are not practical. You need a

home to absorb your attention. You are not strong enough to battle every day with bread problems. I have strength for both of us. Come with me and forget your worries. I love you and need you and want you."

She shook her head; she knew that she could never give the Other Man the same unquestioning love that was the Bank Clerk's; yet she admired him, respected him and had faith in his achievements. The vista of the coming years stretched very far and desolate before her. Uncertainty filled either path left for her. What could she do? School teachers have odd ideas about romance—that love is king, and far better a dinner of herbs with your Dream Man than a kingly feast with the Other Man. The Dream Man was impossible—only in dreams. And yet it was not fair to take all and give nothing to the Other Man. Should she barter her life for just a home, a place to exist? Could she sacrifice her ideals on the altar of the commonplace? She must decide, and quickly. The Other Man had become most impatient, had told her that she must give him an answer. The world seemed upside down. Nothing was as it should be. And the letter from the principal must be answered.

The big pine cast a friendly shadow that reached to the foot of the hill. Soon the shadows would blend into one and the world would be lost until the morrow. A little gray bird twittered a sleepy good-night over her head, and the cawing crows answered each other's call with a slow, lazy cry. The Teacher Lady clasped her hands about her knees and gazed vacantly into gray space, deaf to the sleepy chirp of the birds, to the good-night whisper of the pine. Contentment is not so much the ability to enjoy what you have as the power to forget what you cannot have, you know.

Raising her head heavily, slowly, wearily, from her cramped position she went home through the deepening twilight. Food was distasteful, she ignored the supper bell. In her room she paused before a fine copy of the Sistine Madonna and moisture gathered upon her lashes. A two days' old letter from a certain bank lay on her dressing table. The closing sentence was indelibly stamped upon her brain. "I have no right to spoil your prospect for a long, happy life. I could

not accept the sacrifice were you to offer it. It's not hard to be unselfish, for I am thinking only of you and your ultimate happiness."

Pushing aside, unseeing, a box of candy from the Other Man, she hastily wrote a brave little note: "I thank you, but I cannot accept"; filled in a contract for another year of school work, gathered her dream children close into her arms and, in the dusk hour, burst into a flood of relieving tears.

Herald of Spring

Ruth Charles, '19, Adelphian

O, listen! the friendly robin is here,
  Dispelling winter's gloom,
Bringing with him the southland cheer
  And the breath of flowers abloom.
Hark! how loudly he sings for our pleasure!
"Spring is here with all its rich treasure!"

O yes, friend robin is with us again,
  Heralding in glad spring.
Singing in sunshine and teasing the rain,
  How he makes the welkin ring,
Trilling these oft-repeated measures:
"Spring is here with its thousand treasures!"

From the budding maple the gay sounds swell,
  As tho' from many throats,
And with a persistence that makes up well
  For lack of diversity in the notes,
As he repeats again and again, at leisure:
"Spring is here with all its rich treasure!"

Shakespeare and the Bible

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, Adelphian

For those who find keen delight in tracing, on page after page of Shakespeare, some Biblical thought or figure, or phrase, some direct Biblical expression, has never existed, for one moment, the idea that Shakespeare was a theological student, or that he "set the task of propagating religious doctrines". On the contrary, Shakespeare is essentially "the poet of secular humanity".

But like Browning, Shakespeare "saw the divine in the human, the spiritual in the secular, and made them manifest in his own way, in glimpses or in flames of light".

However, it is claimed that Shakespeare's loftiest thoughts and purest inspirations were drawn from the Bible; that he was a sincere believer in the orthodox views of his day. These claims are established by a large number of Biblical affinities, allusions, references, and quotations from every part of Shakespeare. From their very frequence and circumstance these bear the marks of design, and are most accurate in spirit and application. "The allusions are so numerous and apposite, the historic references so varied and correct, that they must needs denote familiarity with the Scriptures."

Is it asked *how* Shakespeare knew the Scriptures so well? The Bible was the standard literature of his day. It was not a forbidden book, as it had been, but the one—almost the only—book within reach of the common people. Shakespeare surely had the advantages of that Book in his early home, and probably of no others, unless the classics that he studied at school, and the histories.

The Reformation in England was at hand, "when the whole atmosphere of social, and even political life, was charged with the inbreathing of Old Testament law and New Testament gospel"; "when", as Erasmus had prophesied, "the husbandman should sing portions of the Scripture to himself, as he followed the plow; the weaver should hum them to the

tune of the shuttle; when the traveler should while away, with their stories, the weariness of his journey."

Greene, in his "History of the English People", shows us the marvelous relation of the Bible to the people of the day, how "England became the people of a Book (the Bible)—the one book every Englishman was familiar with." It was read everywhere, and everywhere "kindled a startling enthusiasm".

With Chaucer their only poetry, and with practically no history, no romance in the English tongue, when the Bible was ordered set up in the English church, "the people were leavened with a new literature", in the church, in the cathedral, and about the fireside. With its varied wealth of psalm and prophecy, of legends, biography and war annals, parables and stories of mission journeys, and peril by sea, with its philosophy and vision and romance, the Bible took root in the minds and lives of the people. "And taking the place of the modern religious propaganda", it influenced the social and moral as well as the intellectual life of the people in a most amazing degree.

The temper of the nation, its conception of life and man, its moral and religious impulse was entirely changed. In the words of the old historian, "England became, in fact, a church".

It was on the crest of this great moral wave that Shakespeare's life was borne. Just behind it swept the splendid wave of Puritan thought, which brought forth Milton and Bunyan, and which brought, too, a demand for an authorized version of the Bible—a demand answered by the Counsel of Scholars appointed by King James I to translate the Bible. This work occupied seven years, from 1604 to 1611, and was the most absorbing topic of political and general interest, the most popular theme of conversation of the time.

This period, and also the next five years, was the greatest period of Shakespeare life—the golden age of his dramatic writing. We can easily see what a wonderful flood of light and inspiration must have come to him daily, and how inconceivable would be a Shakespeare who was not saturated with Bible language and thought in such an age.

Says Burgess, "The use of Biblical characters, facts, fig-

ures, doctrines and laws, in the author's own language, is so common as to constitute one of the most remarkable of the many marvels of Shakespeare".

Nearly every student of Shakespeare recognizes this element in his works. From one author comes this: "In storing his mind, Shakespeare went first to the word, then to the works of God. In shaping the truths he derived here, he obeyed the instincts implanted by Him who had formed him. Hence his power of inspiring us with sublime affection for that which is properly good, and of chilling us with horror by his fearful delineation of evil." This author goes on to remark how often a passage rises in our thoughts, unaccountably, and we feel that it must belong either to the Bible or to Shakespeare.

Another author suggests that the home education of William Shakespeare was grounded on the Bible. "And if this Book had been sealed to his childhood, he might have been the poet of nature, of passion; his humor would have been as rich as we find it, and his wit as pointed, but he would not have been the poet of the most profound as well as the most tolerant philosophy; his insight into the nature of man, with his meanness and grandeur, his weakness and strength, would not have been what it is."

"Shakespeare's characters show no unbelief, save as direct effect or excuse of sin; his pictures of vice are never alluring, his ethical judgments are always sure."

Dr. Strong, of Rochester Theological Seminary, is quoted in writing of Shakespeare's personal belief: "There is no trace of Mariolatry, nor of dependence for his salvation upon ritual and ceremony. * * In an age of clerical corruption, he never rails at the clergy. While he has some most ungodly prelates, his priests are all a credit to their calling. None of his characters are disseminators of scepticism. I cannot explain this, except by supposing that Shakespeare himself was a believer. Though he was not a theological dogmatist, nor an ecclesiastical partisan, he was unwaveringly assured of the fundamental verities of the Christian scheme. He had dug down through superficial formulas to the bedrock of Christian doctrine. If any think it irrational to believe in man's deprav-

ity, guilt and need of supernatural redemption, they must be prepared to say that Shakespeare did not understand human nature."

Charles Ellis, the English author of "The Christ in Shakespeare", claims some fifty of the Sonnets as decidedly Christian in teaching, "expressing * * with felicity and strength which harmoniously glow in perfect accord with the highest aspirations, the honor and praise of Him who is above all". Here is the Sonnet CXVI:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment. Love is not love
Which alters, when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' its height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved."

Dr. Burgess quotes from him: "Although the poet's primary aim was not to display his spirituality to his general reader, if he ever pondered such a thing, he never wished to hide from his friend, or from any one, the exalted view which he obtained from the Scriptures."

Shakespeare understood the Bible as it has come to be understood in recent years, and he had the task before him of "teaching a world not literary, that the Bible was literature". "He recognized the poetry of the Biblical moralists," one author writes, "with the same sure glance with which he recognized his own poetry. Especially in certain sayings of Christ whence others drew dogma, he could perceive at once poetical synthesis, his own highest poetical quality."

One of the surest marks of Shakespeare's familiarity with the Bible is the frequent use of Scripture language, and pious exclamations—a characteristic of the time—even in the mouth

of his grossest characters, which is often quite shocking to our sense of reverence.

The fact that in Shakespeare's works, which form such a true mirror of humanity, "he should associate with the gods of his own creation (in his drama) much of pagan philosophy and heathenism, bears tribute to his trueness to his subject, and not witness to his unbelief in the Bible whence he drew so copiously," says Dr. Burgess.

Through the homage of his best men and women to the divine, and the dread of that God shown in his worst characters, Shakespeare bows his own knee in reverence to God, the God of the Bible. Dr. Burgess tells us that the word "God" is used in the dramas nearly seven hundred times, and often "Heaven" is substituted for this word. This author also gives some interesting tables showing the occurrence of these names, and various expressions of reverence. Frequent references were made to "Jesus Christ" as "Savior" and "Redeemer". We find such reflections of Shakespeare's faith as these scattered throughout his works:

"The precious image of our dear Redeemer."
"The world's Ransom, blessed Mary's son."
"By the death of him who died for all."

"In these holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our bitter advantage, on the bitter cross."

Aside from the Christ, the characters drawn from the Bible, mentioned in Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies and historical dramas, range through a long list taken from Bible history and prophecy and romance—there are forty-three mentioned by Dr. Burgess—from Adam to the Devil, which in the old creation story, may not seem so great a range after all. Other Scripture facts, incidents, places, are used thirty-three times, not to mention the Bible words among Shakespeare's vocabulary, used with their exact Biblical sense.

In the rich storehouse of parallel Scripture and Shakespeare passages compiled by Dr. Burgess, it is an intense delight to wander about, constantly finding some couplet that is a new surprise and pleasure. For those who are not accustomed to

read Shakespeare from this point of view, I quote some of these startling passages from some of the most familiar of the dramas. Compare with their parallels for yourself:

"Blessed are the peacemakers on earth."
—*Henry VI 2: 1.*

"Blessed are the peacemakers."
—*Matthew V: 9.*

"There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."
—*Hamlet 5: 2.*

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."
—*Luke XII: 6.*
—*Matthew X: 29.*

"He that doth the ravens feed
Yea providentially caters for the sparrow."
—*As You Like It 2: 3.*

"Behold the fowls of the air, and your Heavenly Father feedeth them."
—*Matthew VI: 26.*

"But it sufficeth that the day shall end
And then the end is known."
—*Julius Caesar 5: 1.*

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
—*Matthew VI: 34.*

And the oft-repeated motif of Macbeth—the witches' chant, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." See, in Isaiah V: 20: "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!"

"Love is not love
Which altereth when it alteration finds."
—*Sonnet 116.*

" * * endureth all things, love never faileth."
—*I Cor. XIII: 8.*

"You have too much respect upon the world.
They lose it that do buy it with much care."
—*Merchant of Venice 1: 1.*

"Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it."
—*Luke IX: 24.*
—*Matthew X: 39.*

"How far that little candle throws his beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
—*Merchant of Venice 5: 1.*

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men."
—*Matthew V: 15-16.*

"Charity itself fulfills the law,
And who can sever love from charity?"
—*Love's Labour Lost 43.*

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."
—*Romans XIII: 10.*

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."
—*Merchant of Venice 4: 1.*

"Thou makest it soft with showers."
—*Psalm LXV: 10.*

"I am for the house with the narrow gate."
—*All's Well 4: 5.*

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth into life."
—*Matthew VII: 14.*
—*Luke XIII: 24.*

"Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls; who steals
My purse steals trash.
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."
—*Othello 3: 3.*

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."
—*Prov. XXII.*

"A good name is better than precious ointment."
—*Eccl. VII: 1.*

There are almost numberless passages whose parallelism is

so patent as to make it seem almost as if Shakespeare's plays are sermons—not the orthodox Sunday sermons, but wholesome human sermons containing ethics of everyday. We find the poet saying almost verbatim from the Scripture:

"The sins of the father are to be laid upon the children."

"He is the prince of the world."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel, O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!"

and

"Cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed."

From the Psalm XIX and from Job 38:7, is taken what Dr. Burgess tells us, Hallam claimed as Shakespeare's "sublimest passage":

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings."

—*Merchant of Venice 5:1.*

Shakespeare's own last will and testament bore a final witness to his personal faith when it started off:

"I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Savior, to be made partaker of the Everlasting."

After looking at Shakespeare's works for a while, through the powerful glasses of Dr. Burgess, as our eyes grow more accustomed to the field, like the myriad tiny stars visible only through the telescope, these star-points of Scripture in the dramas and sonnets seem more and more myriad and wonderful. And we do not start in surprise when our author says:

"Thus it is seen that Shakespeare drank so deeply from the wells of Scripture that one may say, without any straining of the evidence, without the Bible, Shakespeare could not be. And if it were possible to suppress every copy of the sacred volume and obliterate its very existence as a book, the Bible in its essence and spirit, its great doctrines of infinite justice, mercy, love, and redemption, as well as a vast store of its most precious sayings, would yet live in Shakespeare."

The Apple-Green Letter

Laura Lynn Wiley, '18, Adelphian

" 'Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein—
Du bist wie eine —' "

"If you don't cease that horrible German, I'm going to 'schlag you in dien Kopf mit einer Brick-stein'. All of that on top of chemistry! No telling what kind of chemical reaction may take place in my brain!" It was Maud speaking. Overcome by three hours of "lab.", she had flung herself across the bed, thanking her stars that it was snowing too hard to observe "walking period".

"You are right!" agreed Ruth. "There's a time to study and a time to refrain from studying; and personally, I believe this is the time to refrain from studying." With that she gave her book a "sublime" sling across the room and curled up on the bed.

The other girls in the room seemed dead to the world. Their attention was centered upon a fashion sheet.

"Now, I think that suit is just dead cute!" exclaimed Kit.

"O, I think it's a perfect mess! I wouldn't give it to a red-headed stepchild," said May, with the air of one ready to fight at the least provocation.

"Neither one of you is going to be burdened with that suit, so shut up!" chimed in Ruth.

"Come on, let's scrap it out!" said Kit. "I feel mean enough for anything." And Catherine Cary was not exaggerating when she said this. She was without a doubt the sport of the crowd. No escapade was ever attempted without her.

"O, girls, do stop fussing! I just dare you to stop!" said Maud.

"Maud, you lazy old thing! I dare you to get up off that bed and run like a bow-legged haematococcus!" defied May.

"May Martin, I dare you to get down on your prayer bones and make love to this pillow just as if it were 'dear

Jack'. You'd better be practicing up before old 1916 gets away.''

''Well, Kit, if you are going to start on leap year affairs, I'll just dare you to write a leap year letter to a man you have never seen or heard of.''

''O, you do, do you? Well, present your man and I'll do the writing!''

In a few minutes they had found a book containing the names of some of the prominent club men in Washington. Kit took it and glanced down the list.

''Trent Travers! I like that name. Trent Travers. Well, I believe I'll write to the gentleman. Maud, dear, won't you lend me just one sheet of your precious apple-green stationery? Honest, I'll take good care of it.''

The girls, who were all now wide awake, gathered around Kit to watch the composition of this important document. They didn't doubt that she would write it, but whether she would mail it—that was the point! They really didn't believe she would, because Kit was so utterly indifferent to men.

''Now you all just keep quiet. I don't care for any of your valuable suggestions on the subject,'' she said.

They did keep quiet and Kit proceeded to write.

''Well, here you are!'' she finally said, holding up the letter. ''Behave yourselves and I'll read it to you.'' She read with all appropriate exaggeration of manner:

''My dear Mr. Unknown:

''You will perhaps be slightly surprised to hear from me. I've never given a man a second thought. I've always thought they were 'humbugs'. But I certainly do like your name. I just know you are not a 'humbug', are you?

''Your

''Leap Year Kit.''

''How romantic!'' exclaimed the girls in a chorus. ''Wouldn't it be funny if you should meet him some day?''

''Well, you know I never will,'' assured Kit. ''Come on, let's mail it!'' and there was a jolly scamper down the hall to the mail box.

* * * * * * *

Everything was intense excitement. The Blue waved oppo-

site the Crimson. College yells were heard all over the field. Thousands of eager spectators were thronged in the great Yale Bowl. Suddenly everything was quiet. Everybody was waiting for the signal which would start the fight between Yale and Harvard.

Kit was now a senior in college and had been allowed to come home for the football game. She looked unusually striking in her blue sporting clothes. She had brought Bob, her big brother, over in the car. Bob was a "sub." for Yale, and down in her heart she wished that something would happen so he could get into the fight.

The signal was given, and the teams "bullied off". "Stay back from the side lines!" shouted a loud voice, as the teams clashed right on the line. They were up and gone again! Tackle after tackle! Yale was gaining! A shout went up from the Blue.

"Come on, Travers! That's the stuff!" was heard from every side.

Travers did come on. The 25-yard line was almost reached. A minute more and he would make a touchdown. Suddenly all shouting ceased. Several doctors with satchels rushed to the field.

"What's the matter? Who's hurt?" everybody was asking. Kit turned to Bob, but he had gone to the scene of action. He would have to "sub." now. She proceeded to go, too. She was almost tempted to start the car and run right over those people who were standing in her way. She didn't have long to wait, however. In a few minutes she saw a man being carried toward her. His head hung down and a stream of blood gushed from a gash in his temple. A great crowd was following. As they drew nearer Kit recognized the man whose praise had rung from all sides such a short time before.

"Somebody get a car!" shouted one of the physicians to the waiting crowd.

Kit did not consider a moment. Impulsively she cried, "Here's one!" with her hand already on the self-starter.

"To the nearest hospital!" ordered the doctor, carefully lifting the limp body into the tonneau.

The big car backed out of the crowd and fairly shot down

the long avenue. The speedometer whirled around to 50 as Kit listened, with white face, to the moans of the injured man. Not until the body had been carried up the steps of the big white hospital, did Kit relax. It was several moments before she could find strength to shut the door. Then it would not close. Listlessly she climbed out to investigate. There, half crushed by the door, lay a letter of a shade of green which seemed strangely familiar. She picked it up, and with a gasp, recognized her own handwriting.

* * * * * * *

Kit was sitting in her room thinking very seriously of that letter she had found. She had almost forgotten writing it. How could she ever face that man? She had learned from Bob that he was Trent Travers. "O! but I didn't sign my last name to it and he'll never know it's me," she thought, reading it again. "I don't see why I didn't give it to Bob, but somehow I just—didn't. Anyhow, he would know my writing. I'll just have to burn it up. Wonder what the girls will think when—"

The 'phone rang and she ran to answer it. It was Bob who spoke first.

"Cathy, do you know what in thunder became of a letter addressed to Trent Travers? You know his overcoat was thrown around him when he was hurt. The letter was in the pocket and I thought perhaps it had fallen out in the car. For heaven's sake, search that car from top to bottom. Trent has been out of his mind for two days and all he talks about is that letter. He says it'll lead him to the girl meant for him, and all kinds of bosh. We've tried to give him other letters, but you can't fool the old boy. He wants that green letter. I would like to know what was in the letter. He never showed it to me, and we've been pals for a year."

"Why—er—er, Bob, I don't know a thing about the letter. I've run in the car, and I know it's not in there."

"Well, that's all!" and Bob hung up the receiver.

Kit's mind was in a muddle. What should she do? She couldn't confess that she had the letter, for both boys would wonder why she hadn't returned it long before, and now the telephone conversation. Would she ever get out of this mess

without revealing her identity to Trent? And if Trent found out that she had been brazen enough to write such a letter—! If Bob saw the letter he would certaintly tell. Why, he had always teased her about her "funny handwriting". And Kit, who ordinarily would have enjoyed such a prank, turned red at the very thought. She shoved the letter under the mat of the library desk and hurried out to the car, but somehow a long ride couldn't make her forget.

* * * * * * *

Four weeks passed. Bob reported that Trent was feeling very much better. His injuries had been quite serious, but he was able to hobble around on crutches. "He wants to come down soon if he may, and thank you for rescuing him, and also for the fruit and books you have been sending."

But as luck would have it, on the very day which Trent chose "to come down", Kit was out. She had been delayed by a puncture. However, he found it very easy to make himself at home in the library, for he was very fond of books. He was indeed a pathetic figure, hobbling around the book case, still wearing a heavy bandage around his head. He stopped at the writing desk to examine a curious paper weight and was attracted by a line of bright green under the brown mat. Inquisitively he lifted the pad and right before him lay the letter he had been wanting for a month; his letter—from the girl he had always intended to find.

The door opened and Kit came in. Hardly knowing what he said, he asked: "What is my letter doing over here?"

Kit felt like she had been stunned. Her lips seemed glued together, but finally she managed a smile as she said: "Well, I suppose I'll have to tell you that that letter belongs to me, for—I wrote it."

A look of quick surprise spread over Trent's face; the letter fell to the floor.

"You—you wrote it?" he stammered.

"Yes," she said, all embarrassment again.

"And you are 'My Leap Year Kit'?" He hobbled to her side, and held out his hand. And with a merry smile in the eyes beneath the white bandage, hand on his heart, saluting with as much cavalier grace as a pair of crutches will admit, he laughed above the hand he held, "My—Leap—Year—Kit! *I bow.*"

A Cry for Peace

Etta Schiffman, '17, Adelphian

Red flows the life-blood,
  Dyeing all the plains;
Half the world's best manhood
  In its crimson stains.
Hear the distant roar of guns
O'er the drear fields where it runs!

Gazing o'er the raging strife
  Stand the chieftains of the fray,
Reck'ning not the worth of life,
  Thinking but to win the day.
Ah! their awful lust for power
Spurs them onward every hour.

From the trembling lips of women
  Comes a wail, a ghastly cry,
Ringing like an omen
  To thousands who must die.
Hear the mother's wail of sorrow,
Prophet of a dread tomorrow!

In the trenches men must perish,
  Those at home must work and weep;
Losing all they've learned to cherish,
  Mem'ries only theirs to keep.
When will come a day of peace?
When the strife of nations cease?

Out from the war cloud,
  Clearly as a bell,
Answereth a voice loud,
  "None can foretell.
Perisheth this warlike season
But when men regain their reason."

"Shakespeare—a German Poet"

By Dr. Karl Berger-Darmstadt—in "Velhagen und Klassing's Monatshefte"—February, 1915

Translated by Ellen Rose, '17, Adelphian

At the beginning of the present world war, when the news came from the land that cradled Shakespeare, that henceforth the creations of German art, just as other manufactured articles, should be strictly tabooed as "made in Germany", one naturally thought of "reprisals" of a similar nature in our country. Numerous, only too numerous, were the strange "boarders" who profit from the German love for the foreign, who had fattened upon the German abundance. It was, therefore, in every way a healthy reaction of national pride, of a newly-awakened self-consciousness, when such imitators of German customs and manners, especially when they showed their mental unripeness and immaturity to even the blindest by their undignified assault upon our nation, were made the victims of a just exasperation. Whoever had recognized the uselessness of such minds when they were still a fad could be glad that the war, the great purifier, freed us from their sultry presence; their loss is a great gain! For in the determined resolve to renounce everything impure, foreign, and unhealthy, the new strengthening of the national consciousness, which had always been the desire of the best, but had never been realized, manifested itself. But to one acquainted with the German nature and with German history it was clear from the beginning that it was not permissible nor possible for us to vie with the English and their allies in the condemnation of true mind values and of real greatness. If the easily satisfied Britons suddenly banish from their temple of reverence the sublimest masters—a Beethoven and a Wagner; if they presume to place upon the index the German works of art which have been hallowed by the great of their own country, then they only show that these have not become to them a real possession of culture; that they have not entered into their soul and life, but have remained only as things of an external

nature, a matter of profits and business. They think that they are robbing us and rob only themselves. Such voluntary poverty is in accord with their insulated position in mental life as otherwise, with their self-satisfied, narrow condition.

At the beginning of the war, when a theater director asked us if he might be permitted to play Shakespeare, and believed that he must shield himself with the testimony of statesmen, scholars, and other authorities, we considered that an entirely exaggerated precaution. The treason of our enemies to general culture had here evidently caused the desire for national feeling to be considered to a greater degree than is otherwise customary to the German stage. A German weakness, the inclination toward internationalism, together with other demands of the spirit of the times, had made possible the indiscriminate importation of mental trash of other countries. Yet with the harmful, the less valuable, the immature of foreign origin, the highest mental values of foreign countries should not for a moment be confused. We are not to forget, however, even in times of greatest exasperation, that the opposite of that weakness is our strength toward manysidedness; the ability, deeply rooted in our national character, ever to gain for the German spirit the best and most beautiful of all zones and times through inward appropriation and then, through our own productions thereby enhanced, to again beneficently enrich the foreign. Through this gift we have become a world power of the mind before we became a world power politically; out of this ability, proven in a thousand ways, arises for us the right and duty, also after the war—then above all—to carry out a mission of culture in the world.

The claim of this mission we do not take from "Prussian militarism", as the hostile peoples who call us "Huns" and "Barbarians" think. We obtain it, as well as the strength to carry it out, in the last instance from that mental world which our great poets and thinkers from the time of German idealism have left to us as a lasting heritage; from that artistic —aesthetic and moral—philosophical culture with which our whole being is indissolubly bound together and upon which rests also the foundation of the later political structure, together with the military organization of the strength of our

people. An English statesman, Viscount Haldane, once chosen to deal with the matter of reconciliation, has recognized this interrelationship as well as any German could. "Without Goethe, no Bismark," he quoted in one of his speeches, and continued, "But one might have added that without the great thinkers of Germany there would also never have been a Scharnhorst, Clausewitz, Roon and Moltke." But upon all the roads of these thinkers and poets we meet old England's greatest son; upon the roads of German mental development Shakespeare is to be found as a pioneer and helper, an instigator and furtherer. The spirit of the great Briton accompanies us in the whole progress of our mental life, from Rationalism and Classicism and Romanticism. His name becomes a battle cry in the tremendous upheavals of the fight, he stands radiant upon the banner of victory. Three hundred years will have gone by on April 23, 1916, since the death of Shakespeare. About one hundred and fifty years since, his world was newly discovered for us Germans by Germans, but he is today as real with us as ever and continually inspires us anew, spurring us on and uplifting us. He belongs to the world and speaks to all civilized races in their language; but no one has embraced and penetrated Shakespeare's genius with such profound insight as has the German mind. With the same love no one has studied him so assiduously to extract all his beauties from out his wild, impenetrable depths; to deeply imbibe his forms, and pictures and to make them fully his own. He is ours, but not of himself. He has become one of our own through our deep study of him in order to obtain, through a continual giving and taking, enrichment and uplift. To "dethrone" him, to erase him from our lives as the English, who are permitted to call themselves the later-born peers of the great Britons, have done with great German minds, is just as little possible as to divide the tributary after it has entered the main stream. Through his influence in our culture stream Shakespeare's spirit is of our spirit; he has as much as become a German poet.

To show how the Germanizing process has gradually come about would mean the writing of the history of the German mental development of almost three hundred years. We can

only take into consideration here the most important steps in that development. The poet made his first entrance into Germany between the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, in company with those "English comedians", who, in satisfying the desire of a public hungry for crude, sensual impressions with morality acts, frightful tragedies, jests and acrobatic feats, and among them ruins of Shakespeare's works, carried these works into the decaying German world. Disfigured and mutilated, degraded into the coarsest raw material, as debris washed up by the waves, the creator of which was not even known by name, the works of the master came before a public who would not have been ready for his real form. How little the German people, how little even their poets as well as their language, could have grasped the real Shakespeare is proven best by the German dramatists, who, like the Duke Julius of Brunswick, and Jacob Ayrer, of Nurembury, used some of Shakespeare's material in some of their dramas. Even such an important poetic talent as Andreas Gryphius, of Silesia, whom some wanted to make into a German Shakespeare, was in his "Peter Quenz", which was written under the influence of the crude comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", was as far as possible removed from the master, possibly only indirectly known to him. Where the latter laughs spontaneously and is genuinely happy, this writer would force you to laugh and insists on explaining to us the humorous situations; he will create mirth by means of the countenance of a pedantic schoolmaster. The times were not favorable and the well prepared soil was lacking for the works of such a master, just as much as the laws prescribed by Opitz deprived him of freedom and made the rise to a free artistic world impossible.

The German drama as well as all poetry up to Gottsched's time, had developed because of the need of poetry, not because of love for it. Imitation of models which were procured now here, now there, was considered the best means of poetical mastery. Under such circumstances, recognition and instruction were the main duties which comedy, as well as tragedy, had to fulfill. Under these conditions even the little acquaintance with Shakespeare must fade to a mere memory. Any-

way, his name was first mentioned in Germany in 1682, and then only incidentally by the Polyhistor Morhof. The next mention of the name appears twenty-six years later, again without being more than a mere notice. Meanwhile literature and the theatre in Germany had become farther separated than ever. There was no room for Shakespeare among the crude bombastic dramas, the coarse, loosely connected comedies, and pompous operas. In order to combat the unhealthy and abnormal growth which filled the stages to overflowing, Zittaner Christian Weise wrote his didactic school dramas, among which were a flimsy "Peter Quenz" filled with easily understood morals, and a treatment of "The Taming of the Shrew". All imagination was done away with in these plays, and yet in these sober constructions there was a sound aim for the true and natural, a quality with which not only Lessing could later begin, but with which the German spirit for Shakespeare could become receptive, if it demanded a new and better food. But that could only occur after German life had awakened to self-consciousness.

At this rebirth, also, war proved itself the father of all things. The battle which preceded the real battle took place among the scholars in accord with the rationalistic spirit of the times. The very extensive activity of Gottsched was first successful in bringing order and intelligence in the confused German literature, order and intelligence which was, according to his way of thinking, secured by closely following prescribed models, rules and limitations. Among other worthy ones this all-powerful person succeeded in reuniting the long separated literature and stage. But the fairy, imagination, remained exiled from her own realm, while the fantastic, which wrought all too great destruction, was allowed to go unbridled. Imagination, as a creative power, had to regain first of all her right, so that finally all art could be freed from the bane of the purely sensible, so that poetry instead of being only teachable and learnable matter, could follow its own laws. This redeeming work began under the star of Milton in the battle which his Swiss admirers, Bodmer and Breitinger, had to fight with Gottsched, the representative of the French classicists, for the "miraculous in poetry". Without the Swiss, who were really

rationalistic, guessing the important results of their quarrel, there came about the first dogmatic justification of imagination, of poetry in general. With that was sowed also the first seed for the understanding of Shakespeare. In opposition to these French models, stubbornly defended by Gottsched, there were for the first time, through the aggrandizement of Milton and the English Sophocles, two representatives of German poetry entered among the European models, and with that war begun a progress in the history of literature of the greatest significance. Friedrich Gundorf says in his book, "Shakespeare and the German Mind," that if one accepts the supernatural of Milton's angels and devils, then one must also accept Shakespeare's elves, witches, and spirits, as one accepts Homer's gods and nymphs.

The British genius which was justified before imagination by the Swiss, must now also stand before the test before the bar of common sense. Also to this decision the energetic Gottsched, through over-tension of his stubborn rationalism, gave the impulse. In the year 1741 the shadow of the mysterious Briton who, until that time had only been known to the Germans in distorted disguise or through incidental, superficial remarks, took more definite form. The Prussian ambassador to the English court, Kospor Wilhelm von Borck, undertook for pleasure and also to some extent from a spirit of daring, to translate "Julius Caesar" into well-set German Alexandrian and introduced with this first translation Shakespeare himself into German literature, so here a way was to be opened to "the unrestrained barbarian" on the classicistic footprints of Voltaire. Herr von Borck did not escape his punishment. Gottsched, the upholder of Voltaire in Germany, wrote his first German criticism of this first German translation with this sentence: "The worst, most characteristic action of our common comedians is scarcely so full of mistakes and faults against the rules of the stage and of common sense as is this piece of Shakespeare's." This criticism was replied to, the battle began along the whole line and thus the translation of Borck won great importance in the history of the renewal of the German spirit. The name Shakespeare became a mark of division for the different aesthetic parties, a shib-

boleth for all who intended to lead under their banner new ideas to victory.

A strange fate would have it that the writer of the first really farreaching acknowledgment of Shakespeare, Johann Elias Schlegel, who became the uncle of those brothers who were called upon to carry out the last decisive acts in the fight for the British poet, should have come from Gottsched's school. That the strength of the poet was in his characters, in the representation of human action and that he had better used and guarded those (so often misused and misunderstood) rules of Aristotle than had the much praised Frenchman, was the recognition that the German world owed to the young scholar. Gottsched persisted in not accepting it. "The disorder and impossibilities which arose from the neglect of the rules" made Shakespeare appear to him "so disgusting" that as long as he lived he read no other play of that despised person besides the translation of Borck. But he could not prevent the march of victory. More and more the hated name appeared before this reformer of literature in the collected works of literature; more and more careful and exact became the writings about him; deeper and more widespread became the study of his works. But it was Lessing who put the English poet in the center of the fight. Gottsched's overthrow led to Shakespeare's victory.

The war for literary independence which this great critic began in the middle of the eighteenth century meant liberation from the tyranny of models and rules, and above all, from the rule of the French. But Shakespeare was used as the batteringram against the fortresses and bulwarks of tradition. The all powerful literary Leipsiger, Gottsched, strongly defended his last position, but, against the great fighter, who was preparing all the time for more powerful strokes and at whose side stood the strong spirits of the new generation, chief among whom was young Freidrich Nicolai, the aging giant had to succumb. The work which Lessing's forerunners and contemporaries had done individually on Shakespeare was made by him, the founder of historical ethics and of our national drama, into one compact united whole and used by him for creative work. His celebrated seventeenth literary

letter (1759) announced, with the teaching of the interdependence of genius, the leadership of Shakespeare. In the Hamburger Dramaturgie (1767-69) the fight against the French and for the English was continued and the whole realm of the drama, which was used as a field upon which the decision must be fought out, was more fully investigated and more thoroughly covered. "Shakespeare wants to be studied, not plundered," Lessing said. With this mighty sentence, poetry was freed from the curse of slavish imitation and models, which had been forced upon it, and the freedom of creation was announced, a new road was opened to the German drama with the demand for truth and nature in which it could be enriched by Shakespeare's creations and could yet gain its own national growth. What Lessing taught he strengthened by the deed. His own dramas—after "Miss Sara Sampson"—opened the way to a new, elevated style, preparing the soil for a real German classicism. The study of Shakespeare had created the possibility and had given him courage for these works.

In the decade between the literary letters and the Hamburger Dramaturgie, with other work necessary for self-support, the impression of Shakespeare and Lessing's work for him was powerfully supported by the first bold attack, as was also the poetic conquering of Shakespeare's entire works. Wieland's translations of twenty-two dramas (in prose, with the exception of the "Midsummer Night's Dream") had appeared in the years 1762-66. To be sure this literary adventure could not be entirely successful because the delicate and sensitive appreciator could not cope with the entire greatness of Shakespeare's world. He did not have the ability to experience all things as Shakespeare had. His temperament and language, his exceptional talent for the delicate and graceful in form, was not able to accept the tremendous passion of the tragedy. He succeeded in grasping all that was humorous, dainty, fantastic, light, and graceful: in short, the whole romantic atmosphere in the fairy comedies and as an inheritance from Shakespeare such elements as the supernatural and the charms of nature have entered into some of Wieland's writings and into German literature, especially into that of the Romanticists.

Nevertheless there was offered to all those who were not acquainted with the original, through this attempt, a clearer if not a truer representation. Wieland's translation, together with the Eschenburg translation (1775-82) has opened up the first knowledge of the powerful one to the whole circle of storm and stress writers and also to Goethe and Schiller; on this knowledge rests the entire drama of the youth of those times, not excepting "Gotz" and the "Rauber". The Shakespeare of Wieland increased the power of the poet not only by the acceptance which he met with, but also the contradictions which his limitations called forth. Among these attacks the most important historically was the critical attempt of Gerstenberg, because this writer, going beyond Lessing, tried to teach people to understand more deeply the manysidedness of Shakespeare's genius and to consider his works as "a certain whole". The Silesian poet became the forerunner of Herder through his tragedy of hunger, "Ugolino", in which he forces his passion into the extreme, becoming by this play one of the storm birds who preceded the powerful movement of genius of the storm and stress dramas, which were in imitation of Shakespeare.

The movement itself came from the life-awakening, fiery spirit of Herder. Having early been led to Shakespeare by his countryman, Hamann, he did not come to a full expression about the poet until 1772, but then he gave from out his deep experience of the great work of the master by far the most weighty word of the times on the subject, the first complete picture from a person whose view was related in spirit to that of Shakespeare. The whole creation of Shakespeare, his world and surroundings, each work and each important figure in its individuality, the poet, the thinker, the entire personality in its tremendous greatness is there understood by the vision of the philosophic historian and psychologist. We see him since that time with Herder's eyes: "Seated high upon a rocky cliff, at his feet the storm, tempest, and roaring of the sea, but with his head in the rays of the sun." Shakespeare's tragedies were discovered as the germanic and modern, the equal of the classic in form.

Now for the first time Shakespeare could rule as the

leader, model and example, as a fruitful element in our poetry. From the different sides of his universal nature he was beginning to be studied according to Lessing's idea, even if he was many times only imitated. As a result of the reawakening of Shakespeare's genius by Herder the world of poetry became peopled with men who were no more as formerly the bearers of fate, the demanders or supporters of certain actions, but was now peopled with men who were individual units with living powers and passions, characters who created their fate in their wrestling with the world, which struggle was voluntary or occasioned by necessity. Each poet who since that time creates living characters, as a follower of Shakespeare, owes thanks to him. There is not one of our great, since Herder's discovery, whom the great Briton has not influenced, purifying and deepening him. His influence goes beyond the formal boundaries of poetry: the acceptance of the classic, the valuation of the individuality of peoples and their creative works, the consideration of the world and nature. Stage art and aesthetic criticism, the science of literature and the philosophy of art, all have been recreated, newly born under the influence, directly or indirectly, which radiates from this gigantic mind.

The truly creative natures, Goethe and Schiller, have naturally experienced the greatest, most farreaching effects of Shakespeare. Parallels have been hunted and the attempt made to prove plagiarisms, but with such means it is impossible even to touch the incomputable. It is sufficient to say that both poets have recognized at all times what Shakespeare was to them as a model and a master and what he signified. We have from Goethe, as is in keeping with his nature, more numerous confessions about this than from Schiller. One has to read his "Shakespeare Rede", of October 14, 1771, his grateful delineations in the eleventh book of "Dichtung und Wahrheit", the places in "Wilhelm Meister", and his treatise, "Shakespeare und Klin Ende", of 1813 and 1826, to understand what and how much he owes to the "Will of all Wills" for enjoyment and education. For the naturalization of Shakespeare upon the German stage both poets have done much, Schiller especially through his Macbeth translation, but also because he, through his powerful dramatic creations, accus-

tomed the German people to stand the breath of great tragedy. Yet in the great work of Germanizing Shakespeare it was possible only after the German language was, through both these great men, strengthened and broadened, made flexible and tuned, that a chosen one was able to conquer for us the complete works of the poet. August Wilhelm Schlegel who, after the many attempts of others (Herder, Bürger) and his own preparatory critical work, published in translation in the years between 1796 and 1810 seventeen plays, the equal of the original and in parts superior in beauty. "What Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Schiller and Tieck had each made accessible as the contents of Shakespeare: nature, plot, characters, sensuality, the dream, passion, freedom, landscape, atmosphere, the charm of life principles — all this was made into a synthetic, united form and into the form of a complete German language. This rebirth of Shakespeare into the form of a complete German language was distinctly new, is world history in the translation of Schlegel" (Gundolf). The continuation and completion of the work was carried on by Dorothea Tieck and Wolf Graf Baudissin under the inspiration and guidance of Ludwig Tieck.

For a century this Schlegel-Tieck translation has endured and proven itself a classic work which no later Germanizing attempt could touch. Its lack could not, however, remain hidden from the eyes of the philologists and the worthy and unworthy have gleaned plentifully from it not without making progress in many ways. The German Shakespeare research work has continually reached out farther and farther and in ceaseless labor has created an almost boundless literature. A German Shakespeare club takes under its especial care the king of poets, their year book being the center of the Shakesperean studies. The club is situated in the most sacred places of our greatest literary traditions, in Weimor, where not far from the Goethe-Schiller statue, there stands a marble monument of Shakespeare.

Thus Shakespeare lives and dwells among us as one of our own, a permanent possession to the German mind, because we continually strive to win him anew. With all this we do not forget that he was by descent and racial temperament an

Englishman, a passionate son of his country. Yet since his death his country and people have experienced tremendous changes; this already Heine could tell as an irony of history that the greatest genius of poetry should have been born in England. Indeed, as a matter of fact he is more at home with us today than in his own old home. While he speaks to us in the classical language of the Weimarian poets, his speech sounds to the English as obsolete as the language of Fischart to us. Only German scholars and expounders have given the poet back to him home and he really lives more in the German theater than on the English stage. Is that all simply a matter of chance? Or is it that the spirit of our great who were nurtured by Shakespeare is still alive in our people? The English will denounce the culture which is common to both of us. They think they are able to look down with contempt upon our culture, while they, out of commercial envy, have betrayed the sanctity of the Germans by making common cause with the black and yellow races. "But this above all—to thyself be true," are words which Shakespeare lets a father say to his son as a motto for life's journey. With the announcement of the victorious strength and power of England in "King John", he makes the same condition: "Nothing brings woe and repentance to us if England remains true to herself!" "The whole world in arms"—these words, uttered with boundless pride, is a challenge which we defy today. For we have been true to ourselves.

"Woe and repentance", however, must come to England since she has injured this highest duty which includes all others, through race and culture betrayal. It is fortunate that the mental inheritance of the Germanic poet is in good keeping with us.

Billy Rankin, Gentleman

Eliza Collins, Elizabeth Rountree, '18, Adelphian

"Nancy, what shall we do for a man?" This burst from a mountain of cushions on the window seat in the dead stillness of study hour.

"A man? Why, a man in this strictly feminine institution?" inquired she.

The mountain stirred lazily, and dropping a "Cosette" with a bang, the boyish face of "Billy" Rankin, Junior, appeared and sarcastically remarked:

"You are not aware, my dear, of the fact that the honorable Junior Class of this college entertains the Seniors this very next month? Unless you have changed your ways with the strong sex, I should imagine you are in the same boat with me. I can't think of a man that I would ask up here to save my life!"

This brought a rather different response from Nancy: "Oh, my soul, that's the truth! What shall we do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I have thought and thought, but gee! lots of good that does when all of your boy friends think you're only good for a quick set of tennis and treat your perfectly good invitation as a joke!"

She picked up the discarded French book and slumped back again at the window and all was quiet for the remainder of study hour. About fifteen minutes after they had gone to bed, Nancy jumped straight up and whispered across the room:

"Billy! Billy! are you asleep?"

"No, silly; I can't go to sleep! What's the matter?"

"Oh, roommate of mine, I have it!"

"What, a man?"

Nancy laughed excitedly.

"No, but something almost as good! Billy, you are to be the man at the reception! I can write home for Jack to send some evening clothes and we can fix you just beautifully. Oh, I am so happy!"

Billy's voice sounded somewhat disappointed as she said: "Well, if you think you can make me play the fool, you are very much mistaken, Miss Nancy. I am going to the 'Junior-Senior' in the role for which nature intended and not as any man!" and having delivered this speech Billy turned over and apparently settled herself for the night.

"Now, Billy," pleaded Nancy, "don't be stubborn; just think how nice you would look as, say as *Mr.* Billy Rankin. Why, you were intended for a man from the first; they even gave you a man's name. Just think, Billy, what a handsome cavalier you would make for me."

"Oh, yes, I understand now; I am to be the 'official crook', am I? Since it is your brother that has the evening clothes, suppose you be *it,*" retorted Billy.

"Now, Billy, be reasonable. I couldn't be a man; besides, you have got short hair. I'll tell you! If you will do it this year for me, *I* will do it next year for you! Billy, you have *got* to do it!"

"Well," Billy sleepily replied, "I'll think about it. I know this, though, if we don't shut up, that proctor will be down here."

* * * * * *

The time passed quickly for both girls. Nancy wrote to Jack, and like a true brother, he responded. About a week before the eventful night a huge box arrived, addressed to Miss Nancy Irving. Immediately the crowd was hustled out of their room and an immense "No Ad." was posted.

"Oh, Nancy, I am so thrilled!" said Billy, as she excitedly hopped around the box; "just think! In that box lies the making of a *man!*"

"Well, hush all that chatter and run borrow a hammer so we can get into it and see what he has sent."

Billy scampered out and soon returned with a distorted can opener. "Couldn't find a hammer; reckon this will do?"

"Sure, that's the very thing. It will prize the top boards off delightfully!"

They set to work and after a few moments of beating and banging with a shoe, managed to make a small opening into their treasure box. Billy pulled away another board, scattered

newspapers and packing far and wide, and there, right on top, was a beautiful evening coat.

"Oh, heavenly!" cried the would-be man, "and here is a collar, tie, white shirt—oh, Nancy, he's sent *lavender* socks! Aren't they *beautiful!* Gee, but I'll be swell!"

Nancy cocked her head to one side and said: "They certainly *are* the best looking things I ever saw. Here, Billy, he's sent this good looking gray hat of his. Try it on."

Billy put on the coat and hat and ran to the mirror.

"Nancy, I look awfully much like a girl and my voice isn't deep at all." She began to speak hoarsely. "There, is that better?"

"Fine!" exulted her roommate. ""Oh, please try them all on, I'm crazy to see you all dressed. Billy, how are you going to get here?"

"Why, walking is my usual mode of transportation. Would you suggest an aeroplane?" broke in the irrepressible Billy.

"You silly, you know perfectly well that you can't dress in this room and get out and back without everybody knowing it. Then when Miss Everett gets hold of it, it's good-bye college for us; she'll think the school is disgraced."

"Well," returned the undiscouraged one, "I don't know how yet, but I'll find a way, you'll see. This is too good a lark to waste."

"Oh, my stars! There's the supper bell. Do help me get these duds off!" cried Billy, as she tore at the coat. They took time, however, to carefully fold and lay the things back in the box.

After breakfast of the all-important day, Nancy replied to a volley of questions as to where Billy was, with: "Oh, she's in the infirmary, poor child. Can't even go to the reception tonight."

"Why, I saw her leave main entrance this morning with a huge suitcase. I wondered what was the matter," remarked one of the girls.

That afternoon a box of lovely white roses arrived for Nancy, and if one had listened closely they might have heard her say:

"Billy *is* a sport; wonder how much they cost?"

That evening, Nancy, with her heart beating high under her dainty canary gown, descended to the reception hall to meet Mr. William R. Battle, as the card said. As she entered the room a straight, rather boyish young man rose to greet her. After they had shaken hands he led her to a corner. Nancy seized his arm and shook it. "Billy, did they recognize you? Oh, tell me quick!"

Billy in a deep voice: "It was dead easy, but for goodness sake tell me how to escape the receiving line alive."

"Oh, cut it," Nancy replied, "there is such a crowd that no one will notice."

"Nancy, come over here a minute, please." It was little Eleanor Rogers who called.

"Come on, Billy, might as well get in now as later;" she turned and there stood Jack, the original owner of the lavender socks. Billy, forgetting her masculine role, wildly clutched at Nancy's arm and excitedly whispered:

"Nancy, that man is exactly like the picture on your dresser."

"Yes, it *is* that brother of mine," Nancy replied in a disgusted tone, "but come on, we must face the music: *he* won't tell."

Billy desperately glanced around, but girls and men blocked every avenue of escape, and she had to walk those miles across the reception hall, conscious only of an amused pair of eyes upon those fateful lavender socks.

"Miss Irving, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. ———. Why, Nancy, he must be related to you. You both have the same name."

"Why, yes," laughed Nancy, "he happens to be distantly related to me—he's my brother!" as she grasped Jack's hand and managed to whisper to him: "Don't give us away."

He smiled. "Introduce us."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Battle, Miss Rogers—Mr. Irving, Mr. Battle."

Billy, stiffly: "I'm awfully glad to meet you; shall we go in now?"

"Oh, yes, we might as well," giggled Nancy nervously.

The banquet was over and coffee was brought in. After

the last toast was given the men were left in solitary grandeur to their cigars.

"Mr. Battle," said Jack, "do you smoke?"

"Certainly," laughed Billy, "but if you will pardon me I think I will take a cigarette."

"Suppose we go on the porch to smoke," said Jack, and Billy, inwardly quaking, followed.

"I say," said Jack, "what's your name anyhow?"

Billy unconcernedly extracted a card similar, as she thought, to the one she had sent up to Nancy.

"Miss—Wilhelmina—Rankin," slowly read Jack, pronouncing each word with deadly decision.

"Billy," he held out his hand, "you are a dead game sport."

* * * * * * *

The next year as a Senior, Billy went to the reception, but Nancy was not called upon to redeem her promise.

Heartsease

Louise Howell, '17, Adelphian

You tired and disconsolate,
  Hark to the voice of spring,
That brings new faith and hopefulness,
  New life to everything.

Open your hearts to springtime—
  The birdsong and the flowers!
Make joy of toil and labour,
  Live full the short, sweet hours.

The Boyhood of Shakespeare

Ida Carolyn Gardner, '20, Cornelian

To know something of a person's parents is, in some degree, to know that person. So it is quite evident that when we begin to study the early life of Shakespeare we desire to know something of his parentage.

William Shakespeare came of an ancient and honorable lineage. The surname itself, "implying capacity in the wielding of the spear", and testifying to the chivalric temper of some ancestor, was frequent in Warwickshire from an early period. The father of the poet was John Shakespeare, the son of Richard Shakespeare, a farmer who lived at Snitterfield, about four miles from Stratford, occupying a house and land owned by Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather. About 1551 John Shakespeare sought a career in Stratford, set up as a trader in all manner of agricultural produce. Corn, wool, malt, meat, skins and leather were included in his merchandise. Documents of later date say he was a glover, others that he was a butcher; but none of these serve to disclose the full extent of his business. For then, the modern divisions of labor and trade were little known and much less regarded. There is ample proof that his affairs at this period were in a thriving condition, and that they continued so for some time. In 1558, through his marriage to Mary Arden, he became owner of a farm at Wilmecote, besides he held in right of his wife a considerable amount of property at Snitterfield. He was a shrewd, energetic business man and at the same time he commanded the respect and confidence of his townsmen, for he was elected to various offices of trust and responsibility. At length in 1568 he attained the highest office, that of High Bailiff. Good fortune seemed to reach its height in 1575 and from then on it steadily decreased. Such a turn in his fortune was probably due to having "too many irons in the fire", or to some unfortunate speculation in corn, or, perhaps, to the recurrence of dearths, of which dealers were forbidden by statue law to take any commercial advantage.

Mary Arden, the mother of Shakespeare, came of high rank, from one of the most ancient families in Warwickshire. As was the case with women of her station in life she was entirely ignorant of book lore. But "whatsoever of woman's beauty and sweetness and wisdom was expressed in her life and manners could not but be caught and repeated in his susceptive and fertile mind". He must have grown familiar with the noblest parts of womanhood, and who can say that the noblest of womanhood did not beam upon him through his mother?

William, the third child, was born on April 23, 1564, and was christened in Stratford Church on April 26. We have seen the poet springing from what may be called the best vein of old English life—that honest and substantial old English yeomanry whose "better than royal" stock and lineage was indeed fitted to the poet. At the time of William's birth his parents must have been considerably well off. So that we might say he passed his boyhood in just about that medium state between poverty and riches, which is most favorable to health of body and mind.

He was five years old when his father became High Bailiff, just old enough to begin to see and understand things, and it is very probable that he soon began to understand what was said and done in that English magistrate's home. Just as John Shakespeare assisted in enforcing the laws of the council, so he enforced strict strict discipline in his home, especially among his four sons. Let us picture William as he rose at six, carefully attended to the more necessary portions of his toilet, and brushed his clothes. At the meals he had to lay the table and wait on his parents, in whose presence he was not to talk and laugh but in moderation. After his parents rose from the table he might say his own grace and take his own meal. And his modes of eating and drinking were carefully regulated, too. In the streets he had to take off his cap to his elders. He went to bed early, said his prayers both evening and morning, and it is said that the father did not "spare the rod and spoil the child".

The poet's school days began in 1571 when he began attending the free grammar school of Stratford. To this school the

children of all Stratford freemen were sent. "All sorts of children to be taught, be their parents never so poor and the boys never so unapt." And from Henley Street, some three hundred yards away, William came each morning from 1571 onward. His description penned thirty years later of

> "The whining school boy, with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school,"

is doubtless a remembrance of this daily walk.

But no really alive boy could appreciate the long hours on the benches of the grammar school of the Elizabethan time, for the hours were outrageously long, occupying the entire day both winter and summer. The education supplied depended largely upon the attainments of the schoolmaster, which varied greatly. Education was essentially literary. Greek was probably within reach of boys of exceptional promise as students; but Latin was every boy's daily food. French and Italian for reading purposes were also easily acquired by a boy of Shakespeare's quickness of mind and power of assimilation. So it is quite evident that during the seven years Shakespeare attended the grammar school he became on speaking terms with at least four languages besides his own.

Though the boys were kept on the benches with a generous disregard of long hours, there were holidays. There was time for punting on the river, for long rambles across the country, and there is no country in England more beautiful than that around Stratford-on-Avon. Then, too, there was time for noisy games, such as "hide and seek", "more sacks to the mill", "nine pins", "quoits", "hockey", "football", "leap frog", and 'prisoner's base", prolonged far into the evening of the long English twilight, which "makes the meadows across the Avon as vocal as the old graveyard about the church is reposeful and silent".

There was one form of amusement which, there is no doubt, he never failed to appreciate. This was seeing the plays that strolling bands of actors performed in Stratford and the neighboring towns. John Shakespeare, himself, was active in his support of these companies. The Stratford folks were great lovers of the drama and were exceptionally hospitable

to these players. Their plays were mostly of the kind known as moralities, in which virtues and vices were represented. Later on, the miracle plays were famous. But no matter how shabby the magnificence, how swaggering the brave air, it made rural England feel as if it had touched a great new world of adventure, fame and wealth, of which stories were told in every chimney corner.

No less than twenty-four such companies visited Stratford in two decades. This fact bears obviously on the education of young William's imagination. There was constant talk of the plays and players. And so great were the numbers of players in the small village that boys of an inquisitive turn of mind, as Shakespeare no doubt was, came in personal contact with the comedians and tragedians of the day. So as a boy he came to know old English plays such as the companies had in stock and learned stage business to perfection. For purposes of his future work this education was far more stimulating and formative than any which he could have secured at Eton or Winchester during the same impressionable years.

Possibly the most exciting time of Shakespeare's youth occurred during the summer of 1575, when he was only eleven years of age. The summer day was long and wearisome, the lessons unusually hard and boring, the benches seemed even harder than the lessons, especially to a wide-awake lad who sat looking wistfully out of the window. By rights it should have been a holiday, but the master had sternly refused. A bold resolution soon took shape in his busy brain—he would have a holiday. Stealthily watching the master, catching an opportune moment he was gone. Knowing the roads of the surrounding country perfectly, he took the one leading to Kenilworth, the distance being fourteen miles from Stratford. He was only a little boy, but he was determined to see Queen Elizabeth, who that very day was only fourteen miles away. So he went happily on his way. And who can say with what thrills of pleasure he witnessed the royal pomp and pageantry with which the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth?

When William was fourteen his father, owing to a reverse of fortune, was compelled to take the lad from school. Little is known of him from his fourteenth to eighteenth year. But

it is very probable that he was an apprentice to his father, working diligently and losing not a single opportunity to learn.

So we have seen William Shakespeare as he lived the life of an average English boy, at that time, in a simple country village. That such a boy should be famous does not change conditions under which he grew up.

A Wish

Lucile Reams, '18, Cornelian

I wish I was a li'l bird
A soarin' up so high,
Flyin', flyin' all day long,
Way up in the sky;
I wouldn't worry, wouldn't fret,
I wouldn't have a care;
But sail and sail and dip and soar
In sweet contentment there.

Shakespeare's England

Frances K. Morris, '17, Adelphian

Three hundred years ago next month, William Shakespeare died in his own loved Stratford-on-Avon, where he had gone after a most successful dramatic career in London. Shakespeare was born in Stratford on April 23, 1564. Most of his education was that which experience taught him, for he had little sympathy with the education to which his father subjected him. When the fortunes of the family declined, we do not know what occupation the young Shakespeare took up, but it was probably a very lowly one. At the age of nineteen he married Anne Hathaway and four years later he went up to London, probably on account of some connection with a much-famed poaching affair which some rather wild companions led him to participate in on Sir Thomas Lucy's estate. He possibly left his home with a troupe known as "Leicester's Men", who came to Stratford in 1587.

In London he soon rose from the position of a call boy to that of a writer of dramas and a stockholder in theatres. The theatres in which Shakespeare was interested won royal approval and through the influence of the crown he became a wealthy landowner. There are many who would claim that there was no such person as Shakespeare, but the works of this author speak for themselves; when we have read his works we seem to have seen Shakespeare, to have talked to him, to have known him. While in London he arranged the writing of two plays a year, to say nothing of revising and correcting many others. He always wrote for the stage and never for publication, being little concerned as to the preservation of his works. He loved and appreciated the beauty of his own Stratford-on-Avon; everywhere we find touches of his love for it. He spent the last five or six years of his life there, and there died in April, 1616.

These last years of his life were years of prosperity, for they were spent in the Elizabethan Era. "England at this time was 'Like little body with mighty heart', for England

then was little, having scarcely 5,000,000 inhabitants, yet she was thrilling with a spirit of nationalism that made her great in war, in wealth, and in literature." Through the discovery of America, and through other sources, new thought was stimulated, "the influence of the Queen herself was romantic". National life had been stimulated in every phase and a wealthy nobility was the national result. This led to a life of pageantry, theatre going, frolicing, and to the building of palaces by the lords, where there were always "mighty revels and new jollity", and in all of this gaiety, the Queen herself set the pace.

"Shakespeare lived in a period of change in religion, politics, literature, commerce, in habits of daily living, in the world of ideas."

"Shakespeare, when he went to London about 1587, might have heard the shout along the street:

'The trumpets sound: Stand close, the Queen is coming,' and hurried with a picturesque crowd to see a wonderful procession sweep by—company after company in linked armor or glittering steel, with fantastic pikes; strangely costumed dancers with tinkling bells; rumbling cannon; carts with caged animals; and then—proud, self-reliant, magnificently dressed —the great Queen Elizabeth, for whom hats went into the air and the populace yelled itself hoarse. All England in those days saw the superb sweeping by of the wonderful Queen who had lifted England into prosperity and developed that spirit which now lives in Eliazbethan literature, and especially in the plays of Shakespeare."

Truly "Shakespeare's England was a merry England".

Women from Shakespeare

Katie Pridgen, '17, Adelphian

Shakespeare's characters are complete individuals whose hearts and souls are revealed to us; we each may behold and judge them for ourselves.

Mrs. Jameson has divided his women characters into groups in which intellect is most evident; groups in which moral sentiments and affections predominate; groups in which fancy and passion hold sway. Let us consider for a brief space a few women chosen from Shakespeare's comedies.

Portia, Beatrice and Rosalind may be classed among the characters of intellect, because, in comparison with others, their mental superiority is at once recognizable. Portia's intellect is kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; Beatrice's is animated by spirit; Rosalind's is softened by sensibility. When considering these three delightful characters as dramatic and poetical creations, it is difficult to declare which surpasses the others; and yet if they are compared as women, as breathing realities, we believe that the majority of critics would assign the first rank to Portia. She unites in herself to a higher degree than the others, all the noblest and most lovable traits of character that ever met in woman. One of her admirers has said: "In her character is found a rare and harmonious blending of energy, reflection and feeling."

In Portia, Shakespeare seems to have aimed at a perfect scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman, and the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature heightened by beautiful art. Her finest traits of Portia's character are brought to bear in the court scene. Here she reveals all her noble self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high, honorable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. But it is not only in the trial scene that her acuteness, eloquence, and lively intelligence are brought before us. They are displayed at the first instance and kept up consistently to the end.

As intelligent as the strongest, Portia is as feminine as the weakest of her sex. Mr. Hudson, in speaking of her, says: "She talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman."

How merry she is! how sportive! We note this element of her character particularly in her conversation with Nerissa concerning her "parcel of wooers". The latter was naming them while her mistress expressed her opinion about each. For instance:

Nerissa: "How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?"

Portia: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he! Why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitans, a better habit than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him."

With all her accomplishments, there is to be found no conceit or ostentation of intellectual power in her. For, together with her noble mentality, she has gathered sweet poetry and philosophy, all for use, nothing for show; becoming acquainted with them, she has made them elements of her sphere, companions of her fireside, so that they seem perfectly at home there. Her reflections concerning the most usual incidents of life are in such a poetical spirit and at the same time so apt that they are applied with all the force of proverbs.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

"I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

"In her character all the splendour of Italian skies and scenery and art is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination and is complicated with her every word and deed."

Beatrice is a true and animated type of the fine lady of Shakespeare's time; and though her behavior, speech, and

manners are those of a distinctive class in a certain age, yet the individual and dramatic character, being taken from general human nature, belongs to all time. Though she is wilful, Beatrice is not wayward; she is impetuous, tender, and kind. "She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart and soul, an energy of spirit, and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy, whose wit consists in a temporary illusion, or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief, than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sydney."

Seeing her childish simplicity when falling into a snare that has been set for her affections, we are at once ready to forgive her for all her biting raillery and scornful attitude. She who considers herself far too good for any man of God's creation, she who scorns even the idea of being ruled by "a valiant piece of dust", yields her proud spirit and untamed heart to be guided by the loving hand of him she has previously spurned, rejected and misused. And then we admire her loyalty to her friend. "Even when the latter's father believes the tale of her guilt, when her lover, Claudio, yields her to shame, and those about her are tongue-tied with anguish, Beatrice, divining with a woman's intuition the inconsistency and impossibility of the charge, cries out pitifully:

"O, on my soul, my cousin is belied."

We remember few of Beatrice's speeches; they contain more mirth than matter. We remember her, and love her for what she is rather than what she says.

"In power, as to dramatic character, Rosalind is the inferior of Beatrice; as to wit and intellect, she is her equal; but as to her womanly softness and sensibility she is her superior. Of the two, Rosalind gives us a portrait of much more delicacy and variety; and yet her strength and depth is less. "Everything about her breathes of youth and youth's fair prime." In her light-hearted innocence, she is playful, pastoral, and picturesque, her wit is refreshing, her manner genial and buoyant, her disposition trustful and loving.

All our sympathies are tendered her freely because she never jars them nor rubs them the wrong way. Then, too,

unhappiness simply cannot live in her presence; it is a source of pleasure to be even chided by her for "faster than her tongue doth make offence, her eye doth heal it up". An ever-flowing stream of cheerfulness seems to issue from her heart. Neither trials nor grief can chill her spirits; even beneath her bitterest tears we detect a roguish smile lurking. "Her wit, airy, soft and nimble, flits about in the sunlight neither stinging nor burning, but playing briskly and merrily over all things within its reach, enriching and beautifying them. How fresh and noble is the quality of her humor! With what careless grace, yet with what propriety!"

"For innocence hath a privilege in her
To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes."

Note the optimistic cheerfulness and tender determination in these lines:

"I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat."

And the masterly treatment of love here:

"Love is merely a madness; and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love, too."

"Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them—but not for love."

Yet through all her frolicsomeness we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity so that she never laughs away our respect.

Mrs. Jameson has fittingly said:

"The impression left upon our hearts and minds by the character of Rosalind—by the mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and what the French (and we for lack of a better expression) call naivete—is like a delicious strain of music."

Passing to the group of passionate and imaginative characters, we recognize among them three of our old friends, Helena, Perdita and Viola.

In the person of Helena, heroine of "All's Well that Ends Well", we see a portrait of ardent, unselfish devotion allied

with strength of passion and of character. She is distinguished by high intellectuality tinted by a melancholy sweetness which is founded in deep passion. In her life, we have a beautiful example of a woman's pure love—hopeful, patient, and lasting, harbored secretly but not self-destroying. She appears humble, meek, modest, but perfectly mature, wise and prudent, endowed with high ideals, and the courage to follow them. She depends entirely upon her woman's nature. United with these qualities, qualities which are found so often in superior women, are a self-mastering, self-renouncing nature, and the power to feel deeply.

Then there is Perdita, the unsophisticated child of nature. Modest and retiring, she cares little for dress and adornment, even though her father is a wealthy shepherd. At sheep-shearing celebrated at her father's home, she cannot play hostess without blushing. We see in her the love for the real and true; scorn for false colors in men or even in flowers. "She is a happy combination of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical; of simplicity with elevation; of spirit with sweetness." Closely united with a sense of self-respect and pride is her power of self-denial and resignation to fate. Her innate dignity and gentle womanliness which pierces through her rustic disguise, is maintained firmly till the last.

Viola is perhaps less elevated than Perdita, yet her exquisite refinement shines through her disguise. Well versed—at least theoretically—in matters of love, she can converse about it in a masterly way. Throughout our entire acquaintance with her we are not allowed to forget that she is playing a part; the "eternal feminine" is continually revealing itself in spite of her masquerade.

She has none of the assumption of a saucy, pert manhood which so pleases us in Rosalind, but she has a characteristic which, if not better in itself, is much more becoming in her—"the inward and spiritual grace of modesty" permeating her every action and speech. Even in her railleries with the comic characters there is always a perceptible drawing back of female delicacy which continually touches our sympathies. But the great charm of her character lies in "a moral rectitude so perfect and so pure as to be a secret unto itself; a clear,

serene composure of truth, mingling so freely and smoothly with the issues of life, that while, and perhaps even because she is herself unconscious of it, she is never once tempted to abuse nor to shirk her trust, though it be to play the attorney in a cause that is so much against herself."

Hermione, heroine of the first three acts of "Winter's Tale", is the only mother that Shakespeare has cared to represent for us. Mrs. Jameson classifies her as a character of the affections. As queen of Sicilia, she appears in the prime of beauty and womanhood, gentle, beautiful, and pure; soft as "childhood and grace", she is also full of dignity and majesty.

Unlike Hero, who has suffered a similar circumstance, she possesses discretion and eloquence; she looks her situation squarely in the face, and though caring naught for life, she eloquently defends her honor lest the blot on her character descend upon her child. To make this defense before a prejudiced judge, in an open court, in the presence of rabble and riffraff, is a difficult undertaking for a woman of refinement and culture such as Hermione is; but here self is set aside since danger hovers over her boy's good name. As queen, matron, mother, she fills her place with sweetness, simplicity and complete self-possession.

"Shakespeare conceived his characters, not from their outside, but in their rudiments and first principles. In his conception, moreover, he begins at its heart and unfolds it outwards; and because the development is a real and true one, it proceeds not by a mere aggregation of particulars, but by a complete digestion of the elements which are combined in the structure. Then, too, on account of the life permeating the thing, only certain necessary elements and only a certain amount of them are dispatched to each organ. Because of this masterful process, Shakespeare's characters are all that they appear to be, and more, too. The more the characters are examined, the more there is to be found in them."

The poet had a great and understanding love for womanhood. It is wonderful that he, a struggling actor in low theatres, a poor dramatist in the whirlpool of London, associated with the class of women to be found in such localities, should have had so high ideals for their sex. Notwithstanding their failures and foibles, he was broadminded enough to sympathize with them and to see some good in each one.

Just Like a Woman

Bessye Bell, Cornelian

"It had little pink ruffles on the skirt. And there were the dearest little black bows."

Miss Lessing closed her Scientific Monthly over her finger, and leaned back to hear better. The two in the seat behind were leaning forward, and their fresh, girlish voices were audible above the clatter of the train.

"It was so pretty I simply had to get it," the other was saying. "See, here's the sample. Would you trim it with green, or with lavender?"

"M'm, let me see. Green, I think, don't you?"

Miss Lessing's high collar did not prevent her from glancing over her shoulder. She looked to the extreme end of the car, and brought her expressionless gaze back by way of the sample. It was pretty, very pretty, but *she* would have chosen lavender. She had not had an organdie dress for several summers, not since that sweet little pink one. She really might—a blue and white, with a black sash, or a pale pink, with a girdle of—.

"Why, Miss Lessing, how do you do?"

She was so busy thinking she did not even recognize the voice, and turned, annoyed at being interrupted. Her heart gave the usual little catch and stumble when she saw it was Ralph, but quickly fell into step, true to its training, as she made room for him beside her.

"I know I'm an awful bother and that I've interrupted a profound and valuable essay," he apologized, "but really, the public gets so much more of you than I. It's my turn. What kind of problem were you settling?"

"Oh, nothing important," she said, looking out of the window. "It wouldn't interest you."

"I'm sure it would," he quickly answered. "But I can't offer you a penny for your thoughts when you can get ten dollars a line for them. My, but everybody's talking about

your wonderful intellect. Honest, no joking, Miss Lessing, your essays are the best yet."

He was sitting half turned, his elbow on the back of the seat, so that he might look into her attractive face as they talked. Opal Lessing was used to being stared at, but there was a certain coolness in Ralph's regard that always hurt her. He looked at her as if she were a very beautiful but distant scene.

"I've been working dreadfully hard," she said, rather vaguely. She did not want to talk work, but he never seemed to expect any lesser topic from her, so she tried to pull her tired nerves together.

"I wonder if you realize how very fortunate you are," he said, reflectively. "Most women's minds travel in circles, and never get away from the same little things, clothes, and novels, and a good time. Yours goes around the world."

Miss Lessing shrank a little. She could see great contentment in one of those circles in the shape of a bungalow; the world was a big place for her little mind to wander about in by itself. But she clung hard to his cold admiration, and tried to play the game.

"Yes," she agreed, "and I guess big things mean more to a woman than to a man, since they are new to her."

"Have you ever heard Welch lecture?" he asked.

"With a big, fussy blue taffeta bow right in front, wide, like this, and a twist of blue velvet, just a shade darker, under the brim," came the girl's voice from behind.

"I beg your pardon; what did you ask me?" Miss Lessing started guiltily at the pause.

"It's a shame!" he exclaimed. "You want to go on with your big thoughts. I interrupted, and you're too polite to tell me to stop chattering. I'm going to leave you in peace."

"No, please—really," she said earnestly. "It's—it wasn't anything important—truly."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid you're just being nice to me. Unless you tell me what you've been thinking so hard about, I shall go." He half arose. Her face flushed. She held him with distressed eyes. It was terrible to give up the high place she held in his eyes, but worse to give up this half hour.

"Very well," she said desperately, "I was trying to decide whether to get a new edition of Spenser or an organdie gown. And—and I've just decided on the organdie gown."

Ralph dropped back into his seat, and with an audacious look of daring in his blue eyes, he quietly closed the Scientific Monthly, where her finger still marked the place, and then quite firmly put it in the corner of the seat behind him and settled back comfortably with a happy chuckle.

Rain

Mary Gordon, '18, Adelphian

I love to listen to the patter
  Of the raindrops on the roof.
A thousand fancies in the clatter
  Weave their being into woof.

O'er my vision, thick and fast,
  Myriad mem'ries creep,
Like a soothing, dull narcotic,
  Quieting my heart to sleep.

They bring not only peace and joy—
  Comes also, grief and pain;
Not happiness, without alloy,
Comes with the mem'ries, in the rain.

When the sky is gray above me
  And the eaves are dripping rain,
Memory comes a-stealing o'er me
  Echoes of some past's refrain.

The Metric System of Measure and Weight

Ina Belle Coleman, '18, Cornelian

It was in the year 1670 that France realized her system of measuring and weighing to be very inefficient. She immediately began the reform which resulted in a long and tedious struggle of experiments, until 1837, when the Chamber of Paris and the Chamber of Deputies in a joint meeting passed an act accepting the metric system. In planning this system the French committee realized that in order to have a measurement that would be preserved forever, they must take their unit from nature. Consequently, they adopted, as a unit for their linear measure, the meter, which is one ten-millionth part of the length of the quadrant of the earth's meridian; as a unit for their weight, the kilogram, which is a cubic decimeter of water at the temperature of melting ice. Thus by having every measurement based on the meter, the French had a uniform system.

Having secured and tested this metric system for a quarter of a century, the French now saw the need of an international system of measure and weight. In the year 1869 France communicated through diplomatic channels with various nations, inviting them to attend a conference at Paris, August, 1870, at which they should discuss having an international standard of weight and measure. Twenty-four states accepted the invitation, but owing to the breaking out of the Franco-German War, this session was of short duration. However, it was decided that instead of a single new standard, a number of identical standards should be constructed by the nations participating in this convention, and that sometime in the future one of the number should be chosen as the international standard.

Summoned again by the French government, the international commission met under more peaceful auspices at Paris, on September 24th, 1872, thirty states being represented by

fifty-one delegates, among whom were included many distinguished scientists and the foremost metrologists of the world. During the intervening time since the last session, the French committee, through careful study, had clearly mapped out the work of the commission and consequently little time was spent in mere preliminary discussion. The French committee at once made the announcement that after careful examination had been made of the archives, the meter and kilogram were found in a very satisfactory state of preservation, and in such conditions as to inspire all confidence in an operation for which they might serve as a base. After serious consideration of the metric and other systems of measure and weight, the commission drew up resolutions adopting the metric system as a standard for international use.

Again France was the first to realize a necessity. The making of this international standard a success involved the construction of as many identical standard meters and kilograms as were needed by the countries interested, all of which should be made and compared by the commission, and required that a standard meter and standard kilogram should be selected as international prototype standards, in terms of which the equations of all the others should be expressed. This matter was put before the members of the international metric commission, who advocated the founding of an international bureau of weight and measure to be located at Paris, and to be under the supervision of the permanent committee of the International Metric Commission, and should be used for the comparison and verification of the new metric standards, for the custody and preservation of the new prototype standards, and for such other appropriate comparisons of weight and measure as might come before it in proper course. On May 20, 1875, the recommendations of the commission were put in effect by a treaty concluded at Paris and signed by accredited representatives of eighteen countries. Since that time, at Bretenil, near Paris, has stood the same international bureau of weight and measure, which contains the standard kilogram and standard meter, both of which are made of platinum-iridium, and are used only in checking the working standard copies.

The previously mentioned Franco-German war of 1870

prejudiced many people against the new system; nevertheless, Germany was one of the first European nations to adopt it. It is obvious that this was a difficult step for any nation to undertake. However, in Germany, on the arrival of the specified date, January 1st, 1872, when the use of the old weights and measures must cease and the metric system be the only legal system, not only were the new weights and measures supplied to all places throughout Germany where merchandise was sold, but the various tradesmen and others concerned had actually learned the use of the meter sticks, liter measures and the series of gram weights. All the other leading nations of the world have adopted this international metric system of measure and weight, except Great Britain and the United States.

The true complexity and absurdity of the United States' present system is hardly realized until we stop to consider that in the United States copper is weighed by one standard, silver by another, medicine by a third, diamonds and other precious stones by a fourth, and platinum and chemicals by a fifth, no one of which is interchangeable with another except by means of fractions. Nor is the condition less striking in the case of the measure of capacity. One unit is used for liquids and bears the same name as a very dissimilar one used for grains. The more we examine our system the more confusing we find it. During the presidency of Jefferson, the need of a change in our system of measuring and weighing was seen and then John Quincy Adams said: "This system (metric system) approaches to the ideal perfection of uniformity applied to weights and measures, and whether destined to succeed or doomed to fail, will shed unfailing glory upon the age in which it was conceived, and upon the nation by which its execution was attempted and has in part been achieved. * * * This system of common instruments, to accomplish all the changes of social and friendly commerce, will furnish the links of sympathy between the inhabitants of the most distant regions, the meter will surround the globe in use as well as multiplied extension, and one language of weights and measures will be spoken from the equator to the poles." But too mindful of the difficulties attending the introduction

of the new system, our forefathers thought that we were not yet ready for it. Under similar excuses this system has been kept out of the United States. However, the scientists of our union have not only recognized this system as the best, but have had enough energy to face the arising difficulties brought about by its adoption.

It is obvious that the present European War has and is forcing the United States to trade with every nation of the world, nearly all of which use this international system of measure and weight. Looking at this from a strictly commercial standpoint, it is clear that, as commerce involves primarily the exchange of quantities of various commodities, the use of a simple and convenient method for the rapid calculation of weight and length and capacity must promote ease and security of commercial intercourse. The metric system being decimal, and consequently the most easily grasped and applied, is therefore, best for commerce, and when we note that its use is all but universal, and is employed in the major portion of international commercial transactions, it is easy to see that a great saving of time in business operations must result from the adoption. This standard would place the trade of the world on a far more wholesome and active basis, for there would not be material tied up in the odd sizes, and consequently unavailable to other users except at increased expense. As trade would be stimulated and diversified, a further diversion of labor would take place and there would be greater general prosperity.

By the adoption, in addition to the marked advantages in the actual measuring and weighing of every day life, due to the simplicity of the metric system, there would be the great saving of time in the schools where the complete metric system, taught in connection with decimals, would require but a fraction of the time now given to compound numbers. Hallock and Wade says: "In fact, at least one year of the child's school course could be saved by the adoption of the metric system."

Perhaps the most important question in connection with the adoption of the metric system is whether the change will occasion any temporary inconvenience or expense to the peo-

ple at large. In the United states the great majority of people have been educated in the public schools, in most of which, since 1880, the metric system has been taught more or less effectively as an integral part of arithmetic. Everyone is used to the decimal system employed in the national currency and coinage, and, furthermore, it must be granted that just as high a standard of intelligence and adaptability prevails in the United States as in Germany and other European countries, where but little inconvenience and practically no injury was done at the time of the change.

Since 1866 the metric system has been optional in the United States; how much longer shall we wait before making it the compulsory standard of measure and weight in the union?

Ode to Sleep

Margaret George, '18, Cornelian

O sleep! the sages of olden time
Have sung your praise in prose and rhyme.
They may be right, I cannot say;
For in this modern, hurrying day
I've ne'er a moment to put to test
Your promises of languorous rest,
O, thou much longed for sleep!

The "Ancient Mariner", withered soul,
Proclaimed 'twas "loved from pole to pole";
But this I learned in high school days.
As yet I did not know the ways
Of Normal life, and without woe
Of deprivation, could not know
The fullest joys of sleep.

'Twas Byron, at the Normal sought,
Said he, "'tis but continued thought."
And Shakespeare e'er he came to die,
On Normal grounds heard lusty cry,
"O, sleep no more," 'tis six o'clock;
With loud alarms the buildings rock—
The alarm clocks murder sleep!

Sleep, says this sage, knits up the sleeve,
Makes labor's bath, makes minds' hurts leave;
But sleep ne'er knits a sleeve for me,
Or darns a sock or lingerie.
It steals away the time for bath,
And ne'er removes the sting of Math.
O, empty mask of sleep!

SKETCHES

Being Stuck Up

Carrie Goforth, '17, Cornelian

It is a mighty queer thing—this business of getting "stuck up" when you go off to college. Sometimes I wonder if it is really you, or if the idea of your self-importance just originates in the minds of the folks at home. Perhaps it is both. Perhaps you do vaunt your newly acquired general culture, and your dearly bought achievements in the realms of art and science, and flaunt them around without much discrimination. But then, of course, you shouldn't be blamed too much for this; you can't help it. New knowledge, just acquired, and still fresh and "shiny" like new shoes, always looks, and yes, feels every whit of its newness.

Of course, too, the folks at home, even to your mother's oldest acquaintance, know long before you even get home for your first holidays that you'll be "sadly changed", that you will have acquired college airs—in short, that you will have grown to be as "stuck uppidy" a young miss as ever emerged from college walls. "Did not Doris Fox the day she got home from Subman's walk right by her own mother's dearest friend's sister on the street, and never once stop to speak to her?" (Infamous wretch.) "Was it not all over town an hour after Rachel Smart returned from Dunstan how she rubbed right by the Reverend Duncan Woorley as though she'd never seen him?—and he the very man that baptized her, too!" (*What is* to become of the rising generation?) "Maude Riggs didn't use to toss her head about like she owned all Upperville, but since she's got back from Smoot's, it's plumb disgustin' the airs she does get on."

Yes, it's just that way. The folks all expect you to be the

haughtiest, the most uncompromisingly dignified, the most "unapproachably away-up" young lady that ever thwarted nature's plan for nice individuals. And you can't help but meet their expectations—the folks at home just will have you "stuck up" anyhow.

I'm sure I don't know what is to be done. May be it would improve matters some if we tried real, downright hard to manage the "knowledge and culture" we acquire and be ourselves in spite of them. This might prove an antidote for "stuck-up-ed-ness".

The Fall of the Bastille

Ruth Charles, '19, Adelphian

America had her Fourth of July, 1776; England had her Fifteenth of June, 1215; and France had her Fourteenth of July, 1789. With the dawning of this day on Paris, there comes a change in the history of France, a change from the wretchedness of oppression to the horrors of revenge. On this day the French Revolution began, with the storming of the Bastille, the old military fortress and prison in the heart of Paris.

To comprehend the full meaning of the fall of the Bastille, we must take into consideration what this old prison had meant to the common people. For generations it had stood there, with its massive stone walls and eight great towers, a veritable "Dead Sea", the current of humanity always flowing in, but having no outlet. Many innocent men had been imprisoned here and released only by death.

This attack on the Bastille was the climax of the oppression of the masses for years. The immediate occasion was the rumor that the commander of the prison had received orders to turn his guns on the city. When this rumor spread, excitement became uncontrollable. With drums beating and bells clanging, a frenzied mob rushed to the Bastille armed with muskets, knives, axes, iron bars, stones, brickbats, and sticks, crying: "The Bastille!" "the prisoners!" "the records!" "the secret

cells!'' ''the instruments of torture!''—a babel of madmen seeing blood.

The attack begins; weapons flash, torches blaze, muskets clatter, cannon roar, fire and smoke are all around. The garrison left to defend the place is feeble. One hour, two hours, three hours, they fight. Many are wounded. One of the two drawbridges is torn down. The wild mob crosses the deep ditch surrounding the fortress, pierces through the massive walls and crowds in among the eight great towers.

Five long, wild hours have passed. The Bastille has fallen. Every nook and cranny of those large towers is ransacked. Black dens are thrown open, dark vaults where a sunbeam has never entered are searched. The raging mob climbs to the very tops of the towers, but find only seven prisoners, five of those being ordinary criminals and two lunatics. They do not find the political prisoners which they expected and which had always been there up to this time. Many old letters, records, and testimonials, treasured prizes, are found.

The prison officers are taken captive and brutally murdered by the passion-blinded mob. The commander of the fortress, in a gray coat with red decorations, is stabbed and beaten until he falls dead. Some of the soldiers are hung on lamp posts and some are beheaded. Then the crowd, with the victims' heads stuck on pikes, parades the streets, carrying high overhead in triumph the released prisoners.

That old stronghold which the common people had feared for four hundred years was left deserted, enveloped in raging flames. France had gone mad.

The Organization of a Playground

Eliza Collins, '18, Adelphian

One of the most important things that concerns our race today is the physical well being of the coming generation. The question that confronts us is, in what way can we best provide for the physical well-being of our children? The answer stares us in the face: by establishing enough playgrounds for the recreation and physical development of the

children of our land. Every child should have the heritage of a well developed body, but unfortunately a large majority of the children of our present generation have been cheated out of this heritage by the carelessness of their ancestors. Therefore, it is nothing but fair that we should give the children of our country an opportunity to straighten up their stooped shoulders and to develop their narrow chests before they shoulder the burdens awaiting them. Children also need moral development, and nothing counts more for morals than moral play; for it is in their play that they choose things according to their character, and by choosing, mold their character. But the trouble with many of them is that they do not know how to play. The organization of playgrounds is the solution to the problem. The apparatus for the playground could be made to include educational features. Pet animals and birds could be provided so that the children might study their habits and enjoy their companionship. This is distinctly an educational feature, as is also the useful and pretty constructive work often performed by children attending playgrounds.

We have now discussed the need of a well organized playground. Let us consider the actual organization of a successful playground. When a community or city arrives at the point that it realizes the importance of well directed child play, the first thing to do is to bring the subject before one of the many organizations having in its constitution the word philanthropy. It is advisable to take the plan to those who are doing big things. There is usually to be found in such bodies a number of women ready and willing to organize any work evidently necessary for the good of the community. A small committee backed by the name of a good club or other organization and with the promise of financial aid can go forth well armed, if not so well equipped. If it is impossible to reach such an organization as the one here described, the city should be appealed to, or an interested individual.

We now have our playground, but we must have a competent director. From all parts of the country comes the constant query, "Whom shall we get to administer the affairs of our playground?" What are the essential characteristics of

a competent leader? In the first place, he should have a healthy, strong body, preferably a trained one. He should have as broad a general education as possible, with some stress on psychology, sociology and kindred subjects. Especially should he be able to see and catch quickly the point of contact with all sorts of young people—boys and girls, young men and young women. He should have imagination, for from the ideal image comes original constructive work. And above all, he should possess a boundless energy and enthusiasm for his work. The near future must see the need for playground workers and put special playground work into all of our public normal schools and also the normal schools of physical training. The supply of these teachers is woefully limited just at the time when they are specially needed, when playgrounds are on trial in many cities.

We must not think that an expensive plant is absolutely necessary to a successful playground. Probably the most successful playground system in the world is that of the preparatory schools of England. These schools are all located in the country and usually have playgrounds about ten acres in size. They are equipped with the simplest possible apparatus and are devoted mainly to cricket, football, tennis and hockey. A playground should also have sand boxes or piles. Sand is the magic material of childhood. It is the silent comrade who understands, to whom children confide their notions of how the universe should be arranged. It would be well to have a few benches scattered around the playground, for even the most active of children get tired at times, and then, perhaps, sometimes the fathers or mothers may come with the children, and benches must provide them with comfortable seats. The playground director should develop the quiet games. Some suitable games are checkers, twenty questions, going to Jerusalem, fox and geese, London Bridge, and various bean bag games. We must by all means not forget swings and acting bars, for by means of these two valuable inventions the children's bodies are to be developed. Still another necessity is *pure* drinking water. It would be better to have small marble drinking fountains, but if this is impossible, clean porcelain buckets and dippers may be used. Toilet facilities should also be provided for, and as soon as possible a shower bath should be installed.

This need is being felt by all of the larger cities and today playgrounds are a part of every up-to-date city.

"Second Wind"

Carrie Goforth, '17, Cornelian

The coach for track meets knows, as he knows his business, that it is the boy who gets his second wind who'll make the run. He knows that boys who are physically handicapped, or boys who are infirm of purpose, and haven't any stick-to-it-iveness, must soon fall out of the race. But the boys who can bear that "awful sick feeling", the thud, thud of the heart as though it will burst, the sensation of complete "over-doneness" that comes in that black, intermediary moment between the complete exhaustion of the "first wind" and the vigorous tingling "I'm ready for anything" feeling that issues into being the glorious "second wind", are the boys who are winners in the race.

Psychologists tell us (and I don't see any reason why they shouldn't know) that we all have a mental "second wind", and they believe that the people in the world who use this mental "second wind" are our geniuses, our really great people. It seems as though there might be something in this, as though it might account for the mediocrity that makes some of us so very, very mediocre. May be if we would get our "second wind" we'd be wonderful, actually wonderful.

Tiredness is about all we mediocre folks ever achieve—just tiredness. And tiredness is really the interval between the first and second mental "wind", just as it is the interval between the first and second physical "wind". True, it is an awful interval, this tired period, when our impressionless minds become vastly more impressionless, and stupidity reigns supreme. But the wonder of it all is the keenness, the bigness, the brilliancy of the genius that lies beyond this mental slump. (At least they tell us that this glorious achievement comes with the "second wind"; not many of us have been across to see.)

BOOK REVIEWS

Crowds—A Moving Picture of Democracy

Juanita McDougald, '17, Cornelian

Crowds is the twentieth century appeal of Gerald Stanley Lee, as representative of the great masses or *Crowds* as he calls them, for the best that the world can give. Tempered by the clear vision of a man of the world, it is the idealist's view of what is right, what the world ought to be, and how the world, or *Crowds* (for the world to him is made up of crowds, machines and God), may be brought nearer the best condition. In a delightful, personal and yet impersonal, easy, conversational manner he takes you into his confidence and tells you that the book really is "a record of one man fighting up through story after story of crowds and crowds' machines to the great steel and iron floor on the top of the world until he has found the manhole in it and broken through and caught a breath of air and looked at the light." In his introductory remarks Mr. Lee says that to insure success in the world, the different kinds of people should determine what they are for and also what the other folks are for, and last, what they really want. Everyone contributes to the common vision, but it will take, to quote Mr. Lee, "a supreme catholic, summing-up individualist, a great man, or artist—a man who is all of us in one—to express for *Crowds*, and for all of us together, where we want to go, what we think we are for, and what kind of a world we want". In speaking thus broadly of the relationship of man, aim, and desire, Mr. Lee, so to speak, states his text. "We want to express and fulfil a crowd civilization, we want to share the crowd life, to express what people in crowds feel—the great crowd sensations, excitements, the inspirations and depressions of those who live and struggle with crowds."

He tells a little story of three boys whom he met, trudging homeward with one dry, brown trout in a basket from a fish-

ing trip, on the previous evening. How they fondled and bragged! How happy they were! About them he says, "I know how those boys felt about the fish, the way they folded it around with something, the way they made the most of it, is the way to feel about the world." Just how those boys felt about the fish is the way he feels about the world. That spirit, or atmosphere, runs happily throughout the book.

Later on, with engaging frankness, mixed with a bit of modesty, he confesses, "I want to be good. * * Lim (Lim is the kind we would like to see oftenest) and I want to make the earth over." He defines goodness as that "quality in a thing that makes it go, and that makes it go so that it will not run down, and that nothing can stop it". He believes, too, that as the "rivers flow to the sea", just so "the heart of man flows to God". In a way he has expressed what might be called the theme in the above.

One of the most charming features of the book is "Non", an "efficient, good man," whose acquaintance the author made while going to Wilmington, N. C. "Non" is short for "Non-gregarious", an adjective which stuck to him for its very inappropriateness. Non proposed "to express his soul, just as it was, in business, the way other people had expressed theirs for a few hundred years in poetry or more easy and conventional ways".

Everyday folks came to his office and told him that "the world would make him suffer for it if he kept on recklessly believing in it and doing all those unexpected, unconventional honest things that somehow, apparently, he could not help doing." Although Mr. Lee says it of another of the numerous friends we catch glimpses of, it is equally true of Non that "he besieged a city with the shrewdness of his faith and conquered a hundred thousand men by believing in them more than they could themselves".

But it is the personality of the author that touches, charms, and lingers long afterwards. Like a huge page torn with ragged edges from his heart is this "moving picture of democracy". The simple wonder of the child is his still. In speaking of two trains sweeping past each other, he says: "I can never get used to it; the two great glowing creatures full of

thunder and of trust, leaping up the telegraph poles, through the still valley, each of them with its little streak of souls behind it; immortal souls, children, fathers, mothers, smiling, chattering along through infinity—it all keeps on being boundless to me, and full of a glad, boyish terror and faith." Yet even in this apparent not understanding of the unseen and even the seen, he is the sort of calm, steadfast support that "makes the world go round". "I want my ideals to do things, and I want to stand by people who are doing things with their ideals whether their ideals are my ideals or not." His is that brotherly, philosophical mind and heart combination that says with Christ regarding man's doings, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

This is merely a breath of the good things found in *Crowds*. New thoughts, new ideas rush pellmell into the mind on all sides. You shake hands with old friends and acquaintances in Lim, the plumber, and even the preacher. Is there any practical or cultural value gained? Is it, all things considered, really worth while? I ask of you the following questions: Are heart-to-heart talks just about things in general worth while? Is reflective thought ever of practical value? Does the sane viewing of anything from an impersonal angle help? Does the real understanding of another who has faced "life's sky with a laugh and a prayer" make you one whit bigger and better? Just how you would answer will determine whether or not *Crowds* would be worth while to you who are at present dealing with crowds at the Normal on a much smaller plan as he was with those of the world. On the flyleaf Mr. Lee writes this dedication:

"Gratefully inscribed to a little Mountain, a great Meadow, and a Woman.

To the Mountain for the sense of time, to the Meadow for the sense of space, and to the Woman for the sense of everything."

Shakespeare's Sweetheart

Louise W. Goodwin, '16, Adelphian

There's a dainty cream-backed volume, with a picture on the cover, of a little golden-haired lady, culling flowers in a

sunny meadow. And it bears the legend, "Shakespeare's Sweetheart". All its cream pages are quaintly decorated, and here and there are lovely, soft-toned pictures of quaint and graceful people. Quaint, beautiful words tell a winsome story; a tender, gentle spirit of truest romance permeates the pages. There is a prologue and a reverent epilogue to the story in these pages, by Master Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's real friend. And the story itself—"Shakespeare's Sweetheart"—doesn't it sound alluring, that title? Doesn't it suggest white hawthorn hedges, and trim kept greens, and lads and lasses gay, a-Maying, while the very air is the golden wine of romance? That's just the setting you find inside the covers of Sara Hawkes Sterling's little book, the story of the love of Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway.

How Will Shakespeare, "a mere, happy lad", sang beneath her window, to the quiet, timid, sad-hearted Ann Hathaway of the wide blue eyes and golden hair,—

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear"—

and then clambered, Romeo fashion, up the rose-bowered trellis, and wooed her sorrowful heart "into sunlight forever more", is told in the delicate, tender words of Mistress Shakespeare herself, that the world may know "her Will" "as the lover and the man"—the world that "will never forget Will Shakespeare, poet and player".

As the tender hand of Shakespeare's sweetheart slowly turns back the pages of their poignant sweet love story, we read with fascination, tinged with a strangely sweet joy-sadness for the winsome heroine, her tale of adventure and daring, and brave loyalty.

The madcap poaching fray in Sir Thomas Lucy's forest, and sweet Mistress Nan's rescue of the hapless Will from prison, aided by the boisterous players at the inn, then the secret marriage and the forced separation, while Will joined the players for London, and the Queen's favor, Shakespeare's Sweetheart tells it well.

Then the other woman, and the jealousy and heartbreak. * * And Shakespeare's sweetheart, tall, slim, straight,

with golden hair clipped and darkened, and fair skin dyed with juices—quite disguised in doublet and hose—hies her away to London, to prove if her love be true.

The long months that follow in London, playing by Will's side, "Juliet" to his "Romeus", unrecognized; daily in the rough company of coarse players, of Robin Green and Kit Marlowe, and Jack Falstaff, and loyal Burbage, acting as messenger to the other woman, the while eating out her own heart in silence, and finally encountering sword play, to clear her sweetheart's honor—all this did the courageous Nan, while her sweetheart knew her not.

But there came a day when the slim boyish Juliet of the players was restored to her Shakespeare's heart, became true "Juliet" to Will's "Romeus"—a day

> "When proud-pied April, in his trim,
> Had put a spirit of youth in everything."

And there came another great day, when playing in the Queen's vast throne room, success and happiness came to the player sweethearts. And only the Queen beside knew their secret.

Of their long after years together and of his death, Shakespeare's sweetheart speaks little, and ever more tenderly. And the winsome story in the setting of Shakespeare's England, clothed in the language of "the world's Shakespeare", is closed with a tribute of Master Ben Jonson to the woman whom we see reflected in all of Shakespeare's plays, the woman because of whom "the women of Will's plays are—what they are"—Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart.

State Normal Magazine

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

Board of Editors

Adelphian

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, *Chief*
Margaret Blythe, '17

Cornelian

Nannie Lambert, '16
Genevieve Moore, '16
Isabel Bouldin, '17

Business Managers

Frances Morris, '17, *Assistant*
Jay McIver, '16, *Chief*

VOL. XX **FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1916** **No. 5**

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

To most of us the name *God* stands for the highest and best that we can idealize; it stands for the sacredness, the purity, the nobility in our lives. As such a symbol, aside from the fact that it stands for the One whom the Christian world recognizes as the only God, it should be respected and revered always. Is this the case? Do we not forget sometimes the circle of holiness that should surround that name?

Where Mohammedanism prevails, every person bows at the mention of Allah. We Christians boast a God of higher and greater power than the Mohammedans' Allah. Do we make our actions also proclaim His greatness? His sacredness? Does the mention of His name make us bow our spirits in humility and acknowledgment? Of course, we all recognize the real abuse of His name as a serious misdemeanor, but are there not lighter ways of its wrong use?

Some people seem to think that because His name is a part of a joke, there is no harm in using it so; some think that if it is used for dramatic effect that they are privileged to repeat it so without offense. But when we do either are we not tearing away something of the reverence due it?

We all, as individuals, need to see ahead of us something high and powerful, something that stands beyond our reach, encouraging us to strive and to grow. If we lower the name of God, what is there then left high? If we lower that which symbolizes the highest, must we not then lower all else?

G. M., '16.

OUR STANDARD OF VALUES

Did I hear you say you admired a certain person "because she is so *'broad'* "? And you said you wanted to "broaden" your horizon while you are at college? Our life is not "broad" enough here on the campus! Just what do you mean by "broad"? Is it a far, clear view of the big things and the small, the good and the bad, the beautiful and the homely, that make up the life of the world? Is it a grasp, and an understanding of these things, based upon an acquaintance with them, a knowledge of them? Is it a clear sweep of vision that sees to every side, to the depths and the heights, from a mountain top, as it were? And did the bigness of your "broad" idea blind your vision?

Where were you the evening that Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, and Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, lectured at the Opera House on O. Henry—both men in the foremost ranks of American literary critics; both dedicating every effort to the furthering of the nation's appreciation of our greatest recent literary figure, our own O. Henry? when such a splendid opportunity offered itself for every girl on the campus to have the privilege of hearing Dr. Smith, who is now preparing a "Life of O. Henry", and who probably knows more about him than any other one man, when every girl could have heard Dr. Smith, with deep enjoyment, and could have found, through his lecture, a deeper sense of appreciation of the bigness, the human sympathy, the universal fellowship of O. Henry, of the profound depth and sweetness of the magician of the pen, who learned his world by living in it, and who stands, even now, twelve short years after his death, ranked as an American classic author, among the five, or the seven, greatest names on our roll of honor.

How could you miss the chance to learn more of this

"greatest writer since Kipling", to share in the nationwide awakening to his appreciation, especially at the hands of two as prominent men in the world of letters!

O. Henry, a son of North Carolina, this magician of the short story; Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, scholar, delightful lecturer, and eminent literary critic; Dr. Henderson, author, lecturer, critic. These three—and about thirty girls from our college went down to the lecture—these men whom we should delight to honor.

As long as we ignore true value, and hold to our distorted sense of false values, we will be narrow—narrow in literary appreciation, narrow in patriotism and state pride, narrow and warped in our growth. As long as we live only in the events of campus life, we will be narrow as the confines of the campus. And we shall be small, as we measure our lives by small things. We cry aloud for "breadth"; we prate of "growth"; and we stay at home, with our own friend, our own chair, our own same thoughts and ideas and standards—and grow more small, while the world of letters and action and truth and beauty goes on apace.

"O, ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the spirit of the times?"

L. W. G., '16.

SHALL WE WEAR UNIFORM

Why do the Normal girls wear uniforms? You think we do not? We do, and in a far less superficial way than dress. We wear uniform in our speech, and an unattractive uniform have we chosen. If judging by our speech, an observer would be justified in thinking that the main aim of even our strongest girls is merely to use the most grotesque, fantastic and erratic sort of expressions that so attract the attention to their own absurdity that the thought within them is completely lost. But this is not the only feature of our uniform; for, while on the one hand we strive for bizarre forms of expression, on the other, we confine ourselves within the narrowest limits, overworking a few hackneyed words until one might suppose the language most poverty stricken. And even beside these

faults we find ourselves dazzled by the garish trimmings of slang scattered profusely over this uniform of ours.

Why, with the unlimited number of words in the English language, ever sounding in our ears and stretched before our eyes on the printed page, why do we confine ourselves to "attractive", "good looking", "sweet", "nice", "funny", "fine", "pretty", etc., all so threadbare that they no longer denote or connote anything? They may mean anything; they mean nothing. They do not draw a picture or conjure up a feeling; and furthermore, they tend to imprison the speaker's thought. If the expression of thought is continually forced into the common groove, will we not begin to think in a common groove? As a remedy for this, I do not mean that we should bombard our friends with fussilades of bewildering, many-syllabled words, but merely that we should try to make our speech express the specific thing we have in mind.

Though seemingly in direct contrast to this habit of using hackneyed expressions, the habit of fantastic, unique use of words really amounts to the same thing in the end. As soon as one girl has concocted a whimsical figure which may be exactly expressive of her thought, we all seize it like a new absurdity in dress style and soon this becomes a part of the uniform. A stranger on our campus would think us restricted to the use of "crave", "peeve", "drape", "ye olden", and a few more. If we must use these fantastic colloquialisms, why do we all use the same few? It is really coming to be a fact that all our thoughts are clothed so nearly alike that the thoughts seem of one mold. We are deliberately aping others, crushing out our own individuality.

The gaudiest note in the whole tasteless uniform which we have made our own is the use of slang. While we each condemn this with one part of the mind, yet in some other part the impression still clings that plain English is neither expressive nor piquant. In order to appear up-to-date and vivacious we must needs, says this hidden but persistent corner of the mind, make use of expressions which the dictionary classifies as "either coarse or rude in themselves, or current among the coarser, ruder part of the community".

Do we want to go back to our homes all over the state wearing this garish uniform as characteristic of college girls?

Can we not keep to simple, expressive, cultured English, which we used when we came, improved by four years of effort toward higher, broader knowledge of its possibilities? Can we not make, in speech as in every phase of life, a definite effort toward self-expression? And if we must wear uniform, let it be the uniform of clarity, simplicity and individuality of speech. M. G., '18.

MAKING OUR SUMMER DAYS COUNT

Summer days—long, lazy, listless days of summer time—I wonder if they bring us strength and rest and vigor, or if they're dreamless, lazy, peaceful days that breed in us oblivion as we partake the poppy juice prepared for us by their enchanting witch. I wonder, too, if for some months, when autumn days have broken the spell of dull oblivion, our eyes have not a sickly, heavy, sandy feeling of having been a long time lost in deepest sleep. Does one brief moment clear our blood of poppy juice, or does it course our veins for longer time, defeating, while it stays the majesty of usefulness and service?

If then our own mad lethargy cannot be shaken off with autumn's brisk return, then all our summer days have been but naught, but useless moments whiled away in uselessness that still remains to haunt us while the world is calling for activity, while our own lives need the buoyant stimulus of action.

When our communities, our homes, the neighborhood adjoining ours are needing us, yet know it not, can we afford to case ourselves in idleness, and let the spell of summer dull our usefulness? There's always kindness we can give if we stay wide-awake; there's help we may lend to the older folks; play and pleasure, joy and mirth to pass around to children if we're not too sleepy to be sensible; there's the opportunity of our womanhood—the opportunity of being a big sister to mankind. C. G., '17.

LOYAL SUPPORT

Every day any one on the Normal campus can hear the girls discussing the forthcoming pageant. Most of the girls are full of enthusiasm and are always ready and even eager to practice their parts in it, while, as usual, there are a few who are either dissatisfied

with their parts or are unwilling to give up so much of their time in rehearsing them. The faculty are taking a great deal of interest in this May Day Fete and we sincerely hope that all the girls will heartily cooperate with them at the very beginning.

The pageant is an education in itself. We are transferred from Greensboro at the present time to "Merrie England", in the time of George III. The pageant is to be composed of old English May games and old English plays, and is to represent every grade of English society at that time. There are also many of the old folk-dances. The dances in "The Hue and Cry After Cupid" and the May Pole dances are very graceful, while the numerous folk dances are of a stiffer, rustic type. Each play will be given several times, so that the thousands of spectators will have an opportunity to see everything. This pageant is to be the largest that has ever been in the south, and one of the largest in America. As we consider it, it is a great privilege and an honor to take part in such an intellectually and artistically great festival.

Girls of the Normal, this is your pageant and the proceeds go to your college; so get to work, do your part and, above all, be interested in it. C. W., '18.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

With this issue of our Magazine the Exchange Department closes its work for the year, and it is with regret that the present editor reviews the exchanges for the last time. During the past few months these magazines have become almost living beings to us—friends with whom we are loth to part. We feel that we have gotten much benefit as well as pleasure from our association with them. All that have reached us have found a hearty welcome, and while many have not had special mention, it was not because of our lack of appreciation of them, but rather our lack of time and space. On the whole, the magazines are to be congratulated on the work they have done so far. A growth of strength and power has been observed from the first. And yet there is room for improvement. However, we trust the remaining issues will remove this.

We wish to point out just a few things wherein the magazines, as a rule, have erred. First, we do not think they are representative of the colleges from which they come, but rather of a few individuals. We notice that each publication has a little band of supporters who, month after month, are practically the only contributors. Perhaps everyone cannot write; but a will to write, coupled with untiring effort, will do wonders. If a proportionate part of the time, effort and enthusiasm spent by college students on other activities were devoted to literary work, there would be a revolution in the world of college letters.

Then, too, all the material is not what it should be. One of the main functions of our college magazines is to afford an outlet for and to develop the literary ability of the students, and to do this we must set a high standard and hold to it. By publishing empty love stories, with improbable plots and characterless characters; essays which are merely a hash of notes taken from encyclopedias; and meaningless prattle which, from the arrangement of its lines, and nothing more, is called poetry or verse, we are thwarting the true aim of the magazine. And this is what some of us are doing. We have not yet come to realize that it is better to have nothing than to have something worthless.

We are pleased to note that some of those who are supporting our exchanges are also contributing to the general press of the state.

We are glad to see that the Chapel Hill High School has the pluck to attempt getting out a magazine, and here's our best wishes for its success. The first issue of the publication shows a good beginning.

The last number of the Pine and Thistle is a very creditable one. The literary department shows more work than usual. It is well bal-

anced—poems, stories and essays alternating. The "Very Tall Man" is the best one of the stories.

The Western Maryland College Monthly sends us a number below its usual standard, not in quality, but in quantity. The one essay, "The Colonial Cavalier", is a credit to the magazine. "Diplomatic Jane" begins in somewhat stilted style, but soon becomes more natural.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Judging by the College Message, from Greensboro College for Women, Tennyson might have said "college girl" instead of "young man", as the "burthen of song" in the last issue is love. "The Grateful Daughter" is a beautiful Chinese legend, which can hardly fail to be enjoyed by anyone.

The Davidson College Magazine is to be congratulated on the result of its efforts on securing balance. A variety of exeellent material is the outstanding feature of its last issue.

AMONG OURSELVES

On January 22nd, a "College Social" was held at the College, to which all members of the faculty and students were invited, and requested to come masked in fancy costume. A procession was formed and marched down the long corridors of Spencer, passing before the judges, Misses Fort, Boddie, Mendenhall, Petty, Mr. Forney and Dr. Gove. After the parade, all adjourned to the dining room, which had been cleared for the occasion, to see "College As It Ain't".

"College As It Ain't" proved to be a series of stunts caricaturing Arrival of New Girls, Mass Meeting, College Night Reception, Chapel, Training School, Gymn., Library, Chorus, Seniors, Suffrage.

Following the stunts the winners of the prizes were announced by Mr. Forney. Miss Camille Campbell received the prize for the prettiest costume; Miss Genevieve Campen, as a Pamlico porker, for the most original, and Misses Blanche Howie and Susie Brady, as the Gold Dust Twins, for the most comical. Refreshments, consisting of apples, peanuts and candy, were served.

It was a source of disappointment to us that Rabbi Wise, of New York, was, on account of illness, unable to fill his engagement to speak to us last month. However, we hope to have him with us later.

The engagement of Miss Eunice Anderson, a former member of our faculty, to Mr. Ralph Parker, of High Point, has been announced, the wedding to take place in the early spring.

St. Valentine's Day did not pass unnoticed at the College. As the students entered the dining hall for the evening meal they found a royal spread prepared. Both the menu and the decorations of the room beautifully carried out the Valentine idea. At this time the College had as its guests the members of the State Student Volunteer Convention, which met here February 12th to 14th.

During the past few weeks the College has been particularly fortunate in having a number of noted speakers address us. On February 14th, Mr. W. T. Ellis, of New York, who was in the city as one of the speakers at the Laymen's Convention, lectured on "The Eastern Question".

Through the courtesy of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce, we were enabled, on February 16th, to have Hon. Theodore Burton, Senator from Ohio, speak to us.

Among the most interesting and instructive lectures which we have been permitted to hear during the past few years, were those given by Dr. Edgar Banks, archeologist and excavator. The first lecture was on the buried city of Bismyra, where Dr. Banks carried on excavations under the

auspices of the University of Chicago. The second was on The Lost Tribe of the Hittites, and the third on Armenia, the cradle of the human race. The lectures were illustrated by lantern slides, the pictures being taken by Dr. Banks himself.

The Senior Class sent the following invitation to the faculty:

"The Ghosts of His Excellency's Cabinet
will receive in honor of
The Ghosts of President and Lady Washington
In commemoration of His Excellency's 184th birthday
Saturday evening, February nineteenth, 8:30 o'clock
Independence Hall, Philadelphia."

Upon arriving the guests were ushered into the society halls to the strains of the college orchestra. After much of courtly bows and courtesies and stately colonial small talk, the honorees were presented with cards representing various phases of George Washington's career and asked to enact whatever the card suggested, until the incident was recognized. Much merriment ensued as the far-famed cherry tree came down, the fierce Indian retreated, and the icy Delaware was crossed.

Following this came a graceful minuet danced by eight couples, colonial gents with silver buckles and powdered hair, accompanied by their lovely maids with numberless frills and puffs. During the dance, some of the Sophomores served ice cream and cake. The decorations were a profusion of "Stars and Stripes", and an abundance of dainty cherry blossoms adorning the section of the hall where the orchestra, at frequent intervals, played appropriate old-time music.

The final ensemble was a Virginia reel, after which the guests departed, believing more than ever in "the good old days gone by".

It is always an occasion of great interest when the "Tree Night Exercises" of a class are made public. On the night of February 22nd, all were invited to be present at the celebration of the third birthday of the tree belonging to the class of 1916. About 6:30 the guests assembled around the tree on the campus of Woman's Building. Soon colonial dames appeared, leaning on the arms of such distinguished men as George Washington, Randolph, Jefferson, and Knox.

It was then found that we were to be present at a meeting of the Continental Congress. After an address of welcome by the president, Miss Tempe Boddie, and the singing of the tree song, the Congress convened. Important measures, such as Act of Neutrality, Foreign Affairs, Missouri Compromise and Alien and Sedition Laws, were then discussed and passed upon. After the adjournment of Congress, General Washington invited the assembly to a ball at his mansion, where the beautiful and stately minuet was danced by Misses Boddie, Hatch, Tate, Daughety, Spainhour, Whitty, Craddock, S. Gwynn, M. Gwynn and E. Horton. Tiny red hatchets bearing the inscription, "Tree Night—1916", were distributed to the guests.

As usual, February 22nd was observed at the College as a holiday, the exercises of the day being in charge of the Senior Class. Hon.

Victor S. Bryant, of Durham, the speaker of the occasion, delivered an able address on "The Position of Woman in Politics". After the exercises in the chapel all rallied around the flag pole, where the flag was raised amid the singing of national songs.

On Friday night, March 3rd, Leland Powers, reader and impersonator, was with us and presented "David Copperfield". His selection was a unique one, the story of little Emily and old Pegotty. This was Mr. Powers' second visit to the College and he was, if possible, received with greater applause than last year.

Two of the elections of officers who are to guide our various organizations next year, have been held. As Student Government Association officers we have: President, Ruth Kernodle, '17; Vice-President, Estelle Dillon, '17; Secretary, Belle Mitchell, '18; Treasurer, Mary Howell, '19. For Y. W. C. A., the officers are: President, Louise Maddry, '17; Vice-President, Minnie B. Long, '17; Secretary, Ruth Reade, '18; Treasurer, Artelee Puett, '17.

The "Holy City", a sacred cantata by Gaul, will be sung by the college chorus on Sunday, March 19. Assisting will be the Guilford College Chorus, a picked orchestra of nineteen pieces chosen from the various orchestras of the city, and the following soloists: Bass, Messrs. Clapp and Smith; tenor, Mr. Fry; soprano, Mrs. Browning.

Robert Dick Douglas, Jr., mascot of the Class of 1916, was host to his Seniors at a delightful reception Saturday afternoon, March 4th. The guests were met at the door by Misses Dameron and Dunn and ushered into the parlor where they were introduced to Mrs. R. D. Douglas and Robert Dick, Jr., Mrs. C. D. Benbow and her little daughter, Mrs. David Stern and little Fannie Stern. In the library the guests wrote their names and addresses in the guest book and were then served with frozen punch. Violets and sweet peas furnished the decorations, the color scheme throughout being lavender and white, the Senior Class colors. As one year from that date will be inauguration day, Mr. Douglas suggested that a contest of naming the presidents of the United States would be appropriate. That the Seniors had been devoting themselves to history was then shown by the results, for seven wrote the entire list correctly. The lucky number in the lottery was drawn by Miss Sadie McBrayer. As the guests left, Robert, Jr., presented each Senior with a picture of himself in his Scottish costume of Douglas plaid.

Just as the Magazine goes to press, members of the Senior Class have received the following invitations:

The Junior Class
Will receive in honor of the Senior Class
Saturday evening, April first, nineteen sixteen
at eight o'clock
R. s. v. p. State Normal College, Students' Building

WITH THE SOCIETIES

Cornelian Literary Society

After the business meeting of the Society February 4th, Dr. Howard Glascock spoke to us on "The North Carolina Flag", giving the history of the making of our flag and explaining the significance of its dates.

On February 18th the literary program consisted of a debate, the query being: "Resolved, That the negro should have a liberal rather than an industrial training." Alice Presson and Pearl Cornwall upheld the affirmative, while on the negative were Jessie McKee and Hattie Lee Horton. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

On February 26th the Junior Cornelians of the Society were hostesses to the other members of the Society. At the entrance to the Students' Building the guests were given tickets entitling them to admission into the theatre, and to any enticements they might find on the way—bags containing candy, popcorn and chewing gum. The show presented, "Business vs. Love", featured Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and Harold Lockwood. Following the reel, vaudeville dances were given.

Adelphian Literary Society

On the night of January 29th, the Adelphian Juniors delightfully entertained the Society with a programme consisting of tableaux of many familiar songs. Soft lights, picturesque and appropriate costumes and beautiful music were combined in this charming programme. The song tableaux were as follows:

Annie Laurie ..... Louise Maddrey
Massa's in de Col', Col' Groun' ..... Etta Schiffman
All Thru' the Night ..... Marianne Richard
Comin' Thru the Rye .. Ernestine Kennette, Annie Daniels
Dixie ..... Sallie Connor, Lillian Morris
Wedding March
Annie Folger, Frances Morris, Louise Howell
Love's Old Sweet Song ..... Olivera Cox, Gertrude Smith
Star Spangled Banner ..... Elizabeth Moses, Elsie Sparger
Senior Class Song ..... Flossie Harris
Adelphai ..... Nancy Stacy

Afterwards souvenirs of crimson and gold, in the shape of the Adelphian pin, were distributed and delicious ice and cakes were served.

On the evening of February 5th, the Adelphians had as their guest of honor and speaker for the evening, Dr. E. W. Gudger, one of the society's most helpful honorary members. Basing his remarks on "The Organization and Work of a Literary Society", he discussed the arrangement of furniture in a society hall, the systematic literary program for the year, the value of criticism and the awarding of medals, the importance of the right kind of society spirit, and the aim of a literary society. Then followed a brief history of the Adelphian Society, and the application of several of the points mentioned above.

The Adelphians were entertained on the night of February 26th, by a double programme. The first part consisted of a debate on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should prohibit the shipping of war munitions to belligerent countries." Those upholding the affirmative were Marguerite Galloway and McBride Alexander and opposing were Lucy Crisp and Maurine Montague. Each speech showed careful preparation, well supported by ability. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

After the debate the Society was surprised with a delightful programme from the 1919 Adelphians. Several of the popular songs of the day were pantomimed very effectively with dances and gestures. The chorus girls were Bride Alexander, May Baxter, Mary Lathrop, Rebecca Simms, Miner Freeman, Mattie Griffin, Arnette Hathaway and Carrie Duffy Wooten. Maude Wilson, in costume, danced the Highland Fling. Sara All, Mary Howell and Annie Moran were the comedians of the evening. Evelyn Shipley and Annie Lowrie Bonnie, as little boy and girl, added a finishing touch to the pleasure of all with the charming little song, "Tittle Tattle, Tittle Tale". Modern Georges and Marthas presented all guests with souvenirs and delicious ices.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Margaret Blythe

FACULTY CONUNDRUMS

1. What member of the faculty do we love to visit in the summer time? Answer: Beach.
2. What member of the faculty does each Normal student possess? Answer: Boddie.
3. What member of the faculty is raising a rumpus in American politics? Answer: Daniels.
4. Of what color is one member of our faculty? Answer: Brown.
5. What member of the faculty sits in the parlor? Answer: Davenport.
6. What member of the faculty should own the house that Jack built? Answer: Jackson.
7. For what member of the faculty do we cry in the dining room? Answer: Moore.
8. What faculty member do we love to see at walking period? Answer: Raines.
9. What member of the faculty is from a bird family? Answer: Robinson.

Senior, to Willie of the Training School: "Why, Willie, what are you drawing?"

W.: "I'm drawing a picture of God."

"But Willie, you mustn't do that; nobody knows how God looks."

Willie smiled confidently. "Well," said he, "they will when I get done."

A small boy, of a thoughtful turn of mind, sitting at his mother's feet one day, looked up and said suddenly: "Mother, do liars ever get to heaven?"

"Why, no, dear, certainly not."

There was quite a pause. Finally the boy said quietly: "Well, it must be mighty lonesome up there with only God and George Washington."

The newly elected president of the student body was recently asked: "When do you go into effect?"

A student in the library recently spied a very attractive looking letter, blue stationery, wax, etc., addressed to a Mr. Cary, and lying on the table. "Oh," she whispered, "let me write on the back of this."

But she dropped said letter like hot candy when the answer was whispered back, "It's to Blanche Cary's father."

A training school pupil was stumped by the phrase of her Caesar lesson, "Diis est gratia". The irritated teacher exclaimed: "Why, Mary, that was translated for you in the notes."

Mary carefully looked up the note, which was, "'Thank God', in our idiom." Then she confidently translated: After the battle, Caesar said to his soldiers, "Thank God in our idiom."

A student returning from physical examination, reported excitedly to a friend, "Dr. Gove said my spine was crooked and that I must take special ped."

Seniors will please note.

A small boy hustled into Mr. Lewis' grocery store the other day with a sheet of paper in his hand. "Hello, Mr. Lewis," he said, "I want 13 pounds of coffee at 32 cents."

"Very good," said Mr. Lewis, noting the sale as he set his clerk to packing the coffee, "anything else, Charles?"

"Yes; 27 pounds of sugar at 9 cents."

"The loaf? And what more?"

"7½ pounds of bacon at 20 cents; 5 pounds of tea at 90 cents; two eight-pound hams at 21¼ cents; and 5 jars of picked walnuts at 24¾ cents a jar."

The grocer made out the bill. "It's a big order; did your mother tell you to pay for it?"

"My mother," said the boy as he pocketed the neat and accurate bill, "has nothing to do with the business. It's my arithmetic lesson and I had to get it done somehow."

A history class had just listened to a history paper prepared by one of their number with such care that the teacher had read it aloud. Imagine their surprise when one of them whispered in a shocked tone to the others: "Girls, I saw a book in the library this morning that has every word of Gertrude's paper in it. I can show it to you."

Every girl followed the informer to the library where she led the long line to—the dictionary.

A lady in a southern town received notice from her cook that that lady was about to leave her service to enter the bold state of matrimony.

"Why," said she, "Chlo, I didn't even know you had an admirer."

"Oh, yes ma'am; for some time."

"Who can it be, Chlo?"

"Don't you 'member, Miss Lizzie, dat I 'tended the funeral ob a fren' ob mine 'bout two weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"Wa'al ma'am, it's de corpse's husband."

Extracts from Dr. Gudger's test papers:
Haemotococcus is a holy plant.
Saliva aids indigestion.
Haemotocaccus does not have a mouth as most plants have.

Dr. L., trying to illustrate the power that the Roman father had over his child, asked a Senior: "Now, what would your father say if some man came along and said, 'Here, I'll give you two hundred dollars for that girl'?"
Senior: "He'd say, 'Take her! Take her!'"

In Senior Pedagogy, Dr. Lesh was asking: "What influence in early Greece bore the most weight toward the progress of education?"
Miss L. replied: "The Protestant Reformation."

When a certain Senior returned to College after a visit of several weeks at home, a certain brilliant solitaire on her left hand was the cynosure for all excited eyes. "Why," exclaimed Lucy, "I wish you'd look! It's set in *aluminum!*"

MY WATERLOO

I had been cramming Math. till I was almost crazed,
I really didn't know to what power I was raised.

When I left my room and started down the hall,
I only knew that a sphere is a ball.

I knew that my door was a parallelogram,
For this I had learned when I first began to cram.

When I saw a fire hose in a rack on the wall,
I proceeded to take it from under the radical-l.

When I looked up at the light and a circle I could see,
I became introduced to an identity.

When I passed through the door and stepped out on the walk,
I saw it was a rectangle drawn with chalk.

I hated to think that, on this examination,
We were likely to have a simultaneous equation.

The escape from the radical I could not perform;
For now as you know, I was in my simplest form.

I reached the math. room and dropped in my seat,
And the exam. I put up could never be beat.

For all over the paper were spheres and rectangles,
Quadratics, polynomials, pyramids, and angles.

Although I did not pass on this old exam.,
On account of it I certainly did cram.

Ruth Charles, '19, Adelphian.

Prof. Jackson's senior history class was discussing the contrast between the social status of the factory workers and the farmer class.

"And yet," asked the Professor, "*Where* do the factory laborers come from?"

"They raise them right around the factory," answered Miss H.

The organist was seated at the manual, rendering with much power, "The Funeral March of a Dead Hero."

"I don't see the use in having a grand, big pipe organ," suggested the unsophisticated Freshman, "when Mr. Scott-Hunter always plays the small one down in front of the stage."

ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Rosa Blakeney ..... President
Ruth Tate ..... Vice-President
Annie Mae Fuller ..... Secretary
Madeline Thompson ..... Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Annie Spainhour, Burke County, Cornelian

Adelphian		Cornelian	
Annie Beam	Cleveland County	Esther Mitchell	Granville County
Edwina Lovelace	Wilson County	Kate M. Streetman..	McDowell County
Marguerite Wiley ..	Buncombe County	Evelyn Whitty	Jones County
Flossie Harris	Rowan County	Estelle Dillon	Craven County
Kate Jones	Buncombe County	Carrie Goforth	Caldwell County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Tempe Boddie ..... President
Frances Summerell ..... Vice-President
Alberta Monroe ..... Secretary
Mattie McArthur ..... Treasurer
Maude Bagwell ..... Critic
Janie Ipock ..... Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Winifred Beckwith ..... President
Nancy Stacy ..... Vice-President
Ernestine Kenette ..... Secretary
Elsie Sparger ..... Treasurer
Alice Poole ..... Critic
Sadie Lee Holden ..... Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Margaret George ..... President
Clarence Windor ..... Vice-President
Eleanor Robertson ..... Secretary
Alice Presson ..... Treasurer
Marie Lineberger ..... Critic
Margaret George ..... Cheer Leader

Freshman Class

Virginia Walsh ..... President
Nancy Yarborough .... Vice-President
Marguerite Brawley ..... Secretary
McBride Alexander ..... Cheer Leader
Mary Wooten ..... Treasurer
Sara All ..... Critic
Rebecca Symnes ..... Monitor

Y. W. C. A.

Sadie McBrayer ..... President
Mary Gwynn ..... Vice-President
Louise Maddry ..... Secretary
Sarah Gwynn ..... Treasurer

Athletic Association

Jessie Gainey ..... President
Jay McIver ..... Senior Vice-Pres.
Gladys Emerson .... Junior Vice-Pres.
Frances Walker..Sophomore Vice-Pres.
Jennie Kirkpatrick .... Fresh. V.-Pres.
Lucy Crisp ..... Prep. Vice Pres.
Lois Anderson ..... Special Vice-Pres.
Madge Kennette ..... Secretary
Eva McDonald ..... Treasurer
Ellen Rose ..... Critic

State Normal Magazine

VOL. XX GREENSBORO, N. C., APRIL-MAY, 1916 No. 6

Farewell Song, 1916

(Air: "In the Gloaming")

Louise W. Goodwin, '16

Alma Mater, in the sunset,
Fondly turn our eyes to thee,
While the quiet shadows falling,
Fold thee in calm dignity.
'Round thy ivied walls, the breezes
Weave a breathing, half-seen spell;
In thy shaded groves the birdsong's
Muted as we say
Farewell.

Alma Mater, in the sunset,
Heavy turn our hearts to thee,
While the gone years' shadows, length'ning,
Fold us in their memory.
Thou hast shown the way to wisdom;
Thou hast taught us friendship's spell;
Taught us love, and joy, and longing
That it means, to say
Farewell.

Now we leave thee, Alma Mater,
Fondly cling our hearts to thee,
Our last tender homage paying,
Fraught with hope for years to be.
In thy spirit, loyal service,
With thy courage, daunting fears,
We will keep thy quest held sacred,
Shrined in love throughout the years.
Now we leave thee, Alma Mater,
Fondly cling our hearts to thee.
Farewell, Farewell, Farewell.