



The Library  
of the  
University of North Carolina



Endowed by The Dialectic  
and  
Philanthropic Societies

C378-UQm

v. 57

*This book must not be  
taken from the Library  
building.*

---

~~13 Aug 1976~~

~~23 Jan 1977~~

~~29 Oct 1977~~

~~20 Aug 1978~~







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/carolinamagazine19261927>





POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1926

SLAVES

A Story

By R. K. FOWLER

JACKSON, TENNESSEE

A New Anthology

By SARA HAARDT

DONKEY

A Poem

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

HARRIS

PAGE

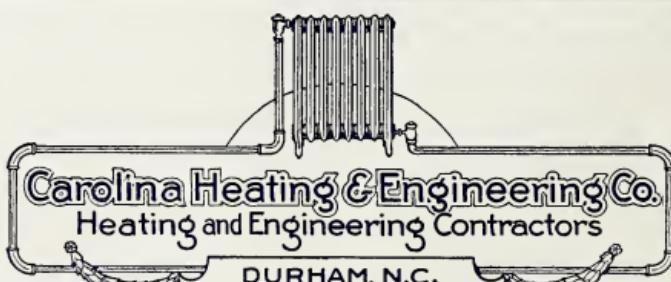
O. HENRY



*When  
the score is close-  
Keep cool with*



*That good-grape drink*



318 Holland St.

Everything on Campus for Last Four Years

Dial J-9441

Library, Univ. of  
North Carolina

The  
**CAROLINA MAGAZINE**

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., Editor

R. K. FOWLER, Assistant Editor

L. H. MCPHERSON, Business Manager

VOLUME 57

OCTOBER, 1926

NUMBER 1

*Contents*

PROOF ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Anne Blackwell Payne
WHITE STRANGER . . . . .	Eric Walrond
DONKEY ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Alfred Kreymborg
ARE CATHOLICS PEOPLE . . . . .	H. A. Breard
AUGURY ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	G. A. Caldwell, Jr.
SONNET ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Anne Blackwell Payne
FOREBODING ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Mary Sinton Leitch
SLAVES . . . . .	R. K. Fowler
TO DAVID, SINGER OF ISRAEL ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Mary Sinton Leitch
WHY THE OPPOSITION . . . . .	D. Scott Poole
PRAYER FOR A YOUNG GIRL ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Ellen M. Carroll
JACKSON, TENNESSEE . . . . .	Sara Haardt
THE BRIDAL BIRCH ( <i>Verse</i> ) . . . . .	Archibald Rutledge
THE PASTURE	BOOK BAZAAR

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the *Editor*, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.

## *Proof*

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE

*I know this is not you,  
You could not sleep so late;  
Nor keep your eyelids closed so long;  
Your sweet mouth stern and straight.*

*White strangers to repose,  
Your hands could never be  
So indolent at ten o'clock:  
Your feet so orderly.*

*This face of frost and snow,  
You were too warm to wear;  
And the parting is too accurate,  
Across your cloudy hair.*

*I know this is not you  
'Twould shame your courtesy,  
To think you'd let me wait so long—  
And never notice me.*



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57      NUMBER 1

## *White Stranger*

ERIC WALROND

**C**ALLED "an old piece of pottery" by its author, this sketch or bit of crockery, contains much that is not entirely obvious, as old jars are wont to do. Other short stories and sketches by Eric Walrond have been collected and will be published this fall in a book called "Tropic Death" by Boni and Liveright. Mr. Walrond is also a member of the staff of OPPORTUNITY, a journal of negro life.

THE SNOW melted and the thin layer of dust which speckled the pavement became liquid as earth on a river bank. It was the hour after noon and isles of crusted dew gleamed on the windows of the oyster chop house. There was a Negro playhouse next door and the line of Monday matinee folk, the noisiest of Bluetown's wild cats, extended a few steps beyond to the

restaurant door, where a Negro boy with a Jew's harp attracted a noisy cluster of bare-legged black urchins. Here to the curb the Irish truck driver's brakes ground out a metallic stop. He was apprehensive, his face, his mittens black with the murk of arctic toil.

He strode to the pavement and the Jew's harp instantly lost its charm. Other sounds—the cluck and fluster of fowl—distracted. And the window's dewy glow lured the blue-eyed ofay on.

Making their exit, two flashy Negro bucks edged through the door mumbling. He was met by a sea of low murmuring chatter. A Creole slightly taller than the counter behind which he stood, gave him a check, and he slid with easy grace over to a table near the pool of things.

...  
*October*  
1926

As the moments multiplied he was conscious of being strangely alone and proceeded, quite innocently, to tap on the table with the green check.

His vigilant eyes escaped the glare of the frosted window. Indeed, only vaguely, negligibly, was he cognizant of the shadows—impish brats—on the drowsy street outside.

A fat Russian girl—broad-faced, red-lipped, sensual—was a symbol of the strayed lamb, and loved spicy Negro food. As she buried her head in the plate, her sheared locks, dark as a raven's, fell straight forward obscuring the lower portion of her face. But perhaps that was just as well for there were flame spots on it making it unseemingly lewd.

The table nearest hers had at it two nugget-dark gypsy girls arguing fatuously. One was slightly fair, truer to the traditional gypsy type, wore a rose-leaf scarf and a gown of some downy silk. Speaking with a decided Negro drawl the other could as well have been a Carolina mulatto. She was mouthy and obdurate and flashed teeth frowsy and brassy. But for the shawl and the jewels, the garlic and the peculiar scent of the gypsy, she might have been a dicky slut ripe from the Virginia shore.

The waiters popped ale and indulged in lascivious jibes, and the Hoboken ofay viewed the frost rolling down the sun-touched window.

Blues singers . . . big timers . . . trombone players . . . Jamaica mento shakers . . . Bible-slammimg deacons . . . Charleston hounds . . trap drummers . . . lazy dancers . . . brown-skinned elves . . . has beens . . . all righteously talking shop.

He was black as an arctic night and she was a pasty-faced high yellow. Under a dark green ulster he was tuxedoed . . . white shirt, white bow tie, white, high collar. O, Mistah High Collar! His long shiny bony black face curved down at the end like a Turkish sabre. Gory black heads pimpled it. The hard white collar shoved the jaws rigorously up.

Once a sprig of forget-me-nots lay on the brim of the woman's hat. Now it sagged, drooped, with a slither of autumnal moss on it.

Hands folded upon the table, he faced the girl, ravenously disposing of the viuctuals put before her. Occasionally his lips moved, and she'd faintly bob her head, remorseful. . . . Ensued long pauses of silence broken only by the harsh grizzly crushing of corn beef. Suddenly, in the midst of the studied silence, she put down the bone. Something was wrong with her clothes. She tore back the coat, and unhooked her black taffeta dress. Her near white bosom showed, bare, round. She dug—buried the flea or whatever it was further down inside her. With an equal absence

...♦♦♦...

October  
1926

of consciousness she adjusted it, and resumed her gnawing of the beef bones . . .

"Hey——waiter," shouted the truck driver, "I ain't got all day. Lemme outa dis place."

"Yassuh, boss, wha' yo' want?" She was petite and brown.

"That's right—what you got?" and he consulted the bill of fare.

"Poke chops, fried chicken, mulatto rice, sweet potatoes, cawn beef an' cabbage——"

"Corn beef and cabbage for mine!"

"One on de cawn——"

"I'll beta dat's ah ofaginjee!" murmured the pasty-faced half-breed, staring at her black pappa.

Growing expectant the truck driver's eyes swept the other side of the table. They fell on two Negro men, musicians, triggered out in tuxes. One was brown, the other squash-white. One, broad-featured, crinkly-headed, the other sleek, auburn-haired. Face coldly Nordic.

About to leave, the jig, mothering a saxaphone, rose. A tooth pick dangled on his lower lip.

"Ain't yo' the high-tower, huh?" he of the aspish hair teased. "Cain't see wha' yo' light dese days. Yo's big timey, boy, an' tight wit' it."

"Yo' ain't see me beefin' an' cryin', is yuh? O, no! 'Oan hav' to worry, big boy!" he expanded, his chest rising visibly.

"Come on, Dancy, don't be a goddam piker. Le' yo' buddy in on it."

"Who me? Aw, no! That'd be too bad fo' de people. Wha' Ah'm gwine at de wimmin' don' like no yallah men."

A gang of street urchins had clustered about the wagon. With clubs and sticks they were thwacking the fowl screaming and fluttering around in the crates. Some of the kids—a joyous lot—fired stones at the mare, who preserved an uneasy rigidity. One ear was lashed suspiciously back on her mane. The sun, taking a glimpse, had disappeared, and the sky was overcast. The ducks squawked and beat their wings against the wired cages. And the Negro kids, glee-mad, circled the wagon, brandishing sticks and clubs.

How like a jungle rite, this bacchanal in Bluetown!

Froth gathered at the truck driver's mouth. He was patient and alert, stolid; he beat a tattoo, justificating, on the spotless ivory table.

Another of Bluetown's idols entered, and the girl who'd taken the truckman's order skated toward him, eager to lap up his line of brown, sweet talk.

## *Donkey*

ALFRED KREYMBORG

I'm fool enough to think,  
while April's in clover,  
the sun and the rain  
will change what they can:

Ass enough to see,  
nose enough to smell  
that what grows as grass  
may be the whole plan:

Ears that can hear  
how the wet and the dry  
as they mingle and mellow  
may yet sweeten man.



# *Are Catholics People*

H. A. BREARD

**C**IT WILL no doubt break the hearts of prominent hundred per centers and Ku Kluxers to learn that the old statement, "once a Catholic, always a Catholic," is no more true than the same statement about the Baptists.

"Contrary to popular belief," says H. A. Breard, "just as many 'bad Catholics' leave the church as do those of other denominations, and little Catholic altar boys purloin just as much of the sacramental wine as their Protestant brothers."

nothing about Catholicism as a religion, they characteristically fear the worst, and are content to believe the wildest tales, whether from the lips of the most illiterate minister, or from the sanctimonious lips of the demagogue. For an office-seeker to openly denounce the Catholic church as an intolerable and dangerous influence to the well-being of our government adds a comfortable quota of votes to his total.

Certain inspired, ignorant, and hard-shelled Protestants are continually blaring about that well-known and highly over-estimated octopus, Romanism, whose Italian tentacles are tearing at the best in one hundred per cent. Americans. They give us the most wonderful pictures, painted by perverted imaginations, of the pernicious practices of the Roman Church. Of these blatant scoffers, none have ever studied the Catholic faith or have been within a church of that persuasion. If they have, their distorted imaginations, having a greater cash value than the truth, are brought into play. They feed the intolerant that which they desire—alarming falsehoods.

Having been raised in the fold of the Catholic church, serving an early apprenticeship as altar boy, and having broken away from the Catholic church, as I have from the orthodox doctrines of all others, I can smile at the petty fear which seems to grip the minds of good Baptists and Meth-

**H**OW a certain "shooting parson" of Texas can stand in the pulpit day after day and harangue his credulous listeners with tales of barbaric cruelty and oppression as practiced by the Catholic church, and at the same time callously murder an unarmed citizen who had come to protest certain statements of the parson, is inexplicable.

But the same condition is true of any southern Protestant congregation. Knowing

southern Protestant congregation. Knowing nothing about Catholicism as a religion, they characteristically fear the worst, and are content to believe the wildest tales, whether from the lips of the most illiterate minister, or from the sanctimonious lips of the demagogue. For an office-seeker to openly denounce the Catholic church as an intolerable and dangerous influence to the well-being of our government adds a comfortable quota of votes to his total.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...  
October  
1926

odists when the name Catholic is mentioned. Some seem to have the idea that once a person is allied with the Catholic church, certain forces are brought into play which will keep him forever from gaining his freedom. The only force used to keep me, or any other of the Romanist faith within the church is that of prayer and family persuasion.

Some non-Catholics are laboring under the delusion that the Pope is all powerful with the Catholics; that he wields a temporal influence superior to that of the rulers of the countries in which the Romanists happen to find themselves. This is without foundation. The Pope is all-powerful spiritually, and that alone. He lays down rules of doctrine, and interprets the laws of the Church. But even here he is hampered. He has as much, if not more, precedent to guide him than the Supreme Court of the United States. Catholics believe that he is infallible only when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is in matters pertaining to the Church. Of course they do not believe that he is incapable of making mistakes and doing harm in his own private life. There is too much evidence to the contrary for them to hold such an idea.

As to temporal matters the Pope's powers are *nil*. Without doubt some would like to wield such power, but they realize that discretion is the better part of valor. The popes in ages past did supercede the rulers of the various countries, but this was due to force of circumstances—the invasion of the barbarians and the weakness of the petty states that sprang up after the collapse of the magnificent Roman Empire. A large number of the barbarians had been partially catholicized, and they stood in awe and fear only before the successors of St. Peter. After acquiring this power, the rulers of the Holy See were loath to give it up, but those days are past.

The last vestige of their temporal grandeur crumbled beneath them when the Papal States annexed themselves to the newly formed Kingdom of Italy. The inhabitants were good Catholics, but they voted to go over to Italy. They saw themselves primarily as Italians, secondarily as Catholics. As a protest against this action, the popes have never since left the Vatican grounds.

Some are opposed to the use of Latin and the ritualistic form in the Catholic service. Both have logical foundations. The former is used because it is a universal link. The Latin language ties all Catholic churches together into a great whole, makes all services uniform, and carries the congregation back to the days of the founding of the Church. Then, too, the great Supreme Being possibly understands Latin as well as any other language. It is to Him that the prayers are directed.

♦♦♦

October  
1926'

The ritual is that to which the Church owes its great strength. After all, religion is a thing of the heart and not of the mind, and what appeals more to the heart and carries one to greater ethereal heights than an imposing ritualistic mass interspersed with beautifully sentimental music? The poor sin-burdened worshipper seems to be raised above this sordid plane during such a ceremony. Protestants, also, realizing the power of music to charm, introduced it into their gatherings.

There is a common belief that the Roman Church forbids the reading of the Bible. This is erroneous. A certain portion of the Bible is read each day at the celebration of the mass, and the reading of Bible history is encouraged. The Holy Book, and prayer books taken from it, may be found in almost all Catholic homes. The Church requires, however, that its version be read, because Catholics are under the impression that their church is the true church and consequently that the Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures is the true version.

Some suspect and many are absolutely sure that the confessional is a means of extorting money from the sinner. This may occur. I will not flatly deny it. But all during my connection with the Catholic Church, I have never had the subject of money raised while in the confessional nor have I ever heard of it being extracted as a condition precedent to absolution. Some priests may do so, but I do not believe that extortion is nearly so prevalent in the Roman Church as in others. The priest has no incentive to extract money. He receives sufficient for his upkeep; the remainder of the money going into the church fund. And any one who knows the Catholic faith realizes that it is not within the power of the priest to forgive. He is merely an intermediary. The priest asks God to forgive the sinner if he is sorry for the sins that he has committed. If the sinner should not be repentant, the confession is of no avail and the sins are all the more magnified.

Some are of the opinion that Catholics think that all marriages outside of the Catholic Church are adulterous. This is not the case. Protestant marriages are considered valid because the Romanists believe that Protestants have not seen the true light, and are not responsible for what they do. This is the explanation given, but in truth, *force of circumstance* causes the Roman Church to recognize them. It realizes that its members would not follow it in a strict construction. However a Catholic who is married by other than a priest is considered as living in sin, at least by the officials of the Church. Only the more bigoted members give it a second thought. The

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

—♦—  
*October*  
1926

Catholic Church teaches that marriage is a holy sacrament conferred upon man by God, and only one of God's true representatives is capable of performing the ceremony. Upon this theory no union may be liquidated; the knot has been tied in Heaven. The parties may separate, but only the death of one of them will dissolve the matrimonial hitch.

Purgatory seems to be a stumbling block for many. The logic of the matter seems to me to be very simple. It is merely a midway station between Heaven and earth where those who have not suffered sufficiently for the sins that they have committed may do a little extra duty, in military parlance. Only those who are absolutely clear of sin may enter into the presence of the Almighty. Hell would be overpopulated if those guilty of lesser sins were consigned to that station, so the Church invented an intermediate place. Of course if one is guilty of a mortal sin Satan takes immediate possession of his soul on its passage from its earthly abode, the body. Then too, Purgatory is an excellent means for the Church to save old hypocrites who stage last minute repents. They have not suffered for their sins on earth. It is necessary for them to suffer somewhere. Purgatory is an excellent place. Masses are said for those in Purgatory in order to strengthen them in their suffering there to attain the Ethereal Presence. The masses are said at a dollar a piece if the relatives are able to pay, but they are said gratuitously upon request. The receipts from such masses go to pay off the indebtedness of the local church. No doubt it is this practice that gives rise to the assertion of outsiders that the priest pretends to have the power to pray sinners out of hell. The Catholic Church teaches that once in hell there is no redemption; prayers will do no good. Aside from this, the priest can't pray for any one. One must pray for himself. The priest only prays that God grant the sinner strength to fight sin and to listen to his feeble prayers.

Indulgences have been a bone of contention ever since the days of Martin Luther. Their sale was a prime means of raising funds in his time, but this was done away with by the Counter-Reformation. They are now obtained by prayer and good works. If one gains an indulgence, a certain amount of temporal punishment due for his sins are remitted. Remission for sins committed in the future was never granted. Some zealous prelates, however, may have led some credulous communicants to believe to the contrary.

What part does statuary play in Catholic worship? Are they idolaters? By no means. I do not know what the ignorant believe, but I was taught

...♦♦...

October  
1926

along with many others that the statues are only material reminders, a tangible representation used to bring to mind the holy one of whom one is seeking a favor. The saints prayed to are not on an equality with God. They are requested to intercede with God, that is to pray to Him, in favor of the repentant sinner, and to ask Him to grant strength to the latter to carry on in the monumental struggle against sin. The Virgin is not considered the equal of her great Son, but she heads the list of saints. She is often requested in prayers to intercede with her Divinely Conceived Child in favor of some heart-sick sinner who seeks grace. Is this not natural? Are not concessions on this earth often obtained through the intercession of mothers? The beads or rosary that Catholics use are merely counting boards upon which they keep track of prayers said in a certain sequence.

The Church of Rome demands celibacy of its clergy because it believes that an unmarried priesthood will devote itself wholly to the work of saving souls; that there will be no conflict of family ties and church duties; and that there will be no disruption in the congregation, due to the strange makeup of the usual preacher's wife. Doubtless these are reasons enough, but since celibacy is against a law of nature, it is perhaps against a law of God.



## *Augury*

G. A. CARDWELL, JR.

A sand-piper flew  
By a great ship's lee  
As it wallowed and plunged  
In the cresting sea.

“A storm comes out  
Of the North,” he said,  
“And I'll nest in the sand  
When you lie dead.”

*The*

CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

*October*  
1926

## *Sonnet*

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE

Beloved Priest, to whom I have confessed  
My everlasting wonder of the sea;  
And all things lovely hidden in my breast—  
City and park and poem and symphony;  
What would I do with beauty but for you?  
What would I do with stars, the moon, and night,  
That sweet mysterious change that comes to blue—  
Without your comprehension and delight?

Absolve me now of this day's added weight,  
A leafless tree that lay against the sky,  
As delicately wrought as an iron gate  
Of filagree, to enter heaven by:  
Take not your ears from me nor fail to share  
The golden burden you and I must bear.



## *Foreboding*

MARY SINTON LEITCH

Today does not suffice for man's despair.  
Not with past sorrow only, past regret,  
Our hearts are weary and our eyes are wet—  
The present longing or the present care  
Is not enough: forever we must wear  
Weeds of eventual woe. Such fears beset  
The very cup of joy that we forget  
To lift it to our lips and start and stare!

O vain foreboding! Of those shapes of dread,  
Of doom, that ever threaten, ever thrust  
Gaunt arms across our pathway toward the dawn,  
One late approached me: I who would have fled  
Stood trembling, stricken, when upon the dust  
A shadow fell . . . and touched me . . . and was gone!



# Slaves

R. K. FOWLER

**L**AICKING a fitting classification for writers of a certain type, Addison Hibbard segregated three of his undergraduates and crowned them with the title of "The Eternal Sophomores." The club, of which Fowler was a charter member, dubbed Mr. Hibbard the eternal college professor, in sweet revenge. Mr. Hibbard retaliated by adopting a new adjective, "Fowleresque," which he used to describe plots and situations which he could not officially endorse.

community. There had been dancing and gaming, buying and selling in sufficient quantities to bring about mild affluence and complete contentment. The war had treated Clay Center with unusual harshness; its trade wrecked, its families scattered, the town had sunk into dismal obscurity. The plantations were in ruins now, and the descendants of the men who built them were mere bits of trash blown against a fence and left stranded. Many had eventually moved on, but a few found the effort too great for them. They were cursed with inherent laziness and could only stay where God had thrust them, waiting apathetically for an end that approached on limping feet.

In many broken Southern towns a pathetic feeling of class superiority still clings like a cheap perfume. The penurious offspring of the old grandees take on the air of lords and ladies merely because their ancestors were once somebodies in a deplorable nowhere. But the spineless dwellers of Clay Center had failed to erect even a shaky scaffolding of pride. They were content to exist bleakly in a bleak present—with the one stern exception of old man Willoughy Cranford.

The Cranford home stood at the intersection of Main and Oak streets. It was a shabby, respectable barn which passed for a mansion in Clay

...♦♦♦...

October  
1926

Center, and indeed was, in comparison to the hovels that surrounded it. Its paint was peeling off, leaving great raw welts, its front steps sagged rottenly on the side by the dusty hydrangea bushes and two panes were cracked in the fan-shaped atrocity of green glass that spread over the door. Still its vast, rambling size was impressive for the same reason that a mangy circus lion is impressive; it hinted at something better than itself and stirred a dormant realization of past power.

Old man Cranford spent most of his time on the wide porch, glaring with childish hauteur at the passers and chewing greedily on his moustache. In him the stupid pride of caste was incarnate. He despised his fellow townsmen with a superficial rancor and secretly gloated over the envious glances they threw at the crumbling dignity of his home. There was no logical reason why he should set himself above the others, but like a true Southerner he had no need of logical reasoning. Pig-like, he wallowed in the muck of self-sufficiency, and found in such sullied baths the essence of satisfaction.

The comparative elevation of old man Cranford's fortune was due partially to luck and partially to stinginess. His father's home had been providentially spared when the Yankees razed the town in the clashing days of war. An elderly aunt in Georgia died intestate and her moderate means reverted to him. Willoughby Cranford was an accomplished hoarder. No spark of the vaunted Southern generosity had ever burned in the dry kiln of his breast; when money came into his hands he clung to it tenaciously, reluctant even to spend it on himself. So when his aunt's meager thousands, vast wealth in the eyes of Clay Center, became his property he quit his profitless brokerage business and turned to a life of leisure. He fastened a cold clutch on the inheritance, guarding the exit of each separate dollar, meeting the bare needs of existence with an impatient whine. Such methods endeared him to no one, but they enabled him to sit idly on his porch with a dirty shawl around his shoulders while he meditated on his consummate grandeur. The people of Clay Center hated Willoughby Cranford and looked up to him. His miserly habits and the fact that he classed his neighbors as unworthy inferiors made him tremendously unpopular. However, the glamour of an independent income and an authentic ancestral mansion was not to be denied. Though in public they derided the old man and referred to him as "that stingy old son-of-a-bitch who thinks he's better than God Almighty", they grudgingly admitted to themselves that Willoughby Cranford was cast in a superior mould. Their treatment of him



October  
1926

was a queer mixture of disgust and humility. As for old man Cranford, he simply ignored the whole crowd, not even deigning to grunt when some rash individual gave him a hesitant good evening.

He shared his voluntary seclusion with his niece, Jane—a shy, sensitive girl of nineteen. She was the child of an emotional younger brother whose wife had left in despair after a vain two years effort to rationalize him. Relieved of this burden, young Cranford bestowed his tiny daughter upon the sedate Willoughby and casually drank himself to death. Jane was old man Cranford's sole gesture of kindness, and even in her case the kindness was selfishly motivated. When he took her he looked into the future and saw his declining years lightened by the services of a girl with a heavy debt of gratitude to pay off. In some ways Jane had been a great disappointment to him; despite rigid discipline she still showed traces of her father's unbecoming temperament, and though she usually ministered to the old man's crabbed wants without complaint she had her moments of rebellion. These attacks were quelled when old Willoughby faced her with the sorry fact of his generosity and, smouldering inwardly, the girl sank back into her rôle of unpaid servant. Clay Center folks pitied her, but did nothing to help her. To them she seemed beyond aid—a weak princess in the grip of an ogre.

This fallacy was due to Jane's introspective nature. Surface weakness spread like an opaque film over the turbulency of her thoughts. Her face was a dispassionate oval, meekly pretty—a precise duplicate of her mother's vapid countenance. Her mind was a seeth of emotion, intense to the point of hysteria. She was able to hate bitterly and equally able to conceal the angles of her attitude. She hated old Willoughby Cranford. At first the realization of hatred shamed her, but as time passed and her uncle's actions became more contemptible she felt that her secret animosity was justified. Through the indulgence of hatred she had become so hypersensitive that the old man's most harmless remarks seemed to convey insults and his every inoffensive request was a stern command. She went about her duties, silent, unassertive—waiting for a chance to nullify her real and imagined wrongs. Her own distorted ideas and her uncle's stupidity had filled her with a subtle poison. Her one wish was to make Willoughby Cranford suffer—to tear something from him in return for the pleasures she had been denied.

In the rear of the Cranford home old Mammy Linda lived with her mulatto son, Joe; they occupied a small white-washed shack adjoining the

...♦♦♦...

October  
1926

main part of the house. Mammy Linda was a heritage—born a Cranford slave and philosophically willing to die one. Joe was a slim yellow negro cringingly anxious to please. Their servile natures fitted admirably into Willoughby Cranford's scheme of things; he, the master—they, the creatures to crawl at his bidding. Given material of such plasticity the old man had shaped for himself a minute image of Southern serfdom. The days of slavery were over, but Mammy Linda and Joe were gratifying survivals. To Clay Center, the possession of living, breathing black slaves placed the stamp of divinity on old Cranford's mottled brow. It was seen as the supreme gesture of a man living in an alien age who refuses to break with tradition. "What's that old fool want to keep those niggers hanging around for?" they asked loudly. (Oh God, wouldn't it be grand to have slaves of your own?) Oblivious to all comment, Willoughby Cranford ruled his household with vicious serenity.

One morning Jane was clearing away the breakfast dishes. A ring flashed on her finger; old man Cranford's eye grappled with it incomprehendingly.

"Where'd you get that ring, Jane?"

Jane started, pretended not to hear.

"Where'd you get that ring?"

"Ed Grant gave it to me; we're engaged." She wiped butter from her fingers on a soiled apron.

"You're what?"

"Engaged—to be married."

The old man struggled for speech. The boiling syllables within him refused to form words. Finally—"Joe." The mulatto hastened in. "Go down to the store and tell Mr. Grant that I want to see his son Ed—right now."

Jane's pale lips moved rigidly. "What are you going to do, Uncle Will?"

Rage engendered by the first shock was fading; he would soon have this matter in hand. "I'm going to break this thing up. Do you think I'd let a niece of mine marry the brat of a grocery-store keeper?"

"But I am going to marry him."

"And I say you're not." They waited in silence. After several minutes Ed Grant entered quietly, a thickset young man with hard eyes.

"You wanted me, Mr. Cranford?" His impersonal glance covered the over-furnished room.

...♦♦♦...

October  
1926

Willoughby Cranford stared implacably. (He doesn't seem much impressed.) "My niece says she intends to marry you."

The hard eyes caught an appealing look from Jane, fixed themselves stubbornly on a yellowing spot in the ceiling. "We're goin' to be married next month."

"You're wrong. She'll not marry you next month—or any other time. Cranfords don't marry below their level."

"Uncle Will, you have no right—"

"Keep out of this, Jane. Did you understand me, young man?"

The words fell stolidly like a memorized fragment of scripture. "We're goin' to be married next month."

Repetition pierced the old man's shield of stern aloofness. His face purpled—the hue of a crushed grape. "Who are you, sir? The worthless, snivelling son of a grocer—a damned dirty merchant who says 'thank you, ma'm' to every nigger wench that buys a bar of soap! And you a filthy lout smelling of hog guts. You're common—you're nobody—you're not a damn bit better than a dirty field-hand."

"Uncle Will—"

He flung more words forth obscenely; they were like flecks of foam on his lips. Mad words. "And you want to mate with my niece. She a Cranford, an aristocrat—and you the offspring of a country shopkeeper and a draggletailed Clay Center slut. Nobody in town fit to kiss her feet, and you say you're going to marry her. Not while I live. And she willing to do it after all the sacrifices I've made for her—willing to give herself to a misbegotten bastard without a cent to his name."

"Uncle Will—" (stop him, dear God. Ed's so proud.)

"I suppose you want her money. Well, you won't get it. Now get out of this house and never show your rotten face around here again."

A bowl slipped unnoticed from Jane's fingers. She stood stiff against the wall, her throat ragged with sobs. The young man came toward her. "Give me the ring, Jane." He wrenched it off harshly.

"You're leaving me, Ed?"

"Yeh—I didn't know what the Cranfords was. He's old—I won't kill him." Ed Grant was gone.

Old Willoughby Cranford closed his eyes and rubbed his hand across them. (Lost my temper. Anyhow, that's settled.) Jane stooped over like a rusty automaton and picked the broken china from the floor.

(Continued on page 34)

## *To David, Singer of Israel*

MARY SINTON LEITCH

King David, you who smote the Moabite  
Like fire, like cloud;—your courts are drifted dust;  
Your sword that flamed against the Ammonite  
Is ruin; lance and shield are less than rust.

What matter now that like a wind you fell  
On Zion? Abner, Absalom, your son,  
And Saul have passed: the kings of Israel  
Have passed; the earth has claimed them every one.

Baubles your sword, your sceptre and your crown,  
But where green pastures or still waters sleep  
There is your music, drifting gently down  
And tenderly among the drowsy sheep.

Or, to the march of mightier syllables,  
Sweep horse and chariot, banners flying free  
From ramparts of the soul's high citadels  
In the triumphal pride of poesy.

Thus though as king you ceded to the hands  
Of death your crown and sceptre, you remain  
Forever, in the magic moonlit lands  
Of song, anointed liege and sovereign.



## *Why the Opposition*

D. SCOTT POOLE

**C**PREVENTED by illness from making a scheduled address before the student body of the University, Mr. D. Scott Poole, originator of the famous "Poole Bill," replied to a request for the manuscript of his address with the brief presented on this page.

*In printing the article, which should represent the candid opinions of the fundamentalists of this state as held by their acknowledged leader, there has been no attempt at editing. The brief was printed as it came to the office.*

I object to a mode of creation being taught in the public schools of this state for the following reasons:

1. Because parents, not the state, have the right to teach their children religion. Parents are responsible for the religious training of their children.
2. Because Evolution as taught in the schools, teaches a mode of creation, of the Creator, the Bible, and the philosophy of life, may be classed as religion.
3. Because state schools have no right to teach religion.
4. Neither the Evolutionist, nor the Christian Fundamentalist has a right to teach his peculiar views at public expense.
5. Because debarring Evolution from the public schools will not infringe upon the right of any Evolutionist from teaching or writing at his own expense.

This is the reasons for debarring evolution, legally, and now as further reasons, it is not fair to taxpayers to defray the expense of teaching their own peculiar doctrine, and then by a state supported educational system have all their work undone, and that also at their expense.

It is plain to be seen, that this conflict of view will amount to a menace to the welfare of the Commonwealth if allowed to go on.

From the writings of evolutionists we make the following deductions:

1. All gods and devils are the creations of human imaginations.
2. There never has been a divine revelation of God's will to man.
3. No extant moral code possesses Divine authority.
4. The Christian's hope of heaven is based on myth.
5. The fall of man is mythical.

•••••  
October  
1926

6. Conscience is the product of group opinion.
7. Christianity is wrong in its basic purpose of moral conduct.
8. Christian teaching as to purity and modesty is wrong, based on mysticism and superstition.
9. Christianity has degraded woman, and retarded progress.
10. The world has no true code of morals.

In reviewing these extreme views, you may call them, is it any wonder that Church has arisen to oppose such teaching? Scientists say the Bible was not given to teach science. I grant this. Neither should scientists undertake to teach the Bible. The Bible is supernatural. It must be what it is believed to be, the revelation of God's will to man. The Scriptures teach what a man is to believe concerning God, and what duties God requires of man.

By following the teaching of the Bible a man does not become a worse citizen; but rather, he who follows more closely the teaching of this wonderful Book is the highest specimen of the race. The Bible is the only source of light that shines across the cold, dark silence and shadow of the death. Surely none would extinguish this.



## *Prayer for a Young Girl*

ELLEN M. CARROLL

Let her twine tender greening vines  
Against a trellised wall,  
She whose hands are brown and slim,  
Whose eyes hold Youth's clear call.

Let her run races with the wind  
Where foam-plumed breakers roar,  
She whose lips part red and soft,  
Whose feet are swift and sure.

And let her dwell upon a hill  
That reaches to white stars—  
She whose young soul is crystal pure,  
Whose body, no sin mars.



# Jackson, Tennessee

By SARA HAARDT

## *Magnolia Balm*

If Magnolia Balm hadn't been raised in the country, she wouldn't have found her row so hard. Magnolia was shy. She was the seventh of Pompey's and Kiziah's yard chil'len—and the blackest. Kiziah was always saying that "Gawd only knew whar she come frum." She had the spread features and incorrigible kinks of the true Ethiope, while all her sisters and brothers were a pale molasses yellow. As they came along, with their big notions, they set off for Jackson without the slightest timidity. Jackson was a yellow nigger town. A real black was so scarce as to be almost a rarity, and the high browns didn't have anything for them to do.

Kiziah had already sensed the feeling when Magnolia was born. "We got tuh git a real party name fur her," she murmured to old Hagar, who had come in "to see her thru." "Is yuh evah heard tell uv Lydia Pinkham and Magnolia Balm?"

"Sho' I is!" answered Hagar. "Whar yuh think I bin, honey? I laks Magnolia Balm th' bes'. Hit's got sech a *pure* soun'—"

"Is she black ez ole Mose, Hagar?"

"Now don't yuh fret 'bout havin' no black chile, honey. She may be wu'th all them yallar niggers put together. . . ."

But Kiziah did fret. For when Magnolia began to feel her growing pains, she had notions like all the rest. Nothing would do her but she must go to Jackson, too. She took to slipping off on lonely errands to the store, and sometimes when Kiziah spoke to her, she was sunk in such a dream it was like trying to wake the dead.

So one April morning, when Pompey drove in to the seed store, Magnolia packed along with him. Kiziah had sent word to Martha, her eldest daughter, and she met them on the outskirts of Belle Air. Martha was the toniest one of Kiziah's children. She worked in a beauty parlor on Lafayette avenue, where all the young society ladies had their hair shampooed, and she had acquired quite an air.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

October  
1926

"Ah spoke to mah landlady about a room, Magnolia," she trilled in her throaty voice, "but she hasn't a vacancy just at present. Ah found a little place on Helen street—"

In the afternoon, after Magnolia had taken her clothes out of the bag that was to go back to Pompey, they walked around to Martha's place. It was a good piece away, on the finest street in Belle Air. Martha, very proudly, said that white folks had lived in it not so long ago.

"Ah'm goin' to be pfectly frank with you, Magnolia," she continued airily. "A few of the girls is dropping in this evening and Ah'm introducin' you as mah cousin. Ah wouldn't have nobody speak ill of us—and you is *so dahk!*"

Magnolia nodded obediently. In Martha's grand room, with the lace curtains and graphophone, she sat stiffly erect, a hard lump in her throat as the girls fluttered in. They were all bright and stylish like Martha, powdered and rouged until the room grew close with a sickish perfume. Their hair was crisply black, but trained to lay in oily waves; their nails were rouged pink and shiny; and their feet were squeezed in narrow, high-heeled slippers. How fine they talked and rolled their r's! When Martha passed the refreshments, they nibbled their cakes, and then smoked their cigarettes as daintily as white ladies!

One of the girls started the graphophone and danced a fancy step around the edge of the carpet on the polished floor. The girls applauded, and Magnolia smiled, but the lump in her throat had grown so big she could scarcely speak. Martha had leaned back in her chair to enjoy her smoke and display the new fawn-colored stockings on her pretty legs, and so she didn't see her when she slipped out of the room.

"Drink o' watah," she whispered to the girl nearest the door who raised her eyebrows.

Pompey's wagon was standing in front of the house on Helen street. He was waiting on the porch. "Whar is th' grip?" he muttered. "I 'low tuh be gittin' on now hit's sundown."

"I'll fotch hit fur yuh," Magnolia answered. "I done changed my min'. I's goin' back wid yuh."

"Wal, gal," Pompey consoled her, as they swung out on the darkening road, "I's mighty glad to heah hit. Yore ma's alluz had a partickler leanin' fur yuh."

Magnolia nodded dumbly. After a while she crawled over in the back of the wagon and dropped down on the feed sacks. The night air was cool

...•••...

October

1926

and sweet, a bird was calling across the fresh fields and the plum thickets lay in a living whiteness all about. The lump in her throat was gone, but past Catoma creek Pompey fell to singing in his melodious voice of "Heaben, Heaben," and suddenly there it was back again right over her heart. This time it didn't go away, and as the road grew darker, she got to her knees and swayed back and forth . . . back and forth . . . like old Hagar used to do with the toothache.

### *A Disciple of Darwin*

People said that when Archie Peters came to die he would call on God as loudly as any other sinner. There was Bob Ingersoll: he was an atheist for you! Archie had moved to Jackson from Lachapoka with the idea of giving up his job on the road and making a home for his wife and three growing boys. It was an ambitious move, but, in the inexplicable ways of Providence, everything seemed to go badly from then on: the first Summer his eldest and youngest boys were stricken with typhoid malaria, and died before the big doctor from the East could reach them; and the following Spring, Francis, the remaining boy—the pride of his heart—stuck a nail in his foot and developed lockjaw. The doctors in Jackson in those day didn't call it *tetanus* or know the new serums to give for it.

During the crisis, when the boy lay so sick, Archie slipped out of the house to the open fields to pray. He had always been a God-fearing man, and now, with the Spring air so softly perfumed, the miracle of green buds about him, he dropped on his knees and prayed God that if He would spare his son, he would serve Him to the end of his days. The sun was setting when he turned back, the evening was filled with a kind of peace, but they had already started a search for him. The boy was dead.

So, as years passed, Archie Peters became a familiar figure about the drug-store, where the young men gathered to exchange talk of the universe. He was a tall, handsome man, with a pair of eyes like live coals in his head, and when he gesticulated with his strong hands, an indefinable spell fell over his audience. His was a quiet sort of atheism—a slurring gesture, a teasing laugh up the sleeve. No man ever had the story of his falling out with God from his lips: he was too much of an artist for that! Instead, he encouraged his listeners to express their own views, and when they had had their fling, he quietly led them aside and told them of his dream that they should one day become great physicians. It was a queer Providence that turned everything he touched to money, so that he could help them.

...•••

October  
1926

In after years, when they settled in the East to practise, they often visited Jackson to see him. The Scopes' trial was going in the Summer that young Edward Marshall returned, and people were saying it was no wonder Archie Peters was taken ill so suddenly, when he had declared he was for Darwin. The doctors had said there was no hope for him, and he would be calling on the Lord!

Young Marshall was ushered into the sick-room late one Friday evening. The light was dim, and he was hidden in the shadows as he watched the older man blinking with a kind of fascination at the purplish blots on his nails. He looked up at last with gleaming eyes.

"Well . . . it's coming!"

Edward Marshall shook his head, and turned away to hide the guilty look in his eyes. He had the feeling he had never had before—that Archie Peter's gesture was costing him something . . .

"Leave him be! Fear of death will punish him as sure as there's a Lord in Heaven—"

"He will laugh on the other side of his mouth one of these days!"

"He'll change his tune . . ."

"It isn't true!" young Marshall argued to himself. But his fingers trembled as he filled the barrel of the hypodermic needle. In the instant between the pricking of the steel and the drooping of Archie Peters' eyelids, he knew himself a traitor: in losing his faith in the old man, he had lost faith in himself. All the yearnings, the vaunts of his proud youth were gone forever. Yet, as years went by, he grew to be proud of being a sober and responsible citizen. Nobody ever took him for an atheist!

### *Miss Maybelle Galbreath*

Maybelle Galbreath was a staunch feminist before she married Tom Willard. At club meetings she was always the first to rise and quote Mary Wollstonecraft or Charlotte Perkins Gilman or Alice Paul, the blush rose on her little poke bonnet gesticulating with fervor. "How much more respectable is the woman who earns her own bread by fulfilling any duty, than the most accomplished beauty!" she would chant in her sweet voice. Once, when the president of the State Federation called an important meeting, she interrupted her in the sepulchral tones of Olive Schreiner, "We claim all labor for our province. Give us labor and the training which fits for labor! We demand this not for ourselves, but for the race. . . ."



October  
1926

It was a dramatic moment. The ladies whispered and nudged one another and the president was plainly outwitted until she saw who Maybelle was. Maybelle was an accomplished beauty herself—in more ways than one—so she could afford to say such things. Her skin had the texture of panne velvet, her hair was a natural gold and she had the most adorable bow mouth. It was part of the education of the young men in Jackson to fall in love with her. When she pleaded, "Woman must not be dependent on her husband's bounty for her subsistence, for how can a being be generous who has nothing of her own . . . or virtuous, who is not free?" they were tempted to kiss her. The words were deliciously provocative on her red lips.

For a time, after she married Tom Willard, she insisted upon being introduced as *Miss Maybelle Galbreath*, but Jackson wasn't educated up to it. Embarrassing questions caused her to blush as hotly as if she were guilty of a real breach. Tom guffawed loudly when the confusion went to even greater lengths and tradespeople mistook her for his daughter.

"Well, not yet," he would chuckle, "but you never can tell! You see, my wife belongs to a protective order called the Lucy Stone League."

Tom was a good-natured fool, but he was hopelessly confounded when Maybelle declared that she was going to get a job and maintain separate quarters like Fannie Hurst was doing. "We'll still have regular engagements with each other," she explained, her cheeks a fiery pink. "Only they will be on a much more dignified plane. We'll really be in a position to see the best side of each other then—"

"But what's the idea?" Tom complained. "I thought people married to have a home."

"It's just that we couldn't express our personalities and keep our self-respect . . . and live as intimately, dear. We mustn't—either of us—be subjected to one another in law or in custom and so we must have an equal share in freedom and responsibilities."

"Well, I don't see how you can eat your cake and have it, too," Tom replied in an injured voice. "I don't get your figurin'. Still, it's your say . . ."

Maybelle started to work with the Dixie Pine Lumber Company the next Monday morning as file clerk, and he moved back into his old bachelor apartment at the club. They were not to meet until the following Sunday night.

(Continued on page 36)

## *The Bridal Birch*

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

On angel wings of light,  
Past man's devising,  
In the mystic wood arising  
A silver spirit gleams  
With silvery dreams—  
Her argent body bright,  
Shimmering in night—  
In the dewy moonlight fair,  
With streaming hair,  
And cool and lustrous body bare.  
So in the dark and dew,  
When Adam came to woo,  
Might Eve have stood,  
Bridal and beautiful,  
    A chalice with love's cordial brimming full,  
In Eden's solitude,  
Trembling all over,  
Waiting her lover.

Waiting some sweetheart now  
My birch-tree stands,  
Stars burning on her brow;  
With silvery hands  
And wild still hair alight,  
And argent body bright,  
In the sweet secret wood a-gleaming,  
Her virgin heart a-dreaming,  
Its flower opening wide,  
A spirit and a bride—  
Trembling, joyous, dumb  
Until Love come.



# The Pasture

R. F.

J. S.

J. P.

Excerpts from a review of President W. L. Poteat's book, *Can a Man Be a Christian Today*, appearing in *The Baptist Messenger*, official organ of the Baptist General Convention of Oklahoma:

..... We have nothing but kindness in our heart for Doctor Poteat, the man, but we regard his doctrine and method of advocating it, as one of the most subtle, blighting and damning influences among Southern Baptists.....

..... What he says, in conjunction with what he has left unsaid, makes the book extremely dangerous.....



A faithful reader of the *Charlotte Observer* and an apparently casual reader of the *American Mercury*, which is paradoxical in itself, clipped Gerald Johnson's remarks about the former publication from his article, "Journalism Below the Potomac" appearing in the September issue of the *Mercury*, and sent the clipping to the One Minute Editor of the *Observer*. She published it under the caption, "Observer Gets High Praise."



A student interested in heraldry called to our attention the fact that the scutcheon of our very moral University is marred by a bar sinister. (See Webster.) Too, this bar separates the words "Light" and "Liberty". The inference, shocking as it must be to this state where morals are morals and children must have a complete set of parents, is that the University is the child of light and liberty, but born out of Holy Wedlock. It might be said that the union of light and liberty is not recognized as legal in these parts, and that the University is an evil influence because its continued existence as a respectable institution may lead to free love, and the downfall of all morals.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...•••••

October  
1926

After suffering from extreme nausea following the wildly heralded activities of the "Committee of 100," Charlotte, N. C., the Queen City of the South and the second greatest church-going city of the world, found herself faced with a problem of another color recently. The Black Christ, alias the "Faith-healer," alias Bishop Grace, onetime patent medicine vendor and of various religions, set up his tent in the city's midst and commenced the saving of dusky souls to the tune of three dollars per head, come one—come all.

The Black Christ's monetary activities became so alarming, and house servants began to lose so much sleep that all question of souls was thrown to the winds and the city fathers harkened to a plea from less inspired pulpit brokers to command Bishop Grace to fold his tent and walk. The Bishop secured an injunction staying the action of the commissioners, and at present writing Charlotte is unable to find a law to eject him. And in the meantime the Bishop is baptizing, at three dollars each, from six hundred to a thousand souls at each immersion.



Recently two students, a Junior and a Senior, were expelled from this University for hazing some of the new arrivals. The newspaper account of the affair which emanated from our efficient News Bureau coyly stated that the offenders had pulled up the Freshmen's pants and marched them around the campus. To our certain knowledge organized bands of Sophomores have made marauding excursions through the Quadrangle and Triangle on several occasions. These gentlemen had blood in their eyes and paddles in their hands, and in the use of these paddles they practiced little restraint. The night was made horrible by warbled laundry lists frequently interrupted by the impact of wood on flesh. In Smith and Carr the downy new-comers were forced to undergo much embarrassing physical discomfort. A neophyte in a self-help dormitory must prove his manhood. Yet with such flagrant evasions of the hazing rule taking place the authorities seized upon a couple of upper classmen who indulged their love of sport in the most harmless way possible. Perhaps to their sensitive souls a bared leg is more to be condemned than a bruised posterior. Perhaps to them moral anguish is superior to bodily pain. Or, if a final perhaps is permissible, the alarming influx of new co-eds may have something to do with their Comstockian attitude toward nudity of the male nether limb.



October  
1926

Killian Barwick, a promising undergraduate, has bestirred himself with exemplary zeal and placed a humorous publication in the hands of the student body long before the editor of the *Buccaneer* had his first issue planned. His effort is entitled "'30, the Freshman Handbook," and contains many scintillating gems of wit.

Item one: (from a paragraph on fraternities) "Be sure to watch your step and by all means don't bind yourself to a fraternity whose members drink and whose moral code is low." In other words, Mr. Barwick is advising the Freshmen to steer clear of all fraternal entanglements.

Item two: (from a paragraph on politics) "The outcome of the election last spring resulted in the election of some undeserving men largely because the facts were misrepresented by several fraternities to *the unknowing freshmen who constituted nearly one-half of the student body.*" The humor of this is obvious to anyone who was on the Hill last spring. If his statement is true—then Swain Hall is a fraternity.

Item three: (from a paragraph on the Carolina Spirit) "It is only a matter of a few days now until you too will be numbered among the elect—a Carolina Student. The day is near when a new and greater spirit will grip you body and soul." It is a relief to be classed with the elect after the Legislature has so consistently classed us with the damned. *Editor's Note:* In the second sentence *grip* is probably a printer's error for *gripe*.



## *An Appeal for Copy*

With the launching of Volume 57 of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE the editors also waft into the breeze an appeal for copy. Poetry, short stories, articles of a pertinent nature, and criticisms will be welcomed from anyone interested in the struggle of THE MAGAZINE to lift its head into the world of literature. Fundamentalists, atheists, Democrats, Republicans, all races, colors, and religions are invited to contribute by the editors, whose highest desire is to make THE MAGAZINE worth reading, and whose first consideration of manuscripts will be from this angle.



## *book bazaar*

### *More "Gusto!"*

COUNT BRUGA. By Ben Hecht. Boni & Liveright, New York, 1926. pp. 319. \$2.

This most recent Hechtic opus is a comic satire, being a study of the vulgar and sentimental conduct of a member of the Washington Square intelligentsia. It includes a profound psychological study of a bogus count, a superficial study of police methods, a mystery, a romance, and an assortment of denouements. To the sophisticated reader it will appear as a splendid achievement in unreality and humor, somewhat resembling the best work of Henry Fielding. To the Victorian it will reveal the ultimate in released inhibitions.

The technique employed by Mr. Hecht in achieving his humorous effects has been characterized by Henri Bergson and is used with effect by Stephen Leacock. It consists merely in the serious treatment of the essentially unimportant.

"He was apparently inexhaustible, unquenchable, and invulnerable. Nobody had ever beheld him in moments of languor. He consumed liquor in quantities which became legendary. He had been known to eat up, before being caught, a buffet supper prepared for ten guests. And he had been pursued down the street by horrified guests in quest of their evening wraps, hats, rubbers and umbrellas which Jules, with a sudden passion of aggrandizement or perhaps revenge, had snatched from the vestibule on being ejected."

The occasion for the above and other similar passages is an absorbing story which might have elicited the interest of the most serious minded writer of the day. Written as a romance the tale would still receive attention. Written in its present style it is a masterpiece of its class.

*English Bagby*

### *Exit Chivalry*

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Co. \$2.50.

Southern chivalry, southern ideals and southern sanctimoniousness, those hoary idols of American fiction, have fallen into the hands of an accomplished iconoclast. Ellen Glasgow has torn them to pieces with none too gentle fingers and scattered the ludicrous fragments throughout the pages of her latest novel. Her methods of dissection range from delicate insinuation to hearty sarcasm, and they are all supremely

...♦♦♦...

October  
1926

effective. So deftly is the theme handled that the realization that one is chuckling delightedly at things once sacred and revered comes with a startling impact. After the first chuckle the damage is irrevocably done; never again will the bewhiskered gentlemen and bedeviled virgins of the magnolia blossom school be anything but preposterous. Miss Glasgow has dealt the *coup de grace* to a decrepit literary survival, and in doing so has turned out an excellent book, full of sparkle and charm.

The story opens on a quietly satirical note and maintains the tempo until the closing scene. Judge Honeywell has lost his devoted wife after thirty-seven dull, eventless years of marital bliss. The sorrow he knows he should feel is unable to cope with the urge of spring in his ancient veins. After a period of senile philandering he marries a girl of twenty-three, thinking with the eternal conceit of the male that it is his personality rather than his wealth which caused her to surrender. The calamitous match drags on, weakens and collapses when the girl attracts a lover of her own age and elopes with him.

Judge Honeywell is the heart of the book; no character of recent times can approach him in the realm of sedate caricature. His attitude toward women, his superannuated vanity, his Victorian abhorrence of the physical in conversation, his gullibility and his labored aping of contemporary manners fit into a resplendant mosaic of ineffectual stupidity. The unhappy dissolution of the old beau's marriage mingles pathos with an overtone of sardonic humor. Some of Miss Glasgow's phrases are to be forever treasured. She speaks of a middle aged lady "who had a small mind, but knew it thoroughly." The Judge's treatment of the opposite sex is referred to as "a chivalrous interpretation of biology." Then there is the remarkable philosophy of his twin sister who has brazenly hurled four husbands and a score of lovers through the glass wall of convention and yet feels no twinge of conscience. With her every trenchant statement the Spirit of the South slinks farther into the background.

R. K. Fowler

## Youth--and a Dictionary

THE SUNKEN GARDEN. By Nathalia Crane. Thomas Seltzer, Publisher. New York. 1926. 259 pp. \$2.50.

Miss Crane, the fourteen year old poetess of Brooklyn, shifts her media to prose. *The Sunken Garden*, billed as a phantasy, is her first effort along this line. The plot contains the usual South Sea isle, uninhabited save for two castaways, male and female, of course. The usual love affair blossoms, but here the book's similarity to others of the same theme ends. To say that the book is unusual is putting things mildly. It is written in language as tropic and bizarre as the setting. Nothing is left to the imagination. Every variety of bird, tree, moth, weed, and most of the rock outcroppings are described in the best of technical manners.

The authoress seems to feel that calling the story a phantasy is not enough. So she gives the island a definite geographical location, the girl and boy perfect alibis for being present, and spends much time in establishing the noble birth of both.

-♦-♦-

October  
1926

The book should certainly be read, if the reader can overcome the annoying recurrence of two word alliterations, because it was written by a fourteen year old girl, because once the Encyclopedia Britannica verbiage is mastered the book becomes very readable, with passages of much beauty, and because there is nothing like it to increase one's vocabulary.

However, Miss Crane will surely regret such an ostentatious show of knowledge and vocabulary when she is older.

J. P. Pretlow

## Freudian Chastity

THE TWO VIRGINITIES. By Herbert S. Gorman. Macaulay. \$2.

In *Two Virginities* Mr. Gorman offers a strikingly satisfying novel based on the theory that a person can go through any number of sordid experiences of a physical nature and still retain a form of spiritual virginity untouched by the filth of his actions. The idea, though interesting, fails to offer a sense of conviction. John Gaul, the male possessor of that evanescent something which assures an unsullied soul, is serenely unfaithful to his wife, keeps a mistress and frequents negro bawdy houses, while Lalage Trent, his feminine counterpart, spends most of her time in a state of suspended morality. When the time comes to prove the depth of their inner virginity, they enter into an illicit relationship and leave the country.

However, the true worth of Mr. Gorman's work does not depend upon its somewhat doubtful philosophy. It has descriptive passages of almost devastating insight and others which both impress and frighten because of their brutal force. The chapter detailing a sensitive man's reaction to a cheap burlesque show skillfully combines disgust with sensuous appeal. The scene in the negro brothel where a slim mulatto girl squats on the floor and croons *Frankie and Johnny* has an eerie charm. The culmination of his power comes with a callously photographic picture of a bull fight. Seldom is a bit of writing more horrible, more realistic or more splendid.

The minor characters in the novel are admirably done. One may finish reading and soon have only a hazy recollection of John Gaul and Lalage Trent. They are at best but vague creatures, half-hidden under the burden of perverted idealism which the author has forced them to carry. But such people as the Whiteheads and the Wadsleys are hard to forget. Charles Whitehead, that cold, inhuman automaton whose movements are guided by long-dead ancestors, and his sister Emma, harboring wildly fanatical thoughts in her cramped brain. Olive Wadsley, an unscrupulous mass of white flesh made only for passion and its gratification. Her miserable husband Henry who is pathetically grateful for a chance to comb her dog's hair. These people live.

Mr. Gorman is decidedly a modernist and has borrowed here and there from the modernists' bag of tricks. Limited use is made of Joyce's internal monologue, and Sherwood Anderson's recurring idea of escape from some nebulous and undefined fate enters into the plot. He is at his best when no influence is discernible, his own talent being sufficient to hold the attention of any reader. His brief moments of weakness are negligible when offset by the intense strength that pervades most of his work.

R. K. Fowler



October  
1926

## *Heckling the Hill-Billy*

TEEFALLOW. By T. S. Stribling. 405 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$2.

Doubtless there will always be the razorback hogs, the "hollers", and the "chilluns". But why must such local color be applied with the six-inch brush of the house-painter? Especially when such a medium is furthered by the frequent use of humorous anecdote (either bitter or ironic), as this:

One of the men began telling a very old joke about how the train had chased a man along the track, how the engineer had shouted, "Get off!" and the farmer had yelled, "If I get off into the ploughed ground, you fellers will ketch me an' run over me!"

To be serious. Mr. Stribling, himself a native of Chattanooga, draws a picture of the rough Tennessee hillfolk that is a nightmare of injustice, violence and pharisaism, damned rather than redeemed by a religion to which only the darker side of the revelation seems to have been vouchsafed. His protagonist, Abner Teeftallow, is erotic and superstitiously self-righteous by turns, and only blunders through to final happiness at the expense of the one man who has dared to set his face against the malignity of the herd.

The author's sardonic sympathy is too much in line with current metropolitan feeling, where ozark-hill-billy-southern-mountaineer books are concerned, not to be a popular success. But he writes only with poetic intensity; not epic power.

*J. O. Marshall*

## *Rah! Rah!*

CO-ED. By Olive Deane Hormel. 345 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Another title is added to the plethora of college novels which have been the fad for the past few years. But it may claim for its *raison d'être* the fact that it presents the other and hitherto neglected side of our bi-sexual system of education. This story purports to be the experiences of Co-Edna in a typical mid-western state university, probably Illinois or Indiana, and as such it offers interesting possibilities, which it seems to me, the author has failed to make use of. As to the faithfulness of the portrayal of this phase of college life I cannot judge, as I have not had that charming experience of being a co-ed in a mid-western university. There are passages, however, which baffle the credulity of an "impressionist who has never been there." The book is patterned after "The Plastic Age", but it lacks the merits even of that best seller. Though a total failure as a novel, it yet presents some aspects of co-educational life which are, to quote Mr. Mutt, "interesting if true."

College novels are an esoteric sort of thing, and one wonders at their vogue; to the college man they are a dull picture of himself and to the uninitiated they are largely unintelligible. After reading a few of them one is impressed with the dreadful monotony and standardization of the "rah rah" age in whatever type of college or section of the country. Yet despite this fact I believe there are aspects of this exotic life which are worth recording and the field is ripe for a true and worthwhile college novel.

*Paul Olive*

♦♦♦

October  
1926

## Books Received and Books to be Reviewed

- THE QUEERNESS OF CELIA. By Amelie Rives. Stokes. 307 pp. \$2.
- ANDREW JACKSON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH. By Mrs. Dunbar Rowland. MacMillan. New York. 424 pp. \$3.50.
- IF TODAY HAVE NO TOMORROW. By Olive Gilbreath. Dutton's. 369 pp. \$2.
- THE GREAT VALLEY. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown and Co. Boston. 317 pp. \$2.
- DUSK OF DAY. By Catherine Clark. Thomas Seltzer. New York. 331 pp. \$2.
- THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES. By C. Nina Boyle. Thomas Seltzer. New York. 298 pp. \$2.

◎◎◎

## Slaves

(Continued from page 17)

The old man was vaguely embarrassed by her grief. "Don't worry over that, Jane. You'll soon see that I did right. There's nobody in this town fit for a Cranford to take up with."

The girl crouched as if beaten. An unctuous clearing of the throat. "After all, my dear, you owe me something. I gladly took you in and treated you like a daughter, gave you a good home—so shouldn't you have some respect for my wishes? Just think, you might have had a child by him and destroyed the purity of the Cranford blood. I acted for the best. Now go to your room and try to get over this foolishness."

"Yes—"

Jane parted the frilled curtains of her window. Her tears were gone now, her face an expressionless mask. She could see the zigzag burnt-orange ruttness of Oak street, the squat shape of a Ford standing at the curb, the projecting eaves of the store on the corner. (Ed's store—but he's gone. He'll pass me on the street, not speaking. It hurts, God.) She could see a splayed, quicksilver puddle on the pavement, two children gravely sailing twig boats. (I might have had a child by him. He bruised me—my uncle. What can I do to bruise him worse?) Mammy Linda was washing clothes in the back yard; Joe stood waiting to hang them, his lithe body drooping languidly. She sang, "washed in the blood of the lamb." (Mammy Linda, Joe and me—slaves. I'm no better. I belong there.)



October  
1926

With the passing of minutes Mammy Linda left and Joe lazily pegged up the clothes. Jane watched him—her fellow slave. The larva of an idea squirmed in her mind. (Hurt Uncle Will; twist his soul. That damn Cranford pride.) She pushed the heavy blinds apart.

"Joe."

The mulatto bobbed respectfully. "Yes, Miss Jane?"

"Come up here—I need you."

His tread sounded hollow on the stairs. (Might have had a child.) He stood in the doorway, a carven yellow figure—immobile. (Purity of the Cranford blood.) "You want me, ma'm?"

Jane's words came soft through clenched teeth. "You told me you'd like to leave here and get a job in Richmond, Joe."

"Sho' would, but—"

"I have some money saved up. It's yours if you help me."

Joy rayed in the negro's face. "Anything, Miss Jane—just anything."

She spoke rapidly. Joe's eyes rolled in their sockets, he drew back terrified. "I-I couldn't."

"But you must." (My uncle—it will kill him.) "You've got to."

The mulatto hesitated. (A white girl—a pretty white girl.) He shuffled his feet and stole a furtive, sidelong glance at Jane's body. "You guarantee I git away safe to Richmond?"

"Yes."

"All right, Miss Jane."

She cautiously reclosed the blinds. (Goodbye, Ed. Slaves—together.) Her feet dragged through the bristling carpet.



## *The Cover*

The cover for Volume 57 of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE was designed and executed by Anthony B. J. Martin, an alumnus of the University. Martin was the first Art Editor of *The Carolina Buccaneer*, and has in the past few weeks been added to the staff of *The Alumni Review* in the capacity of Art Director. Both *The Alumni Review* and the new *Music Supervisors Journal* will bear covers which were drawn this year by the young artist, who plans to go to New York to study work of this type in the near future.



October  
1926

## Jackson, Tennessee

(Continued from page 25)

Late Wednesday evening Maybelle was taken mysteriously ill. The girls in the office said she had been acting funny all day. To begin with, old Mr. Watlington had made a slurring remark about her coming in late and she could scarcely see the reading file for the tears dimming her eyes. Then just at twelve o'clock, he had given her an important order number to check up and she had spent her whole lunch hour looking for it. Her back was tired, the balls of her feet ached and her eyes burned.

She went into the smelly rest-room and lay down on the straw mattress of the day-bed, but she couldn't close her eyes in peace. Dark, bitter questions flashed through her mind. The girls in the office—she herself—saw nothing beautiful or exhilarating in the filing of papers or the constant pounding of typewriters. They were there because they had to live. If they ever had a chance to marry, they frankly said it would be goodbye for them! What was the difference? You could free women from the rule of men only to make them greater slaves to the machines of industry. Give them marriage every time. . . .

Maybelle dragged back to her desk somehow, but it was plain that her mind was not on what she was doing. She pulled one bone after another, and when five-thirty came at last, she must have turned her ankle in the mad rush for the cloak room, for one of the girls found her behind the door in a little heap.

"Pl-please call m-my husband," she sobbed before she crumpled into her mysterious faint.

Tom raced over from the club, and carried her out to the car in his arms. "No, you needn't expect her back," he told old Mr. Watlington with some indignation. "She isn't strong enough for this kind of drudgery!"

### *Precious*

Anita Pruitt had never had many beaux before Willie Perry fell in love with her. But Willie was the kind of jellybean who raved about his love affairs to everybody. He was so tight and egotistical no girl ever really fell for him, and when he bragged about his "Sugar" or his "Precious", the jellybeans started rushing her just to have a little fun. They had been completely captivated by Anita. She was slender and dainty—the more demure flapper—with soft, golden ringlets all over her head and big,



*October  
1926*

dreamy eyes. She had a line, of course, but she was only gently, teasingly flattering. "Precious" was the very name for her.

Willie was beside himself with pride and jealousy. "That's one woman who can have me," he would swagger, "—none of these two-timin' flappers for mine!"

"Aw, Willie, Precious has stood you up already! Tell me Joe Burns is heavy man out there now. What it takes to give these jellies a fit, she holds it. . . ."

Willie pulled his most indifferent stall, but his voice was too shrill and he flushed darkly. "I like for Precious to kid these heavy daters along. I haven't seen the man yet who could beat my time!"

There was something pathetic about Willie's bluff, when Precious was so obviously using him for a good thing. She knew just how to work him—just when to blush and drop her long lashes or smile up at him coyly. He took her little presents—"surprises"—and her pretty exclamations thrilled him so he bought her a diamond wrist watch and a prize airedale puppy and a little traveling bag with real ivory fittings. One Saturday evening, when the jellybeans were congregated in front of the Owl Drug Store, Willie flashed by in a new blue roadster, a dozen green and ruby lights ablaze.

"S'long!" he waved brightly. "See you in the funny papers. . . ."

"What the—"

Some one was snuggled in beside him—Precious!—and in another hour the news was all over town: Precious had married him and they had started to Asheville on their honeymoon! He had bought her the biggest diamond ring in Armiger's jewelry store. Precious had seemed happy, the clerks reported, and yet a bit peaked for so daring a bride. She had perked up, though, as the car swept out of Jackson. Cootie Dreer had caught a last glimpse of them speeding past Avondale, and she had leaned out of the car and waved a gay farewell to him.

They were still burning the wind fifty miles farther when Tod Meriwether saw them shoot over the hill toward Ensley. It was pitch night, and Tod said the car made a pretty sight as it roared up the incline. He stood in the road and listened to the perfect hum of the engine, like a great aeroplane soaring above the earth, his breath suspended as it suddenly skipped . . . choked . . . stopped. Silence, and then a thin scream, in a woman's voice through the dark. . . .

One of the headlights was burning dimly, and Tod laid Willie in the pool of light it made on the ground. "He never knew what hit him," he

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

October  
1926

afterwards declared to the coroner at Ensley. "He was dead before the engine turned over."

It was several minutes before he found Precious half-buried in a pile of leaves at the side of the road. She hadn't a scratch on her—just shaken up a bit, and she was silent in a way that frightened Tod until the car arrived to take her back to Jackson. Then she pulled out her little vanity case and found that the mirror was broken.

"Oh," she sobbed pathetically, "s-seven years b-bad luck!"

After she had gone Tod lingered on the road with the garagemen, clearing up the wreck. "The little lady showed her good sense when she jumped onto them leaves," the boss of the gang, an oldish man, mumbled.

"Jumped. . ." Tod echoed incredulously.

"She never could hev landed in thet bed o' leaves from where thet car hit," he continued darkly. "Hey, you Jerry, give me a hand here! Oh . . . there's always more than one funny thing about these wrecks. Now what I ast you, sir, is what made her jump!"

Precious stayed on in Jackson while Willie's affairs were being straightened out, the insurance money transferred to her name. It seemed that Willie had accumulated quite a nice pile, with his savings accounts and all: Precious had played in luck, after all. She could have a regular splurge in Jackson on thirty thousand dollars!

She had stayed in, pale but sweetly cordial to her callers, during the rainy days that followed Willie's death. She was vague about her plans. "It's all so sudden," she would sigh sadly. "I-I had just thought I'd like to get away . . . somewhere. . . ."

For a week it continued to rain, and then one bright morning Joe Burns met her driving out of the garage in the blue roadster.

"Look'n mighty good!" he called.

She did look sweet in her rich satiny black and widow's poke with the white camellias and her bright curls showing gold beneath the brim.

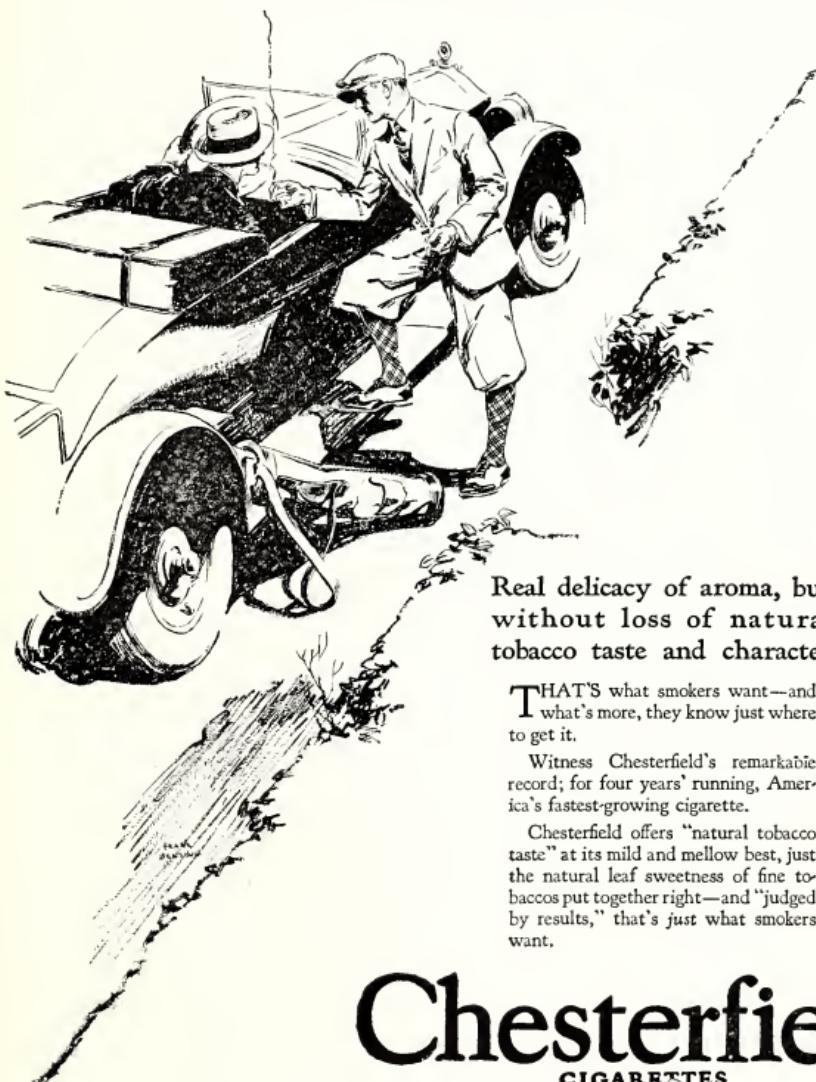
"Hop on," she smiled, "and I'll drop you at the jelly joint. The quickest I can make Miami is a heap too slow for me!"

*The Liberty Boys of '26*

Frank Hardaway was the very young man the K. K. K.'s were laying for. Just because the old gentleman owned the fertilizer works in West End and had made a pile in Florida, Frank thought he owned the town. He strutted about in tailor-made clothes, a misplaced eyebrow on his lip,

**Over two billion  
smoked a month!**

—it's clear enough what smokers want!



Real delicacy of aroma, but  
without loss of natural  
tobacco taste and character

THAT'S what smokers want—and  
what's more, they know just where  
to get it.

Witness Chesterfield's remarkable  
record; for four years' running, Amer-  
ica's fastest-growing cigarette.

Chesterfield offers "natural tobacco  
taste" at its mild and mellow best, just  
the natural leaf sweetness of fine to-  
baccos put together right—and "judged  
by results," that's just what smokers  
want.

# Chesterfield

CIGARETTES



They o... .

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

--♦--  
October  
1926

his pockets full of loose change. All he had to do was to wink, and of course the women flocked after him. He bought them candy and drinks and rode them in his sporty automobiles until all you could see was a cloud of dust. People recognized his cars parked in the dark of country roads, but the Three K's didn't take any action until he started rushing Marie de Lemos. Marie, of course, was a married woman.

Not that he could do her any harm—for Marie had gone the ropes herself—but it was just the principle of the thing. Poor old Bert de Lemos was in the asylum at Chattanooga, and it was bad enough for Marie to draw his insurance every month without some man taking advantage of him. Marie was a little queen. She had blue-black hair and flashing eyes, and she knew how to put her clothes on. Frank Hardaway wasn't the first man who had made eyes at her.

They had just parked in the pecan grove on the Narrow Lane road one Sunday night when the K. K. K.'s got in behind them. There were ten men, with handkerchiefs tied over their faces, in a ramshackle Ford, and of course one man didn't stand a chance against them. Four of them lifted Marie, biting and kicking, into the Ford and drove around a bend of the road, and the remaining six tackled Frank. The tallest of the gang thrust the sawed-off barrel of a shotgun between his ribs and marched him to the middle of a cotton field.

"Shuck them dummy clothes off," he commanded. "We'll teach you how to fool with another man's wife!"

Frank put his hands up, but he laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. "Let's call it a party, bo's," he urged gayly. "There's enough back there in the hold for all of us to get right."

The tall man guffawed. "Listen to that, Shorty! Seems like tar an' feathers ain't strong enough for this bird."

There was a murmur in the ranks. "Hold on a minute, Long," one of the shadows spoke up. "The mullet may have some liquor. Might as well get what's comin' to us."

"Always thinkin' about your stomicks!"

"The son of a gun don't drink nothin' but red."

"Well, make it snappy! I got a cramp in my hand as it is. . . ."

"You'd better let me get it for them," Frank said softly. "It's in a secret pocket where they wouldn't be likely to find it."

"Say, whod'ye think you are, Mr. Godrocks? You act like you wanter try it—"

*The Younger Generation  
in Print*

Subscribe Now

TO THE

New  
*Carolina Magazine*

AND FOLLOW ITS RISE

Subscriptions \$2 the year

Box 770

Chapel Hill, N. C.

## Long Life Lumber

For more than thirty years the lumber prospectors of the Cary organization have studied the forests in order to make sure that the lumber sold from the Durham plant may be of the long life kind. This search goes on now. The supply must be good.

## The Cary Lumber Company

DURHAM, N. C.

## Dinner and Evening Clothes

We've prepared to meet the demands of any student who wishes a tuxedo.

A TUXEDO EXPRESSIVE OF THE ELEGANCE OF FIT AND FINISH AT A PRICE—\$24.50.

Our representative will display on the following dates at Sutton & Alderman's Drug Store:

Oct. 18 and 19; Oct. 25th and 26th; Nov. 8th and 9th; Nov. 24th and 25th; Dec. 6th and 7th.

It will pay you to wait for the above dates.

**MARKHAM-ROGERS  
COMPANY.**

FASHION PARK CLOTHIERS.



# Jewelry--for college men

For nearly half-a-century we have known your wants. The college man's taste is just a shade different—and we have that different kind of quality jewelry. Come in when you're over.

For favors, rings, and other novelty jewelry pertaining to college affairs, see

R. S. WILLIAMSON, Carolina Representative

Alpha Lambda Tau Apts.

## Jones & Frasier "Quality Unquestionable Since 1887"

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

DURHAM, N. C.

YOUR PRINTING DONE HERE IN  
CHAPEL HILL

Student Newspapers, Bulletins, Invitations,  
Letterheads, Programs, Menus, etc.

THE ORANGE PRINTSHOP

On Rosemary Street, just back of the  
Bank of Chapel Hill  
Phone 220

REAL ESTATE AND  
INSURANCE

CHAPEL HILL INSURANCE  
AND REALTY CO.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Christian & King  
Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different



October  
1926

A shout from the road cut him short. "Hey, Long! You'll have to trot the bird over. We can't get wise to this buggy."

Frank flung the door back, kicked a panel above the switchboard, and shot the gas on like a streak. There was a chorus of yells, the shotgun spattered a round of lead,—too late.

Marie was waiting at police headquarters and Frank picked her up and rode her home as insolently as if nothing had happened. A crowd of loafers had wandered in at the alarm, and she stood on the running-board and got them told before the car shot off.

"Don't think I couldn't spill the dirt on these fine K. K. K.'s—if I didn't have too much pity on their poor wives," she cried, her eyes flashing. She looked like one of the furies with her hair hanging loose and the red scratches on her neck and arms. "A sad lot of eggs they are, trying to take up a single man for pullin' the same stunt they've tried to sneak and pull! Oh, maybe I haven't got the low-down on these Liberty Boys of '26!"

### *"I'm a King"*

"He's a lamb-bell and I'm a king," Roy Marcus always said when he closed a big deal. Roy had profited by the Florida boom in a rather curious way. He bought up houses and lots from young married couples eager to hit the Florida trail at almost nothing, and later resold them, often to the same couples, at double the price he had paid for them. As he got along, and the speculators who returned were more hard up than ever, he even loaned them money at exorbitant rates—to buy their own homes back with!

Sometimes it was a woman he crooked, and then he patted her shoulder consolingly, "Well, somebody had to be the loser! I tell you this Florida business has broke many a one. I said to myself, Roy'll never drop his candy with any of these smooth talkers. Why, if I didn't know my stuff some of these guys would have sucked me in long ago. But, no indeed! None of this Florida dirt for mine."

There was something effeminate about Roy, even when he was talking business, and women shrank from his moist hands with their bristly blond hairs. "The wart!" his stenographer sniffed to the other girls in the office, "he's so crooked he could hide behind a corkscrew."

One morning a dazzling golden creature, carrying the softest London Cross bag, tripped in the office and asked to speak with Mr. Roy Marcus. At the sound of her voice he was already on his feet, bowing and smiling, ushering her in the tiny cubicle he used as a committee room.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...  
October  
1926

"Miss Gloria Grey, eh?" he squinted at the bevelled card she extracted from her beaded purse. "It can't be—"

"Oh, no," she shook her head at him with a kittenish grace as if to say "Naughty, naughty!" "Not the Gloria Gray of the Follies, of course. I spell mine with an *e*. I'm of English descent!"

Roy stared at the bag she had lifted to the table, his eyes standing out on stems. A bundle of glossy prints bulged the opening: boating and fishing scenes, beach parties, the picture of a couple strolling down the shining sands, a moon soaring riotously overhead. "Did you wish . . . to see me . . . on some business?" he asked faintly.

She spread the pictures on the table for him to see, her hands just brushing his as he moved the bag for her. "I do hope you're not too busy!"

"Oh, no—but, er—"

"Could you come closer?" She beckoned him with an adorable gesture, and held up the moonlight scene. "I want you to get the effect of the light on this. Don't you *cherish* that?"

"Well, if you could lead me to a moon like that—"

Gloria dropped a soft hand on his arm. "You know, something told me you'd feel that way about it! Selling as many big men as I do, I've come to realize how few of them really appreciate beauty. With you, though, it rates so much you have to *own* it!" She snapped a rubber from a roll of blue prints. "Now these lots are going like hot cakes. . . ."

How adorable she was when she pursed her lips and murmured "like hot cakes!" Roy bent his head close, caught at her finger playfully as she outlined a great semi-circle on the map.

"I want you to buy that whole strip of land on the coast," she whispered with a breathtaking petulance, "and the moon, too!"

Roy covered her hand. She looked at him pleadingly with her big eyes and trembled toward him. "Well, girlie, I'll say you're some fast worker!"

Gloria stayed on in Jackson while the deal was being closed, and left town very suddenly one gray morning on the Piedmont Limited. Roy heard the news over the telephone and rushed around to the hotel to see if it could be true.

The clerk greeted him sourly. "Sure she's beat it," he muttered, "and her bill, too. Say—" he fished under the desk and pulled out a roll of blue prints, "take a look at this junk. You're some king or 'nother round here—is there anything to 'em?"

More than one million  
dollars in resources.

THE BANK OF  
CHAPEL HILL

"Oldest and Strongest  
Bank in Orange  
County"

STROWD  
MOTOR CO.

Ford Products Since  
1914

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Gasoline and Oils—First Class Car  
Washing—We Want Your  
Patronage.

# Waverly Ice Cream

*"Made its way by the way it's made"*

FOR SALE BY

Eubanks Drug Co.

MANUFACTURED BY

WAVERLY ICE CREAM CO., INC.  
320 Holland St., Durham, N. C.



## The Writers

ERIC WALROND, whose book of short stories, "Tropic Death," (Boni and Liveright—1926) is just out, is on the staff of *Opportunity*, the outstanding journal of negro life in the United States. . . . . SARA HAARDT was one of the regular contributors to *The Reviewer*, and has recently appeared in *The American Mercury*. . . . . H. A. BREARD is a senior at the University and was on the staff of THE MAGAZINE last year. . . . . R. K. FOWLER has been a consistent contributor to THE MAGAZINE and has served on the staff for three years. . . . . ALFRED KREYMBORG is one of the recognized poets of the South whose latest book of verse, "Scarlet and Mellow", has been hailed as something truly American. . . . . ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE. . . . . a native North Carolinian has announced that a book of her verse will make its debut sometime before Christmas. . . . . MARY SINTON LEITCH, secretary of the Poetry Society of Virginia, is also planning to publish a collection of her verse in the near future. Her lyric in this issue won second place in the Irene Leache contest recently. . . . . D. SCOTT POOLE is more generally known as the originator of the famous "Poole Bill".

### *Next Month and Later*

Nell Battle Lewis has promised THE MAGAZINE an article on North Carolina and North Carolina politics, which may help to explain some of the queer actions of Tarheelia in the legislative field. . . . Paul Green, who has completed his latest play, "Supper for the Dead," a powerful negro play which will appear in THE MAGAZINE next month, has just received a wire that another of his works has been accepted for production in New York. . . . . Eric Walrond is preparing an article on the "Southern Negro in the North" for THE MAGAZINE and a review of his book, "Tropic Death," will be of interest. . . . Poetry from Clinton Scollard, Ellen M. Carroll, Victor Starbuck, Anne Blackwell Payne, and others.



**Bigelow-Hartford  
Floor Coverings**

Rugs and all kinds of Furniture.  
Let us serve you. Special prices to  
faculty and students.

**Royall & Borden Co.**

DURHAM, N. C.

**Start the Year off Right  
Let Us Give You  
Your First Hair Cut**

Six experienced Barbers are al-  
ways ready to serve the Carolina  
Student Body with the best.

**Chapel Hill  
Barber Shop**

our new location

IN BASEMENT UNDER STETSON "D"

**DR. WADE H. MARSHALL**  
Tankersley Building

**OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN**  
Phone 45

**DR. DANIEL T. CARR**  
*Dentist*

Offices in Tankersley Building  
Next to Postoffice  
TELEPHONE 69

**EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL  
ELECTRIC AND WATER  
DIVISION**

**University Consolidated  
Service Plants**

**SMOKE—**  
“HAV-A-TAMPA CIGARS”  
10 cents and up  
**LARGEST SELLER ON THE HILL**  
I. L. SEARS TOBACCO CO.  
Telephone L-4461  
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

## D. C. MAY

PAINTING SIGNS  
PAPERING DECORATING

316 Morgan St.  
Durham, N. C.

Especial Values  
in All Kinds of  
Athletic Equip-  
ment

Orpheum  
THE HOME OF  
Musical Comedy  
AND  
VAUDEVILLE

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

*The*  
Book Exchange

FANCY ICES BLOCKS  
Blue Ribbon  
Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets  
DIAL L-963

DURHAM ICE CREAM  
COMPANY, INC.

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET  
Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS PUNCHES

# NEHI

## *Quality Beverages*



*Durham Chero-Cola Bottling Co.*

*Dial F-5331*

*115 Morgan Street*



### The First National Bank *of Durham*

Has been pleased to serve and support the University of North Carolina for more than a generation. With each passing year it has become better fitted to do so and welcomes all business entrusted to it by "Carolina" men.



C. M. CARR.....*Chm. Bd. of Directors*  
W. J. HOLLOWAY.....*President*  
C. C. THOMAS  
R. P. READE }  
SOUTHGATE JONES }  
B. G. PROCTOR }  
ERIC C. COPELAND.....*Cashier*  
ERIC C. COPELAND.....*Assistant Cashier*

**Resources \$9,000,000.00**



Red Hot  
weather!

Refresh  
Yourself

Drink

Bottled

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢



TRADE MARK  
REGISTERED

Bottled under  
an exclusive  
license  
from The  
Coca-Cola Co.,  
Atlanta, Ga.

DISTRIBUTED BY  
DURHAM COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.  
DURHAM, N. C.

POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1926

## SUPPER FOR THE DEAD

A Play

By PAUL GREEN

JACKSON, TENNESSEE

Second part of the new anthology

By SARA HAARDT

ANTHONY

A Poem

By KATHERINE JOHNSON

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

HARRIS

PAGE

O. HENRY

# Victrolas, Pianos and Radios

- - - - -

*The Corley Company*

Durham,

North Carolina

The "Greatest Buick Ever Built" is the Greatest  
Value Ever Offered

## Five Points Auto Co.

DURHAM, N. C.

SALES

SERVICE

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., Editor

L. H. MCPHERSON, Business Manager

H. J. SCHWARTZ, Advertising Manager

R. K. FOWLER, Assistant Editor

G. K. DACY, Circulation Manager

VOLUME 57

NOVEMBER, 1926

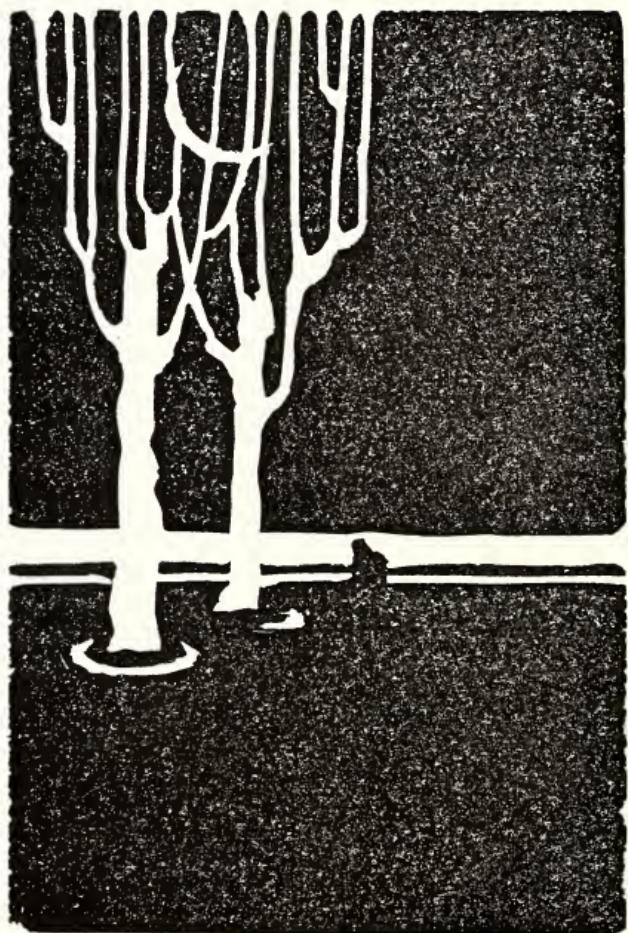
NUMBER 2

## Contents

WOODCUT	Virginia Lay
SUPPER FOR THE DEAD	Paul Green
A LONELY PLACE ( <i>Verse</i> )	Victor Starbuck
THE CHIMNEY ( <i>Verse</i> )	Lilith Shell
JACKSON, TENNESSEE ( <i>second part</i> )	Sara Haardt
ANTHONY ( <i>Verse</i> )	Katherine Johnson
THREE CROSSES ON A HILL	Lilith Shell
THE GOLDFISH ( <i>Verse</i> )	Victor Starbuck
CRICKET MUSIC	Clinton Scollard
PASTURE	
ETCHING IN GREY	Clinton Scollard
BOOK BAZAAR	



Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.





# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57

NUMBER 2

## *Supper for the Dead*

By PAUL GREEN

\*NOTE: The final *d's* and *g's* are in most cases retained as an aid to reading. *Got* should be pronounced "gut", *putt*, "putt", *right*, "raght", *what*, "whut", etc.

### CHARACTERS

FESS OXENDINE, a *Croatan Negro*.

VONIE OXENDINE, a Negro, his wife.

OLD QUEENIE, a Negro conjure-woman.

LIL

FURY

*her two daughters.*

### TIME

*The latter part of the nineteenth century.*

### PLACE

*In a Cape Fear River swamp in eastern North Carolina.*

The burning sun has gone down over the Oxendine clearing and a sort of steaming night-sweat creeps up and around the cabin from the feverish surrounding swamps. FESS OXENDINE, a powerful Croatan Negro of middle age with a swarthy copperish face stands by the pig-pen holding a bucket in his hand and watching his pig eat slops. The pig finally finishes

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

November  
1926

his guzzling and squeals and gnaws at the rails for more, but Fess pays no attention to him now, watching on with unseeing eyes. The dusk gradually thickens in the little field, swamp owls begin their mournful calling, and presently a mocking-bird bursts into a lonely chatter in the one pear tree near the garden. Fess with a mutter shakes his shoulders and looks morosely around at the sky. The spectacle of the west burning in a flame and the clouds marching in their glory seems to irritate and awe him. With a bitter oath, he lurches across his few potato rows and into the house. Sitting down by the fire-place, he begins to dip snuff, now and then running his hand through his mop of heavy hair.

*In the back of the room is a bed and to the left of that a broken-down cot. A rough eating-table is in the center. Three or four pots and pans hang to the right of the fireplace and in the corner a cupboard contains some provisions and a few cracked dishes. There are two or three chairs with untanned cowhide bottoms. A door at the right opens to the outside, and in the left wall is a wooden window with a double-barreled shot gun above it. Old clothes are hanging on nails about the room.*

FESS [*slapping himself and muttering*]: Mon, dem domm muskeeters seem lak try to eat you up. [He beats about him with his ragged felt hat and sits listening.] Why 'on't she come on hyuh? And dem owls, dem owls, seem lak worse dan useter. [He lights a sputtering lamp, sets it on the table and resumes his seat before the hearth. Presently he lifts the lid from the spider sitting near the coals.] Hunh, left me nary a bite t'eat. Knowned it. Min' take my cowhide when she come and beat the clothes off'n her. Whah she gone nohow? [Pondering.] Sump'n in her mind, dat's a fac'. [He wanders to the door, looks out, and gives a sharp whistle. As he waits with no reply, his face grows distorted with anger, and he yells.] Heigh, you, Vonie! 'Come out'n dat 'ere swamp ef you's down dere.' [His hound shakes himself in the yard

and coming up into the door leans against his leg. The brute's gesture of kindness infuriates him and with a savage kick, he hurls him from him. In a sudden burst of anger he springs across the room, jerks down the gun and hurries to the door.] Gwine shoot dat God-domm dog. Git f'm hyuh, you dirty suck-aig devil! Allus in de way. [He raises his gun and fires, and the dog runs screaming across the field. He fires a second time and stands listening to the screams of pain dying towards the swamp. Then, heaving a great sigh, he sets the stock of the gun on his foot.] Unh-hunh, I been telling dat Nick to keep out'n my way. Anh, dat purty sudden dough, shooting him lak dat. [Chuckling.] Sho' tore up his tail wid dem shot, I betcha. [He stands thinking.] Seem lak everything gitting wrong wid me. My haid des' flies all

...•••••

November  
1926

to pieces. [Shaking himself.] Wish't I could fohgjt dat 'ere dream I had-oh-Lawd! Next thing I'll be putting a load o' shot in dat Vonie. [He gets two shells from the cupboard, reloads the gun, and replaces it above the window; after which he sets about stirring up the fire and preparing supper. He places a frying-pan on the coals and begins hacking off huge slices of white side meat at the cupboard. While he is thus occupied, Vonie shuffles quietly in. She is a middle-aged Negro, dressed in dirty rags, all hips and feet and with a little pole-like chest. One eye is missing from her head, leaving a red membranous slit between her lids. Her face is dead and sagging and unrelieved by any vitality even in her one good eye. As she enters, Fess whirls upon her with a shout, raising the knife in his hand.] Yeah, and where you been to, 'oman?

VONIE. [Dragging off her bonnet and sitting quietly in a chair.] Off.

FESS. [With a guttural snarl.] Reckon I knows it, and you gone de whole evenin'. [Seizing her and putting the knife against her throat.] Gooder min'er rip yo' gullet open. Whah you been to, I axes you?

VONIE. [Choking out the words.] Off, off a little piece.

FESS. [Crushing her down in her seat.] Spet out, spet out! What you up to. [Vonie closes her eye and drops her head limply against his hand. He gives her throat a little sharp prick and steps back from her with a threatening chuckle.] All right, I'll find out. Better not be up to no tricks, you know me—

VONIE. [Wiping a trickle of blood from her throat with her apron and

speaking in a thin stifled voice.] Gouge t'other eye out, anh?

FESS. [Throwing his knife down and slumping in a chair.] Mon's 'oman tell de shuriff on him orter have 'em both bored out wid a chunk o' far.

VONIE. Ain't no shuriff dis time.

FESS. Better not be. But you act so quare all day long! Sump'n in yo' mind?

VONIE. [Quietly.] Dey is.

FESS. [Softly as he punches up the fire.] Still worrying 'bout it—"bout sump'n?

VONIE. Mought.

FESS. Quit it, quit it, cain't be ho'p.

VONIE. Mought could a mont' ago. [Bowing her head in her hands.] Po' little thing!

FESS. [Eyeing her.] Hanh?

VONIE. Po' little thing.

FESS. [Sharply.] Hyuh now, thought you done say all mebbe foh de best.

VONIE. Mebbe... [Levelly.] But den I been turning it in my haid. [She darts a quick look at him and stares at the floor.]

FESS. Dat what you been doing off in dem woods?

VONIE. Ne' mind.

FESS. Don't talk too sharp wid me, nigger. [Vonie suddenly breaks into a low sardonic and toothless laugh. Fess turns and gazes at her in astonishment, then shrugs his shoulders carelessly.] Yo' misery mak' you laugh lak dat?

VONIE. Mebbe.

FESS. [Bounding out of his chair.] 'Y God you stop dat and git a move on you 'bout my supper. [He moves toward her.] Hyuh I been waiting, and I got to hurry to de swamps.

VONIE. Better not go to dat still tonight.

*The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE*

...quoo...  
*November  
1926*

FESS. Hunh?

VONIE. I hearn de deputies is on to it. Dey watch tonight.

FESS. Dat de truf?

VONIE. [In the same impersonal voice.] Mebbe.

FESS. [Stopping uncertainly.] Hyuh . . . Quare you telling me dat. Seem lak you'd want 'em to git me, way dey did 'tother time.

VONIE. Don't want 'em to git you dis time.

FESS. Not if you wants to keep dat haid where it belongs. [With a touch of kindness.] Whah'd you heah 'bout dem officers, Vonie?

VONIE. Over de creek.

FESS. What you doing over dere?

VONIE. A little business.

FESS. [Raging.] A little business! Cut out dat making fun of me. [With a sudden thought.] You ain't tell dem officers dey find me hyuh, has you?

VONIE. I ain't told 'em nothing.

FESS. Cain't see what you planning.

VONIE. [Giving him another quick glance.] Lonesome hyuh by myself now. Be bad wid you in de pen.

FESS. [Somewhat softened.] Sho' den I set wid you.

VONIE. [Going on in cold impassiveness.] Too lonesome and her not wid me hyuh.

FESS. [Gruffly.] Yeh, but I be hyuh wid you now.

VONIE. Mebbe.

FESS. [Staring at her in angry amazement.] What'n de name o' God you mean, 'oman, wid all dat mebbe talk?

VONIE. [Smiling queerly.] How long since it happened?

FESS. Don't put no membrance 'pon it. Fohgit it, let it go by.

VONIE. 'Bout a mont', ain't it, since us found her in de water?

FESS. Well den, 'bout a mont'!

VONIE. New-moon night?

FESS. [Hurriedly.] Don't know, cain't 'member all dat. Quit fetching it up, I tell you. [In a loud voice.] She up above now, at rest. Preacher say she good girl.

VONIE. [With sudden vehemence.] Her wuh good too, but den somebody wuh mean.

FESS. [Softly.] How come?

VONIE. Who put her in dat creek and drownded her?

FESS. Done told you she must had slipped in when she fishing.

VONIE. Why ain't you tried to find out who 'twas, you her daddy?

FESS. She got drownded, dat's all.

VONIE. [Crying out.] Fess Oxendine, who done it, who wuh de man?

FESS. [Snapping.] How de hell I know? [He quickly goes over to the bed and lies down.] I gwine lie and rest a minute. Git on now and fry me dat meat.

VONIE. [Beginning to beat on her knees.] Some ob 'em say she drownded herself and gone down to hell. Dey say it dat day at de graveyard.

FESS. She fell in I tell you and got dat fish-line all wropped 'round her neck. Dat choked her down.

VONIE. [Standing up.] And what you doing las' night talking 'bout fish-lines in yo' dreams? And one time you hollered out and call her purty flower.

FESS. [Starting and then speaking cunningly.] Et too much o' dat grease and dat meat, mak' me have bad dreams. Quit dat worrying. She gone on up to heaben. Sho' she sorry fooh you and me way down hyuh.



November  
1926

VONIE. [Mournfully.] I gwine find out whah she gone.

FESS. Hunh?

VONIE. Find out.

FESS. [Snorting.] You must be crazy or sump'n. How you gwine do dat?

VONIE. Find out who done it too.

FESS. [Sitting up on the edge of the bed.] How you mean?

VONIE. Help comin' hyuh. Us gwine find out.

FESS. [In a low voice.] Who coming?

VONIE. I been over to Aunt Queenie's.

FESS. [Springin' out of bed.] Dat 'oman ain't coming in my house.

VONIE. Her and de twins is coming hyuh in a few minutes.

FESS. [Getting his gun.] Dem snake folks come in hyuh, I fill 'em full o' lead.

VONIE. She don't keer nothing foh dat.

FESS. Whah dey now?

VONIE. Dey come by de graveyard to git some de dirt off'n her grave.

FESS. I'll kill 'em, I tell you.

VONIE. [Sitting down again and watching him intently.] Nuhn-unh, you won't. Lead won't bodd'er 'em, and 'sides, dey'd han't you and destroy you wid deir power.

FESS. Hunh, dat hain't business! What dey gwine do hyuh?

VONIE. Dey show you.

FESS. [Setting his gun down against the wall.] Pshaw, dey cain't hurt me. Keep strong in de haid, dat's all. Mess wid me and I git me a stick and frail 'em out'n hyuh.

VONIE. [Laughing toothlessly again.] You de only man'd say dat.

FESS. [Throwing up his head.] And I's de man kin do it too. You low-

down niggers all got no mo' sense dan a gang o' sheep. Fess Oxendine ain't dat sort. He got de white folks blood in him, and dat old Indian chief wuh my grandpap. [Boldly.] Yeh, let 'em try all deir mess t'won't skeer me.

VONIE. [Cryptically.] Sho' you too much man foh de nigger trash.

FESS. All dat business 'bout Jack-muh-lantern and dat Plat-eye—hunh, I seed 'em and never 'twon't nothing but old fox-far or lightning bugs. [Laughing.] And you niggers all freezin' wid fear of 'em.

VONIE. Sho', dat's all. [She goes to the chimney and taking a little brown packet from a nail, throws it into the fire.]

FESS. [With a shout.] Heigh, what you doing?

VONIE. [Returning to her chair.] Sho' you don't keer 'f I burn up my little trick. Dey ain't no power in it, you said many a time.

FESS. [Moving towards the fire.] You don't want to burn it up now wid Queenie coming hyuh.

VONIE. Queenie ain't gwine hurt me. [Fess stops, and Vonie laughs sarcastically.] No, he ain't skeered o' noth-ing. He strong in de haid and all-powerful. [In a monotone.] Fess Oxendine de mighty man o' the Cumberland swamps, don't hadder put no 'pendance in no conjuh bag. He strong enough widout it, de wild buck of de river. How many men has he cut to de hollow? And de wimmen, and de wim-men! Bad Fess dey calls him. [Teasingly.] Bedder not let dat little bag burn up.

FESS. [Throwing back his shoulders.] Domn dat little bag! What I keer? [Turning and kicking her.] Git now and fix my supper.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦...

November  
1926

VONIE. [Laughing again.] We all eat supper togedder.

FESS. Hunh?

VONIE. Supper fooh de daid.

FESS. What's dat?

VONIE. Us gwine feed her, po' little thing.

FESS. [Mumbling in perplexity.] Dat studying 'bout it got her wrong in de haid. [There is a noise outside and old Queenie stands in the door. Fess looks at her a moment and then sits quietly in his chair near the fire. The old woman comes in, followed by her twin daughters. She is an incredibly ancient Guinea Negro of a bluish-black color, drawn and skinny, with bright little eyes, and dressed in a single garment of dull red flannel. She walks with a stick and carries a little leather satchel on her arm. The twins, dressed in the same dull stuff, and holding hands, follow her into the room. They are about sixty years old and walk with short quivering palsied steps, their tiny bonneted heads rising above their shoulders with the grace and litheness of two snakes. As they enter they fasten their beady eyes on Fess, who moves closer against the wall.]

QUEENIE. [Motioning with her stick and speaking in a husky jerky voice.] Set over dere. [The twins move over and sit down on the edge of the bed. Old Queenie looks carefully around the room and smiles triumphantly as her eyes rest on the packet burning in the fire.]

VONIE. [Rising and placing her a chair.] Set down and rest yo' se'f.

QUEENIE. [Huskily.] Who dat man?

VONIE. Dat Fess, de daddy o' her. [Fess watches her narrowly, abstractedly pulling out his snuff-box.

QUEENIE. Sho' dat Fess. [Pleasantly.] Bad man, ain't you, Fess?

FESS. [Growling.] What you doing hyuh in my house? [He turns his head away and begins dipping.] Old 'oman what de snakes useter suck. [A sudden gleam comes into Queenie's eye, quickly passing away.]

QUEENIE. How you all gitting on?

FESS. Gitting on all right and you might take dem two bastards off my bed and hit de grit from hyuh.

QUEENIE. Don't mind us, Fess. D'ain't no harm in us. [Looking at him pleasantly.] Gimme a bit o' yo' snuff, Fess. [She smiles kindly at him. The twins lean forward expectantly.]

FESS. Sho' I don't mind dat. Hyuh. Help yo'se'f. [She takes the snuff and puts some in her lip and nose.] You don't seem so square adder all. [Old Queenie suddenly sneezes and then inhales with a deep breath of delight.] But dem two 'omans on dat bed——.

QUEENIE. [Sneezing again and smiling at him.] Dey po' harmless chil-lun. But ain't dey purty, Fess? I calls 'em my two snakes. Talk to him, chil-lun. [They lick their tongues out at him.]

FESS. [Starting back.] Great God, dem things ain't human! [Vonie sits down and says nothing.]

QUEENIE. Oh, dey kin talk bedder'n dat. Dey kin say words at times. Po' things, got marked by a big rattlesnake pilot bit me in de swamp 'fo' dey was bawn. [She sneezes again, gazing indulgently at Fess.] Look at deir little hails and deir little black eyes, des lak a snake fooh de world. [She sneezes again and the twins grow more and more excited, their heads appearing to rise higher and higher on the stems of their scrawny necks.]

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...ΦΦΦ...

November  
1926

FESS. Make 'em quit looking at me dat-a-way. [She hands the snuff-box back to him.]

QUEENIE. Dat mighty good snuff, Fess. [She sneezes twice in rapid succession and turns and looks at the twins. Their tongues begin to flutter between their lips as they look hungrily at their mother.]

FESS. [Suspiciously.] Why you sneeze so? [Vonie looks up intently.]

QUEENIE. [Speaking gently over her shoulder.] Good snuff, Fess, good Railroad Mills. [She opens her mouth, wrinkles her nose, and then sneezes sharply. The two women sit up stiff and straight on the bed. Queenie shouts out.] Seben times, chillun, seben times! [She totters over to the door and looks out over her left shoulder.] Dere it is, dere's de new moon behine dat poplar. All ready, fixed and ready, fixed and ready.

FESS. [Standing up.] Don't you start dat 'ere business, I tell you.

QUEENIE. [With a sharp gesture.] Set down in dat cheer, nigger man, set down. [Fess gradually sinks back in his chair, waiting.]

FESS. [Muttering.] But min' what I told you.

QUEENIE. [Raising her head and speaking in the air.] God befo' me, God behine me, God be wid me.

LIL and FURY. [Whispering.] God be wid me.

QUEENIE. Dat right, talk out, speak fo' th chillun. Dere was po' li'l Miny drownded in de creek. Whah she now?

LIL and FURY. Whah?

QUEENIE. Mebbe in heben, mebbe in hell, mebbe walking in de swamps. [Vonie bows her head on her knees.] Us gwine find out, gwine raise huh

ghos' f'om de daid and feed huh, gwine see who kill huh.

LIL and FURY. Who kill huh.

FESS. [With a brutal laugh.] Reck-on you won't be gitting de daid back hyuh. [He reaches for his gun and lays it across his lap.]

QUEENIE. [Touching Vonie's bent back with her stick.] Fetch me huh dress and bonnet. [Vonie rises and gets a dress and bonnet from a nail in the wall. Queenie places a chair to the table, spreads the dress over it, and puts the bonnet on top, forming a crude dummy. Fess watches every movement with skeptical braggadocio. Old Queenie calls.] Chillun!

LIL and FURY. [Softly.] Yeh, mam.

QUEENIE. Kin you heah me?

LIL and FURY. Us heah you.

QUEENIE. Kin huh heah me?

LIL and FURY. Huh heah you too.

QUEENIE. [Chuckling.] Us gut de power?

LIL and FURY. De power.

QUEENIE. Fetch me de free plates and de bowl. [Vonie goes to the cupboard and brings the dishes to the table. Old Queenies sets them out, a plate before the dummy, one at each end of the table and the bowl in the middle.

FESS. Sech a pack o' fools!

QUEENIE. Come to de table, chillun. [With jerky steps they move over and seat themselves, one at each end of the table. Queenie opens her satchel and takes out a dirty little paper bag and empties it in the bowl.] Po' in, po' in dirt f'om huh grave.

LIL and FURY. De graveya'd dirt.

QUEENIE. [Pulling out a handful of herbs and placing them in the bowl.] Bring me de far-coal, 'oman. [Vonie brings a fire-coal on a piece of wood.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

November  
1926

Queenie takes it in her hand and blows on it.]

FESS. Great God, it don't burn her!

QUEENIE. [Dropping it into the bowl.] Blow on it, chillun. [They bend their heads toward the center of the table and blow in the bowl. Presently a curl of smoke rises upward.] Breave dat smoke down in you. [They inhale the fumes and sit stiffly back in their chairs looking unblinkingly at old Queenie. The old woman draws several pieces of white meat from her satchel and places one in each of the three plates.] Eat dat, chillun. [They begin eating. Vomie comes up near the table and stands watching.]

FESS. What dat dey eating? [Horrified.] I bet to Christ dat rashers of dead folks!

QUEENIE. See anything yit?

LIL and FURY. [Dreamily.] Not yit, Mammy.

QUEENIE. [Pulling out three dark objects resembling frogs and placing them on the plates.] Eat dat, chillun. [Queenie peers into their eyes as they eat.] See yit?

LIL and FURY. See little bit.

QUEENIE. [Huskily.] What dat, chillun?

LIL and FURY. Sump'n 'way, 'way in a big snow field.

FESS. [Jumping out of his chair.] God A'mighty, dey eating frawgs. [Queenie waves her hand behind her and Fess gradually sinks back in his chair, staring at them with open mouth.]

QUEENIE. Look clost, look clost. Is dey people dere?

LIL and FURY. People dere.

QUEENIE. Huh dere?

LIL and FURY. Cain't see um. [Old

Queenie pulls out more dried herbs and puts them in the bowl. Thick clouds of smoke pour upward and settle about the room.] Breave it, chillun, breave it. [She takes a little red flannel pouch out of the satchel and pours some white powder in each of the three plates. The twins wet their fingers and dip the powder into their mouths. Queenie coaxes them on.] Look down, 'way down yander in dat t'other place. Look down.

LIL and FURY. [In a far-away voice.] Us looking.

QUEENIE. Kin see dere? [They suddenly draw back horrified.] Look, look dere, I tell you.

LIL and FURY. [Shuddering.] Ah! [They close their eyes and sway from side to side.]

QUEENIE. [Sternly.] Look down dere, I tell you. [She pulls out a handful of hair and casts it into the bowl. There is a quick puff of flame upward, and Lil and Fury rear back with a low moan.]

VONIE. [Dropping in her chair with a cry.] Don't make 'em look, don't make 'em. Dey done see sump'n, sump'n bad. [She hides her face in her arms.]

QUEENIE. Look down dere!

LIL and FURY. Kin see now.

QUEENIE. See huh?

LIL and FURY. See huh.

VONIE. [Shrieking.] Po' little Miny down dere in hell! [She covers her head with her apron.]

QUEENIE. Keep yo' eye on huh, don't lose huh. [She begins to chant as she draws fetishes from the satchel and arranges them on the table.]

Feathers, cakes and beans and cawn, Thumb de de bastard son jist bawn. Spider, wasp and field-mice tongue.

—Φ—Φ—Φ—

November

1926

FESS. [Shooting out of his chair with a yell.] I done see dat-ere bonnet move on de cheer! [He jerks up his gun.]

QUEENIE. [Chanting.] Eye of a man de gallus hung.

FESS. [Snarling, as he cocks his gun.] You quit dat conjure business, don't I shoot you. [He suddenly starts for the door, but old Queenie steps before him holding up her stick.]

QUEENIE. You ain't gwine out'n hyuh, black man, till we's done. [With a quick movement of her stick she bends down and draws a line on the floor from the door to the fireplace, enclosing Fess.] You step over dat line and you fall daid. Stay back dere man and don't you move. Do, I ruin you foher. [Fess puts out his foot as if to step over. Queenie watches him with uplifted hand and the twins moan loudly. Finally he slinks back to his chair and sits down shivering.]

FESS. All right, God damn you! I wait and see what you up to.

QUEENIE. [Laying out more fetishes.] Devil's snuff and de dried dog brains, 'Oman's scabs dat died in chains. Ground calf-tongue and de black cat's bone—

[Raising her voice in a high pleading.] Come up, Miny, git yo' own!

FESS. [Beating himself with his hat.] Dat damn smoke mak' me feel quare. [Huskily.] Hunh, I keep strong in de haid, dat's what. Dey cain't hurt me. Dat old bonnet dere limp as a rag yet.

VONIE. [Whining under her apron.] Miny, Miny!

QUEENIE. Whah she now, chillun?

LIL and FURY. Kin hardly see, 'bout gone.

QUEENIE. Keep looking, keep looking. [She takes out a small egg and breaks it in the bowl. Then she pours a small bottle of fluid in.]

Black snake ile and rain-crow aig,  
Puts de stren'th in the ghostes laig.  
Make um power of muscle and bone—  
Come up Miny, hyuh's yo' own.

LIL and FURY. [Softly.] Hyuh's yo' own.

FESS. [Yelling.] I see what you ader now. You wants to ha'nt me. [Cocking his gun.] But you ain't gwine do it. I'll blow yo' brains out wid dis here. [He levels the gun at them.] I gi' you jest one minnit to git out. [Old Queenie pays no attention to him, her head lifted up as if straining toward a vision.]

LIL and FURY. [Joyously.] Us see um now. Huh coming.

QUEENIE. [In loud exultation.] Coming!

FESS. Hyuh goes den, and dat's de las' o' you. I shoot de old black 'un fust.

LIL and FURY. Huh in de field out dere now.

QUEENIE. [Throwing her hands up and down in the air.] Yis, yis, I feel it.

FESS. [His face distorted with rage.] I shoot both o' dem eyes out. [He pulls the trigger, but the hammer refuses to fall. He tries the other one.] Dem damn hammers stuck. [He raises the gun again and pulls savagely on the triggers. Old Queenie turns and looks at him with a low devilish laugh.]

QUEENIE. Come on, Miny, hyuh's yo' own.

LIL and FURY. Hyuh's yo' own.

FESS. [With a shriek.] She done got dat gun—a spell on it! [He throws the gun from him and whirls to his chair.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

♦♦♦♦♦

November  
1926

Sitting down with his back to the woman, he clasps his head between his knees, rocking and moaning.] My haid done all gone slam to pieces. O, Lawd, have muhcy on me! [He cowers in his seat.]

LIL and FURY. Huh in de yard out dere now.

QUEENIE. [Ecstatically.] Yis, yis, fetch her in. [Calling loudly.] Supper, Miny! Come to yo' supper!

VONIE. [Throwing her apron from her head and sitting up calm and straight.] Call her, call her, lemme see her onct mo'.

QUEENIE. [Turning and looking through the door.] Look dere, look dere. Huh out dere at de well drawing water. [The low rumble of a whirring windlass is heard.]

FESS. [Raising his head.] Listen at dat, listen at dat! [Crouching down on the hearth.] Dat's a ha'n't at my well. [He sits shivering with terror.]

LIL and FURY. De ha'nts is drawing water at his well.

QUEENIE. [Staring out in the deepening dusk.] De ya'd's full of 'em, all come back wid huh. Fess, you is a lost membu. [Reaching out her arms towards the night and pleading.] Come in hyuh, Miny, come on. Call to huh, chillun. [Breathlessly.] Call to huh.

LIL and FURY. [Beating their heads against the table.] Heah us, Miny, heah us. Come in. De supper is wait-ing, de supper is fixed.

QUEENIE. Look! Look! She 'bout to tuhn back. Feel foh huh, Vonie. Huh gwine back in de field wid all dem others, de little 'uns and de big 'uns. Dey gwine back to de swamps.

VONIE. [Lifting up her voice in a wail.] Miny, Miny, come to yo' po' muh dis night!

QUEENIE. Huh coming, huh coming in. [Addressing the spectre.] Dat's it, honey, dat's it, come on in. [Her voice trembles and slobbers with eagerness, and she begins patting her hands softly together, keeping time with her foot on the floor.]

VONIE. [Screaming.] Dere she now. [She sits petrified in her chair. A little ragged Negro girl with downcast eyes comes quietly in at the door and seats herself at the table. She is about sixteen years old, with swelling breasts and a plump oval face. She begins eating food from the plate.]

VONIE. [Murmuring over and over.] Miny, Miny, is dat you, chile? Den you ain't daid, thank God. [She stares at her with fascinated eyes.] Fess, Fess, dere's Miny, come back to us!

FESS. Tain't nothing, tain't nothing. Don't you look at dat. [Suddenly old Queenie begins to caper back and forth across the floor, breaking out into senseless ecstatic words.]

QUEENIE. [As she capers.] Tibby-tibby, tchee-tchee-tchee— Tchee-tchee-tchee.

LIL and FURY. [Falling on the floor before the little girl.] Purty little flower!

QUEENIE. [Waving her arms aloft.] Lily o' de valley.

LIL and FURY. [Making obeisance.] Little crushed Lily.

QUEENIE. [Singing.] De rose o' Sharon.

LIL and FURY. Rose o' Sharon.

QUEENIE. Mean man pulled de little flower f'om its bed.

LIL and FURY. Mean man pulled.

QUEENIE. He hadder die.

LIL and FURY. Gut to die.

QUEENIE. Who wuh it, honey.

...••••...

November  
1926

LIL and FURY. Who wuh it? [The little girl continues eating her food saying nothing.]

QUEENIE. [Crying out.] You, Fess Oxendine, look up hyuh and see yo' dawtuh!

FESS. [Beginning to sob.] I cain't see huh, have muhcy on me!

QUEENIE. Look up, I tell you. [She stretches out her hand and Fess slowly lifts his head from the floor.

FESS. [Gasping.] Who dat? [Joy breaking in his voice.] Why dat—Glory to God, dat little Miny come back! [He staggers to his feet and goes towards the table.] Den you ain't daid, thank de Lawd. Dat all a dream I had. Look at you and you so purty. Honey, come hyuh to me. [He suddenly breaks into loud sobs.] Thank de Lawd, thank de Lawd. [As he approaches the table, the little girl backs away in terror and moves towards the door.]

VONIE. Miny, Miny!

QUEENIE. Tell us who de man? [Without lifting her head, the little girl nods at Fess.] I knowed it, he de man whut ruint you and make you drownd yo'se'f. [She reaches into the bowl, and a galvanic shock seems to run through her. She throws bits of the bowl's contents towards the door and the little girl suddenly disappears into the darkness.]

VONIE. [Starting up and wailing.] Whah she gone? Gi' huh back to me, gi' huh back!

QUEENIE. [Throwing part of the mixture on Fess.] Hyuh de man!

FESS. [Screaming and clawing at the back of his neck.] Let me loose! Who dat got me! [He falls writhing and howling on the floor.]

QUEENIE. Dere he, Vonie, he de man mix wid he own flesh.

VONIE. [Breaking into a loud laugh.] Look at dat bad man lying dere cutting up on de flo'. Dat you, Fess, de old swamp buck?

FESS. Couldn't git huh out'n my mind. She so purty. [Clawing his clothes from him.] Ooh—let me loose! [Vonie picks up the gun and suddenly fires both barrels into Fess's back. Then she flies out through the door calling pitifully after the little girl.]

QUEENIE. [Her face illuminated.] De power come down to us. [She sprinkles Lil and Fury with the contents of the bowl and they rise from the floor with transfigured faces.]

LIL and FURY. De power.

QUEENIE. [Skipping and chanting.] Us re'ch and call and de daid do answer.

LIL and FURY. [Beginning to skip with her.] Do answer.

QUEENIE. [Weaving a pattern around Fess' dead body.] Hallelujah!

LIL and FURY. [Beginning to pat their hands.] Hallelujah!

[The dance quickens into a sharp staccato, as they sway and bow and chant.]

QUEENIE. Us call and git answer.

LIL and FURY. Git answer.

QUEENIE. De supper fotch um.

LIL and FURY. [In ecstasy.] Fotch um down.

QUEENIE. Supper foh de daid.

LIL and FURY. Foh de daid.

[The twins continue dancing around the body, as old Queenie moves around the table raking her charms and fetishes into her bag. Their breath comes through their teeth in a hissing sound.]

QUEENIE. [Dancing towards the door.] Tibbity--bibbity--tchee-tchee-tchee.

LIL and FURY. Tchee--tchee--tchee. [They disappear through the door, their gibbering dying in the night.]

*The Chimney*  
LILITH SHELL

A solitary chimney flung  
Its shadow grim  
Across a field where corn grew up;  
A mob of loud-mouthed crows flew up;  
Two perched upon the chimney top  
And preened their black wings sleek and trim.  
  
A few scorched fence pikes lay about,  
Some china trees  
Sprawled awkwardly; on a bent limb  
A rusty pail with battered rim  
Swung crazily; and back of all  
The dark pine wood moaned in the breeze.  
  
A trumpet vine with tendrils green  
And blossoms rich  
Concealed the timbers burned and browned,  
And not content to shield the mound,  
It reached and wrapped an old ash barrel  
Crouched in the weeds like a gray old witch.  
  
The crows rasped out their raucous calls  
And flapped away;  
Blended with the pine trees' sigh  
There came a whip-poor-will's weird cry,  
And over chimney, mound and wood  
The twilight settled, dull and gray.



# *Jackson, Tennessee*

By SARA HAARDT

## *"Take a Dare!"*

Clarence Farley was the only boy on Jeff Davis avenue who would take a dare. He was tall and thin for his fourteen years, with a fair, pear-shaped face and sensitive hands. The boys called him Percy, because he looked like a picture of Shelley in Long's English Literature. They liked to taunt him with petty cruelties that put him to shame before a hilarious audience.

One evening a crowd of them were playing in Genetta ditch, with Joe Brantley and Huck Parker leading the games, as usual. Huck thought of the dare first. He called Joe off from the group, and they stood whispering a minute; when they burst into loud "Ya, ya!" and Huck shouted, "Eeeee, Percy! We double-dog dare you to walk through the ditch. . . ."

Genetta ditch was an ugly trough that cut across Jackson, carrying all the refuse from Belle Air, the Negro district. During a heavy rain, whiskey flasks, old wash tins and kindling floated in the muddy waters, and later when the flood subsided, the neighborhood boys had a picnic digging treasures out of the sand. Once Tony Franco dug up a shoe box with a dead white baby in it. If there had been any other way for the water to drain, the city would have filled the ditch in; as it was, the taxpayers in the residential section built a concrete culvert a quarter of a mile long over a part of it.

The culvert was tall and square, and as black as a tunnel inside. Joe Brantley and Huck Parker had seen tramps sneaking out of it in the early morning and decent neighbors complained that strange couples frequented it at night. After an escaped convict hid out in it, the city commission nailed an entanglement of barbed wire across the openings, but the spooning parties went on just the same. None of the boys had ever dared to walk the whole length of it in parties of less than three—and never at dark.

Clarence had gone very pale, but he managed to answer, "I'll walk it. But I double-dog dare you to trail me!" He dropped to his knees and emptied his pockets. "You'll be sorry. . . ."

"You'll be sorry jes' too late!" mimicked Joe.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...  
November

1926

Clarence scraped a little pile of matches together and rammed them in his outside pocket. "All right, then!" He squirmed through the barbed wire and looked out, his pale features already indistinguishable in the dark. "I'll 'Who-ee' when I get on an' you can start."

The crowd was silent for a long time after his footsteps had echoed away. "I would not 'ave play heem the dirt," Tony whispered with something like a sob.

"Softy!" Joe scoffed. Inside the wire, he and Huck drew together.

"I got my flashlight," Huck muttered. "We'll shoot the juice to her if it gets too spooky." He gave a salute to the crowd and started ahead. In the stilly darkness their shoes were soon squeaking, and Joe panted close to his shoulder:

"Let's take 'em off! We don't wanter give ourselves away."

They crept on then, scarcely breathing, the walls closing in upon them. The air grew thicker, full of suffocating odors and the gases of sewage. Joe held his handkerchief to his face. He felt a sudden nausea, but he said stoutly, "He must be makin' pretty good time—"

"Sh-sh. . ."

They were in the darkest part now. Joe put his hand out, and drew it back quickly: the wall was cold and slimy. Suddenly Huck uttered a low cry.

"I believe it's rats! Did you hear that—"

The light flashed full upon a man and woman against the farther wall. The man had flung his arm up, and, with a little cry, the woman buried her head in his shoulder—but not until Huck fell back.

"Nothing to bite you," the man laughed in a thick voice.

Huck made a funny noise in his throat as he clicked the light off. They walked on in silence for a long time.

"That was my dad with your mother," Joe said at last.

"Do you s'pose *he* knew?"

"You're mighty right he did!"

Clarence was waiting on the upper bank, his pale face fairer than ever in the gathering dark. "Well," he murmured, "did you step on any snakes?"

It was Joe who answered him.

"Not a cock-eyed one!"

## *Blind Bob*

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

November

1926

When Blind Bob lost his sight he was a young man and Jackson was a town of twenty thousand inhabitants. The streets were unpaved, but shaded with giant oaks and magnolias; there were no more than a dozen mansions where Lafayette was entertained on his famous tour of 1825; and a fountain, sculptured by a French artist, of a lady, half-nude, graced the town square—where now a traffic tower has been erected to direct the muddled country wagons and Fords on Saturday afternoons. Jackson, indeed, has changed so in thirty years that if Bob were to regain his sight, as Bill Smith, the evangelist promised, he wouldn't recognize it. "Today," the latest bulletin of the chamber of commerce boasts, "Jackson is a big business city of skyscrapers, handsome suburbs, churches and clubs. Population 85,000. Wholesale trading zone, with population of 3,500,000. Nine banking institutions. Manufactured products annually amounting to \$7,500,000. Ten railroads. Sixty-five benevolent organizations. Ninety churches . . . the center of the super-power district of the Southeast!" No wonder Bob loses his way on the smooth asphalt streets and rambles on like a Rip van Winkle!

It was on one of these rambles that he stumbled into the Bill Smith revival—a warm night in October, ideal for a walking excursion. He had been perfectly contented, he afterwards declared, and yet the beauty of the night, the soft air, the plaintive voices—something!—had breathed a kind of promise. What was it? He had realized where he was, and crowded onto a bench between two women.

"God," the evangelist was swearing, "is no fool! You may fool one another, your neighbors, your employees, but you cannot fool God. Lincoln once said 'you can fool all the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.' You cannot deceive God for a moment! God is not mocked. . ." His voice rolled out in a series of deep, reverberating chords, thrilling, terrible. Bob could see him standing there, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes spitting black fire.

"Let me repeat the only way God has to reveal himself is through you and me!"

A pause, and then a woman's voice singing, clear, shining, unafraid. It was too lovely, with the choir joining in the chorus, a hundred voices exultant yet harmonious—like the colors of a rainbow.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

♦♦♦

November  
1926

"Do you hear, Brothers? He has said the sick shall be made well, the weak, strong again! The sick and the afflicted—"

Bob swayed to his feet. All around him women were crying, beating their hands, calling on God and Jesus in soft, endearing voices. Another moment and the evangelist would step down from the platform and single one from his audience for the laying on of the hands.

"A-men. . . ."

"Heal me!" Bob challenged. His voice carried such a long way that it startled him. Somebody caught his arm . . . the floor rose to meet him. He was kneeling.

For a moment after Bill Smith's prayer, he could see it all very clearly. A great man with a dark beard and gleaming eyes was standing over him. He wore black clothes, like a flowing robes of a judge, and his arms were folded across his breast. The lights were so bright the rest was sort of dim . . . the white dresses of the ladies in the choir blinded him. . . .

He had lost his stick in the crush, but the crowd carried him along with it. He was on the sidewalk at last: the blaze of lights no longer warmed him. Cars were already honking gaily. The women's tears had suddenly changed to laughter, low and yet deliciously flirty.

"Didn't you *love* his looks?"

"Aw, you wimmen make me sick! Let a guy put on one of these pink Florida suits an' you think he's a king. He looked like a carrot—with that pink hair of his."

"Why, Ben Calloway! I'll admit he turned red when Blind Bob made such a spectacle of himself, but who wouldn't!"

"Well, I guess Bob sees through *him* all right, which is more than I can say for a lot of people—"

"Sh-sh! Poor ole hoss . . . but you needn't tell the whole town about it. . . ."

### *Yellow*

Laura Mason had been through a lot before she married Harry Shipley and went to housekeeping in Jackson. Although her family had violently opposed it, she had gone in training and nursed for four years at the Mercy Hospital, where, luckily, she had been put on Harry's case and he had fallen in love with her. Nursing wasn't regarded as a very elevating occupation in Jackson, but of course somebody had to do it. Laura was really a marvel at it. Once, during a mine disaster in Birmingham, she stayed on

...•••...

November

1926

duty thirty-six hours, in the thick of the most ghastly scenes, tending bodies mutilated past human semblance. There was something miraculously soothing in just the touch of her deft fingers. . . .

Harry bought one of the finest homes in Avondale and the older matrons commented that it was large enough to accommodate quite a family. Laura smiled and blushed at their pointed remarks, hastily changing the subject when the old ladies got too inquisitive.

"Y-yes, Harry wanted a big place. He's been cooped up in an apartment for so long, you know."

It was useless to deny it. Harry had said very frankly that he wanted children, that married life was a mighty poor excuse without them. Women always loved that in a man. The old ladies were plainly shocked at Laura's lack of idealism.

After three years, a few of them were pleasantly congratulatory—babies *were* a burden nowadays with no old mammies to raise them!—but the greater number declared agitatedly that Harry had every grounds for a divorce. Laura's indifference was a reflection on nice women!

At last one afternoon at the Three Arts Club meeting old Mrs. Williamson carried her little digs of disapproval too far. Laura turned on her with fiery cheeks, the angry tears sparkling in her eyes.

"Oh, I know what you've been saying about me—and about Harry—but it isn't true! You *know* so much! I—I haven't had a baby simply because I was afraid,—*afraid*—" She clasped her hands tightly and gave a little choked laugh. "I suppose I would have been too yellow to admit it—if I hadn't known how brave you were in *your* pain—all of you—" She swayed slightly as she hesitated in the door. "Nursing, you know!"

Little Mrs. Merriam was the first to break the silence. "Isn't she too shameful!" she sighed admiringly.

### Bertha

"There's no telling who she is," old Dr. Hancock had said every time Bertha won an emergency case for him, "but one thing sure—she's more white than black!"

Bertha was a sick-nurse, the old-fashioned kind who had picked it up as she went along, before nursing and hospitals became so stylish. She went into a home and took complete charge from the nursery to the kitchen, so that all the tony Negroes in Belle Air declared she was too biggety for any use. She was lighter than most of them, with straight

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

November  
1926

black hair and an aquiline nose; her hands and feet were small, almost dainty; but it was her voice that was remarkable. It was high and clear, and when she laughed, it soared still higher with little trills and ripples.

The Negroes who worked in the houses where Bertha nursed said she was always laughing with the white people and telling them funny stories about Pastor Stokes, of Zion Star Church, and the baptisings at Blue Cat Pond. Bertha had never got religion. She went to hear the cantatas at Old Ship Church sometimes, but it was as the white people went: she never joined in the singing. She even sat with the white folks—off to herself a little—and they bowed and smiled to her as they came in.

Indeed, the white people trusted Bertha so implicitly that young Mrs. Henderson was sure she had met with an accident the night she didn't return from her afternoon off. Bertha had left the house at two o'clock, according to her custom, and started in the direction of Peacock Track to visit a niece who was leaving for Tuskegee. Nobody had seen or heard of her after that. It was all of four miles, past the cemetery, the city water works and dump, but the day had been clear, and Bertha loved a brisk walk. Going at her average gait, she must have passed the lower end of the cemetery not later than half-past two. The Holy Rollers were holding a protracted meeting on the other side of the hill. As quiet as the country was, she could easily have heard their shouts or they her cries from the road.

Old Dr. Hancock waited for three days and then drove down to the Holy Roller camp himself. The meeting was a long time breaking up; the sisters and brothers lingered in the dusk, shaking hands, exchanging testimonials, brushing the dust and ashes off their clothes. Bertha was the center of a loud, congratulatory group, and it was almost dark before she started slowly for the road.

"You, Bertha!"

She wheeled around and faced him. Nobody but old Dr. Hancock would have known her. The starchy white uniform she always wore under her coat was torn and streaked with blood; her face was scratched and her hair was caked with ashes. She had the wild look of a mad woman.

"What are you doing with those damn niggers?"

*(Continued on page 35.)*

# *Anthony*

KATHERINE JOHNSON

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

To-day as I tossed restless on my rugs,  
My straying fingers caught and tore at pearls  
That crawled about my throat and drew the fire  
From out my heart to hide it in their shells.  
You know the ones—you brought them long ago  
When you were bright and eager as a boy—  
Not wistful-eyed and silent as you are.  
And, oh, my dear, I crushed the leering pearls.  
I beat them with my fists and still they were  
Pearls of desire that round my throat choked all  
The regal thoughts a queen should have—that twisted  
In your hands brought you too near a woman's heart.  
They knew a love, perhaps, for I love you  
As never Cleopatra loved a man,  
But they have cost you Rome.

November  
1926

Of late, your gaze  
Turns, baffled, from my eyes—and roves instead  
Far past me through the velvet-curtained windows  
To the river which reflects a thousand lights  
And the idly fluttering banners of an army.  
You cannot wonder that I hate the beads.  
They have betrayed a queen and strangled Anthony's  
High hopes.

You hate the arms that cling about  
Your heart, the lips that touch, the eyes that frown  
On yours. Go, Anthony. Go swift. Your mind  
Looks past the shimmering satin of the Nile  
And sees a court. You are too blind to know  
That Cleopatra's lips are courts of love.



November  
1926

I drew the pearls through vinegar. I let  
Them drop into the bowl of sour wine.  
And as they broke in pieces, rose and white,  
I laughed to see the gold thread of our love  
In two parts severed by your rapier eyes.  
And as the pearls dissolved and left no trace,  
The flame within me flickered out, and ice  
Lay underneath the ash.



### *Three Crosses on a Hill*

LILITH SHELL

One April day  
I went out on a train  
Past where a soldier's camp was built.

As I neared the place in the early dawn,  
Upon a hillside far and high  
I saw three crosses stand,  
Limned clear against the sky.

Below men moved about—  
Like ants they looked,  
They were so far from me.  
They seemed to bear a burden down  
The steep slope of the hill,  
And I remembered Calvary.

The train drew nearer and I saw  
The crosses were but wire strung poles  
With long rough bars outstretched,  
The men but soldiers digging holes.

But I knew the Christ was crucified  
Anew that day on that gray hillside.

# *The Goldfish*

VICTOR STARBUCK

I know two goldfish in a bowl,  
Who think their watery sphere the whole  
Inhabitable cosmos: pent  
Within a glassy firmament,  
With piscatine philosophy  
They ponder on the things they see.

The sights within that vitreous orb  
One fish's intellect absorbs—  
The pebbles, flints and shards of granite  
That pave the nadir of his planet;  
His patient mind collecting data  
Upon their chemistries and strata,  
And classifying forms that vary  
From Pliocene to Quaternary.  
With contemplative eye, he sails  
Above the broken shells of snails,  
Compiling, from their crumbled pieces,  
The Origin of Kinds and Species.

The other turns a fishy eye  
On things beyond his glassy sky.  
The window, fire and chandelier  
He views with comprehension clear,  
And can, with knowledge absolute  
Each body's parallax compute;  
Its distance, mass and right ascension,  
Its proper motion and dimension,  
And (though its orbit be elliptic)  
Its declination from th' ecliptic.

From all these things, with cogent reasons,  
He can predict the change of seasons,  
And can expound with accuracy  
His Relativic Theory.

And so these fish are often quoted;  
Their theories are gravely noted,  
Where'er (in school or eke in college)  
Fish gather in the quest of Knowledge.  
And both of them have grown so wise  
Their brains almost push out their eyes.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

*November*  
1926

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...  
*November*  
1926

*Cricket Music*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

In the early autumn dusk,  
When the corn is in the husk,  
And the attars of the garden hint of mignonette and musk,  
    You may hear the crickets vying,  
    Chord to rhythmic chord replying.

Thrilling through the starry hush  
Out of grass and underbrush  
Comes their clear staccato melting with the nocturne of the thrush;  
    Something plaintive and yet winning  
    In their ceaseless violining.

Play on, tiny minstrels, play  
Your insistent roundelay  
Till above the dim horizon burst the poppy-flower of day!  
    As within your notes are blended  
    Joy and pain till life is ended.

...  
*A Lonely Place*

VICTOR STARBUCK

Here life, that hastens so madly otherwheres,  
Has paused for breath. The shadows on the hill  
Lie motionless; and time stands all but still,  
As if grown weary shouldering his cares.  
The withered leaves drift down on listless airs;  
Beside the marsh the kildée now is shrill  
And now falls silent, as a madman will,  
Remembering old raptures, old despairs.

And saving this there is no sound at all  
Except the trickle of a drying stream . . .  
And in this quiet, men that once were tall,  
And great events, and towering cities seem  
To dwindle from the mind and grow more small  
Than wayside dust, and foolish as a dream.



# The Pasture

R. F.

J. S. ■■■

J. P.

One of the numerous classes in Freshman English at this University was given an assignment of 1000 words on "Some Intimate Details of My Life and Development". In correcting the papers the instructor could not help realizing certain recurrent ideas. He collected these indirectly expressed ideas under thirteen divisions, added a brief newspaper squib, and placed them before his class.

1. There are no such things as ideals. Our desires are all physical—cars, houses, food, women, clothes, money—they are what count. We reverence only God; we worship "success"—these are our passions.
2. Whatever the most of those around us do is right. There is no other basis for guiding our behavior. We are afraid to be different.
3. We have no feelings or emotions. Life holds no intense joys or sorrows. Life is not complicated. We understand it all.
4. Mothers and Dads are not unique personalities. They are "good" and we value them because they are convenient and ready sources of supply.
5. Life is even, mechanical, ordered, planned—a *series* of settled facts. There are no desires, dreams, or exultations.
6. "Sin" does not always carry with it the terrible consequences that we have been taught it would. This surprises us mildly, but does not interest us.
7. We think there is only one conception of "God". "God" is a Sunday school image. Religion is a set of prejudices learned at church—not an individual and personal experience.
8. We like to drift—we dodge anything that calls for effort. We let others set the pace and if we can keep step we consider ourselves good.
9. Life, as we have lived it, is very dull. The imaginations and emotions have no place in it.
10. We have no ideas. Thinking comes as awkwardly and clumsily to us as does a rattle to a baby's hand.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

November  
1926

11. Human civilization is to us a great blank. We are not interested in what they did, left, or thought. We are proud of this ignorance.
12. We have no curiosity. There is no such thing as Beauty.
13. We are smug and content—enormously self-satisfied if we are “as good as the average”. We are afraid to excell.

The Saturday *News and Observer* says that North Carolina ranks 41 or 42 among the States in education and intellectual interests and achievements.

J. O. M.

♦♦♦

The younger member of the band of Intellectuals comes bounding into the room. Before the august body assembled there he breathlessly words his newest idea. As he ramifies, a look of disgust settles over the faces of the group. One finally says, “Why, Aristotle said the same thing two thousand years ago?” The younger member subsides in terror. A true intellectual, he has a horror of one who claims a thought already stated, equalled only by that of being considered unread. And he hasn’t read Aristotle.

Yet he has achieved what for him is original thought. More credit is due him, perhaps, than Aristotle. But he is damned and silenced for thinking the same thing as did that apparently omniscient writer. Faced by the displeasure of the group, he reads Aristotle; then the rest of the great thinkers. And what has he? A huge amount of wisdom that constantly confuses him, and in place of the keen joy of nurturing an idea until it blossoms forth in splendor, enhanced because it is his own, he has only the dubious satisfaction of giving the withering blast of “Aw, Aristotle said that two thousand years ago”.

J. P. P.

♦♦♦

“Come on now! Get a little pep into this cheering. I hope a bolt of lightning will strike my grandmother in her left brass leg if this isn’t the rottenest co-operation that I’ve ever received.

“We have got the greatest university in the south here. And after that straight-from-the-shoulder talk by coach Collins it does look like you spineless men would take a little more interest in our team and support our forty-three fighting fools. Why the noise you fellows are making sounds just about as effective as a halitosis treatment. We’ll now hear from the



November

1926

most popular man in the University, Professor Frank Graham. Boys, this is the son of Dr. Graham, one of the greatest presidents that this glorious University has ever had. Look him over boys, look him over boys! How much am I offered? Why Hell no! ten thousand dollars? My God, boy, this great and inspiring message he is going to give you on the *Old Carolina Spirit* is worth more than that! All right, three cheers for Frank Graham. And don't say G-r-a-h-a-m—say *Graam!* Come on now—spit it out!

"Well, I guess you slackers feel ashamed now. Why, for Carolina's sake, why can't we have the spirit now that was here in Dr. Graham's day? Everything else is modern and improved, but the *Old Carolina Spirit* is dead. I'll scratch a cootie on my back if it isn't. It is just like Adam said to Eve on the subject of apples. Well, there are some ladies present, so we'll come back to the fruit question later. Is the Carolina Spirit dead? Hell no, it is not! We'll prove it.

"Mr. Paul John Weaver, A. A. G. O., Etc., will you please render that magnificent old song, *Hark the Sound?* Brother Weaver broadcasting!"

A. B. W.



Two items which appeared in the state papers recently bearing the dateline, "Chapel Hill", were of such a nature as to call for both laughter and tears. The first one stated that President Chase would lead the cheering sections during the Carolina-State game, and the other announced that William R. Kenan, Jr., had given \$275,000 to the University to build a new stadium.

The first of course was a ridiculous mistake, but the second is sadly true. At the time when the gift is made University officials are having to crawl on their knees before a reactionary state legislature to beg from them the necessary dollars to hold the University in the path of progress.

We need a new library, a new music building, a school of fine arts, any number of things of real value, and we get \$275,000 to erect a temple to the glory of Kenan and the Great God Football! A monument which will be needed once every two years.



...and...

November  
1926

## *Etching In Gray*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

There is an old man garbed in dusty gray  
Who owns an orchard just across the way;  
In him I see no great-thewed Hercules  
Amid his apple trees,  
Just an old man in gray,  
Bearded and brown and bent,  
Yet well content  
With his Hesperides.

He has more treasures in his globes of gold  
Than any fabled hero famed of old,  
For there is none to envy or invade;  
He has more riches in his fruit and shade  
Than any opulent Croesus of to-day  
In all his hoarded wealth what e'er it be;  
Deeply he lessons me  
In one of life's most precious gifts—to find  
In my own narrow store a happy mind.





## *book bazaar*

### *The Importance of Shadows*

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW. Lord Dunsany. 294 pp. New York. Putnam's. \$2.

According to the quaint old custom of the day, Mirandola, the beautiful and vivacious daughter of Ramon Alonzo, must needs marry. Incident to her marriage and conspicuously lacking was the dowry through which the charms of young ladies were greatly enhanced in the eyes of prospective husbands of the Golden Age.

And having nothing to give to boot for a husband for his fair daughter, the Lord of the Tower and Rocky Forest was in great mental anguish. And one day he called his son, Ramon Alonzo Matthew-Mark-Luke-John to come before him in solemn conclave. Gold was needed and Ramon Alonzo was to gain it.

Said the father: "For myself, if the getting of gold be an art as some have said, I am past the time for learning a new art; and, if it be a sin, my sins are over. Yet you my son may haply gather this great necessity for us, or this evil, whatever it be; and if it be a sin, what is one more sin to youth? Not much I fear."

For his son, the father had a plan. He was to go up into the mountain and study the Art, the Black Art, with an old magician who was indebted to the grandfather of Ramon Alonzo.

And from this situation, Lord Dunsany builds his fantasy,—a fantasy weighted with an undercurrent of meaning, of criticism of the materialistic present. He even branches into the realm of philosophy, of worth and values, and he allows the old Magician to belittle the gold for which Ramon Alonzo has sold his shadow,—his self, his soul.

An old Charwoman, who has also sold her shadow to the Magician arouses the fears and sympathies of Ramon Alonzo. And it is she who plaintively tells of the pleasures lost in the sale of one's shadow.

Imps, magic shadows, fairies, and black art play lyric parts in this fantasy which of course ends happily. If the author has wished to make his fairy story the vehicle for veiled observations on the futility and danger of selling one's soul for the material things in the world, he has but followed the modern trend. Cabell sings with a louder voice and for different things, and Dunsany's countrymen are prolific in the production of the sugar-coated purpose-stories.

...♦♦♦...

November

1926

So, having charged his fantasy with things not fantastical, Dunsany proceeds to throw in choice bits of satire. He allows Peter, the servant, to wait "not even wondering, as his whole attitude showed, but holding the horse in the road and merely waiting, as flowers and vegetables wait." But despite alien notes struck almost at random the fantasy remains, and the reader is almost sorry when the Magician takes with him his elves, imps and charms, like the Pied Piper, to the Country Towards Moon's Rising.

J. S. Starr, Jr.

### *Flaying the Puritan*

EARLY AUTUMN. By Louis Bromfield. 307 pp. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

Louis Bromfield, author of "The Green Bay Tree", "Possession", and one chapter in "Bobbed Hair" (a novel by 20 authors), launches again into an exposition of New England decadence. He makes no bones of the matter, for "Early Autumn" is connected with his first two books by several interlocking characters. And we are to read, by the author's avowed intention, another "panel" in the "screen" of his elucidations on New England life—

" . . . a New England which, in the migrations of its most vigorous citizens into the west, has spread over all America a thin veneer . . . pale, degenerate imitation of the positive fighting, masculine force represented by the Roundheads of Cromwell's day."

Mr. Bromfield is in open rebellion against the shadow that New England casts behind the America which is leaving her, and he writes with a grievance that is, at times, near irritation. The "desiccated" Pentland family, headed by the anemic, hide-bound Anson, husband of Olivia (whose last attempt to resist submersion by Pentland Puritanism makes the plot), is constructed with a wealth of incident, characterization, and description; but with frequent faults of taste and a verbal preciosity that is surely self- and style-consciousness. The scanty palette, a lack of the baroque, particularly in the overuse of a fistful of favorite words, is too apparent to pass for a deliberate attempt at a *sec* effect. Anson, stoop-shouldered over his brain-child, "The Pentland Family and the Massachusetts Bay Colony," has not "followed her (Olivia) to her bedroom for fifteen years"; and, tempted by the whole-hearted wooing of O'Hara, a hot-blooded Irish politician, she considers running away with him. But circumstances are against her: the death of her invalid son, the care of the last of the Pentlands, from the dipsomaniac old John Pentland and *she*, his mad wife, to his hypochondriac sister—all aid in her defeat. Her only grant is the aiding of her daughter's elopement to freedom with an illegitimate youth.

The appearance of a *bar sinister* that renders the whole Pentland family illegitimate seems unnecessary, for Mr. Bromfield's New England scarecrow, whose carefully tattered broad-cloth flaps in the breeze of a departing nation, is too nicely apprehended and synthesized to withstand his satirical thrusts; it topples over easily—too easily.

J. O. Marshall

## *Washington---The Man*

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Rupert Hughes. 579 pp. William Morrow & Company.  
1926. \$5.

In the present volume Mr. Hughes tells the story of the young Washington, of his first thirty years, his ancestry, his childhood in Virginia, his education, frontier experiences, loves, ambitions and disappointments, the formative years when Washington was commander-in-chief of the Virginia troops, in hot water all the time, and, at the same time, hopelessly in love with Sally Fairfax, the wife of his best friend. He concludes the present work with Washington married to Martha Curtis, squiring it magnificently at Mount Vernon, loyal to England, and concerned with the custody and increase of his property. But he promises to complete the work in another volume, "George Washington, the Rebel and the Conservative."

Mr. Hughes presents a narrative based on authentic materials that revolutionize the current ideas of Washington and the American colonies in the eighteenth century, such as Washington's diaries recently edited by John C. Fitzpatrick and numerous studies of the period that have been familiar to historians for some time, but not to the public. He uses directly the writings of Washington, skillfully making the book as nearly as possible an autobiography rather than a biography of the young romantic. His object is "to find out as far as possible and to repeat as faithfully as possible just what George Washington was, did, said, wrote, thought, and why and how." In addition he strives especially to destroy the pious myths of Weems, the young-lady's-school emendations of Sparks, the sage and God-like hero of Irving, Meade, and Marshall. He takes particular pains to state, even, that George was too frugal to throw a dollar across the Potomac,—he threw a stone; to show wherein he could lie and did; to substitute for the rigidly correct and formal letters published by Sparks the mis-spelled, rambling, boyish, passionate letters and bad poems the young Washington really wrote.

"All other (of Washington's) biographers" says Hughes, "have tacitly assumed that he knew the future and builded himself grandly for it. They have looked backwardly upon him through the dazzling aureole of his apotheosis. But that was not the way he saw the world. He had to grope for his faith and he missed few of the pitfalls, the thorns and the torments of the way. No more did he miss the primroses, the festivals, the dances and sports and romances . . . As a god, Washington was a woeful failure; as a man he was tremendous." During these years Washington enjoyed himself as a crack woodsmen and surveyor. He was one of the best map makers in America, a farmer, a tobacco planter, a manager of slave and white labor, a fisherman, huntsman, local politician, stock breeder, real estate speculator, race-track enthusiast and country gentleman. He was uniformly successful in one thing only from the start. That was business. He could always make money, and he laid in these years the foundations of a tremendous fortune as a land speculator. In love, in war, in politics, his first ventures were uniformly failures.

No lover of Washington can fail to enjoy this sympathetic treatment of him in a narrative that winds skillfully into the life of aristocratic, colorful Virginia with

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

November  
1926

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

November  
1926

its charming women, courageous gentlemen, baronial estates, and all its pageantry and joy, spiced by a dash of romantic intrigue. No lover of history can fail to enjoy this authentic picture of political chicanery and frontier bush-whacking that characterized Franco-British rivalry in America until the genius of Pitt converted it into a mighty campaign. One of the chief features of the work is the careful study of Braddock's campaign, and Washington's connection with the scandal attaching to the killing of the French ambassador by Washington's men, for which the French called him an assassin. In the account Washington certainly does not shine as a paragon of wisdom or honor. It was not a field of honor on which he was engaged, but of war, which is seldom glorious at close quarters. Braddock, the French and the Indians, as well as Washington, are given fair treatment in this account. The author has profited by his experience as novelist and historian. The book ranks in interest with Bower's *Jefferson and Hamilton*.

The romance, drama, and history of this volume are contributions to our resources for appreciating Washington and his times. Such materials are barely hinted at in other biographies of Washington, and readers of this volume will eagerly await the second one treating the period in which the young, romantic, and bucolic squire grows to the stature described in the author's final estimate of him. "A man of honor, a lover and benefactor of his kind, a man whose works live after him in increasing glory—the standard by which all other statesmen and patriots are measured—and found wanting."

R. B. House

### *Negro--North by East*

NIGGER HEAVEN. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

In the growing number of novels concerned with the Negro, this is the third to picture the life of the upper classes in a large Northern metropolis. Jessie Fauset's "There Is Confusion" and Walter White's "Flight" have acquainted the reader with the details of life and the problems of sensitive intellectual colored people. These two writers, both Negroes, are too close to the problem and too carefully concerned with its clarification to rank as great novelists. Their work, though forceful, never departs from the realm of propaganda. Their characters are types manipulated for the sake of their ideas. They do not succeed, as have Julia Peterkin in "Green Thursday" and DuBose Heyward in "Porgy", in presenting individuals as subject matter for art. In "Nigger Heaven" Mr. Van Vechten just misses doing for the Northern Negro what these two latter writers have done for the Southern ones. He has taken their dilemma too much to heart with the result that a very fine artistic creation degenerates into a vehicle for sociological observations.

The story itself is a powerful one. Byron Kasson, a would-be writer, is a very real person. With his perverse pride, his sensitiveness to imagined slights from his own race and the whites, his moodiness, and lack of emotional balance, he embodies the worst characteristics against which the race must fight. Mary Love, the woman who might have saved him from himself, is good and intelligent. But whether the author meant to give this impression or not, she possesses the very natural but

-♦-♦-

November  
1926

unattractive self-consciousness noticeable in many of her class. It is inevitable that Byron should succumb to the exotic sensualist, Lasca Sartoris. His downfall also is inevitable and the final scene is one of convincing power.

Even when he is expounding theories Mr. Van Vechten is an interesting writer. When it comes to description of Harlem life his observations are keen and their transcription vivid. He shows his customary genius for dialogue. And when he sticks to the story his skill with plot and incident is amazing. It is rather curious that he should have his hero-writer impressed with the dangers of propaganda writing and yet fall into the same pit himself. Unlike Byron, he avoids a plot dealing directly with strife between the races, but his theories and his observations of Harlem life mutilate an otherwise artistic piece of fiction.

But undoubtedly it is the best novel yet written about this particular milieu of Negro life. Therefore everyone who is interested in the sociological problem of race relations will value Mr. Van Vechten's insight into the life and thought of the intellectual Negro. And everyone who seeks the bizarre, raw color and primitive emotion, cannot fail to be fascinated by the background and the happenings in "Nigger Heaven".

Elizabeth Lay Green

### *College--Out of School*

Proud Revelry. Amber Lee. Thos. Seltzer. 304 pp. \$2.50.

"He was not unique. Boys do not lose their physical innocence lightly. Nature ordains the process painless and provides thereto an aftermath of horror . . . This thing was spiritual murder." Suave, sensual, casual, super-sophisticated Anthony Sherrad. Seventeen and a rich man's son.

Miss Lee portrays the character of a handsome Apollo-like youth who drinks his father's scotch under the paternal nose, who has an over-supply of sex appeal, and who cares little whether the world spins or not. The plot is not deep although the outcome is doubtful.

W. W. Anderson

### *Myrtle and Gunpowder*

Cordelia Chantrell. Meade Minnigerode. Putnam. 246 pp. \$2.00.

"Duty is duty, and honor is honor, and if hearts must be broken there is no help for it." So says Preston Bainbridge, the hero of Meade Minnigerode's rubber stamp novel, *Cordelia Chantrell*. This sentence is more than a choice bit of melodrama. It is the spirit of the book expressed in nineteen words; it sets the pace for a tale as antiquated and stilted as an East Lynn performance. Mr. Minnigerode has merely added one more to that long list of God-bless-the-South Civil War novels in which the characters are noble and the events are improbable. Such staginess is especially distressing to one who has read Ellen Glasgow's *Romantic Comedians*. *Cordelia Chantrell* refurbishes the Old South tradition which Miss Glasgow so successfully laughed out of literary court.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAZAZINE

...♦♦♦...  
November  
1926

The story concerns Cordelia Chantrell, a dauntless, impetuous daughter of Dixie who is in love with Preston Baimbridge, a transplanted Yankee of sterling character. Unfortunately the young man has a conscience as well as a heart, and when war is declared he becomes a Federal agent in the Bahamas. Cordelia serves the Confederacy in the capacity of female spy, and a typically romantic coincidence brings them together as enemies. Here the reader is treated to a double struggle between love and duty which the hero settles by committing suicide. A bare outline such as this is seldom fair to a novel, but it is more than fair to *Cordelia Chantrell*. Detailed treatment would but emphasize the absurdities which form the plot of this E. P. Roe school atavism.

Mr. Minnigerode is best known for *Lives and Times*, a series of biographies, and *The Fabulous Forties*, an excellent genre picture of American life during the 1840's. The style of these previous works obtrudes in his first novel. The story is supposed to have been pieced together from several diaries—a device which makes necessary a mass of monotonous back references and quotations. In this way the biographer's craving for careful documentation is satisfied. It is annoying to have even a poor plot interspersed with remarks culled from imaginary diaries and equally annoying to deal with fictitious characters clothed in the habiliments of reality. There was no excuse for turning Cordelia into a historical personage.

The effort to secure atmosphere is rather painful. Each costume is given elaborate notice, books and songs of the period are ruthlessly dragged in and all specimens of 1860 patois are enclosed in precise quotation marks. Though well written in spots, *Cordelia Chantrell* hovers between dull delineation and rampant melodrama. The Old South, complete with gallant blades, self-sacrifice and moonlight, has been revived—and it proves to be as ludicrous as ever.

R. K. Fowler

### *Treading the Psychopath*

HOT SATURDAY. Harvey Fergusson. Knopf. 261 pp. \$2.50.

In this novel Mr. Fergusson lifts twenty-four scorching hours from the heart of a New Mexico summer and uses them as a background for some events in the life of Ruth Bruck. From the somewhat sketchy development it would seem that Ruth is the blood sister of Serena Blandish and the step-sister of Iris March. Like the former she treads a circuitous path to matrimony, and like the latter she is afflicted with a certain sexual ebulliency. Her dual desires to become wife and paramour make of Ruth an intriguing personality—quite in the recent style of psychopathic heroines.

Practically all the action takes place in one day—a unique but slightly cumbersome trick of development. Constant references to Ruth's past life break the continuity of the narrative, carrying the reader back ten years when the affairs of the moment have seized his attention. Also, in order to gain respectable length, the author has resorted to a disgraceful amount of padding. An intrinsically racy plot is slowed down by superfluous conversation, incident and verbiage. The situation is weakened by unnecessary prolongation. One feels that Mr. Fergusson has achieved a fairly clever novel at the expense of a possibly great short story.

The plot is triangular. There is Ruth, who has missed several marital chances, and is becoming slightly worried. There is Wilbur Fadden, a rich, unsophisticated young Northerner who finds in Ruth his ideal girl. There is John Romer, charmingly unconventional, who has come West for his health. Ruth is attracted to Romer, and is also anxious to annex Wilbur as a husband. One Saturday night a drunken ex-suitor reveals some intimate bit of Ruth's past history. Wilbur leaves; Ruth goes to Romer's room and spends the night with him. Next day Wilbur returns and apologizes for being so stupid as to doubt her purity.

R. K. Fowler

November  
1926

### *Next Month or Later*

Coming numbers of this volume of THE MAGAZINE will present a short story, "Amateur," by JOHN V. A. WEAVER, author of "In American" and other verse . . . A negro sketch by E. C. L. ADAMS, author of "Congaree Sketches" to be published soon by The University of N. C. Press . . . "Ethics in Journalism", an article by BYRON WHITE . . . a short story by PIERSON RICKS and one by KATHERINE JOHNSON make up the latest prose acquisitions of THE MAGAZINE.

Poetry by H. M. JONES, CLINTON SCOLLARD, VICTOR STARBUCK, R. K. FOWLER, LILITH SHELL, VIRGINIA LAY, and ELLEN M. CARROLL.

### *Jackson Tennessee*

(Continued from page 20)

She hesitated a moment and leaned weakly against the door of the car. From the pockets of her uniform she pulled a string of crumpled articles: silk stockings, handkerchiefs, gold beauty pins, a crepe night gown. . . .

"I've been stealin' from the white folks for yeahs," she whimpered. "I-I was takin' these to Johnie May for her goin'-away present . . . when I run into . . . the camp meetin'?" She dropped her head on her arm and cried softly. "Is you gon' lock me up?"

"Get into this car—you—you—" Old Dr. Hancock snapped the door open. "I'll give you just forty minutes to get back around to Mrs. Henderson's . . . and if I ever catch you up to such a trick again I'll take a stick and half-kill you!"



*When  
the score is close-  
Keep cool with*



*That good-grape drink*

The Dining Hall in Durham With a Collegiate Atmosphere

Welcome-In, "Where Things to Eat Are Different", is the dining hall in Durham for collegians. It has the atmosphere delightful to college boys and girls. It has the food prepared the way you like it.

**Welcome-In**  
Where Things To Eat Are Different

OPPOSITE WASHINGTON DUKE



For the best in Furniture  
and Rugs See  
**Royal & Borden Co.**  
Complete Housefurnishers  
Durham, N. C.

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL  
ELECTRIC AND WATER  
DIVISION

**University Consolidated  
Service Plants**

**DR. DANIEL T. CARR**  
*Dentist*

Offices in Tankersley Building  
Next to Postoffice  
TELEPHONE 69

**Stetson "D"**

Clothiers  
and Furnishers

FEATURING

Stetson "D" Clothes and  
John Ward Shoes



All Stetson D Clothes pressed free  
at our shop for entire school year.

**DR. WADE H. MARSHALL**  
Tankersley Building

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN  
Phone 45

**Eubanks Drug Co.**

Dependable Druggists  
for 33 years

**Nunnally's  
Candies**



## *The Writers*

PAUL GREEN, of this University faculty, is the author of a collected volume of plays, "The Lonesome Road". Two more volumes are being prepared, one of which will contain the two plays to be produced on Broadway soon. He was also the editor of *The Reviewer* . . . KATHERINE JOHNSON is an undergraduate who came to the University from St. Mary's . . . VIRGINIA LAY will do a woodcut for each number of THE MAGAZINE . . . SARA HARDT is known as a former contributor to *The Reviewer*, and a contributor to *The Mercury*, *The Magazine*, and many others . . . CLINTON SCOLLARD is now associated with the little group at Winter Haven, Florida, which is endeavoring to inaugurate a poetry movement in that state. He is the author of some dozens of volumes of verse . . . VICTOR STARBUCK, paradoxically enough is an attorney in the city of Asheville. He has published one volume of verse . . . LILITH SHELL lives in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. We are publishing a poem which had been accepted for *The Reviewer* . . . ELLEN M. CARROLL is from Charleston, the city of *Cordelia Chantrell*. She is a contributor to numerous Southern publications.



# Brunswick

## RECORDS

PHONOGRAPHS

and

RADIOLAS

Hear the Brunswick Panatrophe, the greatest musical achievement of the time.

**Christian & Harward**

106 West Main St. Phone J-1951  
DURHAM, N. C.

## REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

CHAPEL HILL INSURANCE  
AND REALTY CO.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

## UNIVERSITY PRINTERY

In U. N. C. Public Service  
Building

*Service*

PHONE 158

PROMPTNESS

NEATNESS



University Men  
usually follow  
traditions,  
but all men do the  
same when they  
Consider their appearance  
and that is why they  
appreciate

**LANGROCK FINE CLOTHES**

Standard for Men  
for a Quarter of a Century.

**Pritchard-Patterson**

Incorporated

*University Outfitters*

CHAPEL HILL  
NORTH CAROLINA

# Christian & King Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different

Especial Values  
in All Kinds of  
Athletic Equip-  
ment



## The Book Exchange

# Orpheum THE HOME OF Musical Comedy AND VAUDEVILLE



Change of program Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

FANCY ICES                  BLOCKS

## Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets

DIAL L-963

## DURHAM ICE CREAM COMPANY, INC.

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET  
Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS                  PUNCHES

## State-Wide Roofing Service

From coast to mountains,  
we sell and apply roofing  
for every type of building.  
We cover anything from a  
garage to the biggest plant.

## Enjoy Life At Gooch's

Good foods are like  
good friends—the  
more of them we  
have the better we  
enjoy life.  
Carolina's night-time  
playground.



## *When You've Missed The Last Bus*

and you are looking for "Bull"  
Durham to bring you to the Hill—  
go to the Washington Duke Coffee  
Shop.

*Your "roast beef" sandwich will hit the  
spot—and the coffee's real Java.  
Meet your friends there.*



**Hotel Washington Duke**  
**DURHAM, N.C.**

The gang always  
are here after  
their "heavy."

# Natural tobacco taste has the "call" these days



*Just the natural leaf  
sweetness of fine tobaccos  
put together right!*



POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

JANUARY · 1927

## BIG CHARLESTON

*A Sketch*

By E. C. L. ADAMS

WILSON

## ETHICS IN JOURNALISM

*An Article*

By BYRON WHITE

## THE ADVANCING SOUTH

*An Article*

By H. M. JONES

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

HARRIS

PAGE

O. HENRY



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., *Editor*

R. K. FOWLER, *Assistant Editor*

L. H. MCPHERSON, *Business Manager*

H. J. SCHWARTZ, *Advertising Manager*

G. K. DACY, *Circulation Manager*

KILLIAN BARWICK, *Assistant Business Manager*

VOLUME 57

JANUARY, 1927

NUMBER 3

## Contents

DEFLORESCENCE ( <i>Verse</i> )	Virginia Lay
ETHICS IN JOURNALISM ( <i>An Article</i> )	Byron White
CAIN POET { ( <i>Verse</i> )	Jacques Le Clercq
PARIAH ( <i>A Story</i> )	Katharine Johnson
RENUNCIATION ( <i>Verse</i> )	Jacques Le Clercq
HOW A MARVELOUS PHENOMENON WAS ATTESTED TRUE	M. L. Radoff
BIG CHARLESTON ( <i>Sketch</i> )	E. C. L. Adams
THE ADVANCING SOUTH ( <i>Article</i> )	H. M. Jones
MENTIONING THE UNMENTIONABLE	Gerald W. Johnson
THE PASTURE	
VIGIL ( <i>Verse</i> )	J. A. Caldwell, Jr.
BOOK BAZAAR	
THE WRITERS	

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the *Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.*

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

January  
1927

## *Deflorescence*

By VIRGINIA LAY

Trees—  
Wind-washed  
Of their leafy burdens.  
Poplars  
That quiver  
At their loss;  
And maples  
That blush  
A shameful crimson.

The well-covered oaks  
That look on  
And shake their foliage in derision,  
Little know that a crueler lover  
Will leave them  
Naked,  
Gaunt, bitterly shamed,  
For the moon  
To mock slyly  
Through the slender branches of the poplars.

The virgin pines  
Stand  
Like wistful nuns,  
Whispering  
Of things they cannot know.  
And the cedars  
Draw their priestly robes  
Close—  
Talking in monotones.

Below  
Among spiralling leaves,  
Autumn  
The gipsy lover  
Lies sleeping to the wind.



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57

NUMBER 3

## *Ethics in Journalism*

By BYRON WHITE

THE ridiculous playing up of the Hall-Mills case in daily papers for the past two months has raised a question as to the standard by which news is judged these days. The equally famous Valentino-Eliot affair clearly demonstrated that something was awry, either with the reading public or with the papers themselves. Mr. White, in his article gives us something of the background against which today's journalistic standards are silhouetted.

TWO DAYS before Rudolph Valentino died, there appeared in MacFadden's tabloid sheet, the New York *Graphic*, in two and one half inch type this streamer: "RUDY DEAD." In very small type on the left side of the above was the semi-explanatory statement: "Cry Startles Film World as Sheik Rallies." The head sold thousands of additional papers. But what of the ethics of the incident?

Yes, what about the ethics of the Valentino death headlines? And then, what about the ethics of the so-called profession of journalism?

The reader may think it strange to consider the ethics of journalism when he visualizes the Hearst chain of papers and its International and Universal News Service; when he calls to mind the thousands of sheets that subscribe to Brisbane's editorial column; and when he thinks of the publicity agents employed by colleges, big business plants, private families, government departments, charitable organizations, and Christian denominations. However, far from the rim of the average citizen's knowledge, discussions of theoretical journalistic ethics and experiments in ethical journalism by prac-

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...••••

January  
1927

tical workers in the "fourth estate" are going on. Such men use boiler plate copy for paper weights and start fires with publicity agent's propaganda; such gentlemen are newspaper men instead of journalists, Babbitts and Big Business Men.

Ethics is practically a synonym for moral standards. Ethics, as in the case of morals, is usually a matter of individual interpretation and application. "Virtue is knowledge," said Socrates. Hence with all its vast facilities for acquiring knowledge a modern newspaper ought to be a model of righteousness.

It is generally acknowledged that two distinct ethical schools of present day journalism exist. They are usually catalogued as the emotional and the intellectual. The Hearst papers, race journals, and yellow sheets, are typical in the field of emotion. The *New York Times*, the *United States Daily*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, are representative models in the thinking school.

Many gradations are found between the two classifications. The Scripps-Howard chain, for instance, has a penchant for the Hearst methods; the southern press, except in speaking of the Ku Klux Klan, the Negroes, or the Catholics, is inclined towards the intellectual appeal.

Until the time of the Civil War when newspaper work was an altogether personal affair—the editor was usually the galley boy also—ethics did not trouble the journalistic toiler. But after the internal conflict, with the growth of large cities, the influx of Southern-European immigrants, improved mechanical methods of production, and the perfection of the telegraph, things assumed a different aspect. The Bennetts, Danas and Pulitzers entered the field. Journalism became a Big Business. The resulting lack of soul, morals, and ethics, was the final consequence.

Before and during the Civil War American newspapers had the same lack of physical appeal in make-up and stories that is characteristic of the English and Continental press of today. Advertisements appeared on the front page. Sub-heads were unknown. The declaration of Civil War was announced in the *New York Evening Post* in a column width fourteen-point one-line head: "CIVIL WAR." The follow-up stories were usually headed "THE WAR." In one metropolitan paper, for example, jewelry, insurance and bank advertisements were given the two outside columns of the front page, and the third column was devoted to the War. The conservative

January  
1927

New York *Times* had the largest one-column width headlines when peace was declared: "UNION," in twenty-four point type, and underneath: "VICTORY," "PEACE," in fourteen point type.

Journalism, however, took on a more ochre hue after the conflict. Police news was often labelled as a department—"THE GALLOWS" is a fair sample. A Chicago paper gave a hanging the following headline: "JERKED TO JESUS." The Chicago *Times* of December 7, 1876, in reporting a Brooklyn theatrical disaster cried out: "BROOKLYNS BAKE." In the same daily, Custer's charge was said to have been "HELL'S HALO."

Five years before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War Hearst and his imitators were going well. Streamers, habitual use of forty-eight point type, run-*one* heads, and numerous banks served as front page editorials appealing the hate reflex of the unknowing and unthinking citizen. Garbled and untrue news reinforced the yellow movement. The apogee was reached when the leader and his pack brought about the Spanish-American War.

From the wrangle over Cuba until the World War a decided improvement was apparent in many journals and a dangerous yellowish decadence was obvious in others. Comics were introduced about this time and they helped tremendously in increasing the circulation of all papers that dared to adopt them. Hearst and others of his ilk augmented the yellowishness with features of all sorts, syndicated articles, and funny pages which appeared simultaneously from coast to coast. The New York *World*, after descending to the depths, the lowest pits of journalistic baseness, began to spruce up a little. It still followed queer make-up ideas and used big heads and streamers for ordinary events, but its editorials were fearless, intellectual, liberal. In 1913 the *World* established a Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play (somewhat of a Sword of Damocles idea) which practically insured honest reporting. Many of the better papers about this time inaugurated the practice of submitting hurtful or scandalous news to the parties concerned to ascertain if the facts were true before printing them. A few sheets, such as the New York *Times*, refused to stoop to the lugubrious colored pages. Most of them, however, adopted the picture or Sabbath-day rotogravure feature.

It was in 1900, a little before these moralistic innovations, that the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon was given entire charge of the Topeka *Daily Capital* for one week. His intent was to make it a Christian paper; he produced

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

November  
1926

somewhat of a daily catechism with black type above the truisms. How he succeeded in printing the sheet that week is beyond me for no employee was allowed to smoke, drink, or cuss. The last regulation must have been almost unbearable. Prize fights, vice, and crime stories were labelled in the context as evil, and a devilish cause and pietistic remedy were suggested. A Saturday afternoon edition took the place of the Sunday run. And not a line of national or local news was in the paper! The featured story was headed: "THE BIBLE: THE BASIS OF OUR CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION." The Sermon on the Mount (doubtless news to most of the readers) occupied another column. The rest of the front page contained a sermon by Sheldon and Biblical quotations and teachings. But the experiment was an astounding financial success. In seven days the circulation jumped from 15,000 to 367,000. Editions were printed in Topeka, Chicago, New York, and London from the proofs of the original matrices in Topeka.

Dr. Sheldon laconically expressed his opinion when he said: "The greatest examples we have of ideal reporting of wrong doing are in the New Testament, and they are ideal because they do not attempt <sup>to</sup> report <sub>improper</sub> detail."

The Sheldon empirical detour doubtless led many newspapers to garb themselves in go-to-meeting clothes on Sunday. For soon after this sermons began to appear in the Sabbath day editions inserted between fire-arm and female-help needed advertisements. Editorials telling the subscribers how to live better and bigger lives added to the general excitement. Edgar Guest-flavored poetry and Frank Crane-style editorials began to tone up the morals of scores of journals.

The climax of this reforming wave was reached when the *Christian Science Monitor* was founded in 1908 "to injure no one but to bless all mankind." It is probable that the famous Boston periodical was the first to adopt a rigid standard and stick by it. No train wrecks, automobile accidents, steamer disasters, or divorce testimony, found a place in its columns. When the *Titanic* sank not a single name of the 1500 men and women who died was published. It merely printed a list of the survivors. Yet it was not a reform paper in the common connotation of the word. The news columns were not colored by Christian Science fads or foibles. The editorials were of a diversified, intellectual, literary quality. Little suppressing was done and no goose-step crusades were indulged in to clean up the evil of the world.

...•••

November  
1926

Other papers imitated the *Monitor*, but none ever equalled or emulated it. Practically all the dailies, even Hearst, however, fell in step with the go-to-meeting innovators. Nationally known evangelical preachers and Sunday school teachers like Dr. Parkhurst, Billy Sunday, and William Jennings Bryan, made fabulous hoards by syndicating their God inspired messages. A sentimental wave for a moralistic press seemed to be sweeping the country. Unfortunately a few papers became dogmatic and smugly sanctimonious. Still typical is the celestial, blessed, Nordic, leader in Raleigh, the *News and Observer*.

Two years after the establishing of the *Monitor* the first state-adopted code of ethics was drawn up in Kansas. Notable sections of it are:

## NEWS

*Lies.* We condemn against truth:

- (1) The publication of fake illustrations of men and events of news interest, however marked the similarity, without an accompanying statement that they are not real pictures of the ever - person but only suggestive imitations.

*Injustice.* We condemn against justice:

- (1) The practice of reporters making detectives of themselves in their endeavors to investigate the guilt or innocence of those under suspicion.

*Indelicacies.*

- (3) . . . Certain crimes against private morality which are revolting to our finer sensibilities should be ignored entirely; . . .

## FOR THE EDITOR

### VIEWS

*Definition.*

Views are the impressions, beliefs, or opinions which are published in a paper whether from the editorial staffs of the same, outside contributors, or secured interviews.

*A distinction.*

We hold that whenever a publication confines the bulk of its views to any particular line of thought, class of views, or side of a mooted question, it becomes to that extent a class publication, and inasmuch ceases to be a newspaper.

Using this last clause, "*A distinction*," as a criterion we conservatively estimate that 75% of American newspapers are class publications.

*(Continued on page 32)*

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

•♦•♦•

January  
1927

## *Cain*

JACQUES LE CLERCQ

His face loomed gaunt as his own fields in blight,  
His heart, drained to the ultimate despair,  
He staggered blindly, a wounded beast in flight,  
The brand ached. Silence fell upon him there.  
He stood. His eyes scanned Heaven. He framed a frown.  
His ash-white lips trembled. Sudden and stark  
His laughter rasped. A gibbous moon went down.

(*God whimpered in the dark!*)



## *Poet*

JACQUES LE CLERCQ

What a fool you were to chase  
The clock around its twelve-eyed face,  
Believing God ordained you write  
Lyric ineptitudes all night,  
Crass, yellowed foolscap on a shelf,  
Dead and futile as yourself.

Who gave you impudence to think  
Two livings lay in pen and ink,  
When selling bonds to friends of friends  
Would have spared you such hard ends?  
R. I. P. Your vain parade  
Ended; your clever brother paid  
Half your debts and almost all  
The expense of funeral.



## *Pariah*

By KATHERINE JOHNSON

IT IS hot. The wind from the desert burns. The yellow cactus blooms are shriveled. The mesquite leaves hang limply. The desert beyond San Felipe glares white beneath the blue flame of the sky. My eyes—my eyes are so tired. They burn, too. They are afire. I wonder can I move them if I try. The houses—cracked adobe—squat, sunbaked. Sunflowers, ugly, hardy. Oleander leaves—gray, green, oleander blossoms heavy with dust, white still underneath the gray. The whole Mexican town. Pigs—black, little, stiff-tailed pigs. They grunt as they scamper through the houses of my people. Lucy Garza, wake up. Your forty children, scratching and squirming. Is there no place I can hide from people? I cannot talk to them. I am helpless before their unseeing eyes—

Quiet, please, muchachos. It is not long, now. The señorita's head is very tired. (As if they cared for the señorita's head, or anything about her.) Study please for just five minutes. (They won't of course. There's nothing I can do about it.)

Poor, dirty, little children, ridiculous in their purple trousers and their red and black and yellow dresses. Straight greasy black hair. Maria's child died. Josephine has new ear-rings today and a ten-cent perfume. Her dress is spotted with grease and there is a big hole in her stocking. I wish my teeth were white and shining like hers. The air is heavy with heat and garlic and perspiration. That back screen must be mended. Flies swarm. That chalk ought to be picked up. It's crumbling all over the floor. The blackboard is smeared. The cracked glass over the picture of George Washington. Papers and pencils and dust and glare—chewing gum wrappers and apple cores on the floor.

Be quiet one moment longer, Juan. Jesusa, clear your desk. The third row is worse than it has ever been. Ramos, I'm surprised. (I'm not really. None of them will do anything for me.) You were to see that it is kept in perfect order. Agarita, I wish that you'd stop by the Red Cross building

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

January  
1927

and see Miss Flores about your cough. No, Juan, the 13th through the 20th. Through, not to. File out quietly, muchachos. Will you erase the board, little Miquel? Gracias. Adios.

I am so tired. Sniffling, unkempt children. They sing tonight at the Fiesta—my girls in white with flowers and heavy perfumes. The palm-thatched booths will be hung with lanterns and flags of white and red and green. Confetti and tamales. The thrum of guitars. “La Paloma” drifting across the ‘cequia to haunt the Americans and wake them, restless, from their sleep. Tomorrow the plaza will be deserted in the glare of the sun. It will be dirty with paper bags and corn shucks. Tonight my girls will sing with their sweet voices. They will be happy—I would give ten years of my life to know that happiness. Tomorrow, they will be silent and afraid. They will not meet my eyes. I would give ten thousand books to experience their awakening.

The roses are dead. I must throw them out before I go. The flies hover thicker than ever. Juanita squirmed and scratched all day. The Red Cross may help her—but it will have to go first into her little wretched home. She thumbed her nose at me for interfering.

Paper, notebook, pen, my glasses. That back window ought to be shut against the dust. Somebody took the apple and orange Jesusa brought me. Poor little beggars. This screen sags. I must remember to bring some locks.

How many times I have closed this door and opened it. I stumbled there yesterday. My feet are tired. The annual rains wash in torrents down the slope. I have been drenched many times. Then the sun bakes the ruts that trip me.

Buenos dias, señora. Your children are doing very well indeed. I enjoy having them in my classes. Yes, it is a nice day.

You horrible fat devil with your tongue in your cheek. You leer at me because you think that I assume the grand manners of the Americanos. I hate myself because you, one of my own people, are repulsive to me, you fat loose-garmented creature with oily black hair—mountain of flesh, smelling of onions and tequila. I hate you even as you hate me. You think that because I dress neatly and have an education of sorts, I am turning from my people, trying to rid myself of you and my kind. God, if I could. Lucy Garza, you are a fool. You can not get away from them, even though they despise you—you with your spectacles. You are ugly, yourself, and Mexican girls are beautiful. You are fat and the other girls are slender and straight. No wonder they sneer contemptuously.



January  
1927

I turned my heel again. My feet are tired—and heavy. Another day like this and they will drop quite off. The ground is hard like adobe. The fences—pickets loose and falling. The houses—clay for floors. Naked little brown babies, and chickens and pigs all in one room. Sunflowers, pepper trees, oleanders with blossoms that, underneath the dusty surface, still are white.

Buenos dias, Señora. Como esta usted esta mañana?

Another one. She smiles as she rocks complacently, then hisses poisonous words to the children in front of her little pig-sty. I am uncomfortable among these women. They smile and whisper among themselves about the hang of my skirt, or my fat body, or my superior air.

Sand and clay, white and dazzling. Hairless Mexican dogs, fat and wabbly like the women.

It is so hot. That Ford must have been running for an hour. The steam is rising like a geyser.

Buenos dias, Miguel. Yes, yes, it is a beautiful day. Yes, I want to go to the fiesta tonight, but I have so many papers to correct.

Miguel, you beautiful thing. Glorious barbarian. Your eyes are dark pools that sleep above volcanos. What would I give to have those fires flame out, your hands on mine, your lips—your lips—Lucy Garza, you are fat and ugly. There are bumps on your chin. What would a beautiful Indian be doing with an intellectual chump? My God, I have a mind. I must be using it. For what did my kind Americanos drag me from my father's ranch-house to be taught their ways, their books, their thoughts—only to be shoved back forever into a place where I can belong no longer? Miguel, I would make a good wife for you, for I am clean, and I could teach our children. They would be beautiful like you. I could make you comfortable. I would not mind if some nights you should go and drink tequila and dance with gay painted women with black silk hair. We should have a Ford and fat, dirty children, but they'd be mine. Yet, you do not want me, even for the mother of your brood. Even if you were drunk, you could not fool yourself.

My mind beats on in circles. Thoughts strike against my eyes. I know that they will burst presently. The glare. That shiny thing. A piece of tinfoil glittering. And I as wasted as that paper.

Plod, plod, plod. My feet ache. And my eyes. These people sneer and whisper. Drag, drag. My skirt sags, I know, and my hair is stringing tiredly and my broad nose is all ashine. The church. What have I to do

*The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE*

...•••...

*January  
1927*

with a sacred heart? It is sinning to go inside when all of me is in revolt. The sun's so bright. The sky's so blue. And San Felipe is blinding white, huddled here at the foot of the hill. The church. The door is heavy. I am too tired to struggle with it. Dear God, the green dark.

I wonder where the echoes go. Where will I go who am only an echo? My feet strike sharply on the uncarpeted concrete. The sunflowers droop listlessly in the cracked bottle. The awkward figure over the altar. Mary, mother of Christ, poor oil painting. I'd laugh at that disproportioned arm if I did not love you. Fat fingers and ugly child. Can I burn a candle, Mary? Poor Christ. The body is ugly and the nailed feet are hideous. But the blood from the thorns seems real. And the eyes are sad. Did Christ have a cross to bear like mine, Mary? Forgive me, Mary, mother. Nothing is real. Nothing matters.

I try so hard, Mary, to take myself out of my despair. But there is no purpose—no end. My children ignore me. Their mothers resent me. And I try, oh, I do, Mary, I do. My family does not understand. Miguel tolerates me merely. What are books and education compared to living? Tears? God, I am a fool. There's still sunshine and a blue, blue river that winds mercifully across the edge of the desert. I did not mean to cry. The church is cool and quiet. It is not peaceful. Nowhere can I hide from myself. Why, oh Mary, why?

I did not mean to let the door slam. How bright the sun is. Oh, be careful, brown baby. You'll be run over. They are American girls bringing the laundry to Maria—lovely young things. They belong. I can not talk to them. They make me seem fat and clumsy. Their chatter makes my words ponderous and ill at ease. These Americans—kind enough. They sent me to school. Why should I learn their way and be forced to live mine? Text books and chalk and alkali dust. My father loathes me. My mother doesn't count.

I thought I was never going to get home. The house is ramshackly, with the glass broken out of the front window and the fence bulging toward the middle. My father flings bottles regardlessly when my mother angers him. And the oleander tree is cut. It was the one thing about the place I loved. I expected it to go. Poor little tree. It bleeds white. It's covered with dust—and underneath the dust its leaves are green as the sea and its blossoms are white as my soul.

The chickens have been all over the porch again. My father left his heavy shoes in the middle of the floor. He's been tramping in the pig pen.

...on...

January  
1927

I'm glad that he is gone. I asked my mother not to leave that lunch for me—tortillas and frijoles. The flies are circling 'round and 'round. There must be fifty on that plate. Shoo chicks! get out of the house. The greasy cloth on the table. The spots on the rough floor, the wrinkled beds, the dusty curtains. Red peppers strung across the ceiling. The strong odor of garlic. It is so hot. Not a breath of air. The heat will drive me mad. I look like a hag. My hair hangs in sticky strands. My hands are hot. Perspiration stands out on my forehead, and trickles down the joints of my elbows. I know I am going crazy; something to do; something quick. It's so hot. I'm so tired. For what? For why? What is the answer?

Something to do. I'm nervous as an old woman and shaky. I've done nothing. The water is sweet and flat. It tastes of alkali. I'm hungry and thirsty—for what?

I can always clean up. The broom is thin and ragged. It drops straws as fast as I move it. The spots won't come off the floor. Perhaps a little water would be better—and soap. My back aches. Tra-la-la-la-tra-la—work and more work and when I get through cleaning there will be supper to get. My father will eat everything and spill it on the floor or on himself and then he will grumble. After that I will wash dishes. When that is done I will correct my papers—and on and on.

"La Paloma"—I can always sing. It goes something like this—tra-la-la-la-la tra-la-la. The broom—shoo chicks! tra-la—No one, no living soul loves you. Tra-la-la—Poor little oleander blossom. It must have floated in the window. I did not mean to step on you, poor, bruised, white flower. This looks better. So much dirt, so much cleanness.

So ugly, God, so fat and ugly—and I love beauty so. My skirt sags. My body sags. My hair is oily. My skin is greasy. And there's so much beauty—lovely things, silks and jewels, lapis-lazuli and little red slippers with high heels. This room is not half finished.

I have a mind, but not better than many people. It only makes me love beauty more. The girls my age are married. To the Americans I am always an outsider—so alone—please, please. "La Paloma" has a lilting air. I can always sing.

My mother will feel quite lost in so much cleanness. How can she be my mother? The curtains are all rumpled. She does not like my little ribbons. My father has been throwing bottles again. The glass over the face of the Madonna is cracked. Shoes here. Towels here. My mother's

(Continued on page 34)

## *Renunciation*

JACQUES LE CLERCQ

January  
1927

Loving you deeply, deeply, yet may I never  
Lull doubt to sleep, drug pain, bewilder pride,  
Cheat loneliness that prisons me or sever  
My chafing bonds of jealousy, or hide  
Fear bravely in humility, or surrender  
This self-made and self-nurtured disappointment—  
Though you be loving-kind, though you be tender,  
Though you bring myrrh for love, pity for precious ointment,  
Neither avails.

Leave me.

Leave me to engender  
Through subtile tortures, evil beyond tear  
From smarting eyes. Leave me a curse for sword, the slender  
Dagger of rancor, scorn for an axe, the scalpel of a sneer.  
Loving you deeply, deeply, yet must you leave me,  
Beyond beauty, beyond sorrow, beyond all save my bitterness—  
I make this hell my paradise. You can do nothing here.





# *How a Marvelous Phenomenon Was Attested True*

By M. L. RADOFF

**N**EW WINE! New wine! At the Cock and Capon. Come one; come all!  
New wine! New wine! *Le patron est le chef de cuisine!*"

The short October twilight of Provence was over, and the breeze from the East, which blew the cold down from the Maritime Alps, quickened perceptibly. The foregoing cry of the innkeeper's man was right welcome, therefore, to Maître Fenouille and Monsieur Finocchio who were huddled about a desperate, little char fire in front of The Angel Gabriel and The White Horse.

"Shall we go, my son?" asked Maître Fenouille.

"If it would be warmer there for you, Maître."

"Eh, perhaps it would be, son, and the walk will quicken our blood, which is important, as that will excite the humours; and if we mention the act or problem to be done or considered before the blood is agitated, there will be a splendid concentration of the humours on just that."

"How do you know this, Maître?"

"Eh, that is a long story, my son, but I will tell you only that I found it written on the bottom of a charm to make the Adversary appear."

"Pardon me, Maître, but is that proof of its truth?"

"Ah, you see my teaching has been of much good. That is right, my son; in scholarship always demand proofs. And as I am a scholar, I have proofs always ready. I know that this is true for two reasons: first, it was written in Latin . . ."

"Splendid, Maître. Splendid."

"Do not interrupt, sir, that is only the moiety. What else do you think I have of proof?"

"Something conclusive. Of that I am certain."

"Right again! Ah, my son, but you are an apt pupil. Very conclusive—at the end of the statement was the signature of the author."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!"

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦...

January  
1927

"And more yet: there were also the signatures of two witnesses."

"Most miraculously conclusive. And where is this document, Maître?"

"Ah, it is gone, but that is a sad story, my son, and a long one; and I sha'n't tell it to you now. But I have a statement from Monsieur Fennel in which he attests to having seen it, and all this is duly sworn to before Monsieur Rougenez who keeps the inn now at Aix."

"That is well enough. Still, I am sad that the document itself is gone."

My son, sometimes I think that my efforts to teach you are all wasted. Try to be scholarly: conjecture, and then do the best you can about proofs. But if we are to have our philosophy lesson and so direct our humours during the walk, let us begin. I shall try to devise a question which is truly philosophical, that is, one which may be decided one way and proved logically and which may then be decided the other way and proved equally as well."

"But that, Maître, cannot be a truthful proposition, as the truth is one and unified."

"True, true enough, but logic is the road by which the truth is arrived at. Philosophy, therefore, is the choice of the road; the truth remains eternal and unified, as you have said. Now a splendid question in philosophy is this one: Is it better for a man to *know* that his wife has been unfaithful to him and that she has now mended her ways, or is it better that he *know nothing* for certain and be *very suspicious* of her present fidelity?"

"A magnificent question, Maître, and one which, according to your definition, is purely philosophical."

"You are an excellent pupil, my son; a teacher is flattered by such perfect comprehension on the part of his pupil. Now begin on the solution. But God save us, here comes Monsieur Fennel on the run and in great excitement. What is it, Monsieur Fennel?"

"*Sang de Dieu*, Maître, it has just hailed stones with a single horn on them like a unicorn. Pierre Menteur has just run up to tell us that this happened in his pasture only a few minutes ago. Quick! With me!"

"But you are running the wrong way."

"No, no, we haven't time to go to the pasture; we must go make affidavits before the stones are entirely melted. We need the signature of a mathematician and a scholar to attest to this. We need you, Maître, for this."

"Come then let us run more quickly, my son. This is a great day for scholarship and science. The signature of such a scholar as I to attest to such an event is remarkable. Quick, quick, my son!"



# *Big Charleston*

E. C. L. ADAMS

*Gathering of Several Negroes Telling Stories*

**A**LL dis compensation 'bout hot suppers, dances womens and funerals brings a heap of diff'ent things to my mind. One thing I been thinkin' 'bout been Big Charleston and he doin's, and dat ain't one thing neither. It er range of things kiverin' diff'ent things in life,—a laugh one place and a tear another."

"I jes is 'member Big Charleston. He create a lot of 'sturbance in he time. Some folks says he was a human, and some says he were a beast and dey say he was double j'inted."

"Well, deys all kinds of diff'ent roads to de grave, and Big Charleston ain't been too long findin' out he road."

"Tad, tell we de tale 'bout Big Charleston."

"De first time I see Big Charleston been at a dance and hot supper over to de ole street. Dem niggers been havin' some time eatin' hash and rice, drinkin' liquor, singin' reels and dancin' and gamblin' and fightin'. You could hear 'em laughin' and talkin' a mile. Dey come to de road jumpin' to de drum and steppin' as high as a man's head. And as de night wored on you ought er seen some of dem niggers cut de buck and de buzzard lope, and sidin' 'round dem sisters like er rooster 'round er hen. Everything been lovely till dis gal of Potee's from de bluff come. She been pritty, but my brothers, I is here to tell you she been one little devil, and she 'casioned more'n one funeral. When she hit dat floor, niggers got to movin' and de fiddlers made dem fiddles talk and sing and cry. And dat little gal she was dartin' up to one nigger and leffen him and dartin' up to another. Back and forth she was swingin' and swayin', flyin' 'round dere like some kind of little bird. She dat pritty and sweet she set dem niggers crazy. And den she picked out Silas for her man, and Big Charleston come up and walked 'round de room, den he fasten he eye on de little gal and he lean over and snatch her

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

♦♦♦

January  
1927

from Silas like some kind of great hawk takin' a chicken in he claw right out de flock. And when he do dat, de little gal pull back and say she guh stay wid Silas. Den de trouble start.

All dem niggers been 'gainst Charleston. Charleston picked Silas up and th'owed him 'gainst de wall. Den dey started crowdin' him, and he looked like a boar hog wid a passel of fice dogs 'round him, and every time he twis' he self some of dem niggers was drapped jes like fices draps when a boar hog rips 'em up wid he tushes. Every time Big Charleston hit a nigger, a nigger hit de floor. When he'd reach out and grab a nigger, it look like he guh broke him in half, he'd pick de nigger up and slam him down and de nigger would tremble a little bit and lay still. Big Charleston been bleedin' all over wey dem niggers stuked him. He reach over and wring a stick out of a nigger's hand, and den he clean up. Niggers was th'owed all over de place, and Silas was dead, and dat little gal th'owed herself down and weep and moan over Silas, and she promise herself and she promise God dat she were guh make Big Charleston travel de same road he send Silas.

"And Charleston walk out wid he head up and walk to de boss, and de doctor 'tend him. Den dey 'res' him, and de boss say he'll be taken care of, and he been taken care of. He been a favor-ite wid de boss.

"And dat night at de settin' up dem niggers been talkin' 'round, moanin' and weepin', and dat little gal of Potee's been leadin' de singin' and she were prayin' and moanin'. And de followin' Sunday dey bury Silas and dere was great moanin' and weepin' from de sisters, and I ain't know whether dey weepin' for Silas or for Big Charleston. And dat little gal look like she guh bus' her heart out de way she holler. Her voice ring out all over de place and dat preacher tried his self, and brothers and sisters was swingin' and swayin', shoutin' and singin', and it look like all of 'em had forgot everything but de sperrit, and de sperrit lifted 'em from de earth. When dey start comin' out wid de box to take Silas to de grave, dat little gal th'owed herself 'cross it and called on Silas and beg God for Jesus' sake to take her along and lay her in de same grave wid Silas. And de sisters lif' her up, tored her loose from de coffin and dey buried Silas."

"And wuh dey do wid Big Charleston?"

"Dey ain't do nothin' to Big Charleston, jes take him to de cote and dey try him, but de boss he been bind him, and when he lawyer git up and tell dat jury wuh kind of hand Big Charleston been and how much work he can

(Continued on page 37)



## *The Advancing South*

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

USING Dr. Edwin Mims' book, "*The Advancing South*," as a sort of springboard Mr. Jones dives headlong into the real problem of the South. He would substitute "goose-stepping" for "advancing" in Dr. Mims' book, and he frankly discusses the future of a South which is to be guided by leaders such as the local intelligentsia, whom he finds indifferent, uninterested—and uninteresting.

He displays special excellence in his treatment of Ellen Glasgow's novels, the fight of Knapp and Poe for better farms, Dr. Poteat's battle for liberal theology, and the revolution in the Southern attitude toward higher education represented in the work of our own university.

It is perhaps ungracious for one who believes with Mr. Mims that life is richer when people are both intelligent and tolerant to complain. But on second reading certain discouraging facts appear. The advancing South does not seem to be advancing as rapidly as Mr. Mims believes. The continual reference to North Carolina is flattering to us, but it is not flattering to the rest of the region under discussion. Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas hardly figure in his book. There are only a few encouraging paragraphs on South Carolina and Georgia. (Indeed, Mr. Mims is frankly gloomy about Georgia.) The principal exhibit for Alabama is the industrial development of Birmingham. Of Virginia he has little more to say than to note some addresses delivered at the university, and to indicate that it is the home of Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell.

Such a rapid summary naturally does injustice to Mr. Mims' treatment of these sections—his tribute to Julian Harris, for instance, comes immediately to mind. Undoubtedly there are liberal movements in all of these

Mr. Mims is not writing about the South, but the advancing South, and it is inevitable that his volume\* should be frankly partisan. Wherever he can find a trace of liberalism or progress, be it in education, agriculture, religion, literature, or race relations, he records the fact and praises the doer. The result is invigorating. The doctrine is sound as far as it goes. The program is worthy, and one to which all right-minded men must rally. He

\*Mims, Edwin, *The Advancing South*. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1926.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

January  
1927

states which do not appear in the book. But when every allowance is made, the author is under the necessity of referring to North Carolina more often than to any other state when he seeks men and measures to fit into his picture. The inevitable deduction is that the "advancing South" looms larger in the book than it does in reality. It is well to face the fact at the outset.

Moreover, Mr. Mims' enthusiasm is a little uncritical. Provided that a Southerner be liberal, the author is prepared to back him to the limit. The result is a lack of differentiation which invalidates the whole volume. It is good to know that the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company treats its laborers fairly, but is it good to accept without reservations the kind of civilization which lies behind the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company? It is right that the Duke millions should go into Southern education, but does the South need merely another university? A revolt against "Southern Chivalry" was needed, but what are we doing with the new freedom now that we have it? Helpless before the ebony sphinx of the race problem, Mr. Mims hopes for the best. The acid test is not, is the South advancing? but, toward what goal is the South advancing? Mr. Mims fails to tell us.

Or rather what he does tell us is unsatisfactory. Better farms? Yes. More peach orchards? Yes. A more skillfully articulated system of industry? Yes. Educational institutions not quite so archaic? Yes. And the result is that the South is committing all the mistakes which the industrialized North and East have already committed; it is well on its way towards the flaccid acceptance of a machine civilization. Mr. Mims does not say so, but is it not true that the practical form which Southern civilization is taking is the building of more roads over which more automobiles can go more rapidly toward more cities that are more and more the duplicates of each other? In place of professional Southerners who were bad, we have accepted professional boosters who are worse; the radio, the automobile, the movie, and the phonograph replace the negro mammy, the plantation, the Southern colonel, beauteous womanhood, and the mint julep. Having wrecked one civilization, the danger is that we shall accept a Sears-Roebuck civilization in its place. What shall it profit the South if it gain industrial wealth and lose its own soul? Why should the South "advance," if this is what advance practically means?

This is not of course what Mr. Mims desires. It is not what any intelligent man desires. But is it not what the South is uncritically accepting? And after ten years mainly spent in teaching Southern youth, I am utterly discouraged by their placid acceptance of the situation. I think the worst



January  
1927

fact in Southern civilization today is not intolerance or illiteracy or Bourbonsim or the negro. These things will change. The most discouraging fact to me is the almost complete indifference among the younger generation in Southern schools and colleges to the fact that there is any problem in Southern civilization whatsoever. And I do not know that the curriculum of most Southern schools is calculated to enlighten their ignorance. The aim of both is apparently to become standardized.

The group of "intelligentsia" on every Southern campus represents, I suppose, the younger generation of leaders on whom Mr. Mims pins his faith. It is the group which cheers for Mencken, thinks that sex ought to be the theme of every work of art, admires Cabell, Anatole France, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, scorns the Fundamentalist, the dullard, and the small town, writes scorching editorials on the college curriculum, gets out the college comic, and patronizes the professors. As I have met them, they are bright, clever, cocky, self-assured, and thoroughly uninteresting. They are without enthusiasm, without conviction, without a program, without a goal. Confronted with ignorance, dullness, and prejudice, they take refuge in cynicism. They know with appalling clearness what they don't want.

Dean Hibbard of this university is quoted in *The Advancing South* as saying that what Southern literature needs is more satire. Perhaps. What the "younger generation of leaders" needs is less satire and more conviction. The younger generation is frankly false to its birthright. It is laying down on the job. In fact, it won't admit that it has any job. It is more delightful to dally in Cabell's *Poictesme*, it is more amusing to shock the home-folks by quoting Mencken, it is more thrilling to read and admire negro literature—in fact, it is easier to do these things than it is to think, to vote, to participate in public discussion, to study intelligently the problems of the South. On every Southern campus the debating society is falling into desuetude. It requires interest and enthusiasm in public affairs to keep such an organization alive, and the intelligentsia don't know a public affair when **they** see one. They prefer jazz, gin, and jokes. The result is a mental vacuity beyond compare. Nothing is so dull as the clever students of the present college generation. They are exactly like each other, and, what is worse, they are exactly like campus intelligentsia in the North, the East, and the West.

It was not always so. There was a time when eager young men flocked to Columbia, South Carolina, to learn to defend states rights and the economics of slavery and cotton. There was a time when politics was the

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...  
January  
1927

feverish preoccupation of the Di and Phi societies on our own campus. There was a time when a poverty-stricken but earnest generation toiled to reopen this university after the Civil War. But it has passed. It has been so long since I met a Southern student who was full of flaming enthusiasm for anything that I should probably drop dead if one turned up tomorrow. They have no interest in the specific Southern problem. They have no enthusiasm for the South. For them to read Walter Hines Page's *Letters* is a bore; to follow Dr. Knight's campaign is tedious; to buy the publications of the University of North Carolina Press is to waste money. Their only reaction to the complicated and fascinating problem of life in the Southern small town is to get away from it; their only notion about Clarence Poe is that he must be the author of *Ligeia*, or his relative; and as for poetry societies, little theatres, the novels of Ellen Glasgow, the essays of Dr. Poteat—why, *The American Mercury* is their bible, and Cabell is the god of their idolatry.

Perhaps I have overdrawn the picture. Here and there, quietly at work, are doubtless students of another type. But I think it is time that somebody spoke out to ask what is to be done with students such as I have described. I confess I do not know. When I get them in my classes, I am utterly puzzled by them. I prefer the honest thoroughness of the plodder to the intellectual smart-aleck we seem to have with us. The young intelligentsia are mainly intellectual sluggards, too cowardly or too indifferent to face the problem of Southern culture. If the South advances, it will not be because of this group, and yet, if the South is to advance, who but they are eventually to lead the battle? Only they are not interested in battles. What is to be done?





## Mentioning the Unmentionable

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

(*The Baltimore Evening Sun, November 29, 1926.*)

**T**HE LATE editor of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is described by one of his contemporaries as "now a refugee in New York city searching for a job." Hardly a month ago the editor of the *Carolina Magazine*, student publication of the University of North Carolina, was ordered to resign his position by the Student Council, and his bacon was saved only by the intervention of a faculty committee specially appointed to investigate his alleged crimes and misdemeanors.

Both incidents were caused by the same sort of activity—the Virginia editor wrote a story, and the Tarheel editor published one on the theme of inter-racial amours.

Here is an interesting footnote to the thesis of Mr. Addison Hibbard, recently published in these columns, on the changing attitude of the South toward the Negro in literature. Mr. Hibbard averred that the white professional writers of the South are abandoning both sentiment and comedy as the only possible settings for the Negro in fiction, poetry and drama, and are beginning to treat him with sharp and questioning realism. Apparently there is a certain tendency in the same direction among student writers.

At any rate, there is a tendency among the youngsters to mention what has hitherto been regarded as the unmentionable, to drag into broad daylight what has hitherto been regarded as matter to be kept in utter darkness.

The first two essays in that direction cannot be regarded as unqualified successes. The Virginian, as set forth above, is now an exile by the waters of Babylon, and while the Carolinian escaped, it was by so tight a squeeze that he left hair on both sides of the hole. Nevertheless, the thing has happened. Student magazines of two Southern State universities have published stories dealing with miscegenation.

The very violence of the reaction makes it certain that the subject was vehemently debated on each campus and awakened echoes in other colleges of the region. The unmentionable has been mentioned, the darkest phase

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

.....  
*January*  
1927

of the race problem has been effectively, if momentarily and somewhat luridly, illuminated. One generation of college students has come into realization that discussion of the subject is possible since intelligent men hold divergent views upon it.

As to whether this innovation is advantageous or pernicious there may be debate, but there is no blinking the fact that it has come and that it is an innovation. However, it does not necessarily follow that it foreshadows any perceptible change in the Southern social attitude. There is, indeed, no indisputable evidence that it has anything whatever to do with the Southern attitude toward the Negro.

After all, these students have not advocated any radical change. All they have done is recognize and recite the facts about a subject which convention has hitherto barred from open discussion. It is conceivable that miscegenation may be encouraged by being mentioned, but that possibility is remote, because it is certain that it has not been prevented by being ignored.

A good many sociologists hold the optimistic belief that it has tended to decrease for a generation, but the reason they ascribe is not the conspiracy of silence but the cultural advance of the Negro. As his race pride develops, the thing, they believe, becomes abhorrent to him. This view accounts for the theory of the ablest Southern social statesmen that the best defense against race amalgamation is the rapid development of the Negro. The theory is admittedly open to attack, but it does contain some elements of logic.

Of course, student editors are like other editors in that they sometimes yield to the temptation to jar their constituencies with sensationalism rather than make a slower appeal on higher grounds. Therefore, care should be taken not to attach too much importance to a single episode, or to a pair of them.

Nevertheless, there is a certain significance in the fact that Southern writers have discovered that the way to jar your readers is by a recital of facts about the life that goes on around them. The tendency of college writers to lay the scenes of their stories in twentieth-century Virginia or North Carolina, rather than in mediæval France or the Persia of Omar Khayyam, certainly is encouraging. It indicates that they begin to grasp at least one of the fundamentals of good workmanship.

To many good people the thought that Southern college students have ideas about love affairs between Negroes and whites is terrible. Perhaps it is terrible. But at that, is isn't as terrible as never having any ideas at all.

# The Pasture

R. F.

J. S.

J. P.

From the impotent to the ridiculous is but a short step, and the Golden Fleece, Carolina's athletic honor society, has successfully negotiated the distance in a single broad jump. With their plumes sadly bedraggled after the political fiasco of last spring, the Fleece recently found itself confronted with the possibility of a national honor society coming to the University. The Fleece immediately checkmated the new organization by tapping, as safe bets, the incumbents of three major offices on the campus, giving out as a reason for their unusual activity, that these men had not proven themselves at the time of their election.

And before those who knew the story behind the fall tapping had fully recovered from mirth, a member of the Fleece, in a moment of anger interrupted the initiation of Sigma Upsilon, in which the Fleece was being satirized, with the shouted statement:

"You can't make fun of the GOLDEN FLEECE and get away with it!"

What else is there left to do but to make fun of it? Certainly it has forfeited all claim to honor, respect, or usefulness. It has taken its place in the category of Carolina's hundred or so useless organizations. If, by its move, it has kept away a NATIONAL honor society, it has done well in that, but there is still one honor society too many on the campus of this University.



Fearing for the virginity of its ego, the senior class is on its hind legs demanding that Al Moore, the editor of the *Yackety Yack*, continue the inane custom of printing "senior write-ups" under the individual pictures of Carolina's finest.

Editor Moore classed the custom rightly as a relic of high and prep school days, but Kyser (Golden Fleece) and Warren (also) seemed to feel,

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

•••••

January  
1927

along with others, that their four years at the University would be wasted were they to miss the three inches of meaningless softsoap appended to their pictures.

The custom is foolish. The write-ups are sophmoric blather written to tickle the vanity of the individual, and we trust that Editor Moore will let the class cry loud and long before he consents to allow such stuff in his publication.



While we have persistently refused to dabble in politics believing it no place for a sane man—campus politics included—we are mildly interested in the fight waging about Al Smith's candidacy. It is amusing to note that the center of the controversy concerns his religion—the Constitution granting equal rights to all classes, colors and creeds notwithstanding.

Messrs. Mouzon and Johnson, leaders of the Southern saved, have come out with harsh pronunciamentos against him. A Catholic in the White House? Horrors, the pope would arrive on the first cattle boat from Rome and Protestantism would be doomed. Thumbing his nose at St. Peter's and the Vatican, Pius would gaily drape his skirts about him and take up his residence in the mansion formerly occupied by Calvin, Congregationalist of good standing. Betting in New York favors His Eminence, Cardinal Daugherty, as the next Secretary of State with Mundelheim of Chicago—sponsor of the Eucharistic Congress—as Comptroller of the Treasury.

All of which is, of course, sheer bigotry and nonsense. Al is no more linked with the pope than Dr. Coolidge is with the devil, and it is regrettable that such small minds should have entered the conflict. His critics, finding little blemish on his political record, have proven themselves typically American by attacking him from a purely personal viewpoint.

D. T. S.



The highway winds through the valley. Cars line each side of the road for some hundreds of yards. There is a lumber truck, with part of its load scattered over the road. Below it lies a motorcycle by a telegraph pole. Near the pole a mob is gathered. In its center lies a figure in overalls, bloody and torn. A man busies himself over the figure, moving with difficulty because of the crowd. The mob stands, mouth open and eyes popping,

staring at the figure, grumbling at the doctor when he gets in the way. The figure writhes, stiffens, and is still. The crowd presses closer and stares harder, unconscious of jostling from late arrivals who are in at the death. Finally a surreptitious foot prods the figure. There is no response. The crowd drifts away . . . Cars are started . . .

The doctor looks puzzled.

J. P. P.

January  
1927

Quite famous as an exponent of the *status quo*, the *Charlotte Observer* has in the last few days come to the decision that something ought to be done about first-year mortality in the colleges of this state. The suggestion they offer below amounts to a challenge to the University authorities.

"Many students leave the universities and colleges without even a thorough knowledge of English grammar, even though they are able to discourse fluently about the old English masters and speak several foreign and dead languages. If one complains that the college graduate does not know the elements and fundamentals of good English, he is told that the universities and colleges do not teach grammar and spelling. Which is true, but they might carry into practice, Dr. Chase's preaching, that "what we chiefly need is the courage to be different," break away from the established program and examine the applicants for admission to the institutions of higher learning and refuse to admit those who do not know English grammar or cannot spell, and those who know nothing of North Carolina history.

"Professor Wray has pointed out the reason why our universities and colleges are so badly over-crowded and why with ever-increasing appropriations for permanent improvements and maintenance, we cannot meet the demands of the rapidly swelling number of applicants for college entrance. If none were permitted to enter the universities or colleges except those who are prepared, even thoroughly grounded in the subjects taught in the grammar grades and junior high school courses, the pressure upon the higher institutions would not be so acute. Have the university and college authorities the courage to be "different" to the extent of barring boys and girls who are unprepared and who have no worth-while purpose in going to college?"





## Scalpelic

THE SUN ALSO RISES. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. 250 pp. \$2.50.

John Erskine has proved himself to be the most expert manipulator of literary conversation, and now in *The Sun Also Rises* Ernest Hemingway takes his place beside him as a master of natural conversation. Most of the younger writers pay too little attention to the speeches of their characters. Some are carried away by plot and throw in conversation simply as a device to advance the action. Others become lost in the morass of psychology and allow conversation to turn into an obscure and inhuman jargon. Their novel may still remain above the average, but they are considerably weakened by this slurring over of the possibilities of speech. From any literary standpoint *The Sun Also Rises* is a good novel; from a conversational standpoint it approaches perfection.

The story is told in the first person by Jake Barnes, an American expatriate living in Paris, who has been strangely and terribly wounded in the war. The nature of his wound is such as to break his existence into distorted and pessimistic angles. However, through friends and through outside interests he manages to make life bearable—giving way to self-pity only in moments of extreme bitterness. His hopeless desire for Brett, that tender, whimsical, worldly woman, contains all the pathos of beauty and frustration. Mr. Hemingway handles the theme with laconic delicacy. Through the medium of his clipped, introspective narrative Barnes is developed sanely and starkly, while the dissolute Brett is revealed as the most uniquely charming heroine of recent fiction.

The plot of the novel is not of the definite, plodding variety. It consists of a series of incidents subtly woven into a tense correlation and is intermittently broken by passages of Hemingway's staccato conversation which delight and astound by their effortless accuracy. Above all, the book is real; one feels a sense of complete fitness in its every phrase. It is a highly developed realism which convinces by average thought and idiom rather than by the unpleasant and abnormal. Characterization is inserted with scalpelic deftness. Witness Robert Cohn, the pitiful Jew who, alternately cringing and blustering, typifies so well the inferiority complex of a race. Description in the novel is admirably atmospheric. Witness the soft setting of the Basque country and the bull fight scenes which the author, with the enthusiasm of a true *aficionado*, makes into something of glamorous power. Consider *The Sun Also Rises* from whatever angle you wish—it is worthy of unstinted praise.

## *Agile Allegory*

**GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE.** By Heywood Broun. Boni and Liveright. Price, \$1.50.

Few people are able to write an allegorical tale. Either the allegory runs away with the story, or the story with the allegory, and the result, though often readable, leaves something to be desired.

*Gandle Follows His Nose* is a charming and somewhat sophisticated fairy tale, mingling harmoniously with an allegory that is pointed, clever, and understandable. Mr. Broun has a quiet humor that never loses its flavor. The book can be read many times. It is small in size, and one varies between wishing that there had been more, and being grateful that, in this day of wordiness, one writer has told his story without padding, and made it much more enjoyable by brevity.

The tale concerns one Bunny Gandle, who blunders through his existence ruled by nothing more than circumstance. He becomes a hero merely because he happened to be very innocent, and, of course, because he followed his nose.

There are dragons, magicians, genii, and powerful armies, gods, women, and glass mountains—and the writing of Heywood Broun.

*J. P. Pretlow.*

## *Sans Propaganda*

**TROPIC DEATH.** By Eric Walrond. 283 pp. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

*Tropic Death* is a book of ten brave short stories. Eric Walrond is a man of negro blood. But there is no race consciousness, prejudice, or propaganda in the book. He cannot be compared with any of the American negro writers, who have contented themselves with vehicles for sentimental observations on the sociological problems of their race. Instead, he sketches with casual indifference and impartial actuality that frightful, boiling pot of so many metals, the West Indies. He dramatizes its scum, a slag of nameless terror, strange tenderness, childlike sensuality and superstitious hatreds, with a wealth of poignant implication.

All ten of the stories are plain, simple, true. The West Indians, the buckra johnnies, the erotic señoritas, and the helpless blacks move and change as naturally as the folk-tunes beaten out by the chigger-cracked knuckles of a mestizo, while the action shifts from the slums of Panama to the marl diggers of the Barbadoes, from the crowded decks of a fruit ship to the banks of the Essequibo River in Guiana. Beryl, the famished baby girl in "Drought", dies a pitiful death, her abdomen swollen with marl dust; but the child's plight is graphic, and without commiserative comment. All the fetid meaninglessness of tropic life to the transplanted white is suggested in "The Palm Porch", yet Mr. Walrond remains the narrator only of these living dramas and sardonic comedies.

At last, with the printing of *Tropic Death*, a negro writer—an artist—has written, unchanged, and unimpregnated, the filtrate through his mind of sensitive and sympathetic reactions to a wide and authentic experience with his own people.

*J. O. Marshall*

January  
1927

## *A Critic Writes*

THE NINTH WAVE. By Carl Van Doran. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

"The true drama of life has been so long obscured by melodrama that men ordinarily overlook the dramas in which they find themselves involved. The writers of fiction have commonly taken advantage of this habit of response in mankind and have found it sufficient to traffic in visible events, to which the term 'dramatic' has come to be applied. A few thoughts that a man has had may explain his career more accurately than any possible number of happenings chosen from it could do. I keep waiting for a novel, though I have never read one, which will always go behind events to the impulses, resolutions, convictions which mark the essential life of a man. One man would do as well as another, because men in this inner region are so much alike. Not many of his moments of inner drama need to be recruited. Tell me the truth about a dozen of them, and I will tell you the truth about the man." John Thane: Drama and Melodrama.

And, now, Carl Van Doran in his first novel, "The Ninth Wave," has done just this thing. In an era of fiction which deals largely with Main Street and the Metropolis, Mr. Van Doran sets his hero, Kent Morrow, in an atmosphere far removed from either of these. Then he selects ten episodes from his life and tells us just what he is thinking and doing at these times; what happens between these moments is filled in by reader's imagination. There is nothing forced about these episodes; they occur naturally, and each is complete in itself. There is no tedious working up to a climax; they are on us without any preparation save in the same chapter—witness the scene between Kent and Margaret following Barry's visit; recent fiction holds nothing more gripping than those few pages. But they, like the discovery that Barry is in love with Kent's wife, hit the reader in a refreshing fashion, for the author gives us no indications of their existence in the previous episodes. It is all as it would be in life. There are no "anticipatory flashes," the thing happens and that is all there is to it. The next chapter is concerned with simpler scenes in the life of husband and wife.

Mr. Van Doran has portrayed a real character. His episodes are the same as the striking, memorable moments of almost any man, and they are depicted with genuine artistry. There is no searching for the unusual or the dramatic; Kent Morrow might be any one of a hundred college professors.

The title refers to the popular superstition that the waves of the ocean move in a series, the ninth making the highest point.

*Don Seiwel*

## *Valsparring the Round Table*

GALAHAD. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill. 340 pp. \$2.50.

Striking his stride in the first paragraph, if such a dance of Pan can be called a stride, John Erskine enjoys himself hugely at the expense—and enrichment of the

January  
1927

staid Arthurian legends. To say that he has written another sparkling book about a *woman*, despite the title, would accurately sum up the whole thing.

Upon the simple canvas of the legends, Mr. Erskine has added color to the form where he found it, and in most places he has added both form and color. The result is a charming story filled with clever women and somewhat intelligent men—for the use of the women.

As in "Helen of Troy," Helen was the point around which all else revolved, so Guenevere gives unity to the action in "Galahad." For, despite the title role, the character of Guenevere stands out as the strongest and most carefully delineated one in the book.

Guenevere, finding Arthur to lack an idealism which she had seen in him before their marriage turns to Sir Launcelot, seeking to mold him to her ideal figure. She is quite insatiable in this desire to create the perfect knight, and failing in the case of Sir Launcelot, she seizes upon his son, Galahad, who being in his youth responds to her firm touch most gratifyingly.

She labors with such zeal in the making of her perfect knight that poor Galahad becomes a fanatic on the subject of purity. He is stunned by the knowledge that his mother and father are not married, and in the crucial test which Guenevere applies to him, deserts the queen when he finds that he is forced to choose between her and the ideal of purity which she has bred into him.

On the dim framework of this story, Mr. Erskine has erected a modern day story, alive with conversation and problems of the present generation. The naivete and sincerity of Elaine and the power and idealism of Guenevere furnish a delightful contrast, for the author is at his best when portraying his "super-men."

Between Elaine, the physical, and Guenevere, the ideal, Launcelot and Galahad are but pawns in the game. There are other forces in the story which, if re-named, would make it allegorical in nature, but we are spared that by the humanness and life which the author breathes into them.

---

### *Books Received and Books to be Reviewed*

**HEAVEN TREES.** By Stark Young. Scribner's. \$2.

**THE TRIUMPHANT RIDER.** By Frances Harrod. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

**CRITICAL WOODCUTS.** By Stuart Sherman. Scribner's. \$2.50.

**ANGEL.** By Du Bois Heyward. Doran. \$2.

**BELLARION.** By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

**CONFessions OF AN ACTOR.** By John Barrymore. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.

**THE GOLDEN DANCER.** By Cyril Hume. Doran. \$2.

**ALMOST PAGAN.** By J. D. Beresford. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

January  
1927

...♦♦♦...

## Ethics in Journalism

(Continued from page 7)

A hiatus occurs here in the journalistic ethical movement. Morals, veracity, decencies were forgotten during the greatest piece of four year news the world has ever known. The World War broke! Stories, headlines, and editorials became so garbled, prejudiced, and yellow that they aroused to a contumacious pitch the passions of thousands of 100% Americans. A super-annuated reporter once said to me that newspapers were the greatest single cause in bringing on the bloody chaos—how especially true in the case of the United States!

All news was smeared with the War urge. Correspondents manufactured facts, figures, and statistics that astonished the Allies and shamed loyal German-American citizens. Imaginary babies were paraded on bayonets; pulsating fetuses were torn from the wombs of dying mothers; nurses were raped; and holy nuns were made to suffer the indignities of sexual maniacs. God, how terrible those Huns were in the newspapers! And, at the time, the American public fell for it.

The Hearstian octopus so garbled accounts and official dispatches that it was barred by the British, Canadian, French, Portuguese, and Japanese governments from their countries and denied the use of their cables. It was just before this that, to counteract his earlier pro-Teutonic propaganda, Hearst adopted the idea of printing the American flag, often colored, on top of the front page; smaller pennants appeared on the inside.

Other newspapers were just about as reprehensible in their handling of the War. The impeccable New York *Times* heaped abuse on Jane Addams for telling the truth about how our soldiers were habitually pepped up with liquor and drugs before charging over No Man's Land. This same sheet in a most despicable manner blue-penciled, cut, or suppressed all news, authoritative or otherwise, of the Russian Revolution in order to defend a point of policy: the existing arrangement of things. But one of the vilest acts of a capitalistic press was perpetrated by the Chicago *Tribune* in 1921 when it reprinted a picture of rioting in Petrograd, which it originally gave its clientele on November 4, 1917, captioning it as a portrayal of an anti-Soviet revolt by the citizenry of Moscow. No apology or explanation of the incident was ever made in the columns of the "World's Greatest Newspaper."

...phi...

January  
1927

Modern jazz was the curse handed the musical profession by the War. The tabloid was the anathema the press had to suffer. Post-War Americans became highly emotional, hurried, creatures. Losing the rhythmical sway produced by cellos and viols the dance, under the influence of the cacophonous saxophone and stifled trumpet, degenerated into a sexual wrestle; eating, depending on time, became a quick-lunch, gorging process or an epicurean banquet of delicacies, hours in duration. Similarly, with the tabloids people got their news by the easy non-cogitative method of scanning pictures—50% of which were laboratory products. Four pages of cuts devoted to the pastimes of "Peaches" Browning; half a column given the dispatches from Albany. The latest metropolitan marble champion gets two pages of fulsome flattery; quarter of a column portion to news from Washington. A special edition for the verdict in the Loeb-Leopold case with a crepe bordered vignette of a fainting female admirer, a photograph of Leopold's collection of birds' eggs, and numerous diagrams of other fortuitous material; two inches dedicated to an educational experiment in Russia. An extra pink edition during the melee of the Hall-Mills trial; a sentence announcing the death of Dr. Charles Eliot. So it goes! The culmination of unethical yellowishness are the headlines quoted at the beginning.

All is not as hopeless, however, as it may appear. Most of the Southern papers are biased, narrow, and Rotarianally orthodox; but they try to defend the "po' white trash" and at least, though it is generally unwritten, have a rigid ethical code. Missouri journalists adopted a code of ethics in 1921. The final paragraph of it reads:

#### OUR CREED

*In every line of journalistic endeavor we recognize and proclaim our obligation to the public, our duty to regard always the truth, to deal justly and walk humbly before the gospel of unselfish service.*

In 1922 Oregon newspaper men passed a code similar to that of Kansas'; part of it is worth quoting:

We will not permit, unless in unusual cases, the publishing of news and editorial matter not prepared by ourselves or staffs, believing that original matter is the best answer to the peril of propaganda.

#### SECTION 1. Sincerity and Truth:

It (the newspaper association) interprets truth not merely as the absence of actual misstatement, but the presence of whatever is necessary to prevent the reader from making false deductions. It also accepts the duty of openly acknowledging error.

On April 28, 1923, the American Association of Newspaper Editors, composed of men who direct the news and editorial policies of nearly one hundred fair-sized dailies, adopted seven canons of Journalism. These are worth noting:

## II. FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Freedom of the press is to be guarded as a vital right of mankind. It is the unquestionable right to discuss whatever is not explicitly forbidden by law, including the wisdom of any restrictive statute.

## III. INDEPENDENCE

Freedom from all obligations except that of fidelity to the public interest is vital.

## IV. SINCERITY, TRUTHFULNESS, ACCURACY

Good faith with the reader is the foundation of all journalism worthy of the name.

## V. IMPARTIALITY

Sound practice makes a clear distinction between news reports and expressions of opinion. News reports should be free from opinion or bias of any kind.

But few of the big city dailies have any ethical code and many have no ethical sense. It is among the little papers like the ones which subscribe to the Kansan, Oregon, and Missouri codes that a moral renaissance in journalism must take place.

---

## *Pariah*

(Continued from page 13)

dress here. My hat here. This looks better. Dusting improves everything. The mantelpiece—these baskets and china figures. Prizes from a cracker-jack box. My childish parents make life harder. My father's pistol. My father loves pistols—long and blue-black and shiny. He likes to break whisky bottles and jack rabbits. It must go back, next to my mother's rosary beneath the picture of the Madonna. The table next—dusty as the road. I wonder—pistols. That one is loaded. Right through here. It would not hurt long. And if I keep on living there will be a pain always. The chairs are dusty, too. They will be dusty again tomorrow. Sweeping and dusting and washing dishes. Trudging to school in the morning. Sweating back in the hot afternoon, dreading the people that I meet. They laugh and

January  
1927

look or else they do not see me. If I were doing any good. But it's futile. I am not sure of anything. Those arithmetic problems. The figures go wiggling up and down the page. I never know. Two and two. Eight times eight. Geography. The capitol of Wyoming. Paris, Rome, and—San Felipe. If I were abroad I should still be ugly.

So many lovely things, God, and I am so hideous. So many useful things, and I wasted. The thorns pressed on your forehead seemed real, Christ, but your eyes and face were beautiful. Your cross could not have been as hard to bear.

The pistol—if I keep on living, so tired. My feet ache and my back aches, and my eyes burn. My hands are swollen. There's supper to get. My father will be angry if there is no chile. They are so ugly, God, and so dirty. I'll be dirty, too. Some day it will no longer matter.

A lovely pistol. Miguel will not even care. The girl will give a little sigh of pity. Will I always be so alone? Right through here. For a minute, it will hurt.

I am afraid. One minute only. Tamales and tortillas. The smell of garlic and perspiration. Red peppers strung across the ceiling. Pigs snuffling and snorkling. Hairless dogs. Whiskey bottles planted in a heart-shaped plot. Unrestrained fat women in two flapping garments. The blaze of the sun. Glare—white, white, white—sky, blue, blue. Eyes that throb and pound against my brain.

There will be a little pool of blood, a stain and a swarm of flies. The thrum of guitars and a sweet burst of "La Paloma." Chalk and alkali dust. A little lake of blood. Flies. A buzz and hum of flies. An ugly, flabby body—stringy hair and staring eyes. Ugliest of all in death.

A pool of blood. A spattering of blood. Quiet and darkness and oblivion. Right through here. It will not hurt long. My mother will not care. She does not mind a mess.



# Christian & King Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different

Orpheum  
THE HOME OF  
Musical Comedy  
AND  
VAUDEVILLE



Change of program Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

Select your Christmas  
presents from our com-  
plete line of Books, Ath-  
letic equipment, novelties  
and numerous other  
articles that make ap-  
preciated gifts.



*The*  
Book Exchange

FANCY ICES                    BLOCKS

Blue Ribbon  
Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets

DIAL L-963

DURHAM ICE CREAM  
COMPANY, INC.

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET  
Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS                    PUNCHES

## *Big Charleston*

(Continued from page 18)

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

do, he say he ain't never been in no trouble wid white folks, and he say, 'You all ain't got nothin' 'gainst Charleston, wuh he do? He kill one nigger in self defense and he broke up two or three others. Wuh harm is Big Charleston do?' And dat little gal of Potee's been dere. Instead of her being agin Big Charleston, she help him and when de jury turn Big Charleston loose, wuh she do? She set dere and wait. When she come out de cote house, she been wid Charleston and she been recognize as he ooman."

"You sho' never is know wuh er ooman guh do. De bes' thing you kin do is to figger out wuh dey guh do, and dey is more'n apt to be contrary and do de other thing, and den your mind is more'n apt to have you wrong. You never is know wuh er ooman guh do."

"Well, I figger out womens dis er way. When it comes to mens heap er time it ain't matter wuh er man do or wuh kind of man he be. Look at all de womens. All un 'em after Big Charleston, and dey know wuh kind of man is Big Charleston, and most generally dat's womens."

"Wuh 'come of him, Tad?"

"Well, him and dat little gal live together, and she been crazy 'bout Charleston, but after while he lef' her and taken up wid another ooman. Dat's de way he started travelin' on he las' road. Dat little gal mighty nigh tored de other ooman up, and she stick er knife in Charleston and he die, but 'fore he die he grab her and twis' her over and broked her neck on he knee, den he fall back and she fall 'cross him and dey both die kivered wid blood."

"All you got to do is follow womens."

January  
1927



# Stetson "D"

Clothiers  
and Furnishers

FEATURING  
Stetson "D" Clothes and  
John Ward Shoes



All Stetson D Clothes pressed free  
at our shop for entire school year.

DR. WADE H. MARSHALL  
Tankersley Building

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN  
Phone 45

## Well Established in the Banking Business

Over its long period of useful years The Fidelity Bank has built up a surplus and undivided profits account of practically a million dollars. This sum is your protection in financial matters handled by this bank.

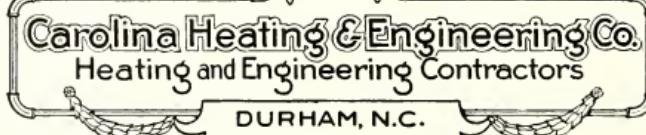


**The Fidelity Bank**  
DURHAM AND WEST DURHAM

SMOKE—  
“HAV-A-TAMPA CIGARS”  
10 cents and up  
LARGEST SELLER ON THE HILL  
I. L. SEARS TOBACCO CO.  
Telephone L-4461  
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Holland Street

Telephone J-9441



**Carolina Heating & Engineering Co.**  
Heating and Engineering Contractors  
DURHAM, N.C.

## The Writers

VIRGINIA LAY shifted her medium from woodcuts to verse in this issue; she has promised a cut for the next number . . . BYRON WHITE, managing editor for the *Tar Heel*, writes about his chosen field . . . JACQUES LE CLERCQ will have a book of verse published by the Dial Press; he is a contributor to numerous contemporary publications, not the least of which is *New Masses* . . . KATHARINE JOHNSON spent a few years of her life on the Mexican Border, acquiring the color which she weaves into her stories . . . M. L. RADOFF came here from Texas University and is in the graduate school . . . E. C. L. ADAMS lives in Columbia, S. C., and will have a book of his sketches published soon by the University Press . . . H. M. JONES, who is on the faculty at this University, would evidently like to write an "Advancing South" himself . . . GERALD W. JOHNSON contributed this editorial to the *Magazine* unknowingly; he was once head of the department of Journalism at this University, leaving it to go to the Baltimore *Sun*.



## REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

CHAPEL HILL INSURANCE  
AND REALTY CO.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

## UNIVERSITY PRINTERY

In U. N. C. Public Service  
Building

*Service*

PHONE 158

PROMPTNESS

NEATNESS

## State-Wide Roofing Service

From coast to mountains,  
we sell and apply roofing  
for every type of building.  
We cover anything from a  
garage to the biggest plant.

*The BUDD - PIPER  
ROOFING CO.  
DURHAM  
N.C.*

## *Gifts*

### TO HELP YOU SOLVE A BIG PROBLEM

Jewelry is expressive. It is appropriate. It is serviceable. It is the perfect gift. Visit our store and see our brilliant displays. Examine the list of suggestions and decide for yourself. Have you ever seen such an array of different, beautiful, and lasting presents? Any gift taste can be satisfied from our stock. We have gathered together the BEST in our line, priced it reasonably, and guaranteed it fully.

#### FOR HIM:

Belt Chains, Belt Buckles, Birthstone Rings, Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, Cuff Links, Desk Sets, Desk Clocks, Fraternal Jewelry, Fountain Pens, Signet Rings, Watches, Watch Chains, Military Brushes, Pencils, Tie Clasps, Scarf Pins, Gold Pocket Knives, Strap Watches.

#### FOR HER:

—Bar Pins, Bonbon Dishes, Book Ends, Boudoir Clocks, Boudoir Lamps, Bracelets, Candle Sticks, Pendants, Compotes, Desk Sets, Diamond Rings, Diamond Watches, Diamond Pins, Jewel Boxes, Leather Hand Bags, Overnight Bags, Beaded Bags, Mesh Bags, Necklaces, Pearls, Pen and Pencil Sets, Umbrellas, Wrist Watches, Toilet Sets, Clocks, Vanity Cases.

**Jones & Frasier**  
*"Quality Unquestionable Since 1887"*

First National Bank Building, Durham, N. C.





POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY · 1927

## THE ORDEAL OF THE YOUNG INTELLECTUAL

*An Article*  
By DILLARD S. GARDNER

## BURLESQUE

*A Poem*  
By R. K. FOWLER

## AMATEUR

*A Story*  
By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PAGE

HARRIS

O. HENRY

Just in time for our big  
**FEBRUARY SALE**  
Starts Feb. 1st at 9:00  
O'clock—Ends  
on the 12th.

Everything goes, nothing re-  
served. This is our big yearly  
sale and means a big saving to all.  
Everything in Furniture and  
Rugs, all high grade guaranteed  
goods. 20 to 50 per cent re-  
ductions.

**Royal & Borden Co.**  
Durham, N. C.

*More than one  
million dollars  
in resources*



**The Bank of Chapel Hill**  
*'Oldest and Strongest Bank in  
Orange County'*



**The  
First National  
Bank  
of Durham**

Has been pleased to serve and support the University of North Carolina for more than a generation. With each passing year it has become better fitted to do so and welcomes all business entrusted to it by "Carolina" men.

C. M. CARR ... Chm., Bd. of Directors  
W. J. HOLLOWAY ..... President  
C. C. THOMAS ..... Vice-Presidents  
R. P. READE }  
SOUTHGATE JONES }  
B. G. PROCTOR ..... Cashier  
ERIC C. COPELAND. Assistant Cashier

**Resources \$9,000,000.00**

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., Editor

R. K. FOWLER, Assistant Editor

L. H. MCPHERSON, Business Manager

H. J. SCHWARTZ, Advertising Manager

G. K. DACY, Circulation Manager

KILLIAN BARWICK, Assistant Business Manager

VOLUME 57

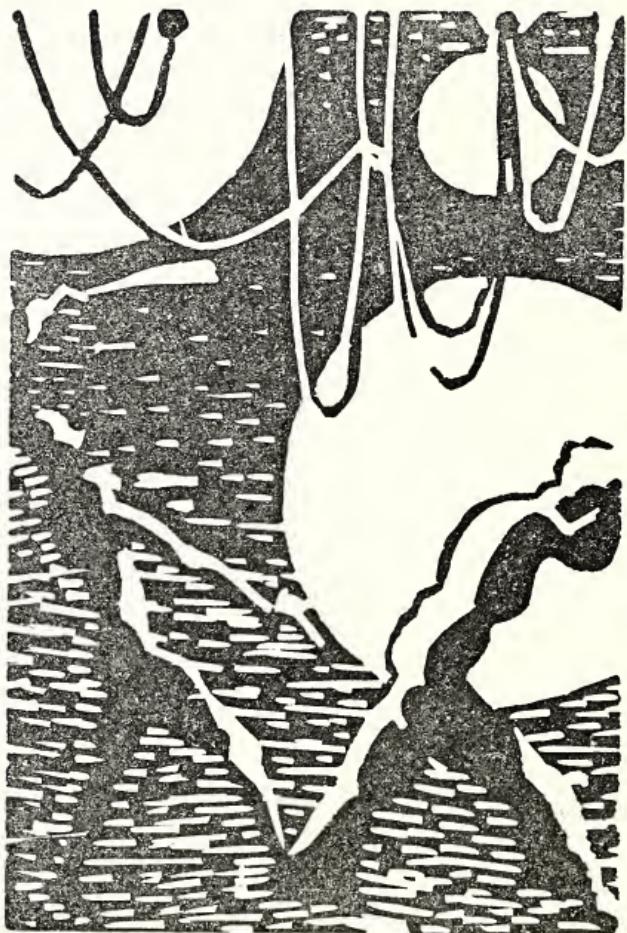
FEBRUARY, 1927

NUMBER 4

## Contents

WOODCUT	Virginia Lay
THE ORDEAL OF THE YOUNG	
INTELLECTUAL	Dillard S. Gardner
BURLESQUE ( <i>Verse</i> )	R. K. Fowler
MY DAUGHTER ( <i>Verse</i> )	Ellen M. Carroll
AMATEUR	John V. A. Weaver
CLOUD CASTLES ( <i>Verse</i> )	Clinton Scollard
SONG TO A MECHANICAL	
LADY ( <i>Verse</i> )	Howard Mumford Jones
THE PATH ( <i>Verse</i> )	Lilith Shell
COPPER HILL ( <i>Sketch</i> )	Padraic Pretlow
DARK BROTHER ( <i>Verse</i> )	Lewis Alexander
CHARM FOR LOST INNOCENCE ( <i>Verse</i> )	Jacques Le Clercq
VIGIL ( <i>Verse</i> )	G. A. Cardwell, Jr.
PASTURE	
BOOK BAZAAR	
THE WRITERS	

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.



—Woodcut by VIRGINIA LAY

*"The pair of them prance in a ludicrous dance  
Interpersed with blows on the seat of the pants."*

—Burlesque.



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57

NUMBER 4

## *The Ordeal of the Young Intellectual*

By DILLARD S. GARDNER

*A study involving some of the psychological and educational aspects of the problem of the exceptional student.*

*Invention, or creation, is the highest form of mental activity of which we are capable, and yet, in education, in religion, in science, in everything, it is an activity which either does not receive its just dues or is actually shackled.*

*T. S. Knowlson in ORIGINALITY.*

THE STUDY of the young "intellectual" is a study of inadequacy; inadequacy not of the natural endowment of the man but of the agencies of training and of the social attitude by which he is surrounded. His abundant energy and intelligence is diverted from constructive, artistic, and scientific endeavor to conventionalized cynicism. Is is the problem of our awakened educators and our practical psychologists to turn more surely to the study of the individual, his talents and modes of learning, as the vital element in sound teaching. They must turn, sooner or later, to the study of that little minority so vital to the future of society, the individualistic, solitary youths who have thought their way out of crowd compulsions by their self-analysis and intellectual courage just as did every original thinker from Protagoras through Spinoza to William James.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE



February  
1927

The young "intellectual" is intellectually maladjusted; he is a "lion in an ocean of beer"; he questions life closely, and writing often affords him relief from the tortures of his own questioning. They become painfully realistic and frankly disillusioned, peering beneath the dogmas and shibboleths of crowd thinking. They are few in number, usually existing as lovers of solitude and their own thoughts, but often drawn together in cliques, as is partially true here, due to their common interests and attitudes. One can not hold up these recluses to analysis and consequent ridicule, and surely an analysis of some unknown "crank" would not be interesting to the students in general. For this reason the intellectual here referred to is the young thinker who writes and is therefore generally known.

The primary reason for the existence of the intellectual in college is not so much that he is a cynic as it is that he is not busy. These boys are not "cranks"; they are intellectually superior, as will be seen by a casual perusal of their ratings in the mental alertness tests. Since they are intellectually superior to the average student, classes easily become boring or extremely "slow." While the instructor is carefully and diligently driving home a few fundamental facts in a manner that will enable the average student to grasp them, the intellectual student has quickly obtained the gist of the matter, or has found it uninteresting and therefore ignores it entirely. Whether he learns the matter rapidly or casts it aside as uninteresting, there is a great store of surplus energy which demands outlet. In the ordinary individual this outlet is found in different activities; the physically strong turn to athletics; the scholarly turn to additional research in that particular subject studied; the gregarious turn to the fraternities, or, if not a member, may organize some group for a specific purpose; the ambitious turn to politics, and any and every campus activity is employed for purposes of expediency. However, the intellectual is not a normal individual; he is more than normal, especially in the field of intelligence. Since his interests are primarily mental, he is rarely an athlete. He is too temperamental and nervously brilliant, as a general rule, to possess the plodding patience of the scholar. In the presence of the ordinary student he finds himself superior in intellect and possibly inferior in physique, personality or experience in life; if this condition exists, he resorts to self-justification, which exalts the mental superiority over all other attainments and may result in a distinct inferiority-complex. If really intellectual he soon perceives the utter uselessness of most of the campus organizations, when regarded from the viewpoint of the permanent benefit secured. As a result of



February  
1927

these individual variations from the average student, he disposes of his surplus time in thought, imagery, reasoning, rationalization, creative thinking and criticism, since all of these fall within the realm in which he realizes that he is superior to the average. Such activities are therefore congenial to him.

We have seen why the intellectual devotes most of his spare time to casual and abstract thinking; now let us determine, if possible, why he is hypercritical and cynical. We seek freedom from crowd-mindedness by liberating our own thinking from the complex of crowd compulsion. The superiority of the thought of the intellectual over that of the average student gives to the exceptional student a sort of intellectual courage. The "slow" classes, the idolized athlete, the struggle for honors—these and others appear to him as defects which do not exist in his imagined, ideal university, where the "intellectual" sits supreme. In comparing conditions as they are with the perfect conditions which he has conceived, the defects become more and more apparent and the conditions become more unbearable. The intellectual becomes nettled, as he sees more clearly the lack of consideration given the creative thinker, and the honors piled upon the athlete. To him it is a question of brain against brawn, and he becomes incensed as he sees brawn win approbation over brain more and more consistently. This is why we referred to the intellectual as being maladjusted. He refuses to fit into a scheme of things which to him seems illogical and unjust. In such a situation he reacts easily to the slightest stimulus with rage, just as is often the case when one has been severely scolded or bitterly criticised, a slight irritation causes one to fly into a passion of anger, which is apparently without cause. He is being forced to do something which he feels is wrong; and by having to follow along with the class and at its rate of progress he is thwarted in the desire for the rapid acquisition of culture. That is what psychologists call a thwarted tension, an example of which is seen at work when a clerk, scolded by an employer, goes home to growl at his wife and children, or when a child punished by its mother, in turn vents his rage upon the cat by pulling its tail. In a thwarted tension, even if some circumstance prevents the rage being vented upon the one who caused it, there can be no real suppression, for to attempt to suppress it causes it to spread throughout the mind in what is called "emotional transference," or diffusion, so that a violent reaction follows from a slight stimulus.

With the idea of superiority there appears its complement—the cynical attitude. The feeling of superiority is the basis of snobbery and of "intel-

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...  
...  
...

February  
1927

lectual high-hattedness," or cynicism. When one discovers that he is better than another, he logically feels that the other is inferior to himself. The error here lies in this, that one may be inferior to another in brilliance yet superior to him in knowledge, and even in logic. The most original mind has merely a margin of difference between it and the average mind; that margin causes new standards and new values to be created. Imitation is a question of degree. Between the common plagiarist and Aristotle's poet, who "imitated nature in such a way as to fulfill her unfinished desires," the same thing is done but in different degree.

The Mencken attitude may grow out of either or both of two conditions. First, it may arise from an irritation at the slow process of acquiring culture, or it may arise from a real irritation at the slowness of the course on which he is sitting. In the latter case, routine work may be neglected, and the quite genuine mood of rage at the course may be transferred to the apparent cause of the slowness of the course—the dumb student, and the unintellectual athlete. If the irritation is not severe and genuine, as in the case of those who *pose* as thinkers, the imitation of Mencken comes easily and naturally. Menckenesque debunking is a cheap literary sport, which psychologists refer to as "polysyllabic condemnation," and which requires only a cynical attitude and a large vocabulary, with, perhaps, a particular animus towards something.

In discussing the dilemma of the intellectual one of our Carolina professors said:

"It is hard to persuade the undergraduate that culture is a long process. The intellectual has a real urge to do something, but lack of the proper background of life and experience exists. There is merely a 'pencil and paper command of the material.' It is true that they are sincere; they have merely plunged ahead in their search for culture." Such men have simply been frustrated in their thought processes, and wherever frustration exists, exploratory, or trial-and-error behavior is displayed in an attempt to fulfill the desire. Here the trial-and-error behavior was not actually tried, but was pictured in the minds of the intellectuals; such mental trial-and-error activity we call reason. Here reason has not yet solved the problem, although the condition still exists. When reason fails to relieve the frustration of the desires, there is true maladjustment, that is, the individual fails to fit into the scheme of society by his refusal to become "a cog in a great machine." The difficulty in their attempts at iconoclasm and the picturing of erotic fantasies is due to the limitations of their social equipment, which

...♦♦♦...

February  
1927

consists largely in their high emotionality (the ease with which they are excited which was referred to above) and their large vocabularies, which are not accompanied by deep experience or concepts arising from a mature knowledge of life. Yet, the value of the intellectual must not be underestimated; the intellectual does think, whereas the ordinary student is far too prone to accept complacently the *status quo* without question and without criticism.

We have examined in some measure the reasons for the intellectual's abstract thinking and his cynicism, but we must go further. In order to understand the "ways of his mind," we must consider how he thinks. Here we have an authority to aid us. John Dewey in *How We Think* shows us the close relationship between *thinking* and *feeling* when he writes as follows:

"Thinking is important because, as we have seen, it is that function in which given or ascertained facts stand for or indicate others which are not directly ascertained. The exercise of thought is, in the literal sense of the word, *inference*; by it one carries us over to the idea of, and belief in, another thing. It involves *a jump, a leap, a going beyond what is surely known to something accepted on its warrant.*"

What we think about a thing is largely predetermined by how we feel toward a thing. This mental set gives rise to certain set modes of reaction to social situations in each individual. Such attitudes vary with the individual's mental set or feeling towards a thing, and with the character of the social stimulus, and is marked by the individual's inhibitions and defense reactions (these have been referred to above). The general feeling of irritation on the part of the intellectual colors his thinking and largely predetermines the direction of his thought; consequently it points the general direction of his conclusions, the general direction of the *jump* in thought. Let us bear this in mind as we proceed to analyze the critical writing of the intellectual.

Probably the strongest criticism that has been made of the *Faun* is that the *facts* may be admitted as premises, but the *inferences* made are not justified. If this be true (admitting it only for the sake of a basis for analysis), then there is a flaw in the logic employed by the young thinker. Let us attempt an analysis of his train of thought, in order that we may determine this flaw in reasoning.

The young thinker sets to work with what he believes to be a free mind, but "pure" logic is rarely, if ever, attainable. In thought the mind draws

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

February  
1927

upon the facts stored away by previous learning and experience, only one fact or idea being called forth at that identical time. These facts or ideas have remained unchanged in the mind, but, as they are called forth one after the other in thought, they blend with those coming before or after them and assume a larger notion or concept as a result of the new relationship between the ideas or facts. If each successive idea dove-tails with the next, we say that the relationship is real, and the thinking logical; if the ideas are not correlated, we say the thinking is imagination and that the relationship between the ideas is forced. Facts and ideas, unchanged in the mind, appear through writing, speaking and thinking in new arrangements with other facts and ideas in a group relationship which fuses these smaller units into higher, newer, and more complex ideas. It is thus that an idea becomes a plan, or a single thought a theme. It is here that originality and creative thinking find birth; they are primarily questions of new relationships. The leap in thinking receives its direction from the prejudice, passion, etc. of the thinker. If this leap is too far, we say that the man is illogical; if the leap is in the wrong direction, we say that the conclusions are due to imagination, and that the ideas are not naturally compatible, but have been correlated arbitrarily. Too often the young intellectual, stirred by an enthusiasm for a definite line of thought follows that line rapidly, but none too thoroughly, and "jumps to conclusions." If there is fallacious reasoning in the *Faun*, it can be accounted for by these observations and explanations of this type.

From the *Faun* we may turn to another phase of the intellectual's creative endeavor, the erotically-minded treatment of sexual perversions. Quite often the intellectual is over-sexed; the explanation for which is found not so much in his inherent nature as in the fact that he takes part in few activities which will use his surplus, youthful energy. The ordinary youth is a pseudo-athlete. This, coupled with a perfectly normal sex relationship, provides an outlet for any surplus energy which might otherwise be turned into sex fantasies, sex visions, sex day-dreams, and such unnatural outlets for sexual desires. Sex, like all other psychological tensions, must have its outlet, for suppression is dangerous in that it leads to diffusion, as referred to in discussing rage. If diffusion results, the individual's entire mind and all his thoughts become sexualized as a result of the unnatural suppression of sex desires. In such a case the individual seeks an outlet, which will reduce the desire or tension. When there is a frustration of sex

(Continued on page 32)



## *Burlesque*

By R. K. FOWLER

*"For Men Only"*

The line worms forward, slow and stolid—  
Tickets in hands that are dappled with sweat.  
Frayed green tickets for the bald-head rows,  
Slick red tickets for the half-way rows,  
Crumpled blue tickets for the balcony beaus.  
(Jesus, the balcony—best I could get!)  
Then they are tendered to hard-faced women  
Who splay down the aisles with mincing gait,  
Followed by heavy feet which grate  
On the crackling carpet of peanut shells.  
A tangle of lung-compressing smells  
Rises from dust and scraps of paper—  
A cloying, shifting cloud of vapor  
Which furtively beats on the battered seats.  
Swung in the air like dirty blankets  
Masses of smoke, disconsolate—  
Pierced by the noise of strident voices.  
The coiling streamers belly and toss  
With a drowsy seething—swayed by the breathing  
Of men who talk and laugh and choke  
With their necks upthrust in the banded smoke.

### *Overture.*

Five men crawl from the bowels of the building  
And take their places in the orchestra pit—  
Shirt-sleeved slaves who idly sit  
With their jaws click-clacking till they get the cue

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

♦♦♦

February  
1927

To loose their quota of raucous, blue and jazz-torn music.  
The oily dago fiddles with the keys,  
The drummer crosses his bony knees.  
(What the hell time is it? Five to go.)  
Audience waiting, air pulsating,  
Cigarettes bulging with a vicious glow.  
Lights in the pit blink off and on—  
The dago's fingers flash and fall,  
From the mouth of the trumpet a blaring squall.  
*Hard-to-get Gertie, that hard-to-get gal*  
The saxophone struts with the tune in its mouth,  
The drummer rocks his body and knocks  
A skeleton rhythm on wooden blocks.  
*Hard-to-get Gertie, that hard-to-get gal*  
The croon of a violin, harshly tender,  
Lost in the yells of a candy vendor.

*Belly Laughter.*

Black-face clown in baggy britches  
Leers his way through a dialogue  
With a ghastly, blondined priapagogue  
Who does her best to lend some zest  
To the glib narration of a smutty jest.  
The young men giggle, the old men smirk  
And the smoke settles down with a soft insistence.  
The mummers continue their filthy work  
And the smoke crouches low like a beast in the distance.  
Then another buffoon strides upon the stage,  
His face agrimace with well-feigned rage,  
And rushes on the black-face—paddle in hand.  
The pair of them prance in a ludicrous dance  
Interspersed with blows on the seat of the pants.  
Roars and guffaws, nudges and prods—  
(Haw, haw, haw! )  
A vast, throaty whoop from the gallery gods—  
(Haw, haw, haw! )

Howls of glee at the pain applied  
By a heavy paddle to a buffoon's hide.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

*"Sa-lo-mee."*

The orchestra sinks to a sensual hum  
And the drummer tump-tumps on a chinese drum.  
A girl twirls forth—a shapely morsel,  
Arms uplifted, bare legs shining,  
Wriggling in cadence to the violin's whining.  
*Sa-lo-mee, the girl with the rounded thighs,*  
*Sa-lo-mee, the girl who makes 'em open their eyes.*  
Two bits of cloth form her brief costume;  
Strip her down—she needs the room.  
She slides around with a soothing motion,  
Her body heaves like a miniature ocean.  
She slides and slips, she rolls her hips  
And the audience stares with moistened lips.  
*Sa-lo-mee, the girl who's fit for a king,*  
*Sa-lo-mee, the girl who shakes—that—thing.*  
The music stops with a frenzied run,  
Sa-lo-mee quivers—and the dance is done.  
There in the glare of the light she stands  
Amid the mad, wild pounding of mad, wild hands.  
*Sa-lo-mee, the girl who charms the men—*  
(Boy, she's a hot one—call her back again! )

...♦m♦...

February  
1927

*Curtain*

Grand finale, and a jumbled swirl—  
Yammering voices in a last shrill chorus,  
Last high kick by a gold-toothed girl.  
A creak of ropes and the curtain drops—  
A thin, cheap curtain, dressed to be gay  
With a slovenly picture of nymphs at play  
And the ads of various grocers' shops.  
The patrons rise in a solid mass,  
Clogging the aisles as they clamor to pass.  
A ceaseless grumble, a formless murmur—

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

-♦-♦-

February  
1927

Men who shove and curse and stumble,  
A stream of bodies, sluggish and slow.  
(Howdy, feller—damn good show.)  
Some move on to a night of lust—  
Their senses whipped to an eager foam;  
Others move on with listless steps  
To the dull security of home.



*My Daughter*

ELLEN M. CARROLL

I have no daughter,  
but if I had,  
I would think of her  
as a peach bloom  
in the silverness of dawn.

As the amber flame  
of a candle  
put by priestly hands  
upon a high altar.

As a young wind  
blowing over new snow,  
gathering nothing  
save whiteness.

I have no daughter,  
but if I had,  
perhaps she would be  
an ordinary everyday woman  
like her mother.



## *Amateur*

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

As he left the doctor's office, the weight upon his whole being seemed to increase. It was as if a steel wire were vibrating in the back of his head.

"So I've lost the 'amateur spirit,' have I?" he muttered to himself, as he sank dejectedly back in the seat of the taxi and stared out at the baking street. "Damn silly diagnosis. Hum."

Silly? Well, one guess was as good as another. And the doctor certainly hadn't been able to find anything wrong with his body. Limbs, organs, muscles—perfect. Only—all the zest, the tang was gone from everything.

"The whole shooting-match has about as much wallop as near-beer," he mused. "Food's a sample. Dinner last night—the roast beef tasted like absorbent cotton, and the artichoke was like licking library paste from a chip."

He shuddered, and closed his eyes. He could see the doctor; he could hear his semi-humorous scolding. How much truth was there in it? He rehearsed some of the statements:

"You're a professional—a professional, understand? That's all that's the matter with you . . . professional golfer, professional worker, professional liver, professional family man . . . Listen, think of the word 'amateur.' Mean's 'lover.' See? Plays the game for the love of it. Tries to win—all right. But—win, lose, or tie, the main joy is in the playing . . . That's where you've gone wrong. You've simply abandoned the amateur spirit. No losing, no dead-heats for you. Win, win, win . . . Nice wife, two kids, perfectly-run home in the right suburbs, the right crowd at your country-club, the standard right cars, the standardized amount of drinking, not ever rowdy, a string of golf-cups that makes your sitting-room look like Tiffany's—oh, you get the idea . . . And your factory—it's a winner. Tooth-brushes, or vacuum-cleaners, or paint—whatever it is—runs like a top, I'll bet. No kick in it, though, is there?"

*The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE*

February  
1927

He groaned. The doctor had hit it all right. Not tooth-brushes-tools. "Bennett Tools Build the Nation's Homes." When he took hold of it—fifteen years ago, and now—"runs like a top, yep." And about as excitingly. Oh Lord.

His mind was still worrying the idea as he blundered through the crowds in the Grand Central to his train. He'd gone stale. Very well. "Get the amateur spirit back—that's all I can say. Figure it out yourself." Figure it out? How?

As he made for his customary bridge-table in the Club car, Seymour hailed him. "Don't forget the Foxy Foursome Sunday," his neighbor shouted, "We'll take those birds on for fifty-dollar Nassau. Clean 'em up, eh?"

He nodded and smiled, automatically. Certainly they would clean up. His golf was at its regular mid-season perfection. He could click off from a 78 to an 81 without an effort. If the breaks came, he would even hit as low as a 74.

He settled into his chair, and played his cards with mechanical sureness. No extraordinary hands. He doubled at the right moment, and redoubled at another critical moment. Six hundred points to the good as they came into Greenwich. At five cents a point. He pocketed the bills without looking at them.

He paused upon the foot-board of his roadster. The spotless sheen of its enamel, the harsh brightness of its nickel suddenly revolted him. He dismissed the chauffeur. "Take it home," he said, "I'm walking."

Head down, he trudged along the sidewalk. "Amateur spirit." Now that the phrase was in the fore of his mind again, a host of relative ideas crowded in. The crowd of urchins he had passed yesterday, down-town. No marbles, no tops. Shooting craps for pennies . . . And the game of street baseball he had witnessed when he went to look at that new apartment on Tenth Street . . . He had loitered long enough to see the winning run come in. And the losing ragamuffins had paid over, with nonchalance, ten cents a head. Oh yes, he had watched the money pass . . . and he had grinned.

Now, he did not grin. "The game for the game's sake"—where could he find it nowadays? Was it possible that there had once been a freckle-faced boy who lost his brand-new front tooth, tackling another twice his



February  
1927

size—alas, over the goal line? A boy within whose veins joy of living ran like liquid fire, who capered home through the smoke-scented October twilight, yodeling and yipping, drunk with vitality?

Almost incredulously he touched with his finger the porcelain substitute beneath his upper lip. Oh, it was authentic. It remained. All the rest was dim—unreal—far away and long ago.

His wife was standing in the hall as he entered. His awakened and critical eyes found her somehow annoying, so neat she was, so unruffled, so—so “elegant.” He stared at her, then kissed her roughly, almost savagely.

“For Heaven’s sake, dear,” she said in astonished tones, pushing him off gently, “What’s come over you? And hurry into your dinner-jacket. Dinner’s at seven, at the Blake’s.” She submitted to the embrace, laughing a little uncertainly. He gathered that she was pleased with his vehemence, but was a little fearful, none the less, that he might “muss” her hair.

He grinned sheepishly. “Just glad to see you, that’s all,” he answered, and sighed.

Now it seemed as if every event had some bearing upon his “professionalism.” The house looked too damned spick-and-span. Oh Hell—yesterday he had been smug over just that condition. “Well-run.” Everything about it like clockwork. “An ordered life.” Sure. The habits were formed beyond change. Nobody would understand him if he tried to explain. Nobody. Did he understand, himself?

He groaned inwardly as he remembered another piece of evidence bearing upon the subject. Pigeonholed in his sleeping-room desk was yesterday’s letter from Ned, his nine-year-old son. On his way to shave he pulled the letter out, and, propping it against the soap-dish, he re-read it, through the lather.

“Camp is just fine . . . I can swim my thirty strokes . . . Mr. Donovan and Mr. Cowan took us all out into a field yesterday. We had a fine time. They are teaching us to play . . .”

“Teaching us to play,” he muttered aloud. “Oh, my good gosh.”

Before him, suddenly, he saw stretching a future grey, polite, urbane, uniform. Himself, his family, his life, their lives—devoid of any spontaneity, uninspired, comfortable, patterned.

The door to the nursery, at his side, swung ajar. At the slight creaking, he turned his head. What he saw made him open the door wide.



February  
1927

Three-year-old Bobbie, clad in minute pajamas, gravely sat in the middle of the floor, pushing slowly forward the gaudy "Packard-model" automobile-tricycle. Ten past six, and not asleep—

His first impulse was to remind his son of the breach of routine. Then—no, he'd be damned if he would. He stood silent for some moments, reflecting how casually he knew this young son of his.

He walked gently into the room, and stood beside the child who looked up briefly, then went back to his slow pushing of the vehicle.

"Well, Bobbie—how do you like your new Packard?" he said with a bit of difficulty.

"It ain't a Packard," the answer came in solemn, matter-of-fact tones.

"Why, yes it is. Look. See? It says 'Packard.' Look at the pretty hood, and the real tires and the horn. Sure it's a Packard. Just like Daddy's."

There was no impudence in the reply. Just a firm, gentle contradiction: "No, it ain't a Packard."

Mr. Bennett laughed indulgently. "Isn't it? What is it, then?"

*(Continued on page 26)*



### *Cloud Castles*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

At dusk I saw a cloud-land castle crumble  
From base to lofty crown;  
Its turrets seemed to totter and to tumble  
In utter ruin down.

So often the fair hopes that man has builded  
In dreams for his delight,  
Like the cloud-castles that the sun has gilded  
Fade suddenly from sight.

## *Song to a Mechanical Lady*

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

February  
1927

*You had the strength of shining rails and sabres,  
Mechanical and stripped and steel and bare,  
Infuriating fat and bulging neighbors  
Who'd talk and stare.*

*A smooth and whirring pulse was in your laughter;  
Like metal disks your sure, hard words were spoken;  
Your soul set patterns minds must follow after,  
Or be broken.*

*And you were very white and tense and steady,  
A dynamo that purred beneath its load,  
A whirling fly-wheel insolently ready  
To explode.*

*Your wrath was the ferocious wrath of Jewry,  
Your love had pertinacity like glue;  
I think your soul was metal clasping fury—  
In fact, I knew.*



*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

February  
1927

*The Path*

By LILITH SHELL

As I passed along the highway,  
The beaten, hard-paved highway,  
I saw a path lead over a hill,  
Over a shining sun-kissed hill,  
On a shin'ring summer day.

So I turned me from the highway,  
From the heated, heartless highway,  
And followed the pleasant little path,  
The blithely luring little path,  
That over the hillside lay.

I found it crossed a tiny stream,  
A merry chattering stream,  
And passed by a silver maple tree,  
A cool, inviting maple tree,  
With its white bark all agleam.

I followed the path for a mile,  
For a sweet enchanted mile,  
And found a maid at a cottage gate,  
A maid called Love at a cottage gate,  
And she met me with a smile.

Now comes the call of the highway,  
The heartless, hard-paved highway,  
But never will I go back to it,  
Back to the heat and toil of it,  
But here with the maid I'll stay.

Here with the maid called Love I'll stay.  
The maid with the magic way,  
The maid I found at the end of the path,  
The end of the luring little path  
That over the hillside lay.



## *Copper Hill*

By J. P. PRETLOW

The heavy-laden bus labors along the tortuous mountain road. The radiator steams in the heat. Tall pines shade the road here and there, mercifully cutting off some of the heat that makes the sides of the bus unbearable to the touch. Down into a ravine tumbles the road, and we lose our depression as the sun is shut out by overhanging trees. The engine's noises sink to a contented purr. Around a curve and into the blazing sunlight. On every side is bare, baked soil, made misty by rising heat devils, and stretching as far as the eye can see. Not a tree, not a blade of grass. Only stony clay, dull brown, and torn into deeply cut gullies and crumbly bluffs.

In the middle of the plain is Copper Hill. Unpainted shacks clinging to the steep sides of ravines. They have to be propped up, for with every rain the bare soil flows downhill with the water and cuts away their foundations. Sooty buildings are the works. Surrounded by piles of slag, some still glowing and giving off fumes of sulphur, the works rumble in activity.

Copper Hill. Smoke and dirt. Little narrow streets, grimy and poorly lighted. Shiny store windows, filled with overalls and miners' lanterns.

Copper Hill has the only stream of water in the thirty mile desert. And Copper Hill made the desert. The huge copper works left the fumes of its smelters free to flow over the surrounding country for years. The heavy sulphur smoke hugged the ground. The trees died. The grass died. Even the weeds died. Rains washed the topsoil away. With no check they tore at the earth, gouging out gullies, torturing the land. Now the sulphur is used in making acid, but nothing grows save stunted cactus.

We walk through the town. There is a crowd collected by a brick building with barred windows.

"Say Buddy, what's the excitement?"

"Nothing much. Guy in there been beatin' his wife. Y'see her old man came and got a cop. I allus told him 'bout it, but he said he didn't give a dam'. Jus' the other day I says to him, 'You better watch out 'bout beatin' your wife; and then he says to me, he says . . .'"

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

February  
1927

In a cell of iron lattice work a shape is seen standing listlessly. By it sits a woman, ragged, flabby, tangled-haired, sobbing disgustingly into dirty hands, while three brats stand around, staring. A red-faced sheriff chews tobacco complacently. He spits at a rusty spittoon through dirty white mustaches. His aim is not good.

Copper Hill Copper Co. Mazes of machinery, pipe lines, railroad lines, power lines. Nervous jiggly machines, bursting with energy. Slow moving potbellied machines. The furnaces seemingly idle, decorated with gauges and pipes. Apparently at will they cast forth tons of molten copper, then retire into twilight sleep for their next delivery. Everything clean, shiny. Dirty men move deftly. They seem little more than animated dusting cloths.

We are herded into the cage, a signal is given, and we drop into the ground. A blackness, solid and wet. From the sides of the shaft pour streams of water. As we descend their volume increases until we are drenched as by a thundershower. So swift is our fall that miners seen at work in the levels we pass are caught in a single movement, as the camera catches and holds the runner.

Twelve hundred feet down we stop. The air beats down on eardrums. There is a funeral hush, pierced by the hiss of air lines. Sounds are choked and distorted, with always the dropping of water.

We tramp through long passageways. Dark openings appear on either side, some boarded up, some crushing down on splintering timbers like a great mouth closing on a bite of food. On the timbers are huge fungi, deathwhite and glistening. The throaty rattle of an air drill is heard. A distant grunt announces a blast. Suddenly we are at the end of the level. A group of men work, dripping with sweat and water that falls from the top of the working. Two men load a car. Two others run air drills. Another prepares charges of dynamite. The drills cease. We look on nervously as men tamp down the charges. They ram them home with a stick, and pound down bits of rock on top of them. Tools are picked up and moved. A silence disturbed by the hiss of air from pipes, drip of water. We crouch under a rock ledge. A series of grunts. Flying chips of rock scatter around us. The car loaders begin work again.

Our guide points to a giant. Yelling in our ears he says that the fellow is smart. "He makes six dollars a day—loads fifteen ore cars—around ten ton."

As we leave the town, we see a crowd gathered about the police station.

*The Dark Brother*

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

...♦♦♦...

"Lo, I am black but I am comely too,"  
Black as the night, black as the deep dark caves.  
I am the scion of a race of slaves  
Who helped to build a nation strong that you  
And I may stand within the world's full view,  
Fearless and firm as dreadnoughts on rough waves;  
Unfurling a banner high whose flight braves  
The opposition of the tried untrue.

February  
1927

Casting an eye of love upon my face,  
Seeing a newer light within my eyes  
A rarer beauty in your brother race  
Will merge upon your visioning fullwise.  
Though I am black my heart through love is pure,  
And you through love my blackness shall endure!



*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...ΦΦΦ...

February  
1927

*Charm For Lost Innocence*

JACQUES LE CLERCQ

Dawn, creep upon her lightly,  
Margining in cool silver  
The rosy flush a deep sleep  
Laid on her childlike face,  
The faintest breeze of morning  
To whisper her awakening,  
Bubbles of sunlight bursting  
Over her to trace  
A web of molten gold—  
Let her arise from bed,  
Gay against the actual day,  
Whimsically tender,  
To feed the sparrow on her sill  
With never in her head  
Remembrance of love's miracle  
In its disgust and splendor!



*Vigil*

G. A. CARDWELL, JR.

Do the green rushes sigh all night?  
Does the marsh hen never sing?  
All night I hearken in the dusk  
And bless the salt wind's sting.

The quick shadows under the water—  
Do they grow to be great fish?  
My wife is walking up the path;  
I can hear the silken swish.

She has another assignation.  
Her arms are round and bright.  
The Pleiades are close: the air is sharp.  
Will the rushes sigh all night?



# The Pasture

R. F.

J. S.

J. P.

Topsy-turvy America! Reuben Bland, of Washington, N. C., the father of thirty-four children is an honored man. President Coolidge has granted him an audience and he has been given hundreds of inches in the news columns. Of these thirty-four children, nineteen are dead. One mother is dead. The second mother is mentioned only in a brief paragraph. Bland is being honored as a benefit to society. No account of his family has indicated that any of his children ever received a college education. No account has ever mentioned one of them who has achieved anything other than a living. Any animal can reproduce itself as fast as nature clears the way, but a human being was formerly expected to exercise some degree of control.

To those who have followed the progress of the Committee of One Hundred, now called the Bible League of North Carolina, the new publication, *The Fundamentalist*, published by Miss Julia Alexander, of Charlotte, and secretary to the League will give some interesting sidelights on just what the fundamentalists are trying to do in North Carolina.

The editor, who was at one time a member of the state legislature, was defeated last summer in her race to sit again with the law-makers. Since that time the possibility of the fundamentalists becoming a political power in this state seems to have struck not only the editor but other leaders of the League with renewed force. In accordance with this idea of riding the Bible into power, the following passage is quoted from *The Fundamentalist*:

“Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.”—Isaac Watts.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...•••

February  
1927

Those who frequent our library have been deeply moved by the unselfish actions of a certain group of readers who have shown their erudition and public spirit by writing in the margins of all of the books they read short but pointed remarks that make everything plain to the most obtuse. The intelligent, too, are often struck by phrases that make the text more pregnant with meaning.

We hesitate to use the word "appreciation" in speaking of these souls, for it does not quite express what we would say. We will have to await the coining of stronger terms. The following example shows this labor of love in all its flower. The text is from "Thais" by Anatole France.

" . . . If only God exists, that He may damn me. I hope for it—I wish it. God, I hate Thee—dost Thou hear? Overwhelm me with Thy damnation. To compel Thee to, I spit in Thy face . . . . "

This bit of M. France's writing is made clear to all by this pencilled phrase:

"Revolt against God."

J. P. P.



*Allegro Pronunciamento*

All honor to the man who's able  
To say, "I do not care for Cabell—  
In fact, I think he's poor as hell."  
Why is it that to curse Cabell  
Makes one a member of the rabble?  
My dear, it's just because he's Cabell.

R. K. F.



Lilith Shell sent us a rare bit of North Carolina literature the other day which we will quote with a preceding paragraph:

"As a little child I remember my father taking me upon his knee and, like the artist he was, teaching me this classic:

"I was bo'n and bred in Nawth Ca'lina,  
I'm half hoss and half alligator  
Mixed up with a snappin' turtle.  
I can eat my weight in wild cat cracklin's  
And whip *any* man of my inches.'"

February  
1927

The Reverend Oscar Haywood of Montgomery county is busily conducting a personal campaign of purification at the annual meeting of the state legislature. So far he has sponsored three bills, which, according to his lights, should do much to raise the moral status of the commonwealth of North Carolina. First came the Anti-Petting Bill, a farcical attempt to restrain by law a social reaction that is utterly beyond restraint. In order to successfully enforce such a measure it would be necessary to incarcerate all males and females in separate prisons. This was followed by a bill prohibiting the sale of contraceptives in the state. This well-meant endeavor to augment illegitimacy and disease in the name of law is an excellent example of the dangers underlying fanaticism. His third offering was comparatively trivial, a bill to prevent the sale of soft drinks on Sunday, and in this case he accepted an amendment which restricted the act to his own county. Similar amendments to all of the Reverend Haywood's motions would assure North Carolina of a fundamentally perfect community, a veritable capitol of the Blue Law Belt. We suggest opposition to cosmetics, the public sale of lingerie, the cinema, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, modern novels and the outrageous mingling of young boys and girls on public playgrounds as further items in the Reverend gentleman's crusade for sweetness and light.

R. K. F.



At the recent performance of *Rigoletto* in Durham a naively priceless remark was made by one of the feminine members of the audience. Said she, leaning confidently toward her friend: "I hope you won't think me ignorant, but is the sextette from *Lucia* in this opera or is it in *Faust*?" It was indeed thoughtless of the Victor company to place the sextette on the same record with the *Rigoletto* quartette. America rushes even to musical conclusions.

R. K. F.



## *Amateur*

(Continued from page 16)

Nonchalantly the child informed him: "It's a boat."

"A—a what?"

With the utmost patience the explanation was given: "It's a boat. A boat made out of stone. It's sailing way out, way, way out in the ocean. Then it'll sink, but the people won't get drowned—they'll swim home." Bobbie pushed the glittering, expensive mass toward the bed.

Bennett stood transfixed, the lather drying on his face. In his ears were echoes of a boy's soprano yodelings. In his nostrils was a sudden pungent sting of leaf-smoke.

In his eyes was an unaccustomed moisture.

He reached impulsively toward his son. Then he drew back. "Oh," he said, to show that he understood. He turned and tiptoed from the room, closing the door behind him.

He held the shaving brush once more poised. Then, "Oh, Dot," he shouted, "Listen. Tell the Blakes to go to Hell. I've got other plans."

He listened until he heard the startled "What?" from below-stairs, and footsteps climbing. Then he hurled the shaving-brush through the open window.

If he packed fast enough, he could make the seven-ten for the Maine woods. No gang, no style, no "modern conveniences." No fish, undoubtedly. Well, what did he care? Ramble around by himself, do what he liked—because he liked.

Some struggle with Dot, this was going to be. But he wouldn't give in. Not this time.

"Bless you, old boy," he addressed the door, behind which he knew his son was still sailing an enchanted ship.

The footsteps were approaching, increasing in tempo. Grimly, but confidently, he awaited the ordeal.

# *book bazaar*

J. O. MARSHALL

## *The Difficulty of Getting Married*

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN. By Frances Newman. Boni and Liveright. 285 pp.  
\$2.50.

Miss Newman's first novel startles and pleases with its mechanical innovations and penetrating cleverness, but scarcely deserves the extravagant praise given it by Cabell and Mencken. One regrets that Miss Newman chose the medium of the novel for purposes of literary experimentation, for the reason that trick writing loses its flavor in excess of a hundred pages. Following an unsound modern penchant, she discards certain devices primarily intended to aid the reader, that suffering person no longer considered by our more advanced writers. There are no paragraphs—chapters being the sole divisions. The novelty of this tradition-smashing departure wears off rapidly, and becomes as irritating as Van Vechten's missing quotation marks. The total lack of conversation at first creates a feeling of relief, due to the slough of inanity into which conversation has fallen. However, after 285 pages of twisted and evasive thought transcription the most melodramatic of speeches would be welcome.

The crux of Miss Newman's mechanical style is the periodic sentence, that lengthy, tortuous method of expression of which the Preamble to the Constitution furnishes an excellent example. Each sentence moves lazily through a channel of whens, in orders, whereases, conjunctions and relatives. A hundred words without a full stop is not uncommon. The crux of her literary style is a profound bantering, a gentle irony, a psychological adroitness. It is rather difficult to reconcile the lightness of her ideas with the cumbersome weight of her attack. There is meat on every page and epigrammatic pleasantries abound, but actual labor is required to extract the worth-while from the maze of 18th century verbosity. The contradiction is comparable to a blank verse epic by Gelett Burgess.

The heroine, Katharine Faraday, "born under the sign of Virgo and in the earlier Beardsley period," dramatizes her way through life, building up romances and illusions only to have them crumble at their most roseate height. The plot is simply a chart of her shifting reactions and emotions from an early age to womanhood. Through her thoughts and the author's nimble asides we are given an intimate cross-section of the feminine mind (and surprisingly mundane it is), combined with

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

February  
1927

satirical thrusts at chastity, the aristocratic South, prudery, literature, honorable intentions, the dominant male and the bonds of matrimony. It is all done with an iconoclastic zest.

The content of the book is delightful, but, conservatively enough, I would have preferred less frequent allusions to babies, grey boxes and thin brown lines. They smacked of the sly prurience of a little girl who has read some volume on obstetrics. Nor can I ever forgive Miss Newman for the endless monotony of "a book called" this-and-that by "a man called" so-and-so.

R. K. Fowler

### *A Soda-Jerker's Saga*

THE GOLDEN DANCER. By Cyril Hume. Doran. 261 pp. \$2.

A Saturday Evening Post fantasy! This incongruity gives an index to the excellent work Cyril Hume has done with one of the conventional figures of contemporary American fiction—the factory worker who detaches himself from his cogwheel. Albert Wells grows tired of his factory job, draws his pay and sets out to seek a job which will be more to his liking. He meets a young girl who tells him of a drug-store in the adjacent town which may be able to furnish him with employment.

He goes to the place she suggests and with a sudden burst of inspiration, puts up his entire capital in exchange for a partnership in the soda fountain. Success follows as a matter of course. But from this point the story's similarity to an American Magazine epic ceases. Wells arouses the animosity of the good citizens of the town when he opens a dance hall behind his store, which proves too popular. A boycott and subsequent expulsion from the town follow. Wells, down and out again, is forced to return to the home of the girl, where he lies sick for a long time—long enough to become engaged and married to the girl. The story ends in a minor note, peculiar to Hume, for Wells finds himself satisfied with doing chores under the eye of his mother-in-law, and acting as a handy-man to the troubles and cares of a country-side.

That is the skeleton story which Hume has used to carry his "hard-boiled fantasy." He has invested his character, Wells, incoherent though he is, with an ideal in the form of a vision of Daphne. Only half realizing what he searches for, Wells is lifted, without noticeable exaggeration, from a factory worker to a character, poetic and lyric in quality. He seeks always his brown-skinned "Dap-henny" who has become real to him. The author's use of paragraphs giving what one feels a more literate Wells could have voiced only serves to heighten the effect of poetry which is inherent in the slangy Wells.

Minor characterizations and particularly those of the small town officials are clean-cut and satirical, while the "golden dancer" and others are done with a sympathy and understanding which shows Mr. Hume to be of and for the younger generation.

## *Heroic Disproportion*

BELLARION. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Co. 446 pp. \$2.50.

With a historical background, Rafael Sabatini has woven a rather charming romance about one Bellarion, a nameless waif who has been adopted by a soldier and placed in a monastery. The style is easy and Mr. Sabatini has done good work in description and conversation. His historical instances are non-essential but they are so cleverly written into the story that the reader experiences no dullness in the accounts. But in Bellarion, the author has drawn a super-character.

When Bellarion grows older, he leaves the monastery to learn a little of life and Greek, but through circumstance, he becomes mired in the bog of an inter-state revolution, and, falling in love with Princess Valeria who is in league with the conspirators, he continues to fight for the welfare of the girl and her brother, although his actions lead the Princess to believe that he is her enemy and a rogue, a coward, and a trickster. But Bellarion's worldly life is incongruous with the idea of the monastery, in that, immediately upon leaving his brother monks, he assumes the manner and cleverness of a sophisticated man of the world. He possesses an uncanny knowledge of men and of the ways of war, and this comes, no doubt, as a result of his prowess at chess, his every move being likened to those in the game. He is an adventurer, a statesman, a soldier, and a humanist. He is the super-man, lying with his lips but not with his heart, pure as Galahad and as "monstrous clever" as Jurgen, for he says, himself, that his wits are infallible. He rises from the gutter, a nameless wanderer of six years, to win the Princess Valeria and the title of Prince.

Mr. Sabatini's ironical humor lends a great deal of life to *Bellarion*. The plot holds the reader's attention and is interestingly brought to a denouement in the last few pages, but Bellarion is too successful in his wars. He never suffers defeat and always turns defeat into victory. *Bellarion*, the book, is good reading, but Bellarion, the man, is merely an un-real character which has sprung from the romantic pen of the author.

*W. W. Anderson.*

## *Anecdotage*

HEAVEN TREES. By Stark Young. New York: Scribner's. 287 pp. \$2.

*Heaven Trees*, by Stark Young, critic and author of various books, is not a novel in a strict sense of the word; rather, it is an easy and leisurely done group of character sketches. There is more of motive and valuation of the subtle than there is of motivation and linking of the episodic.

The characters are all placed at "Heaven Trees," a great, warm plantation in the Mississippi of the fifties, whose walks and halls, fragrant with myrtle and rich in tradition, form typical background for a family of Southern kinfolk with its slaves

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE



February  
1927

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

February  
1927

and cottonfields, its lovely ladies, and its gentlemen of traditional and indolent elegance, who hold long arguments over cold mint juleps with the ever present and always welcome guests. More—there is even a cool young impeccable (tailored by Rambeaux & Rambeaux of Memphis), who plays an almost-villian as the forbidden suitor of the marriageable daughter.

Although lacking in all the conventional devices for appeal—strange settings, stranger conflicts, and the boldly dominating character stalking through moments of gripping suspense—this novel is full of delicate and tale-like humor; and its living characters are woven into incidents varying from a note of keen tragedy to a predominance of sincere comedy.

Besides the visiting aunts, uncles, cousins, etc., there are several prominent characters: Uncle George Clay, a great, jocular wag, whose practical joking is exceeded only by his gruff and patriarchal generosity. Miss Mary Cherry, who reminds her nephew of a silver mug, and who had the monstrous ill-luck of being blown, sitting bolt upright on a bale of cotton, down the Mississippi river. And Grandfather McGhee, who, when his bride to be evinced a vulgar interest in finance, made her a bow, saying, "Madam, pray accept my compliments, then, and permit me to say there will be no ceremony." And black Solomon, a little short-legged and pot-bellied Ethiop servant who jabbers away in African about his first Communion. The parson had given him the cup with the words: "Pass de goblet an' say, 'Brethren, jink ye all dis.' "

"An' I junk it all," said Solomon.

And—anecdote ad infinitum.

J. O. Marshall

*Larghetto Con Moto*

ALMOST PAGAN. By J. D. Beresford. Bobbs Merrill. 333 pp. \$2.50.

J. D. Beresford has given us a novel not striking, brilliant nor unique but delightful for the ease with which he draws his characters—which is, perhaps, the most outstanding accomplishment of *Almost Pagan*. One does not realize a character has been set before him; rather does the character fade so easily and concretely into the mind of the reader that one can touch no certain spot and say, "Here is description."

Henry Blackstone, writer of pleasant but lifeless novels, has been married twenty-two years to an unimaginative wife. The family is vaguely divided, his wife and twenty-one year old son on one side, he and his daughter on the other. Henry's life is one continuous procession of quiet and uneventful details. He has never known romance nor has he ever loved a woman other than his wife. His soul needed waking and the acquaintanceship of a girl who has informed Henry that he is probably an illegitimate grandfather enables him to emerge from the yoke of suppressed emotions and moth-eaten ideas and to become a man learned in the ways

•♦•

February  
1927

W. W. Anderson.



### *Books Received and to be Reviewed*

ANGEL. DuBose Heywood. Doran. 287 pp. \$2.

THIS DAY'S MADNESS. By The Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs Merrill. 346 pp. \$2.50.

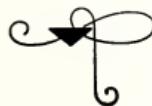
SHOOT. Luigi Pirandello. Dutton's. 334 pp. \$2.50.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT. Osbert Sitwell. Doran. 344 pp. \$2.50.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATING. Herbert and Edward Quick. Henry Holt. 339 pp. \$3.

MARCABRUN. Ramon Guthrie. Doran. 260 pp. \$2.50.

CHEVRONS. Leonard H. Nason. Doran. 339 pp. \$2.





February  
1927

## *The Ordeal of the Young Intellectual*

(Continued from page 8)

tendencies, if the inhibitions of the individual are permanent, as demanded by society, an outlet is sought through the doll of the little girl, the kissing games of childhood, and, later, chivalry and extreme courtesy, sex fantasies and coarse jokes. All of these are defense mechanisms of the individual arising from inhibited sex desires, just as criticism and cynicism arise from the tendency to control the behavior of others and thereby compliment the ego, which demands self-expression and power. Sex perversions are not new in literature, but there has been a recent flare, which accompanied the innovations of the radical young poets and writers since the advent of the striking publication, *Poetry*, in 1918. Sex perversions and complexes are noticeable in the works of Floyd Dell, Herbert Gorman, and Carl Van Vechten. The ultimate motivation in such works lies in the failure of the natural sex activities as an outlet for the sex desires. The suppression, or inhibition, of these natural activities is so maintained that fantasies on the subject of sex appear. Suppression of sex tensions in an intellectual almost invariably gives rise to sex fantasies. Such stories as "Slaves" may be either a genuine product of such sex inhibition, or more probably, it may have resulted from an impressionable young genius, who, following the movement in present day writing, seized upon an ever fascinating subject—sex—and gave it a dramatic twist, the touch of the artist rather than an indication of a real sex-perversion.

The analysis up to this point has been largely critical, but surely there is something that the "intellectual" possesses which the average student lacks. He most certainly does possess a distinctive characteristic which is generally lacking among students; he has—the attitude of the artist. The artistic ideal is a happy blend of mental playfulness and seriousness. He is inclined to be nonchalant, indifferent, and devil-may-care towards things of general interest to others, but of no interest to himself. If he dwells too much upon amassing information, studying, reading for information, and research in the library, his technique develops at the expense of the artistic spirit. If the animating idea exceeds the command of method, aesthetic feeling is shown, but the art of presentation is too defective to express the feeling thoroughly. The true artist thinks of the end embodied in proper means, or recognizing the end, is inspired to give attention to the means;

...•••...

February  
1927

the young intellectuals here have that attitude. We must not be too critical if they sometimes show that their command of method exceeds their command of information and experience.

When we study the individual of exceptional ability in his relation to the crowd, we immediately realize that the fault is not so much with the individual as it is with the system of education that requires him to "bootleg" his thoughts and to remain in constant jeopardy so long as he thinks and criticizes. Look at one specific instance showing the two extremes of college life: A crowd of two thousand shouting itself hoarse at a football game, while a solitary individual meditates a theme of high importance on some country road. This is no discredit to the crowd, but consider which is the better exercise and which produces the more important results. The one situation creates an attitude of submissive acceptance and a passive mental attitude; the other develops individuality, originality, self-reliance, and concentration. We have too many here in the crowd; we need more thinking solitaries, and we must grow them. We have too many gregarious students. They are afraid of the solitude, afraid of their own thoughts, dubious about relying upon themselves. We have become too social; ask any student whether "bull" sessions take up too much of his time. The hundreds of campus organizations have made solitude impossible, yet it is the leisure and silence of solitude that results in mental growth and the perfecting of ideas. We may have ideas in the crowd, but it requires solitude and leisure to think, to work over the vague and casual into the coherent and definite. The man who withdraws from the clamor to meditate, to compare, to weigh, and to construct silently, is following the only royal road to compact and coherent conclusions. Our over-organized and over-socialized campus looks askance at the thinker, and regards him as an outsider who is "peculiar." After all it is a question—which is right, the intellectual or the student body?

Education itself is at fault in the matter. In the immense growth of knowledge a halo has been placed about the head of the walking encyclopedia, the human depository of knowledge; information has become an end rather than a means to an end, and in filling the mind with cold, concise, hard facts the individual tendencies of the mind are gradually eclipsed. A man who conscientiously follows the system is too often prepared for only one thing—to teach; in learning facts he has forgotten how to think. Education must not only inform, it must inspire. The personal influence of

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

February  
1927

real teachers, not fact-crammed graduate students, counts for more than any pedagogy. Teaching boys to think for themselves is training of greater value than statistical information. We have teachers here, men whose personalities and methods encourage thought, who are really thinking and who are inspiring their students to think. Such men are not only teaching their subjects, but their thinking is adding to those subjects; they are mature "intellectuals." It is well enough to know Chaucer, but there are men here who probably can write better than Chaucer, but who are certainly not encouraged to. A man may receive a Master's degree by counting the split infinitives in Tennyson, yet there is no attempt worthy of the name to discover and develop mental processes leading men to write as well as Tennyson. If one should discover the lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, he would receive loud acclaim; if one should find the story of Shakespeare's lost years at Stratford-on-Avon and in London, he would be showered with honorary degrees. Yet, no university in America will give a Master's degree for a creative work, such as a novel or play, though that work may be of recognized merit and real genius. Upton Sinclair tried it at Columbia University, and they laughed at him. It is well to know English, but it is better to be able to use it; it is well to be an oracle of reference in banking and currency, but it is better to offer an original solution to a business problem. Genius has always been regarded as a gift needing neither training nor experience, but something is wrong with our universities when President W. W. Ellsworth, of the Century Company, publishers, said that he had known young people of creative faculty who came from college familiar with Addison and Browning, but "utterly unable to express an original thought." Out of a thousand manuscripts submitted to his company in one year, forty-one were accepted, and not one out of the forty-one was by a new writer. Twenty-five years ago a London newspaper made a survey of London genius only to find that out of one hundred and sixteen prominent authors, journalists, painters, sculptors, and actors, one hundred and four had received no English public school education. There is surely something about our educational system which is smothering the creative faculties.

Matthews in *Principles of Intellectual Education* makes the following comment which throws a gleam of light upon the specific error in modern education:

"The aim of education is not knowledge, but power . . . to use our original powers in our original way . . . an ounce of originality, of fresh

## Well Established in the Banking Business

Over its long period of useful years The Fidelity Bank has built up a surplus and undivided profits account of practically a million dollars. This sum is your protection in financial matters handled by this bank.

**The Fidelity Bank**  
DURHAM AND WEST DURHAM

## General Supplies

*You can always find equipment for every need at the Book Exchange.*



***The  
Book Exchange***

## *Brunswick Records*

### PHONOGRAPHS and RADIOLAS

*Hear the Brunswick Panatrophe, the greatest musical achievement of the time.*

## **CHRISTIAN & HARWARD**

106 West Main Street

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Phone J-1951

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...••••

February  
1927

contribution to the thought of the world, is worth tons of knowledge gathered by others and stored away in the lumber rooms of our minds like treasures in a chest that no one ever sees. To spend our time in cultivating the acquisitive power manifested chiefly in memory . . . would be an infinite gain at the cost of apparent immediate loss."

Our colleges and universities are like factories which turn out the manufactured article by the thousand—according to pattern. To change these factories into forums where individual differences will be recognized and originality cultivated is a task of supreme difficulty, but there is no need for us to shirk our duty in failing to do this, nor is there need to go about it as an anarchist or blue-nosed reformer. To accomplish this task men of keen discrimination must determine the relative values of the new and the old, and such a work must be slowly done, but the persistent trend should be toward a fuller realization of the importance of the individual and the development of originality and creative tendencies, rather than the present haphazard, irrational procedure which shackles originality and places a premium upon the ape-like talent of imitation and the parrot-like attainment of rote learning of empirical formulae, mind-murdering outlines, and deadening diagrams. In learning the cut-and-dried copy of mature logic the youth is induced to stultify his own vital and subtle logical movement; it is this very formalism that has given the present stigma to the word "pedagogy," which has become a synonym for mechanical schemes that destroy the personality. Our methods are the German military methods of leveling; the drills, methods and discipline should, but do not, make effective by gradual exercise the native endowments of the individual. Instead, the enforced mechanical routine and heavy burden of assigned work produces mechanical automatons marked by mental passivity, who in turn accept the premium placed upon calm conformity and acceptance of mediocrity. This sticky, doughy democracy in its colorless lifelessness resents individualism and hammers relentlessly at the student who strives to assert his own originality free from the compulsions of the "divine average" and the crowd.

Bronner says in *The Psychology of Special Abilities and Disabilities*:

"Educational dissatisfaction (arising from loss of interest, discouragement, or the feeling of inefficiency) is a very frequent beginning of what may develop into a long career of misdeeds. The regular curricula and methods

## Stetson "D"

Clothiers  
and Furnishers

FEATURING

Stetson "D" Clothes and  
John Ward Shoes



All Stetson D Clothes pressed free  
at our shop for entire school year.

## Christian & King Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different

## REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

CHAPEL HILL INSURANCE  
AND REALTY CO.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

DR. WADE H. MARSHALL

Tankersley Building

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Phone 45

## Orpheum

THE HOME OF

Musical Comedy  
AND  
VAUDEVILLE



Change of program Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...  
February  
1927

are not achieving success in the case of those who have peculiarities which require special consideration. The loss is economic, financial, and social."

In referring to what should be the active aim of education Dewey states in *How We Think*:

"Unless education develops a lively, sincere, and open-minded preference for conclusions that are properly grounded, and ingrained into the individual's working habits, methods of enquiry, and reasoning appropriate to the various problems that present themselves, no matter how much an individual knows as a matter of hearsay and information, if he has not habits and attitudes of this sort, he is not intellectually educated."

The only undergraduates here at the University who could really be said to conform to this standard of the educated man are the few scattered "intellectuals," that little minority concerning which one of our professors said that "they are the students who save the lives of the college professors; otherwise, many professors would be driven to suicide through an overwhelming sense of failure." These "intellectuals" are driven by the culture motive. Facts as they are generally presented produce the "greasy grind," not because the facts are interesting, but because they are dealt out as such hard, cold, concise things. If facts are presented in a suggestive way, stimulating the imagination and "leaving the brain in a bonfire," a deep, thorough culture should follow as a matter of course. Such a presentation brings to the student the experience of others as partly his own, and only then does fact-cramming become really educative. We do not give enough attention to the individual tendencies. We care for the crippled, the youths of talent who mould society in later years. We leave them to the youth of talent who moulds society in later years. We leave them to chance. We require a future journalist to spend six months cursing and reviling a mathematical analysis which he will never use; we require a future sculptor or painter to spend more than a year trying to master foreign idioms and queer grammar forms, and demand the future country banker to study a dry course involving the development of the English commons. Such educational eccentricities and paradoxes are all about us. We have no proper scheme for detecting individual talents and getting the best out of the student; the "intellectual" is using his own initiative in a trial-and-error search for the genuine culture that a university should freely give.

FANCY ICES

BLOCKS

## Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets

DIAL L-963

**DURHAM ICE CREAM  
COMPANY, INC.**

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET

Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS

PUNCHES

DR. DANIEL T. CARR

*Dentist*

Offices in Tankersley Building

Next to Postoffice

TELEPHONE 69

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL  
ELECTRIC AND WATER  
DIVISION

University Consolidated  
Service Plants

# Victrolas, Pianos and Radios



**The Corley Company**

Durham, North Carolina

## The Writers

JOHN V. A. WEAVER, well known poet and playwright, lived in Charlotte, North Carolina, prior to his going northward. He is the author of numerous plays, and has published several volumes of poems. "In American," and "More In American" are the names of two of the latter . . . . LILITH SHELL now lives in Pennsylvania but she sends a little quatrain found in another part of this issue, to prove that she was born in this state . . . . R. K. FOWLER is the Assistant Editor of THE MAGAZINE . . . . CLINTON SCOLLARD has contributed before to THE MAGAZINE, and is the author of a number of volumes of verse . . . . HOWARD MUMFORD JONES provoked much comment with his article, "The Advancing South," last month. He is publishing another volume of his verse, and the University Press will bring out a treatise by him, this spring . . . . PADRAIC PRETLOW is one of the co-editors of "The Pasture" . . . . ELLEN M. CARROLL has several poems in this volume of THE MAGAZINE. She lives in Charleston, S. C. . . . JACQUES LE CLERCQ has just published "A Sorbonne of The Hinterland," one of the Dial Press's "Little Books of New Poetry" . . . . G. A. CARDWELL, JR., was editor of *The Buccaneer* last year. He is now seeking inspiration—and funds—in Wilmington . . . . LEWIS ALEXANDER is one of the young negro poets associated with the new magazine, *Fire*, a publication of the young negro intellectuals in and around New York.





ers visit the club-house.]

## *Camel attracts the quality smoker*

CAREFUL observation will reveal that men of quality demand quality in a cigarette—smoke Camels. A Camel smoker goes straight to the point in cigarettes and demands enjoyment.

For there are no better tobaccos or blending than you get in Camels. There is no other cigarette taste and fragrance that can compare with Camels, because they are rolled of the choicest Turkish and

Domestic tobaccos grown. In a cigarette, as in the smoker, there is nothing that can substitute for quality.

If you want to know what experienced smokers like, just try Camels. Each year new millions try them all and find in Camels enjoyment realized. Camels never tire the taste. To test the quality of Camels, compare them with any cigarette made regardless of price. "*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



*Natural tobacco  
taste has the  
"call" these days*

Smokers have certainly  
made their preference clear

POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

MARCH • 1927

## MARRIAGE

A Student Symposium

## OLE SISTER

Negro Sketches

By E. C. L. ADAMS

## FOUR TRANSLATIONS

Poems

By RUTH WIND

WILSON

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

HARRIS

PAGE

O. HENRY



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., Editor

VIRGINIA LAY, Art Editor R. K. FOWLER, Assistant Editor

L. H. MCPHERSON, Business Manager

KILLIAN BARWICK, Assistant Business Manager

VOLUME 57

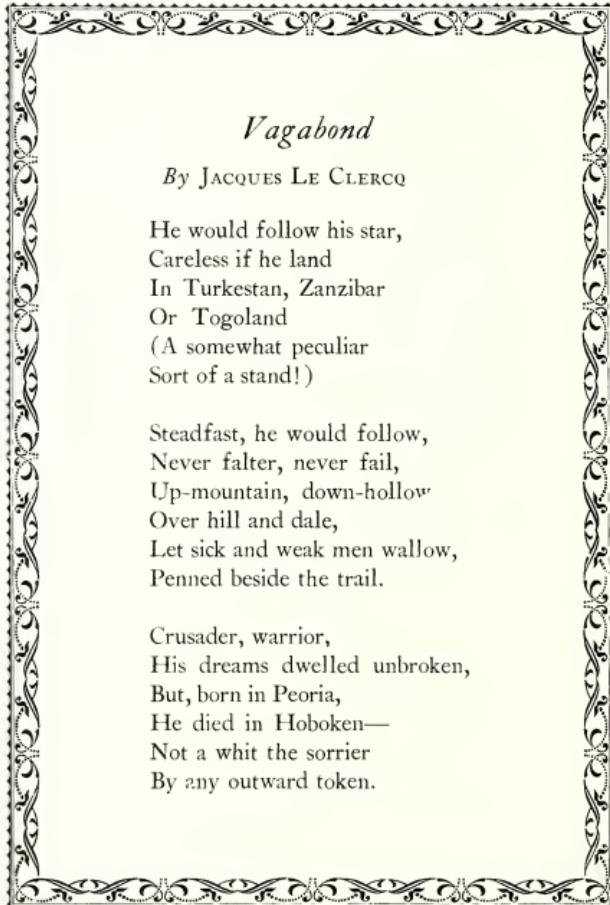
MARCH, 1927

NUMBER 5

## Contents

VAGABOND ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . .	Jacques LeClercq
OLE SISTER ( <i>Sketches</i> ) . . . . .	E. C. L. Adams
SYMPOSIUM ON MARRIAGE	
DREAMS ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . .	Herbert Drennon
FOUR TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN ( <i>Poems</i> )	Ruth Wind
DISCOVERY ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . .	Jacques LeClercq
GOAT ( <i>Story</i> ) . . . . .	Byron White
ELEGaic ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . .	Nannie Herndon Rice
A STUDY IN PRAGMATISM ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . .	Herbert Drennon
COOL LADY ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . .	Jacques LeClercq
PASTURE	
BOOK BAZAAR	
THE WRITERS	

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.



*Vagabond*

By JACQUES LE CLERCQ

He would follow his star,  
Careless if he land  
In Turkestan, Zanzibar  
Or Togoland  
(A somewhat peculiar  
Sort of a stand!)

Steadfast, he would follow,  
Never falter, never fail,  
Up-mountain, down-hollow  
Over hill and dale,  
Let sick and weak men wallow,  
Penned beside the trail.

Crusader, warrior,  
His dreams dwelled unbroken,  
But, born in Peoria,  
He died in Hoboken—  
Not a whit the sorrier  
By any outward token.



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57

NUMBER 5

## *Ole Sister*

*Negro Sketches*

By E. C. L. ADAMS

BRUSER: Dey show is been a turn-over down to de old street; every kind er mix-up, niggers fighten every which a way.

TAD: Wuh de matter ail em?

BRUSER: Old Sister start sompen.

SCIP: Dat's wha Ole Sister good for. Carrying news and putten pizen out.

BRUSER: She done put de pizen out up de street, den she pass on she look dat satisfy.

SCIP: Pass on to put pizen out some wey else.

TAD: You aint think all dat 'bout Ole Sister, is you? She look so Christian. Ain't I see her in church and meeten look like she always prayen and beggen God to forgive poor sinners.

SCIP: She tongue forked just like a snake, one half on it drips prayers and other half turns loose ruination, and den she talk so sweet 'bout God and how she give agvice and do everything she kin do to save her friend.

VOICE: She wouldn't live long if she ain't been able to ring de heart strings loose from some er dem people she say she friend to, I done watch Ole Sister.

SCIP: Ole Sister's business is other folks' business; she are a upright 'oman; she ain't never do no wrong; she know how to pray in de public place.

VOICE: Dey tells me it was folks like Ole Sister 'casion Christ to be crucify.

SCIP: Well, Christ pick out two thieves to go wid him, you ain't see no Ole Sisters hanging on de cross wid Him.

VOICE: Wuh you reckon he do dat for? You think he ain't been able to die right if he had anything wusser than them thieves?

SCIP: I ain't say nothing 'bout that.

TAD: I reckon she so satisfy, she rub she self 'bout de way she and God live.

TAD: Ole Man Daniel tell we dat way back in slavery time dere been a

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

March  
1927

nigger dey call him Gabel. He say Gabel been a kind man, double jinted and soft talking; everybody come to Gabel when 'struction start. He ain't luh no man beat he wife, ef de 'oman come to him for pertection. He perfect everything in trouble, mens and womens, but other times he ain't take nothing to do wid nobody. He were always a peace-maker, less somebody push him too far, and he ain't have to larn many un em. Ole man Daniel say Gabel been courtin' a pritty gal, and one day one ur dem old sister spile her name, and run to her wid all kind er tales 'bout herself, and run to she friends and tell tales to everybody, she just strew dat little innocent gal's name, and claim she only talking in friendship, but she kept on talkin' and Gabel mighty nigh loss he mind, he fret so. Atter while dey torment de little gal so till one day she swallow a handful of bottle glass, and Old Sister had her time moanin' at de settin' up and de funeral, she walk 'round lookin' as pious as a buzzard hoppin' 'round a carcass.

VOICE: Hell must be full of Ole Sisters.

SCIP: Dey got a particular pen in hell for em, and when a sinner is too weeked, dey throws him in de pen wid dem ole sisters, and dey picks de smoke off he bones and chats 'round him like a bunch of blackbirds.

VOICE: Hell must be a bad place.

SCIP: Brother, you know hell is a bad place when dey got generations of ole sisters pen up together, for de punishment of poor sinners.

VOICE: It must be worse than bad, de fire is wusser nuff.

ANOTHER VOICE: Dat must be de bottomless pit I hear so much talk 'bout way all dem all sister.

TAD: I reckon we better pray.

BRUSER: Who dat comin' yonder?

VOICE: Dat's Ole Sister now.

SEVERAL VOICES: We best be leffen.

TAD: Less we pray.

SCIP: Set still, brothers, prayin' and leffen neither one guine to stop Ole Sister's tongue. Set still, brothers, and take your honey and pizen now. Day is only one way out and dat's ter cut your throat from year to year, and ef you do dat, it will be Ole Sister's pleasure, all you do is to fill Ole Sister's pizen sack again and start her fresh on her road of 'struction. Set still, she only talks to her friends 'bout her friends, she is a good ooman, she prays and shouts, she got two worlds, dis world and hell and she mighty nigh done turn dis world into hell, it's wusser dan hell sometimes.

TAD: Less we pray.

SCIP: I done tell you prayin' ain't guh help you wid Ole Sister, way dey is most prayin' dere is most Ole Sister. Set still and let de ole moccasin whisper in your year.

OLE SISTER: Brothers, how is you?

SEVERAL VOICES: How is you, Sister?

TAD: I just been sayin' ef everybody was like you, Sister, dis world would be a good world to live in, but people is so weeked, ain't nobody can control em.

VOICE: Ain't dat de truth Tad spoke?

ANOTHER VOICE: Jesus knows.

TAD: Sister, what's de news?

SCIP: Sister's heart is heavy, Tad, she try so hard to bring peace and good behavior. Sister too busy tryin' to save sinners to have news.

OLE SISTER: Brother Scip, you knows my heart, it is weary wid tryin' to save people. I mighty nigh done talk my heart out geeing agvice to dat gal of Riah's. I talk to her and ain't never say a word 'bout her to nobody. She my friend and I wants to save her. I stands by my friends, and I sets example for dem.

...•••...

March  
1927

TAD: Do Jesus, less we pray.

VOICE: Amen.

SEVERAL VOICES: Amen.

TAD: God loves Ole Sister.

SCIP: Ole Sister are a blessed ooman.

OLD SISTER: Well, my brothers, I

tries to live right, but my trials is heavy.

Ain't nobody can tell who dey friend.  
Now, dere's dis here gal Ellen. I seen  
her walkin' wid Mensa two time an'  
havin' compensation. Her an' me is  
good friends. We go every wey wid  
one another, an' I axe her wuh she see  
in Mensa, an' wuh de whole compen-  
sation 'bout, an' she say, "Is I broke  
any law? If I wants to talk wid  
Mensa, wuh make I ain't can talk to  
him?" Ain't you see how her mind run?  
An' I ain't never say a word 'bout her,  
cepen I went to Pooch an' Big Daughter  
an' Sister Janie an' Rachel an' I tell dem  
'bout it an' axe dem to intercede an'  
I tell dem not to breath it to nobody.  
Wha' more kin I do? I is Ellen's  
friend, but I got to stan' by my Jesus  
too. Ain't none of we can serve two  
masters.

SCIP: Sister, I ain't see where you  
can do no more dan you has done. Ellen  
oughts to love you.

TAD: Here comes Mensa. Sister, is  
you talk to Mensa?

OLD SISTER: No, I ain't said nothin'  
to Mensa, an' I ain't say nothin' 'bout  
Mensa. He so curious an' he so vigus  
he ain't never had no reason, an' he  
ain't got no conscious. He ain't got no  
right to run wid Ellen. He run after  
too much women. Well, I must tell  
you all good day. Mensa so 'spicious, if  
I stays here he mought think I been  
talkin' 'bout him an' Jesus know I ain't  
never called he name to nobody. Good  
day, my brothers.

MENSA: Gentlemens!

SEVERAL VOICES: Howdy! Wha's  
de time? Ber Mensa.

SCIP: Brother, you is a little 'lated.  
Dat ole gal of yourownt is jes lef' we.

MENSA: I seen Ole Sister lef' here.  
You ain't mean her, is you? er ole two  
face-ed wench.

TAD: Brother, you ain't ought to  
nuse them hard words 'bout er Christian  
ooman that gits down on her knees and  
prays to God to save your soul.

MENSA: I ain't axed de ole she rat  
to pray for me.

SCIP: Calm ye-self, my brother. Ole  
Sister ain't say nothin' 'bout you. She  
jes tell we she ain't never call your  
name, neither this here gal Ellen. You  
know she Ellen's friend, an' Ole Sister  
take so much interest in she friends.

MENSA: It looks like dat's de kind  
er people God got all 'round here  
prayin' for Him. Jesus! If I could  
fasten my hand on her th'oat one time,  
I'd make her eye-balls jump out. But  
dere ain't no nuse, dere is so much  
hypocrite in dis world, dey all got low-  
down minds. You can do anything ef  
you does it in de name of God, ef you  
don't do it to a Christian hypocrite.  
Some time it seems to me I could naturally  
set in de chair to git my satis-  
faction.

VOICE: Be patient, brother.

TAD: My agvice is to go on your  
way rejoicing, 'tend to your own busi-  
ness an' don't pay no 'tention to Ole  
Sister. Time she find out you guh hab  
your own way, she luh you 'lone. Ole  
Sister got a kind er mind dat don't  
dwell long on sompen she can't hurt.  
She got a selfish mind, she so stucked on  
she self, she ain't nobody's friend; she  
think she are a friend, but she ain't no  
friend. Her hide is thick as a ox hide,  
an' she don't belongs to 'sociate wid no  
other kind er mind.

MENSA: Tad, you is right.

(Ellen comes up. Greetings ex-  
changed.)

ELLEN: Is you all see Ole Sister?

SCIP: Yes, she ain't so long lef' here.

ELLEN: Wey she gone?

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

•••••

March  
1927

MENSA: De ole devil is gone on de devil's business. She been servin' de devil 'tendin' to he business an' other people's business.

TAD: Don't say dat, Mensa, think wha' you has a mind to think, but don't let no evil thoughts run out on your tongue.

ELLEN: Shut your mouth, Mensa, Ole Sister my friend; she say she my friend.

SCIP: She you friend, she say she you friend. I heared her say it.

MENSA: Come on, Ellen, I'll walk a piece er de way home wid you.

ELLEN: You can walk a piece er de way.

(They depart.)

ELLEN: Mensa, I thinks a heap er you, but I can't stan' for Ole Sister an' all un 'em talk. She my friend an' I loves you more'n all un 'em, but I can't gee up my friends for you, an' Ole Sister tell me she an' she friends ain't guh have nothin' to do wid me ef I

don't drap you, an' I ain't able to fight all un 'em. She say you is a bad man, an' course dey will stan' by me, but dey ain't like it.

MENSA: Dey will stan' by you long enough to cut your th'oat.

ELLEN: Dey has already done cut my th'oat. Long as dey kin keep me whipped, dey ain't guh lef' me.

MENSA: I'll try an' be friend wid 'em.

ELLEN: Dat ain't no good, ef one un 'em were drownin' an' you save 'em, dey would say you done it jes so you could see me.

MENSA: Ellen, I is all broked up. I guh lef' you now. Honey, don't forget me. I ain't no worse dan you friends.

ELLEN: God be wid you, Mensa. Ef it do you any good, jes 'member I belongs to you. I love you an' I got friends an' I ain't never guh forgot how dey sting me. Good bye.

MENSA: Honey, good bye.

### *Ole Sister In Heaven*

TAD: Scip, is you all ever hear 'bout the big sturbance dey have in heaven?

SCIP: Wuh kind er 'sturbance? Look like dey have nuff 'sturbance here. Dey ain't gone to havin' 'sturbance in heaven, is dey?

BRUSER: Tell we, Tad.

TAD: I ain't know for certain it de trute, but I heared an' it soun' kind er pamelia to me.

VOICE: Less we hear it, Ber Tad.

TAD: Well, one time one er dem old sister dead an' slipped into heaven duenst a big storm. She ain't hit de bottom er de stairs 'fore she start sompen.

VOICE: How you reckon she slip in, Tad?

TAD: Everything git so rough ole man Peter lef' de gate wid one her he

chillun an' went to help Gabel close de windows. De wind was blowin' at such a rate it look like it were guh blow all de shutters off, an' rain was comin' so fast it was spilin' de carpet. It blowed some of de angels out er de trees. Angels was mess up all over Heaven. Dere been so much feather scatter 'round it look like all de angels in heaven was moultin'. It 'stroy some er dey nes', an' little angels was layin' all 'round on de ground cryin' an' holerin'. A turn er dem been out in de garden playin', some un 'em was jes larnin' to fly. Some of dey wing feathers ain't start to sprout yet. Most of de chillun out in de garden ain't been ole enough to fly, dey was layin' all around under rose bush an' tangled up in vine. Gabel been so busy he ain't know he

(Continued on page 36)



# *Marriage*

*A Student Symposium*

**C**In presenting this student symposium on the subject of marriage, THE MAGAZINE could find no better introduction for it than this first article which was written by a married woman who is the mother of a nineteen year old daughter. The other articles are the frank expressions of opinion written by eight young men and women in the following order: An individualistic graduate; an engaged girl; a graduate student; a selfish man; a girl who has done social work; an engaged man; a young married man; a modern girl. lapels of his coat (when charmer).

The trouble with "us elders" is that we have forgotten the thrills of our youth in the great practicality and prudence of our age and we are horrified at the boldness of our boys and girls without remembering the sweetly secret philandering of our own youth.

Youth today is what it was twenty years ago—fifty years ago—a hundred years ago. With only this difference, a commendable one at that; the present day youth is frankly amorous (is it not so?) while the youth of the past was secretly so.

My lover kissed me—oh, so boldly and passionately, yes! a boy to whom I was not engaged and to whom I never expected to be. But he kissed me as did others along about thirty years ago. And I liked it. When I look back now I should have had a very barren and empty life without the thrills of this love making. It was my right—and I took it. But if my parents had charged me with any such thing as this promiscuity (a thing they never

**T**HE RECREATION of our kind, the basis of all the romance of all the ages, is a vital force in the life of the youth of today but no more vital than it was to the boy and girl of yesterday. The girl with her bare knees and sleeveless bodice and with whatever clothing she deigns to wear outlining every curve of her beautiful body has no more consciousness of her ability to lure the male than had her sister of the "leg o' mutton" sleeves and the long, full, stiffly crinolined skirt. The youth with the flip-flapping collegiate trousers, the flaming tie, the cigarette and no hat is no more easily lured than was that other be-whiskered youth with his hands awkwardly grasping the

they were not clasping the slender waist of some charmer).

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

March  
1927

did, oh, dear no. They were far too modest to think of such a thing) I should have lied profusely and blackly about it. Nothing could have induced me to admit it. I would have considered myself disgraced forever if people had known that these boys had kissed me—mark you—if people had *known* it.

But last night my daughter who is nineteen came into my room at two a. m. and sank happily upon my bed,

“Gee, mother, but Harold *can* kiss you!”

Always, of course, the great fear among “us elders” is that the boy or girl will “go wrong.” Well, they will and they do but so did we and so did they of the generations long gone. That business of “going wrong” has been one of the thrillers of the ages.

For myself I am strong for the modern youth. I believe the only sin (?) we can lay up against him (or her) is frankness,—just plain open-and-above board-ness. And we of the other generations were guilty of secretiveness. Which is worse?

---

Marriage is the compromise of man with mankind, of humanity with nature. It is the bitter admission that the individual is not self sufficient. It is evidence that of all creatures man is most miserably adapted to nature. It is one of the many sardonic refutations of man’s teleological dream of a universe of harmony and order and design.

*Biological marriage*, or the temporary union of the sexes for the gratification of desire, is not in itself enslavement. But coupled by an accident of nature with the reproductive function and its attendant responsibilities it has been transformed through social necessity into an institution.

*Institutional marriage*, an abortive makeshift growing out of economic necessity, was sponsored first by the clan and adopted in turn by the church, the social *mores*, and the state. Modified by each successive foster parent it has become distorted so that today our American form of monogamic marriage is an anachronism.

*Sacramental marriage* has placed a false glamour upon an archaic institution and developed a vast deal of cant. Despite the obvious fact that no woman can possibly be the complement of any man the church says “these twain are now become one flesh”; and shutting its eyes it unites them “till death do us part,” licensing them to indulge in the most sinful and worldly pleasures of the flesh.



March  
1927

*Civil marriage* blindly ignores the fundamental function of the institution. The state is not interested in the sex relations of its members; any custom from promiscuity to abstinence is equally satisfactory. It is interested only in the result—the producing of children—and in the transmission of property. Thus marriage is made easy and divorce difficult, whereas the contrary should be the case. Thus also is the individual sacrificed for posterity. Marriage is the compromise of man with mankind.

What then is the solution? Free and unrestricted divorce? Trial marriage? Free love with institutional care of children and economic independence of women, as Russia is attempting? Perhaps. Each of these progressively would be a forward step, but none of them is either probable or perfect. As the mathematical *pi* is forever incommensurable, the problem of marriage is by nature unsolvable. Its dual functions are unrelated and at variance, but they are not separable, thanks to a sardonic trick of nature.

What then shall the individual do? To the young man, puzzled whether to marry or remain celibate, Socrates says, "Whichever you do you'll regret it." Punch is more explicit: "Don't." When emotionally unbiased the answer is easy. But there again nature plays us a trick. Under the powerful though temporary urge of the sex instinct reason is dethroned. Added to this tremendous force is the encouragement of the church, the sanction of the law, and the approval of society. With such fortuitous conditions the reluctance of man to marry and the subsequent regrets as evidenced more and more, daily bear eloquent testimony on the subject.

With women there is of course no question. With all the cant about equality and enfranchisement women are still chattels and economic parasites and slaves. Their role in life is that of the huntress. Their whole training is designed toward the enhancement of their allurements. They are not individuals; they are pretended "complements" of man.

But man? The sex instinct is aberrant and explorative. Emotions are ephemeral. And the instinct of parenthood is confined to one sex. But the urge of comfort and custom is strong. Shall he compromise with life? Fortunately for the individualist the answer is not difficult. We still have the double standard. Society winks at the foibles of the lordly sex. And man can still live his own life.

---

"We want to get married; at least we love each other, but after what we have seen of modern marriage, we can't be sure of anything. Therefore we don't want children for a year or so."



March  
1927

That is the modern generation's attitude. What we have seen of marriage has made us unwilling and a little afraid to assume its responsibilities. But since we *want*, we will; and we will change things to suit ourselves.

We want a system whereby we can have a trial marriage—to test our "undying affection" and to avoid unwanted children and divorces. Why should we wait for the pleasures of marriage until the time when we assume its responsibilities? Marriage is not life complete and yet life is not complete without it. We want a union in happiness which will develop into a marriage in healthy comradeship.

Failure means divorce, and perhaps children to be disposed of. While divorce is no longer a black stain on a lily white life, still we would rather avoid it by legalizing what is now termed immorality. Why should a few consecrated words make so much difference? We do not think this system would promote promiscuity but rather would it develop a sense of responsibility not forced on us by convention.

"But still, we don't want children just yet and we don't want them to think that they were accidents. After all they don't ask to be put here, and we want to do our best to get them here at the psychological moment for them." Here we find a flaw in the statutes of our noble country. Why shouldn't we be allowed to learn about birth control scientifically? We have all gathered bits of information from bull sessions, but they are generally inaccurate. Wouldn't it be better if we could learn from competent authorities?

What we resent most of all is the smugness of the former generations. No wonder the thought of marriage depresses us. We are constantly reminded of its *responsibility*, and what young person contemplating the great step has not heard "Look before you leap, my dear, you will regret it." But marriage is a habit and by 1935 all this gin, joke, and jazz generation will probably be fatally entangled. In the meantime—we are looking for a safe spot to leap on.

---

The great mass of mankind today finds marriage quite as sufficient or as insufficient as it has always been. Its interest is mainly directed to the physical and the economic. The husband works for the family livelihood; the wife cleans, cooks, and cares for the children. The concern is to provide enough to support the mates and progeny. The physical is not attuned to anything aesthetic, and physical mating is, therefore, easy. As there is little mental



March  
1927

life, there is little intellectual or nervous friction. Quarrels are over primitive matters: jealousy, coolness, means, expenditures.

Among the intellectualists who are, by the way, the only ones who are ever concerned with the so-called problem of marriage) the problem is more complex. Physical mating between two intellectualists—*ipso facto*, individualists—is a most difficult affair. In the first place, it is quite self conscious by both parties. Due to the widespread knowledge today of the elements of psychology and sociology among modern young women none of the more primitive attacks of the male are possible. The union is contemplated and instigated mutually. This condition among so large a portion of the population is unusual and difficult, and it will probably continue to be so for another generation. The physical, already hampered by neglect in our ascetic order of society, must now find exact mutuality in order not to be entirely eclipsed as being any more than a function of child production.

The intellectual male will usually be attracted by his counterpart in the opposite sex. The struggle for mastery now becomes mute (neither side can afford to be obvious if the union is to live). Nerves come into play. The wife is no longer willing to confine herself to the home, seeking an expansion of experiences in the formerly male world. The tie of the home is thus made insecure as it cannot hold the male, being the handiwork not of his mate but of an inferior order of person. With the assuming of exacting duties in the world outside the home the wife necessarily must reduce to a minimum the disabilities of child bearing and rearing. Furthermore, besides her natural inability to do so she must attend her duties regularly. This at the expense of health, beauty, and charm: three vital holds on the male.

No panacea is to be found. There are three possibilities for the future. There may be a return to the clinging vine type, a reaction from the freedom to which thus far women have not attuned themselves. There may be a continuance of the uncertain *status quo*. And finally and most desirable, the utter and absolute independence, economic and moral, of women may be achieved. In that case marriage and divorce are bound to become subject only to the conditions of mutual consent. Permanency will be sacrificed to happiness. Mastery and dependence will be sacrificed to mutual self-sufficiency; and the coming of children, as yet normally accidental, will be exactly controlled. The trend is this way. The end should be furthered by all those who are interested in a permanent solution of the marriage problem if only for the sake of the experiment.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

March  
1927

For one type of person marriage is an idea unfit for consideration—that is the utterly selfish type. As far as I can see, I fall into that class. This is not an admission of culpability, but an assertion of independence. To many the idea of a selfish individual, living only for his own interests and own pleasure, is an abhorrent one. They consider him a menace, a disgusting egomaniac to be shunned and avoided. God knows why this should be the case. The selfish person is an extremely fortunate mortal. He is sufficient to himself. Others depend too much on outside influences and associations. If they chance to be in a city where they have no friends they are miserable; if they feel that no one “understands” them they become morose and moody; if they are unable to find their particular little niche in life they have nothing to fall back upon. The selfish person demands nothing of the outside world. He can take it or leave it alone. Friends are all right, but far from indispensable; events are important only as they affect him. He lives in a one-man world of his own—and he is satisfied.

What has marriage to offer a person of this nature? Nothing but an undesirable series of setbacks calculated to disrupt his whole scheme of life. First there is the question of fair exchange. He gives the woman support, food, lodging, money; she gives him sexual gratification and the dubious blessing of companionship. The latter gift he can easily do without—in fact prefers to do without. In his mind the former gift scarcely balances the duties to which he is bound. It can be obtained unhampered by the onerous red tape of matrimony.

A selfish person usually refuses to commit himself to any definite line of action. He wishes to feel free at all times to do as *he* sees fit and not as others who have some hold upon him require him to do. His life is an all-important matter which he chooses to direct in a manner unrelated to compulsion. Marriage places double bonds upon a man—the bond of the wife and the bond of the bystander. In the ceremony he has made certain promises which he must meet to the best of his ability. He has accepted a responsibility calling for a prescribed course of action. Technically, first consideration is due to his wife. He is unable to come and go, to talk and think without weighing the effect it may have upon his mate. His time is hers, his money is hers, his life is hers. If he diverges from duty the wife revolts and he is plunged into the noisome mess of a divorce. The bystander, the great Everybody Else, is also tremendously exacting. If a married man is guilty of the least infidelity the bystander points a scornful and censorious finger. His bond is a bond of fear—fear of talk and a blasted reputation.



March  
1927

The selfish man is changeable—he is a person of sudden likes and equally sudden dislikes. There is little stability to his emotions. He sees something which gives him a temporary desire for possession, something to give him pleasure—selfish pleasure, if you will. He gets it, tires of it and looks elsewhere for amusement. Marriage places the quietus upon this phase of his nature. In one great respect he is no longer free to choose and discard. He has taken a wife, and with her has taken a burden of a permanent character. He must face the inevitable—the inevitable face across the table, the inevitable remarks and posturings. He has taken a wife, and the bystander will see to it that he keeps her.

As a final example of a selfish man's reasons for remaining single is the problem of intimacy. Living in a compact, pleasant world of his own he resents intrusion. His life, both physical and mental, is essentially of a private nature. He allows no one to break in upon it and throw it into disorder. Social contact is desirable to a certain extent, but actual intimacy is *verboten*. Consider the effect of marriage—that most intimate of institutions. A wife demanding a place in his work, in his thoughts; a wife sharing the closest secrets of his existence; a wife present and palpable at all times.

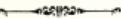
A selfish man needs nothing outside of his personal sphere—and asks for nothing. Least of all does he need the saddle of matrimony on his back.

---

It would be well, before condemning the custom or institution of marriage, to consider the possibility of there being a better one which could be made to take its place. And before any theoretical arguments can be advanced, some facts that are undeniable should be considered.

Records shows that one out of every eight marriages in the United States has its finale in the divorce courts. It is appalling, yet it is true. And

(Continued on page 29)



### Dreams

By HERBERT DRENNON

Some dreams are lacy bridal veils,  
Trailing in an April breeze;  
And some are simply old wives' tales,  
Stifled in a sneeze!



## *Translations From the German*

By RUTH WIND

### *The Cone of Paper*

By OTTO ERICH HARTLEBEN

Of his cap, erect and peaked  
symbol of sublimest folly,  
was Pierrot robbed in the uproar  
of his wedding-night carousal.

Wailing, all the guests are seeking  
under tables, cupboards, benches,  
for his cap, erect and peaked,  
symbol of sublimest folly.

But Pierrot, in self-absorption,  
sits at table, turning slowly,  
earnestly, a cone of paper  
from the beautiful new license . . .  
See: the cap erect and peaked.

### *The Band of Roses*

By FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK

In shade of spring I found my love,  
I bound my love with bands of roses;  
She felt it not and slumbered still.

I looked at her; my Being clung,  
In that one glance, unto her Being:  
I felt it keen and knew it not.

I whispered to her wordlessly  
And rustled soft the bands of roses:  
Till she awakened from her sleep.

She looked at me: her Being clung  
In that one glance, unto my Being,  
And round us was Elysium.

*The Prayer: From the Prophet Jonah*

By OTTO ERICH HARTLEBEN

From the depths I called to Thee, Oh, Lord,  
and Thou in thy greatness heardst my calling.  
All thy floods had compassed me about and  
all thy billows and thy waves passed over  
me—until I could but think that never  
would I look again unto thy holy  
temple, for eternity would I be  
shut out from thy mercy. All thy waters  
crowded hard upon my life, the depths now  
rose about my head, reeds flowed around me.  
Down I sank unto the mountains' bases  
and the earth had put her bars about me.

But hast Thou, oh, Lord my God, yet drawn me  
up again from out this desolation,  
for Thou hast compassion, grace and mercy.

When my soul had fully despaired within me,  
thought I of God and sent my prayer  
up to Thee, within thy holy temple.  
Those who are despaired before thine anger,  
those who let themselves be slaved by sorrow,  
they alone have forfeited thy mercy

*Lines*

By OTTO ERICH HARTLEBEN

The orchards nod their heavy blossom-load  
and songs of maidens echo down the road.

The darkened hills are crowned with glowing shapes,  
in evening twilight gleam the early grapes.

I stare a-daze and seared, my mind astray,  
I am so weary, since you went away.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

•♦•♦•

March  
1927

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

March  
1927

*Discovery*

By JACQUES LE CLERQ

Ransacking that old room, I found  
Crass odds and ends littered around:

Dank letters, matted wisps of hair,  
Truculently arid there,

A faded yellow velvet bonnet,  
Exhausted by long suns; glazed on it

Two grease-stains where twin ribbons droop,  
Tokens of ill-conducted soup,

Faces on mildewed photographs,  
Stony and square as epitaphs,

A grotesque corset, a vast cage  
To hold shoes colorless for age,

A book—De Kok—with tattered cover,  
Offering (Page 9) a scabrous lover

Ogling Page 10. I thought: For sure,  
That might be my caricature!

I must have gazed at you just so,  
When I loved you eight years ago!

\* \* \* \*

I cleared my throat. I lit a match,  
Poured kerosene, so all would catch,

And watched the house, without a sound,  
Burn like a bonfire to the ground,

Till only when the cinders thinned  
Into grey dust above the wind,

I smoked a cigarette and grinned.



## Goat

By BYRON WHITE

H! FELIPE, you dam' wop, what in the Hell were you out in that palm forest for last night? You'er a goddam' fool! Don't ch' know those man-eating natives will get you?"

"Yea, you'er right, Freddy. I am a fool to go outside the safety lines at night. But there is something so *damned* beautiful about the glow of the sun as it goes over *Le Petit Monton* that it gets me, queer like, on the insides. But you'er right. I am a loose bolt to be taking such chances."

"Well, for God's sake, don't go sneaking off tonight. The Old Man has given us orders to shoot to kill anything outside the safety lines that even sniffs like a man. His boy told him this morning that that bastard witch has told the tribe that a white man has gotta' be sacrificed to drive off the plague. And they'er going to do it tonight."

"All right, I won't take a walk tonight."

"Boy, don't. If you should cash it where in the Hell do you think I would end up at? We've been buddies ever since we left the states. Another year of this without a pal would just about make me pop myself off. Just thought I'd mention that man-eating dance they'er pulling off tonight. I've got the 'Witch's Rump' until eight. See you about nine. So long."

"So long, Freddy."

Frederic Holdan, twenty year old runaway, facing the first tropical danger of his enlistment, shouldered his gun and tramped heavily up the palm covered hill to the final outpost. Formerly a Voodoo priestess had lived on its summit, hence the appellation, "Witch's Rump", given it by the marines.

"What 'ch say, 'Red'? Anything stirring?"

"Nope, everything is blinky. But just wait. In about two hours those dam' drums will start. God, such chills the racket will send up your backbone! The noise will be kept up all night. But the dance won't begin until they've eaten the sacrifice."

"How did 'ch get to know so much?"

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

♦♦♦

March  
1927

"Oh, I saw one of the dances a couple er years ago."

"Did the heathens eat anyone?"

"Nope, there wasn't no plague then. They was just dancing a dance in order to get a woman. The one tonight will be like it. But, instead of making goat soup, they'll make marine."

"Not if I can help it, by God."

"Well, if they don't get one of us, they'll use one of the natives. Say, Boy, I got a crap game on tonight. You and the dago come on down."

"Maybe."

"Well, watch out for the butchers. Don't let 'em use you for soup bone."

"Don't let 'em use you for soup bone," the joking, half-serious warning kept ringing in his ears. The *Mondangues*, last cannibal tribe in Haiti, were crafty. His post was the farthest from the camp. Thick underbrush, underneath canopy-like palm trees, could serve as an almost impenetrable cover for a black stalker. When it was a question of torrid woodlore a marine could not compete with an indigenous black man.

Holdan paced up and down the twenty yards of beaten track with eyes and ears straining. Back and forth, back and forth, with his steps forcing a guttural "squash, squash" from the black mud of the patrol path.

His thoughts were on Felipe. Felipe, the only true pal he had ever possessed. Felip, an East Side dago, the paradox, the only man in the regiment who owned a violin. The only marine that Frederic had ever known to read poetry and who sometimes wrote something that he called "free verse." Felipe, an odd fellow, who uttered ejaculations about the Haitian sunset and who declared that the native music had a mystic quality of its own. And yet he was a regular guy, clean and straight and sympathetic. Frederic loved him! Without Felipe's steadyng, unmentioned strength Holdan would have long ago quaffed the forgetful and delightful dregs so generously proffered by Haiti.

But he must be more wary. Surely the sunset was a composition of celestial colors. Even the mellow o-n-e—t-w-o—t-h-r-e-e—f-o-u-r of the *tambours* and the ventriloquial syncopation of the calabashes filled with pebbles, the weird piping of homemade flutes, and the caressing chorus of the women sometimes filled Holdan with wonder. Felipe, the fool, however, must be more careful! Meticulous safety measures should be observed at the present time. The blacks were mad with rebellious hatred for the Americans and fear of the yellow fever plague.



March  
1927

O-n-e—t-w-o—t-h-r-e-e—f-o-u-r! Incessant repetition of the muffled, omniprevalent o-n-e—t-w-o—t-h-r-e-e—f-o-u-r with an emphatic, subterranean bass undertone on the fourth beat. The ghastly rhythmic prologue of the demonolatrous dance had begun. An 120 minutes had gone from Holdan's four hour stretch. His gun was unbearably heavy. The seeping heat made his clothes stick to perspiring skin. "Don't let 'em use you for soup bone . . . And shoot to kill," the jest of "Red" and the orders of the commander kept up a phonograph-like mumble in his head. Holdan's finger gripped, convulsively, the cold trigger of his Springfield. At three thousand yards a bullet could pierce a mess knife. "Squash, squash" up and down, back and back again, "squash, squash" Holdan mechanically marched his beat. With wide pupils and painful eye sockets he searched out the neighboring valley, the hillside of *Le Petit Monton*, the surrounding thicket of kola trees splashed here and there with red hibiscus. Palm fronds quivering, in the lowering dusk gave his entrails a sickly feeling. No, by God, no! as long as he commanded "Witch's Rump" the blood-hungry natives would not get him for a soup bone.

(Continued on page 38)



### Elegaic

By NANNIE HERNDON RICE

Now when the earth grows young again she is no more.  
The scent of blossoming plum borne on the fragrant air  
From every hill is not for her; and not for her  
The wind runs happy waves in laughing clover beds,  
Joying to have its way with new and luscious things.  
Now red-bud brings a flush to winter-beaten hills;  
The sun gives halo to the bud-encrusted elm;  
The willows turn to gold beside the swelling streams;  
And daffodils are tremulous with ecstasy.  
For her comes not the Spring; for her no veils withhold:  
She is at peace with loveliness and pain.

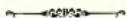
...  
*March*  
1927

*A Study in Pragmatism*  
By HERBERT DRENNON

Philosophers may addle their wits  
To find the All in One, the One in All;  
Jargonize the universe to bits,  
Stalking the metaphysical.

They may prove that Time is, or is not,  
And that Space is a categorical notion,  
Dame Truth a hybrid polyglot,  
And Love a Freudian emotion.

But I shall wind my watch at nights,  
Each morning race to catch the street cars,  
Vote for democratic rights,  
And smoke Republican cigars!



*Cool Lady*  
By JACQUES LE CLERCO

Not heartsblood tinges  
Her lips to crimson—  
Her heart is frozen:  
That are her breasts.  
Therefore these seracs

# The Pasture

R. F.

J. S.

J. P.

## The Bull's Head Bookshop

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

**C**With only one real book-store within a radius of sixty miles, the opening of the Bull's Head Bookshop, a semi-official plan to interest the students in reading and buying good books, is likely to prove a boon to lovers of literature. The few facts which Mr. Jones presents in this article should do much to shatter the complacency of the hardy Tar Heel booster who points with pride to Chapel Hill, as the center of culture in this state. Collier Cobb has said that there was but one bookstore in North Carolina. The Bull's Head may become the second.

most discussed publications having to do with America and the World War. In North Carolina, the state of his birth and the center of his interest, it is said the records show that less than one hundred copies of the *Letters* have been sold.

The book business is not a going concern in the state. There are few intelligent bookbuyers, for one thing, and for another, the business does not pay. The results are sometimes a bit odd. The Modern Library series sells all over the United States. So does Everyman's Library. Recently I went into a large, and apparently prosperous, book and stationery store in the capitol of the state to inquire for a volume in the Modern Library publications. The proprietor looked at me blankly and said he had never

**T**HE SOUTH, in general, does not buy books. The percentage of booksales is so low in certain southern states that many publishers do not push their books in those states. North Carolina is a little better than the average, but its showing is not good. Certain specific illustrations will make the situation clear.

For instance, the *Letters* of Walter Hines Page. North Carolina sees in Mr. Page a distinguished son. During his life he was a brilliant editor, a forward-looking statesman, an adroit diplomat, and an able writer. He crowned his career, as it were posthumously, in the publication of two volumes of letters which have sold by the thousands of copies, and which are one of the

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

March  
1927

heard of the books. I tried him on Everyman's. Blankness. I tried another, smaller store. Same results. A third. The experience was repeated.

If we bring the situation nearer home, it is interesting to note that the only store in Chapel Hill which made any pretense of handling general books, has abandoned the idea because it was unprofitable. On the other hand a drugstore sold in three months, on a monthly average, 150 copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*, 50 copies of *True Story Magazine*, 40 copies of *The Cosmopolitan*, 38 copies of *The Red Book*. During the same period the store sold exactly two copies of *The Atlantic Monthly*, two of *The Forum*, five of *Harper's Magazine*, and nine of *The American Mercury*. No store in the town carries copies of any journal of opinion, such as *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, or *The Saturday Review*.

These are discouraging facts. Fortunately they are offset by certain others. Mr. Hibbard noted in a recent number of *The Publishers Weekly* a slow rise in booksales and bookstores in the South, an increase to which, I suspect, his weekly *Literary Lantern* has contributed. Good book reviews appear in *The Raleigh News and Observer*. The library circulation of the state is increasing. Dr. Poteat's "Can A Man Be A Christian Today?" has gone into a second edition. The University Library is unable to meet the demand for current fiction, and generally speaking, their volumes exhibit a lively circulation.\*

A book-dealer in Durham says that he has an excellent sale, relatively speaking, to customers from Chapel Hill. Book reviews in THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE are ably written. These are significant straws.

I believe that the reading of good books induces the buying of books, and that the owning of books is part of one's general education. There has been until recently no opportunity for the book-lover to buy books in Chapel Hill if he wanted to. The opening of The Bull's Head Bookshop is an attempt to meet such demand as there is, and to create an increasing demand, for books which are not textbooks.

Certain facts about The Bull's Head Bookshop should be made clear. It is not a private venture. Nobody is to make any money out of it. Such profits as may appear (if there ever are any) will go promptly back into the business. It is backed by the Book Exchange as a part of the general program of the University, and it can, if necessary, afford to lose money for a time. Nobody connected with it gets any salary, and the service is voluntary.

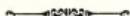
\*The total circulation of books in 1922-23 was 74,418; in 1925-26, 144,511, an increase of 95%. In 1906-7 the average student used 11 library books a year. In 1925-26 he used 59. That is to say, he is reading five times as many library books as he did twenty years ago.



March  
1927

The spirit of The Bull's Head Bookshop is not intended to be of the bargain-counter kind. The Book Exchange is, and has to be, run that way. What is needed is a quieter place where leisure reigns, and where the casual reader, or the timid, can come in and look over the stock as long as he wants to, and read as much of it as he wishes.

Two objections are urged against the present location of The Bull's Head Bookshop, which is in Murphy 214. One is that the place is not in the main line of traffic, and the other is that it is in a professor's office and that students don't care to go back into a class room or an office after hours. Both of these objections have weight. But as it is impossible to rent a room (since the shop is not commercial), the store had to be put somewhere, and a survey of the campus seemed to show that Murphy was as good a place as any other. As for the second objection, as rapidly as may be, it is planned to redecorate the office in order to take the curse of the academic off it; to install comfortable chairs, places to put cigarettes, curtains to shut out the sun, and other doodabs and addenda.



To those intensely Nordic searchers for the American folk-material who resent so bitterly the naive claim of the negro writers, we would like to suggest a form of theater art which is being over-looked consistently. It is the American sex play, or sex picture. America is talking, reading, and harkening to the call of—sex. Characteristically, she thinks that she is blazing a trail in the underbrush of sociology and morals, but after she has steeped herself in sex for twenty years more she will have only reached a point long ago passed by the rest of the world.

It is not correct to assume that the sex play in itself is American in origin, but the *American* sex plays and stories, with their typical development and ending and with their monetary and box-office angles are the only distinctive bits of folk-lore we seem to be able to produce. And a cursory glance at a week's bill at the Pickwick bears this out.

The six pictures presented in one certain week bore the following titles: "Don't Tell the Wife," "The Popular Sin," "For Wives Only," "The Waning Sex," "A Kiss In a Taxi," and "Getting Gertie's Garter."

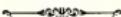
*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...  
...  
...

March  
1927

THE MAGAZINE is always interested in record smashing whether it be physical, mental or Victrola. And now that the church has entered the arena of the modern struggle for publicity we would like to call attention to the girl, who, as a member of the Presbyterian Sunday School, attended this institution for fourteen years without missing a single Sunday.

As a reward for this extraordinary exhibition of personal valor and self-sacrifice, the young girl was given a pin with fourteen bars appended to it. This triple-plated paragon of religiosity was really human, however. She was shipped from N. C. C. W. in her Freshman year for stealing. THE MAGAZINE hesitates to blame this on Evolution, but we seriously think that some movement should be started to abolish Sunday Schools.

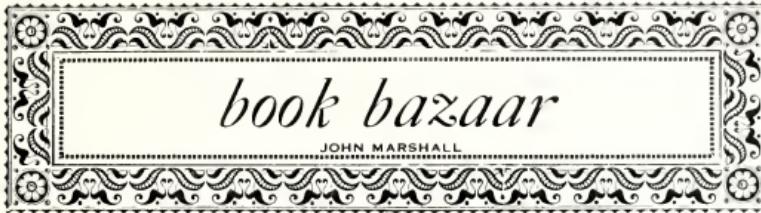


During one of the recent campus conflagrations a certain lady in distress called upon one of the students for aid in rescuing her mother's picture from the flames. This chivalrous Southern gentleman dashed into the burning house, discovered the lady's room, and rushed back to her, holding a large picture tenderly in his arms. A warm glow of self-satisfaction filled his heart as he thought of the joy he was bringing to a loving daughter.

"My mother!" cried the waiting woman as she seized the picture from his outstretched hands. Reverently, she turned it over to look once more upon her mother's portrait—saved so heroically from the flames. But a sudden gasp of astonishment came from her lips as she beheld—not her mother's picture—but the beautiful, inscrutable face of da Vinci's Mona Lisa!

When such an understanding knowledge and infinite appreciation of the Fine Arts is so clearly evidenced—who dares to call this particular bit of the South a "Sahara of the Beaux Arts?"

W. S.



# *book bazaar*

JOHN MARSHALL

## *Dollar Marks*

LORD OF HIMSELF. By Percy Marks. The Century Co. 336 pp. \$2.

This book is destined to become a "best seller"; it contains all the elements calculated to boost sales. The characters include an angel mother, a devoted son, a girl who has gone the pace but finally sees the mockery of it all, a charming lad with an irresistible smile and an eccentric genius with a heart of gold. The pages are liberally sprinkled with necking parties, Art, liquor, philanthropy, wise cracks, sound moral teachings, life in high society and sentiment—sentiment in a lacrimose, Richardsonian flood. Give an author such an array of characters and such a comprehensive melange of events, and it's hard to keep him out of extra editions. This is especially true of an author who makes no attempt at depth and handles his story with simplicity of diction—one might almost say paucity of diction. Mr. Marks is such an author.

*Lord of Himself* is a sequel to *The Plastic Age* and carries on the story of Carl Peters, a vulgarian anxious to shed his vulgarity. Though my recollection of *The Plastic Age* is vague I am sure that the present volume is a vastly inferior piece of work. Most sequels are shoddy things—striving as they do to cash in again on the success of a previous book. *Lord of Himself* brings Carl to the age of twenty-seven and sees him safely engaged to Cynthia Day, the ex-sweetheart of his ex-college chum. The interim is filled with a series of efforts on his part to make a gentleman of himself and a series of efforts on the part of the author to make Carl a creature of nobility and pathos. Neither is particularly successful.

The book is draped in a blanket of sentimentalism; at times it is almost mawkish. Carl's mother is too good, too perfect. She is a sweet, unassuming person and everyone from servants to society matrons fall desperately in love with her at first sight. Evidently feeling that she was too good to live, Mr. Marks kills her toward the end of the book amid appropriate lamentations. While alive she spends her time lecturing Carl on his various blunders and the dear boy is dutifully repentant and ashamed. These frequent and lengthy perorations delivered to a man of twenty-five on such subjects as snobbery and race prejudice are extremely funny. Loshakoff, the Jewish pianist, is inhuman enough when in a state of crudity, but when the author daubs him with sentimental veneer he becomes doubly so. No opportunity is lost to make an appeal to the gentle emotions. Consider the scene where Carl romps about with the puppy and the little child—meanwhile forcing fifty dollar raises upon an unwilling

March  
1927

ing housekeeper. Mr. Marks writes with a tear in one eye and a dollar mark in the other.

Carl himself has the makings of an excellent character, but his "common streak" psychosis is overworked. The idea of a young man with high class possibilities struggling against low class heredity is a powerful one. However, when the young man endlessly repeats his performance, undergoes numerous browbeatings and informs all his castigators that they are "damned white," one loses sympathy for him. Taken as a whole the book has little to recommend it beyond the foregone conclusion that it should become immensely popular.

R. K. Fowler

---

### *The Horn-rim Age*

A SORBONNE OF THE HINTERLAND. Jacques LeClercq. New York: The Dial Press, 1926.

LeClerq has done it. "A Sorbonne of the Hinterland," brief as it is, carries a tremendous wallop. Here is an authentic interpretation of the American university seen across the temperament of a poet at once satirical and lyric. Leonard Bacon in "Ph.D.'s" attempted only the graduate school. LeClerq puts in everybody—flapper, pedant, teacher, trustee, undergrad. And in his several poems he pinks his man with neatness and despatch. He has Dryden's gift for the excoriating phrase, and a nervous energy of his own. His rhythms are sure. He does not overwrite.

Sometimes, it is true, he strains for his effect. The following couplet on a behaviorist is neither true to the type nor clever:

He preached the ethical in life,  
But slept with anybody's wife.

Compare with it the shrewd insight of "Average Student:"

Making for better or for worse  
This university your universe,  
In high, immaculate orthodoxy  
You are leading life—by proxy.

The method of the quatrain is identical with the method of the couplet above, but the quatrain is successful because it swiftly sketches a genus, and because the anti-climax reveals a fundamental weakness in "average student's" philosophy of living.

*Howard Mumford Jones*

---

### *A First Novel*

MARCABRUN. By Ramon Guthrie. Doran Co. New York: 260 pp. \$2.50.

Ramon Guthrie, who holds a degree from the University of Toulouse, has been for the past three years a professor at the University of Arizona. He is now resident

March  
1927

in France where he will devote himself exclusively to writing. This is his first published novel, though his third in point of composition. The others should appear shortly.

There are three types of historical novels: first, that devised by Walter Scott in which there is minute local color, often fatiguing to the general reader; second, the type for the invention of which Blasco Ibáñez demands great credit, where in a strictly modern setting one character narrates to another the history; third, that in which language and psychology employed are those of the modern reader with an historical background sparingly introduced. Mr. Guthrie has chosen the third type and the result is a story which can interest even the unhistorically minded reader.

Starting with the brief thirteenth century biography of the troubadour Marcabrun, which tells us merely that he was a foundling, a pupil of Cercamon, and a professed hater of women, the author has woven a delightful story of his life, centering it around Eleanor of Aquitaine and her father William X. The style is vivid, somewhat Voltairian, save for an occasional rare word or an inept metaphor. Several passages achieve a rare beauty, notably that which describes the departure of William on his last pilgrimage to Campostella. Not least among the beauties of the book are the interspersed lyrics. Some Mr. Guthrie has translated from the original; a few are doubtless of his own composition.

Falling, rising, twisty-twirled,  
Like a storkling in the air,  
Up and down the wobbly world  
Flutters on—nor much I care.

Such is the philosophy of Marcabrun.

*Urban T. Holmes*



### *Celluloid Philosopher*

**SHOOT.** By Luigi Pirandello. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 376 pp. \$2.50.

The books of the story appear to be the objective record jotted down by Serafino Gubbio, a cinematograph operator in the employ of the Kosmography Company. Therein are chronicled the adventures of Nesteroff, a strange Russian woman who had learned the art of entertaining in the cheap show places of Germany where her father and mother had fled as exiles. Aldo Nuti tried to save a young kinsman from her charm; the young man was so shocked by the slanders which Nuti laid bare that he committed suicide; Nuti then found that the spell of the woman was powerful enough to send him after her into the employ of the Kosmograph Company, where Nesteroff was one of the principal *cine* actresses.

Gubbio, or "Shoot," as he was called, watched Nesteroff as she skillfully made rivals of the coarse and fiery actor, Carlo Ferro, and the more sensitive Nuti. In the course of a picture that was being made it became necessary for one of the actors to face a wild tiger. How Nesteroff arranged a plan by which one of the men would

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦...♦...

March  
1927

face the tiger, and the results of her scheme, as recorded by the whirring camera of "Shoot"—these events form the dénouement of the story.

But Signor Pirandello does not proceed rapidly with his tale; the richness of emotional suggestion, the significance of events, the cold passionless drive of machinery, the futility of logic in the presence of impulse—all of these he takes time to evoke, until the events he chronicles seem but dreamy patterns in the mirage of consciousness. Such a passage as the following illustrates his method:

"What fools all the people are who declare that life is a mystery, wretches who seek to explain by the use of reason what reason is powerless to explain!

"To set life before one as an object of study is absurd, because life, when set before one like that, inevitably loses all its real consistency and becomes an abstraction, void of meaning and value . . . .

"Life is not explained; it is lived.

"Reason exists in life; it cannot exist apart from it. And life is not set before one, but felt within one and lived. How many of us, emerging from a passion as we emerge from a dream ask ourselves:

"I? How can I have been like that? How could I do such a thing?" "

There are those who like to follow such a technique; they are probably the same persons who have read all of *Ulysses*. It is only fair to say, however, that *Shoot* is written in complete, if somewhat awkwardly translated, sentences. Translators from the Italian and Spanish have always had difficulty with the sustained but clear and certain periods of those languages. Mr. Montcrief seems to have sacrificed an English prose style for an unprofitable literalness.

James Willis Posey



## *Marriage*

(Continued from page 13)

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

March  
1927

this great wave of dissatisfaction can be attributed mainly to a single cause—ignorance. Ignorance of scientific methods of regulating and controlling sexual life.

On every side one can see the result of this ignorance which is about to precipitate the nation into a social revolution. What couples are truly happy? If outward appearances could be removed by the scalpel of a surgeon, one would find that where he formerly saw happiness, there would be at best, resignation. But search for happiness—happiness in the sense that life has given the heart everything that it desires, and one finds it rarely.

To achieve success in married life one must be educated to the problems and the facts one must face throughout this life. And when by educational processes the home can be made into a place of welcome and comfort, instead of merely a place in which to sleep, one has installed a safety valve on the machinery of marriage.

When both the man and the woman have become educated to the point of correct living and correct and scientific sexual relations another danger to married happiness will have been taken away. Enlightened sexual life breeds healthy and *wanted* children in proportion to the desires and means of the husband and wife, and adds to the pleasure and health of both the man and the woman. Incorrect relations tend to breed degenerates, (and\*) such a condition if continued leads to the physical wrecking of the wife, with a like effect upon the man. The spiritual wreckage of the home is also assured.

The third factor causing a happy married life to seem to be a mirage is woman, herself. Before marriage she would preen, dress, and entertain for the person she wished to win, but after marriage she becomes careless in her dress, appearance, and attitude toward her husband. Privacy is not respected by either, and the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt," is too true. This fault is also due to ignorance. A woman should be educated to the fact that her husband is only her husband so long as she can hold him. It is remarkable that so many marriages survive in the face of this indifference following the nuptials by some months. Married life, to be happy, must be built on respect—the respect of a man for his wife, and of a woman for her husband. When illusions are broken, respect undergoes a severe

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

March  
1927

strain. I would suggest that women look to their grandmothers and great-grandmothers for examples of true womanhood. Would they have thought of sitting opposite their husbands every morning, partially dressed? I doubt it.

People are constantly saying that the institution of marriage is a mockery. I have yet to hear any of the people who rant against the marriage sham offer any solution that would make marriage a sacred thing instead of a mockery. For such a great problem which is at the root of all the world's unhappiness there can be but one solution. That solution resolves itself into the problem of education. Teach the man correct methods in the scientific regulation of his sexual appetites, and educate the woman to the fact that married life can be made beautiful if she works hand in hand with her mate to make it so. Let us have men and women who enter married life with open eyes. Let them know what is expected of them and what they are to expect. Let them know what should and is to be respected.

I sincerely believe that if this educational problem could be carried out by competent hands divorce would become the unheard of rather than the common incident.

For an institution which was formerly supposed to have been made in Heaven, modern marriage has become marvelously efficient in sending people to hot and personal hells. Of course there is nothing wrong with marriage as an institution. But people and conditions have changed, and realizing this we should face the matter sanely, wrap up our custom of matrimony in soft cotton and lay it away where it can no longer hopelessly entangle happily mated couples in its conventional web.

Man loves a girl for her real or fancied individuality. He admires her as an individual, an admiration which unfortunately becomes more and more possessive as the date of marriage approaches. Probably the woman's feeling undergoes the same change. I have never been a woman. But reaching the climax of this courtship, delayed until after the wedding by convention, we have the physical surrender of the woman.

The sudden denouement after such a climax leaves a tangled mess of ideals, standards and affections which few couples ever straighten out completely. The man finds that the individual to whom he was married has now become *his* wife. She tacitly accepts the fact. All society proclaims new laws of possession and there is hell to pay. Wilde says that man kills the thing he loves, but he probably meant that he married her.



March  
1927

I am afraid of the consequences of marriage. I look curiously into the faces of married couples of my acquaintance and I find only resignation in the great majority of cases. I can remember their interest and respect for each other before their marriage. Then came that brief orgy of sex, the honeymoon, and they began to react against restraints and edicts forced on them by society. If they could adapt themselves, the result was resignation and some degree of content. If they were too strongly individual the result was intolerance and divorce.

I am afraid to marry the woman I love in the conventional way. I abhor the possessive feeling which would make her a part of the equipment of my home. I do not want my marriage to come as the emotional and physical climax of our companionship, because a climax presages a waning. When we became engaged, it was by mutual agreement. Each of us has the right to break it at will, and we do not need the aid of the church or of the state to determine the conditions under which this shall be done. And were it not for society and convention we should become married in the same manner. It would be a healthy union. But it would be a union which could not survive the raised eyebrows, the implications of immorality, and the protests of outraged families. And we only hope that we will be able to survive the union which we shall have forced on us.

Contract marriage is no new idea. It has been offered as a solution to individual problems by Judge Ben Lindsay and others. They have not made it obligatory, but they have begged that it shall be made legal for the benefit of those who are not anxious to risk their future happiness in the bonds of an outworn custom. The contract, as I see it, would be a sort of mutual agreement between a man and woman, *which can be broken at the will of either party*, to live together as man and wife. The provision for children in case of separation can be made obligatory by legal procedure as in any other contract.

---

Marriage is rapidly coming to be merely the form by which this state attempts to safeguard the interest of children that may be born. God, as an interested party, and heaven as a prospective place of blissful abode for the loving couple are still sometimes spoken of in ceremonies; but statistics which don't lie show that heaven, or hell for that matter, will be stages for numerous embarrassing scenes if the ceremonial pronouncements should actually be binding. Trial marriages and successive polygamy have long

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...•••

March  
1927

had legal recognition. And now the only function of the state is to attempt to protect children through the institution of marriage.

I do not know any other way that would be at all practicable by which the state could protect the child. This I consider perfectly justifiable. I think that most children are ruined for any sort of desirable living by their home influences. But the sentimentality and ignorance of parents, if their function as trainers were abolished, would be equaled by the general asininity and incompetence of elective or appointive baby training officials.

My somewhat limited period of observation on this earth has led me to the conclusion that we are all fools and idiots of some degree or other. I see no way to avoid marriage; the women demand it and the men are not always unwilling. The best proof I can cite of what I have said in this paragraph is that there are mechanistic psychologists and biologists who have wives and babies.

If people were more rational and there could be shown to be any good reason for continuing to populate this globe with human beings of any kind, then I think there might be some reasons for attempting to create a better relationship between parents, children, and state. If I were called on to direct such a scheme there are several definite things I would do:

1. Birth control would be regulated by the state. Defective babies would be chloroformed or put out of misery in some other way. Licenses would have to be secured to have babies, and would be issued only to those who possessed certain mental and physical qualities. Mental and physical tests would be perfected and followed without exception in allowing procreation. In a mild form this is now done in several states, but I would make it much more severe.

2. Children would be cared for in institutions, and parents would not be allowed to know their own children or even know the institution in which they were kept.

3. Marriage would be an individual affair, except for the conditions concerning children.

Most of the troubles of modern and ancient societies came from the uncontrollable growth of population. I should have little faith in any attempt at control, but I certainly see no particular reason why the present ways of procreation should be considered worth continuing. I consider the control of the procreation and rearing of children far more important than such questions as whether or not a man and woman once married should



March  
1927

consider themselves bound together until death do them part, with the prospect of later eternal union. Such questions as this latter have already been decided in spite of the opinion of many prominent clerics that a man should love and cherish his wife whether he does or not. Divorce, thank God and Henry VIII, is with us. Absurd laws are still on the statute books, but they constitute practically no obstacle and are bound to come off when the legislators wake up to what has happened to marriage.

---

What do you think of marriage of the present day?" The state of marriage is all right but the marriage relations do not meet the demands of the present generation. The marriage code of our fore-fathers is not suited to the life of today. The much discussed and cussed modern generation has witnessed in their own homes the successful or unsuccessful attempt of their fathers and mothers to adhere to the archaic rules instilled in them by their parents. Today, youth is either unwilling to struggle against the call of nature or is disgusted with the rules that create an unnatural relation which made their parents live unhappily in marriage.

The monogamic state of marriage is the only form in which modern youth is interested. The girl looks distastefully upon polygamy while the boy realizes that he is unable to support more than one wife.

Life is the endless road of flight from death. No one can reach the end but the way is rich in experience. All for which we can hope is to travel as much of the road as is possible. Sexual experience begins at the end of the senseless period of puberty. What youth, boy or girl, wants to pass the next stretch of the road in life without enjoying the "bitter sweet" of the mystery of sex difference? Morals of yester-year demand that this part of the road be traversed by couples wedded in marriage or else alone, though all of us are possessed by natural thirsts that damn us if quenched in chance meetings with other lone travelers.

At the present time, youth has no quarrel with marriage for it has a very definite idea of its meaning which is decidedly different from what it has been in the past. The past is gone and today, young men and women feel that marriage has lost its application to the present and the future.

The advances that have been made in science, industry, and religion have made the world what is today, and we have a set of social conditions which is also completely altered. This change is especially marked in the evolution of the feminine world. Education has liberated women from the home as the only field of endeavor; men have given her political and economic

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...and...

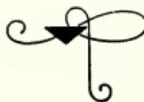
March  
1927

independence and science has delivered her from the biological necessity of bearing children.

The economic, aesthetic, moral and spiritual conditions of the present necessitate late marriages if we are to follow the marital code. Until the time of our grandfathers the marriage code was fitted for the early union of men and women and as then, so now, youth wants sexual life at the age of physical maturity and not as the last spent efforts of a declining physical and emotional being.

The marriage as our forebears knew it will not do today. Both boys and girls want and require some sort of sexual union at the same turn in the road of life as did their fathers and mothers. Their parents met this desire with early marriage. Today that is impossible, but youth still wants to live in comfort and peace and happiness. Sex life is necessary to each of these states of being, but the old marriage relations can not be made to meet this changed condition.

Youth has discovered early marriage to be destructive to its peace, comfort and happiness, while at the same time it has found out that the so-called immoral sexual companionships in the unmarried state, meet admirably the present needs and conditions. Of course youth can often suppress its natural desires and wants until the climactic years, but the way is hard and often injurious to physical and mental health. And although there exists these choices, the modern boy and girl prefer that the prefix "im" be struck from the word "immoral" when it refers to an essentially moral union between the sexes.



*Smoke HAV-A-TAMPA Cigars*  
10 cents and up

Largest seller on the hill

I. L. Sears Tobacco Company  
Telephone L-4461      Durham, N. C.

DR. WADE H. MARSHALL  
Tankersley Building

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN  
Phone 45

## Stetson "D"

Clothiers  
and Furnishers

FEATURING  
Stetson "D" Clothes and  
John Ward Shoes



All Stetson D Clothes pressed free  
at our shop for entire school year.

## Well Established in the Banking Business

Over its long period of useful  
years The Fidelity Bank has built  
up a surplus and undivided profits  
account of practically a million  
dollars. This sum is your pro-  
tection in financial matters han-  
dled by this bank.

The Fidelity Bank  
DURHAM AND WEST DURHAM

Holland Street

Telephone J-9441

**Carolina Heating & Engineering Co.**  
Heating and Engineering Contractors  
**DURHAM, N.C.**

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...quips...

March  
1927

*Ole Sister*

(Continued from page 6)

ain't know he head from he foots. Part er de time he was workin' at de windows wid Peter, and den he would quit an' run all 'round an' blow he horn for help. It look like dey never was guh git dem chillun back in de mansion. Some er de chillun flewed up on de window sill. Dey'd hang dere a little while wid dey claws an' flop dey wings an' drap back on de groun'.

VOICE: Tad, wey de Lord been? Ain't He kin stop all dat?

TAD: He been worryin' so 'bout He carpet, he forgit He got other things to 'tend to.

VOICE: Wey Ole Sister all dis time, Tad?

TAD: You axe so much question, you turn my min' from Ole Sister. Dat storm blowed de gates open an' scared dat chile of Peter's so bad he run off an' Peter ain't find him for a week. An' when he is find him he been in a ole shed settin' down 'twixt two ole angels eatin' spiled manna. He mighty nigh loss all he feather.

VOICE: Dat show must er been a storm.

TAD: It like to ruint heaven, an' it mighty night ruint de carpet, an' it spiled so much manna till de Lord had to put de angels on short rations.

BRUSER: Wey Ole Sister been all dis time?

TAD: Well, she slipped into heaven when dat no 'count chile of Peter's lef' de gate. She creep 'round a while a watchin' everything an' everybody. She kept quiet for one or two days, but she ain't shet she eye an' she mind been workin'. She's sneak around an' watch de angels an' it ain't been long 'fore a man an' ooman angel daresent to set on de stairs, or walk in de garden to-

gether. She gee agvice to Peter, she worry Mikel an' she had de tall angel worried up so till he spend moest er he time settin' on de top of a barn by he self, an' Gabel say he mind tangled up so he mighty night forgin' how to blow he horn. He say he don't reckon he never will git a chune out'n it again, an' Peter say de Lord guin him de devil 'bout lefen dat gate open. He say a storm kin blow heaven in half, but he'll never lef' de gate no more.

VOICE: Ole Sister!

TAD: Dat ain't all. Ole Sister had de angels, mens an' womens, so 'sturbed up dey was feared to go to roost at night. Things got so bad an' ole Sister got such a start on 'em,—you know dey ain't nuse to seein' nothin' like her in heaven,—she had Delilah so excited she cut off Aaron's beard, and she got so worse she started to carryin' tales to de Lord on He son. She mighty nigh create a fuss 'twixt 'em.

BRUSER: Dat sounds jes like our ole sister. I always is say you can't dodge 'em. I wonder wha' kind er lookin' whings she got.

SCIP: I ain't know. I reckon dey is lousy jes like her mind wid ambier drippin' off her bill jes like it drip off her tongue in dis world.

VOICE: Tad, did dey ever git rid on her in heaven?

TAD: Yes, dey git rid on her. One day de Lord an' He son went off on a piece of private business, an' took Gabel and Mickel wid Him, an' he lef' de mansion in charge of de tall angel. Dey ain't lef' good 'fore Ole Sister flewed up on de throne an' set herself dere to watch. While she was settin' dere three or four of dem rough angels what Ole Sister been pickin' at sneaked

*we told you so!*

"When Better Automobiles are  
Built *Buick* Will Build Them"

## Five Points Automobile Co.

Phone L-1841

Durham, N. C.

*Buick Sales and Service*

## Victrolas, Pianos and Radios



*The Corley Company*

Durham, North Carolina



March  
1927

up behind her an' jerked her off de throne. She tried to holler an' flutter, but it ain't no nuse, dey put her in a crocus sack an' dragged her to de back door of heaven an' th'owed her out de door an' down de hill an' de last of dat ole sister seen from heaven she was rollin' an' bouncin' down de hill to hell where she b'long. She been so

hard she been knockin' sparks out de rocks.

Voice: You reckon de Lord an' He son schemed dat er way to git rid on her?

Tad: I ain't know.

Scrip: It aint' look like it safe to die an' it look like it dang'ous to live.

### Goat

(Continued from page 19)

The blistering sun began to settle over the side of *Le Petit Monton*. Somewhere beyond, deep in the Bornean jungle, naked, oily-skinned blacks were boiling, as the only concomitant, Congo beans for the human sacrifice. The supreme Voodoo priestess, Mère Marie,—a *Mamaloi* of the sect—had declared that the boiled offering must be “a white goat without horns”—a marine. And he, Holdan, a twenty year old adventurer, was the nearest sea-fighter. Already, perhaps, sleek, mahogany-shaded *Mondangues* were creeping down *Le Petit Monton* and through the valley with its deserted coffee plantations. “Shoot to kill,” that is what he would do,—it was the only way to keep from being used as a soup bone for the Congo beans. Vistas of untasted life stretched before Holdan! His eyes were fixed rigidly upon the side of *Le Petit Monton*. At the first life movement evident upon its declivity he determined to fire. The sun was now hidden behind the hill's crest and only gorgeous saffron and yellow and red rays indicated its departure.

“God, there's one of those man-eating apes,” Holdan muttered, shaken with an ague-like chill. The hot atmosphere became cold in his lungs and forced his viscera tightly against the small of his back. He must be still. It is necessary when one shoots to kill.

With exacting pains Holdan aimed his rifle at the half-mile distant figure on *Le Nu Roc*, a huge boulder guarding the flanks of *Le Petit Monton*. A nerveless finger pulled the trigger.

Down the side of *Le Nu Roc*, a bullet hole in his jugular vein, tumbled the dreamer, the marine, Felipe.

On his way back to camp and a crap game Holdan was amazed at the sudden tropical fierceness of the *tambours*, the quivering shrillness of the flutes, and the horrible, tumultuous chant. Both males and females were shouting to the gods an African-dialect oblation. The sacrifice, “a white goat without horns,” would soon satiate the plague deity.

FANCY ICES

BLOCKS

## Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets

DIAL L-963

### DURHAM ICE CREAM COMPANY, INC.

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET  
Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS

PUNCHES

## Orpheum

THE HOME OF

### Musical Comedy AND VAUDEVILLE



Change of program Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

## Christian & King Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different

## General Supplies

*You can always find  
equipment for every  
need at the Book Ex-  
change.*

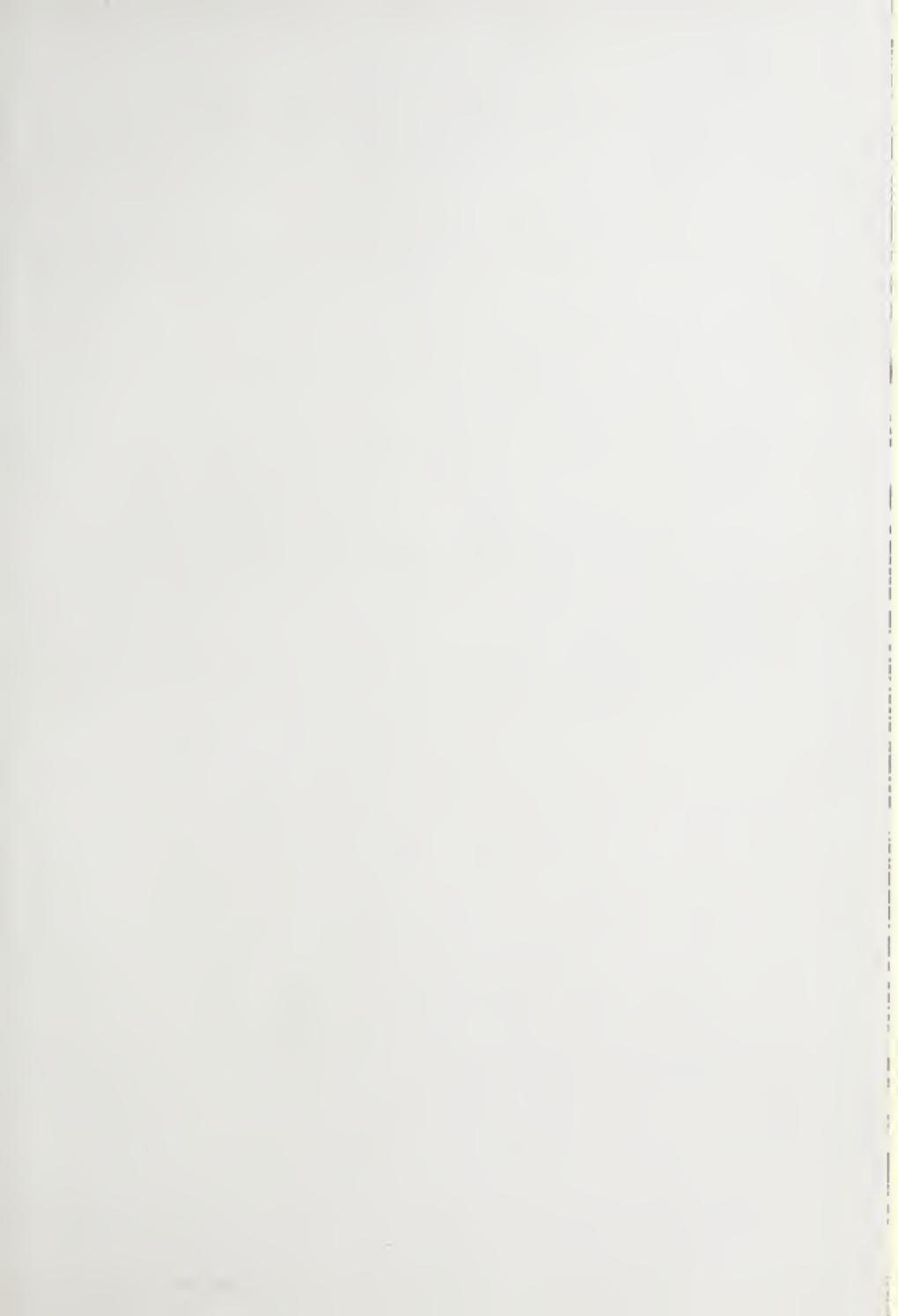


## The Book Exchange



## The Writers

E. C. L. ADAMS, whose book "Congaree Sketches" will be brought out by the University Press this spring, lives in Columbia, S. C. Most of his negro sketches are taken down as they are told around the camp fire by his negro companions . . . . RUTH WIND has presented in this group of four translations a prayer which is taken from a longer translation on which she is now working. She lives in Chapel Hill, and was formerly on the staff of the "Playmakers." . . . HERBERT DRENNON is on the faculty at Vanderbilt University. He is one of the younger poets in the rapidly growing Southern group . . . . NANNIE HERNDON RICE is a member of the faculty at the Mississippi A. and M. College. "Elegaic" is her first contribution to THE MAGAZINE . . . . BYRON WHITE is one of the managing editors of *The Tar Heel*. His first contribution to THE MAGAZINE was "Ethics in Journalism." . . . JACQUES LECLERCQ's new book, "A Sorbonne of The Hinterland" is reviewed in this issue of THE MAGAZINE. Mr. LeClercq is a member of the faculty at Columbia University.



*"We cannot sell ALL the Athletic Equipment used, so we only sell the BEST"*

With this maxim in mind, and with our service and fair dealing, we have grown to be

*Carolina's Largest Sporting Goods Store*

**ATHLETIC SUPPLY CO.**

206 S. SALISBURY ST., LONG DISTANCE PHONE 2369  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

APRIL · 1927

-ORIO-

## DECENT BURIAL

*A Story*

By LILITH SHELL

## FOUR POEMS

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

## SEPTOIDS

*Verse*

By R. K. FOWLER

WILSON

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

HARRIS

PAGE

O. HENRY



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., Editor

VIRGINIA LAY, Art Editor

R. K. FOWLER, Assistant Editor

L. H. MCPHERSON, Business Manager

KILLIAN BARWICK, Assistant Business Manager

VOLUME 57

APRIL, 1927

NUMBER 6

## Contents

WOODCUT	Virginia Lay
DECENT BURIAL ( <i>Story</i> )	Lilith Shell
BREAK MY BUBBLES	Julia Johnson Davis
THERE'S MANY A PEAR TREE WHITE WITH BLOOM ( <i>Verse</i> )	Julia Johnson Davis
LUCIA ( <i>Story</i> )	W. W. Anderson
FOUR POEMS	John Richard Moreland
AFTER READING HERRICK ( <i>Verse</i> )	Clinton Scollard
SEA BREEZE ( <i>Story</i> )	D. Pierson Ricks
HAI-KAI ( <i>Verse</i> )	Jacques LeClercq
SEPTOIDS ( <i>Verse</i> )	R. K. Fowler
LIGHTS IN THE NIGHT ( <i>Verse</i> )	L. J. Stander
THE PASTURE	
BOOK BAZAAR	
THE WRITERS	

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.



— Woodcut by VIRGINIA LAY

*"There swept over her wave after wave  
of bitter-sweet memory."*

—Decent Burial



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57

NUMBER 6

## *Decent Burial*

By LILITH SHELL

OLD MAHALEY LUCAS puttered among the ramshackle coops feeding her flock of frowsy hens and gangling chickens. It was Sunday and she was taking her time. A stringy shawl hung awry over her shoulders and her faded dress sagged unevenly about her shapeless shoes. The early morning brightness emphasized the sharpness of her thin old nose and chin and brought out strikingly the vivid redness of her tousled hair. From under the tangle of red and out of the leathery wrinkles of her face her keen black eyes peered like those of a weasel. Behind her from under the floor of the cabin there came a scrambling and scuffling followed by an uproar of loud-mouthed barking. She turned to see two gaunt hounds hurl themselves about the legs of a man carefully letting himself between the loose strands of the barbed wire fence which skirted the near by corn-field.

"Howdy, Mis' Lucas?" the man greeted her. "John 'round?"

"He hain't up yit," she answered. She felt suddenly weak and sick. Any inquiry for her son these last ten years set up a nervous trembling inside her. Time was when the very sound of his name thrilled her with a joy which actually hurt. The years covering his babyhood, the swift years of his little boyhood when his expressive little face reflected her pride in him, the clean white beauty of his slender bare little body under her hands as she

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

••••

April  
1927

bathed him—those years had been a dream of bliss to Mahaley. She had never been married but to her her baby was no child of shame. He had been left to her, the sacred pledge of the man who loved her. She had been promised to Henry Terrill, but the week before the time set for the marriage he had been caught in the harness of a team of panic stricken mules and dragged to his death over two miles of stony, stumpy road. When Mahaley watched his coffin lowered into the grave she was still unaware of the new life awakening within her, but as the weeks went by bringing with them the certain knowledge of the truth a sort of frightened exultation settled upon the girl and she waited eagerly for the advent of her lover's child.

But latterly some evil thing had stolen upon her like a thief in the night and before she realized that her boy was out of his childhood had robbed her. Two years out of his life—and hers—had been spent in prison. Now in his late twenties he was a lawless, shiftless, no-account loafer. No one knew this so well as Mahaley but through all the years of bitter disillusion she never once failed him; she once had thought that her love must hold him but that hope had long since vanished.

"Why, was y' wantin' 'im?" she asked of the man at the fence.

"Well, yes, I was, but I reck'n I c'd tell you," he answered, and choking fingers seemed to lay hold upon Mahaley's throat.

"Liz Allbright," the man went on, "she's got a baby borned this mornin' an' ol' Till's raisin' hell." The messenger was unable to meet Mahaley's eyes and turned his gaze over to the east as if he were interested in the miracle of the sunrise.

"What's she raisin' hell about?" After a struggle Mahaley got the question up from her dry throat.

"Maybe you better call John," urged the man.

"No," Mahaley insisted. "What you got to say you c'n say to me."

"All right, Mis' Lucas, but don't you go an' flare up, now. Ol' Till's a blamin' this young un onto John an' she lays she's a gonna make it hot fer 'im, so I jes' dropped by to let 'im know," the man explained with a note of apology in his voice.

"What *you* been doin' thar?" Mahaley demanded.

"Ol' Till she sent fer Marthy an' we couldn't refuse 'em in a tight thissaway but I wouldn't let Marthy go thar by herse'f so I went along with her. She's gone on home now an' I thought I'd let John know the lay o' the lan'."

...drip...

April  
1927

"What they a doin' with the baby?" Mahaley asked.

"It didn't live on'y 'bout an hour. They'll bury it 'round the place thar som'ers I reck'n. 'Tain't likely they'd undertake to bury it in the graveyard. Marthy said thar wa'n't a rag o' clo'es to put on its back."

Mahaley picked up her feed pan and without another glance at the messenger went into the cabin with the swift intention of asking John for a denial of Till's charge. But once inside she hesitated. The sudden fear that the charge was very likely true swept over her. If she did not ask him she would never know for certain; better uncertainty than the miserable truth—if it were true. So she busied herself about the breakfast, lifting the rusty stove lids gently so that she might not disturb the man asleep on the bed in the corner of the room. She laid the fire and sifted the corn meal for the breakfast cakes, refilled the pitcher of molasses and put two plates upon the table. One thought kept pushing itself to the front of her mind: it might be true. She knew the greater chance was that it *was* true and that they would bury the child about the place somewhere like a dead pig or calf. To Mahaley this thought was unbearable; in this child's veins there might be her own blood—and Henry Terrill's.

Mahaley was not reckoned religious by the respectable church-going people of the community. She seldom attended any church service and her knowledge of the Bible was *nil*. She could not repeat the Lord's Prayer nor the Apostle's Creed; she did not know Adam from Moses and she had never heard of the Virgin Birth. But to her the decent burial of the dead was a religious rite which no responsible person could neglect with impunity. If Liz Allbright's baby was John's then she herself had a responsibility about it. After all there was no refuge in uncertainty. But those Allbright women! Through the hard years Mahaley had kept herself scrupulously free from any association which might be construed as even a semblance of evil. This had not always been easy, especially when John was little and she was young and alone. But now if she was going to have to come in touch with these women for the sake of the baby she would have to do it. She turned abruptly from the breakfast preparations and went to the bed.

"John, John," she called softly, shaking the man gently.

"What the hell—?" he muttered.

"John, wake up. I got to ast y' sumpin," she insisted.

"What y' want?" he demanded sleepily and surlily.

"Liz Allbright's got a baby, John, an' her mother's sayin' it's yorn. It hain't so, is it, John?" Her words brought him upright in bed.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

"So?" He spat the word from his loose lips like venom. "So? Damn her. Me, huh? What ails her? She hain't got nuthin' she c'n prove on me. Let 'er rip, damned ol' hussy."

"But John the baby's dead an' they're jes' a gonna bury it 'round the place thar somers," Mahaley said.

"I don't give a damn whar they bury it," answered the man. "It hain't none o' my bus'ness."

"But John, if it was yorn——" Mahaley insisted.

"They've got that to prove yit," he said.

"But John——" There was yet the shadow of hope in her voice.

"Aw, good Goddlemighty, maw, drop it, cain't y?" he growled, and flinging himself out of bed pulled on his clothes and left the cabin.

Mahaley straightened the tumbled bed, hung up a shapeless garment or two and with her foot pushed a pair of muddy shoes out of sight under the bed. She cleared away the partially prepared breakfast without having tasted anything. Then she climbed the ladder to the loft above the one room of the cabin. From an old trunk there she selected a number of garments, small and coarse and yellow with age, and descending she spread them with infinite tenderness upon the bed whence her son had just risen. Then softly closing the door behind her she, too, left the cabin.

Nothing in Mahaley's life had ever required so much resolution as this thing which she was driven against her will to do. Her concern about it was an admission of her son's possible guilt and that, in no case, had she ever admitted to anyone save herself. Always Till Allbright's name had been anathema to her. Once when she was passing through the valley of the shadow of public scorn Till, then a brazen young woman, had come to see her, presuming upon a certain comradeship between them, but she had never tried it a second time. But now she, Mahaley, must go to Till's place, a thing she had always shunned like a pest house. She groaned aloud in an agony of uncertainty. If only she could be sure it was not John's child—but it *might* be. There was no escape.

Passing the door of a shed she drew out a large shovel then gathering her skirts tightly about her thin old legs she slipped through the barbed wire fence and struck off between the corn rows in the direction whence the messenger of the earlier morning had come, dragging the shovel behind her. She stumbled over clods and sticks and stones, thrusting aside the sharp edged corn leaves from her face with her free hand and with vigorous jerks freeing her feet from the tangle of weeds and morning glory vines.

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

At the edge of the cornfield she came upon a cabin much like her own. Near it a man lounged upon the rails of a pen tossing nubbins to three or four lean shoats.

"Noey," Mahaley said as she came up to him, "I want you sh'd dig a baby grave for me. Dig it in the graveyard right alongside Henry Terrill's an' git it done by ha'f pas' ten. Here's my shovel fer y' to use an' maybe y' c'd git some un t' he'p y'," and before the man could question or protest she was gone, leaving the shovel in his loose grasp.

Till Allbright stood in her door as Mahaley came up. She was haggard and disheveled for the night had been a hard one. The sight of Mahaley approaching sent her into a rage and she let loose a stream of searing, scorching words—words which burned into Mahaley's very soul but she came straight on. She could not hesitate now. The child must be decently buried. At least she must make an effort to see that it was done.

"Whar's the baby?" she faltered when the other woman paused for breath.

"Onto that bench thar back o' the table," Till answered, turning into the hut before Mahaley. "Layin' thar stiff and cold and stark nekked an' my pore gal a sufferin' death." At this Mahaley heard a stifled moan from the filthy bed in the corner but she did not turn her eyes in that direction.

"What you gonna do with the baby?" she asked, a faint hope still lingering within her that Till might have some idea of a burial that would release her from her responsibility.

"Bury it 'round here somers soon's I c'n git me a bite t' eat," Till informed her. "I hain't figgerin' t' have any swell fun'r'al fer any o' my dead. Much 'bliged t' y' fer callin' in," she ended sarcastically.

"I come t' git it," Mahaley said without looking at the other woman.

"Take it an' welcome. 'Tain't nuthin' more'n yore dooty, nohow. Y' ort t' take some intrust in it," but something dulled the insolence which Till intended her words to carry. Whatever she had 'laid up' for John Lucas there was no point to be made in saying it to his tight-lipped mother. It was good enough luck to have the dead child taken off her hands.

Mahaley slipped the little form from under the rags which covered it, wrapped her apron around it and hurried away from the squalid place. Avoiding the cabin of the man whom she had commanded to dig the grave she entered the corn field lower down and stumbled back to her own cabin with her pitiful burden.

(Continued on Page 32)

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...•••...

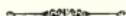
April  
1927

## *Break My Bubbles*

By JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

Break my bubbles, let them burst,  
And fall in spray around me,  
But do not think you are the first,  
Nor that it will confound me.

I know they are but as thin as air,  
I blow them for their beauty,  
But some think any dream too fair,  
And prick it as a duty.



## *There's Many a Pear Tree White With Bloom*

By JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

There's many a pear tree white with bloom  
That I shall never see,  
I cannot walk those ways again  
That once you walked with me.

There's many a story in the books  
That I shall never know,  
I cannot turn beyond one page  
Because you turned it so.

There's many a tender, merry word  
That I shall never hear,  
For all the dream is ended now,  
My dear,—my dear.



# *Lucia*

W. W. ANDERSON

SINCE the day Lucia was born and Benita had moved to the hut by the edge of the black woods, the villagers had looked on the mother with suspicion, for there was no father and Benita acted queerly. There was witchery here, they thought, but Benita paid very little attention to the inhabitants of the town and she reared Lucia to beautiful womanhood in solitude.

But lately the daughter had spent too much time in the village. She was in love with Manlio and he with her. In love with a devil—as Benita saw him through greedy eyes and a crazed brain—a devil who had nothing but a poor plot of land and a small boat. Benita had determined that Lucia should marry Masfatti who was very rich and who had asked for her. He was old, and as old men will, he had turned to youthful beauty and his eyes glistened with salacious greediness whenever he saw Lucia. But Lucia loved Manlio with the love of youth. She had determined that they would marry but Benita thought differently.

"You will marry Masfatti," she told Lucia. "You will. Masfatti is rich and old. He will not live long. Manlio has nothing. You will not be happy with such a man for he can grow nothing on that ground of his. Some day when he has gone out to fish, he will not return. I have given my consent that you marry Masfatti. You will or you shall regret it."

But Benita could not be harsh for she loved her daughter and it was only through a disordered brain that Manlio appeared a devil and poor. Lucia was a woman; she paid little attention to her mother. She had already decided that she would marry none other than Manlio, so she remained silent. She became alarmed, however, when her mother no longer mentioned the subject. While she insisted, Lucia cared little but the silence confused her.

Night after night she lay in her bed listening to soft footsteps and whispered words in the next room. A splinter of light from the hearth fire

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

always shone through a crack in the door and it danced and faded and disappeared as figures passed between the door and the fire. Lucia lay in her bed and had visions of strange people and actions until fitful sleep came over her.

One day Masfatti came again to ask about Lucia.

"She swears to marry Manlio or no one," Benita answered. "I have argued in vain. Perhaps you can persuade her."

"I can wait," Masfatti said slowly. "There will be a way. She cannot hold out forever. Yes, I can wait until that time. Perhaps both of us together can prevent her from marrying him." And the corners of his mouth drew up into a malicious grin.

Lucia continued to see her lover and Benita continued silent. She spent more time in the woods and fields gathering herbs, and at night the sounds of padding feet and whispers still came with the splinter of light through the crack in the door.

Benita acted queerly. One day she demanded that Lucia marry Masfatti; but Lucia remained quiet. As the rich man's property grew larger in the eyes of Benita, Manlio became more diabolical. One day Lucia and Manlio were married. They moved to the little cottage on Manlio's land not far from Benita's hut and lived happily on the meagre supply of vegetables that Manlio coaxed from the rocky ground and the fish that he caught from the sea.

They were never visited by Benita and Lucia seldom went to her mother's cottage. The daily search for herbs now took the old woman past the estate of Masfatti, and as she passed while he was at work in the field, she always stopped. Since her daughter had not married Masfatti, there was no use letting him die to leave his wealth to anyone who chose to take it. An old woman was better than none, she reasoned; so she would take a pot of herb tea or a crusty cake to him on these trips. There were long talks and after many meetings, Benita broached her subject.

"There is no need to wait," she said. "Why toil here hoping for youth? They are both young and will live long."

"I shall wait," the rich man answered slowly. "I am not yet old. There will come a time when I shall realize my wish. Yes—." He meditated. "Yes, there will surely come a time," and he returned to his digging.

Benita pondered over the wealth of Masfatti. One day she would swear to separate the young married couple; the next day the love for her daughter would blot all else from her mind. Still she wished for riches and

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

she would evolve many plans whereby she might gain the wealth she desired; but another day would pass and she would forget all her schemes.

One afternoon after she had returned from a visit to Mafatti, she sat brooding under the eave of her hovel. A neighbor passed and, unlike many of the townspeople, stopped to talk a bit.

"Lucia and Manlio are well satisfied," the woman remarked. "A well matched couple."

Benita frowned. "Against my wishes she married that worthless one. There will come no good of the match. But for Lucia's foolish will, we would be rich. Now neither of us has anything." Her wrinkled face was void of emotion. "There is a way to separate them," she almost screamed. "Then I shall have plenty." She grinned hideously and then frowned. Still—she loved her daughter.

The woman moved on. Benita continued to sit on the stone step and gaze at the sun as it sank behind the horizon in a maze of soft clouds. As dusk came, the shadows of the great forest grew deeper but Benita sat and stared. Her mind wandered, piecing together in some vaguely coherent fashion the days of Lucia's babyhood. She remembered how she had played with her and made clothes for the single doll that Lucia owned and loved. She wanted her again and in her broken mind, she pictured Lucia as a baby. Her shrill laugh was lost over the rocky fields. Darkness gathered, a few stars began to blink through the blue-black velvet dome, and Benita sat on the stone step and grinned and thought of her baby daughter. Again she was a young mother with Lucia in her arms.

Then one day Manlio became sick. He had never been ill before and he reasoned that it was not a weakening of the body but from some outside evil power. He knew of Benita's maniacal vows and he could accredit his illness to no other source. But he dared not tell Lucia.

Lucia brewed tea and did as best she knew but when her husband got no better, she called the doctor. Fever, said the physician and left medicine and instructions. Lucia gave the powders to Manlio but she thought of other things. Her mother wanted her to marry Mafatti and if Manlio died, there might be some way of forcing her. Had her mother turned witch to kill Manlio? An absurd idea. Her mother had acted queerly and had made statements but Lucia knew she was as harmless as the morning air. Everyone else thought differently. However, she dismissed the notion with a shrug of her small shoulders.

(Continued on Page 34)

# *Four Poems*

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

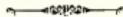
...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

## *Sand Dunes*

You may not love them for you only see  
A stretch of common sand fringed with coarse grass  
Scorched by the sun, torn by cruel winds that pass  
Morning and night; or feel the misery  
Of blasted trees . . . and drouth . . . and loneliness.  
You may not love their brooding solitudes,  
The purple shadows of their changing moods,  
Nor sweep of winds so keen and pitiless.

But O I love the dunes. I know their ways  
Through dark and dazzling hours from June to June.  
The tenderness of April, those bleak days  
Of white December, summer's torrid noon  
Starred with bleached bones . . . Now I am old  
And these low hills are dear to me as gold.



## *Championship*

I am blind with color,  
I am lashed with rain,  
I am filled with wonder  
That is sharp as pain.

I am fed with beauty,  
I am bound and free;  
I am clothed with gladness . . .  
April walks with me!

## *The Moth*

Prisoned within my room a moth, surf-white,  
Beats helpless wings again and yet again  
Against its prison house—a window pane—  
Lured by the moon whose fire consumed the night  
To ash that lay like silver snow upon  
The field, the hill, the tree. Adventurous sprite  
I felt its impotence, it great desire for flight,  
Flung wide the window and . . . the moth was gone.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

April  
1927

I, too, am prisoner in these living walls  
Of flesh and bone. I dream by day and night  
Of distant goals. A strange voice calls and calls . . .  
Horizons beckon and I long for flight  
Beyond and yet beyond life's tedious day,  
And past the awful quiet of death's clay.

---

## *The Little House*

I was born upon the dunes  
In a little house  
Partly hid by sand that moved  
At the winds' carouse.

One square window was its all,  
But it held for me  
My small world of sky and sand,  
Bird and boat and sea.

Outside all the house was gray  
Weathered by the years;  
Inside there was warmth and love  
Toil and dream and tears.

Life is like that little house  
Built at love's command . . .  
Lovely, fragile, strange and brief  
As blowing sand.



April  
1927

## *After Reading Herrick*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Again I see the leafy Devon lanes,  
The long gray highway out of Buckfastleigh,  
The swift Dean Water glancing in its glee,  
The squat thatched farmsteads and the veering vanes.  
Again I see the slanting of the rains  
Tossing about the tors that gloomily  
Lift o'er the valley where, like melody,  
The memory of the poet still remains.

There is the ancient church, serene, secluded,  
Where his voice droned the daily orison,  
And the old rectory where his mind brooded  
On bygone banquets at the Triple Tun;  
And where for solace at his lonely ease  
He shaped that Pillar—his HESPERIDES!





## *Sea Breeze*

By D. PIERSON RICKS

### I

It was after darkness. Great Broadway was rushing toward Times Square. The clanging, honking, howling streets of New York always lead to Times Square at night. New York spends her day below Canal Street and her night at Times Square. New York always roars. Even in the middle of the night she honks and clangs and roars. She never goes to sleep. She is never silent.

New York is heaven for a restless soul. New York herself is restless. Always moving, honking, roaring. And at night she adds a glitter. Thousands of lights everywhere confuse weary eyes. Thousands of horns, and street car gongs, and voices confuse weary ears. Thousands of everything . . . that's New York. New York is heaven for the restless. She is filled with restless people. She makes one restless if he is not already so, and then satisfies his restlessness.

A poet walked down lower Broadway. He was not going to Times Square. He wanted to get away from that roaring, moving mob. He wanted something to satisfy a deep longing in his soul. He wanted the sea breeze.

About him in the glaring lights were people, always walking briskly, always looking straight ahead, always going somewhere. He was going anywhere.

He came to Wall Street and halted. Here was a place to get away from that mob. Wall Street sleeps at night. He turned down the dimly lighted, narrow little street. High above on both sides rose dark shadowy buildings. By looking straight up he could see the stars. But it is very hard to look straight up, and New York rarely ever does that. She sees too many man-made wonders to look at Nature. And then, it is very difficult to crane one's neck for any length of time. It is much simpler to go to the theatre. Many poets even do that and are satisfied. But the poet was not. He wanted the sea breeze. So he turned down Wall Street.

-♦-♦-♦-

April  
1927

He walked on a block in absent revery. He suddenly realized that he was alone. Behind him he could hear Broadway roaring. He was almost frightened, so sudden had been the change. One moment he had been in the middle of a mass of moving, crowded humans, and the next he was alone. He looked down the street. One solitary person was in sight. He was coming up the opposite side of the street, a shadowy, hurrying figure with nothing definite about him but a swinging cane that tap-tapped on the concrete sidewalk. He was going toward Broadway.

The poet stopped and pulled out his tobacco pouch. He looked at the stars. Everybody always went toward Broadway. Broadway stepped on your toes, and jostled you, and punched you in the stomach and still attracted you. He carefully filled his pipe and pressed down the tobacco. Funny. He absently gave one or two little sucks on the unlit pipe. And he felt that way too. Sometimes. But not to-night. He closed the pouch and stuck it in his pocket. His hand ran through two or three pockets before it finally found a box of matches. He frowned slightly. He wished he could get in the habit of putting his matches in a certain pocket. He always did that way with his pipe. And his tobacco. But his matches . . . . He scratched one on the box and held it for a moment while it flared up. He lit his pipe carefully and puffed and watched the little balls of smoke. He threw away the match. And he always carried a pencil in his inside pocket. He would have to start putting his matches in his right hand coat pocket. He put them in. He repeated to himself: Right hand coat pocket. Right hand coat pocket.

Someone was coming up the street. Was it a policeman? The poet felt a sudden panicky desire to flee. A policeman would think it suspicious to see him standing there. Especially on Wall Street. And especially in New York. Everybody hurried. Only fools ever stopped. Only fools ever stopped long enough to think.

The approaching figure passed under a street light. It was a policeman. The poet started. He felt afraid. As a child might feel. He determined to be sensible and started forward. Sensible. That meant to act as people were supposed to act. As convention said. He wondered if he were not walking too fast. Police suspect everything. He suddenly hated all policemen.

The poet puffed frantically on his pipe. Suppose the fellow should ask him what he was doing on Wall Street at night. Nobody had any business on Wall Street at night . . . unless it was a poet looking for a sea



April  
1927

breeze and . . . how sympathetic would a policeman be to a poet looking for a sea breeze?

The policeman hardly saw him as he passed. The poet was trembling. Why was he that way? Other people were not. He had been like that since childhood. A victim of little fancies. Perhaps he was more sensitive than other people.

He suddenly realized that his pipe had gone out. He stopped to light it. Confound it, where were those matches? Ah, there they were . . . that's right . . . he remembered putting them there . . . his right hand coat pocket.

He lit his pipe and almost put the box of matches in his trousers pocket. He *would* get himself into that habit. Right hand coat pocket. Right hand coat pocket.

He came out into the wide cobblestone street that flanked the water. On the other side were the dusky, shadowy piers. A group of dirty, loud-mouthed children were playing under a light. He stood on the corner and watched them. Funny how children could play and grown-ups could not. Grown-ups wanted to play as much as children . . . At least he did. But there was convention. One had to be dignified. He absently watched a piece of newspaper flutter across the street and finally disappear as it blew over a pile of lumber and into the water. He might write a poem about that. Newspaper . . . helpless . . . pushed by the wind.

He was suddenly roused by shouting and, looking up, saw that two of the children were fighting. Dirty little devils. Always fighting, yelling, screeching. He watched them tear at each other and roll about with curses and shouts while the others crowded around. Let them fight. He hoped both of them got their smeary little faces torn to shreds. He hated these ugly urchins. The alleys were full of them. He had come down here for an inspiration and here were these yelling, fighting little vermin. A policeman sauntered into the street. Immediately there was a scampering of feet and away they flew; in a moment they had disappeared up an alley.

The poet slowly walked over the cobblestones to the little pile of lumber. He climbed up and sat down facing the water. Pointed toward him was the bow of a huge ship. He refilled and relit his pipe. He leaned over and put an elbow on his knee and rested his face upon his hand. He puffed at his pipe and listened to the lapping of the waves against the hull of the towering monster and felt the sea breeze as it brushed his cheek. Somewhere

*The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE*

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

out in the harbor he heard a ferry boat whistle and the steady chug-chug of a tug. Behind him New York was roaring; before him poetry was whispering. The sea breeze. There was nothing like it. And behind him New York was searching madly for a moment of pleasure.

The spell of the thing quite overpowered him. The lapping of the waves, the smoke from his pipe, the distant roar behind him . . . he began to doze. He slept for an hour or more.

A shouting and yelling and running of feet woke him up. He sat up stiffly. He picked up his pipe and hat from where they had fallen. He should not have let himself sleep. Dangerous place to fall asleep. He came out from behind the lumber pile. A small crowd was gathered under one of the lights. Someone was fighting. Grown-ups this time. Probably a couple of drunken sailors. Would people never stop fighting and punching and shoving? Wouldn't they stop and look at beauty one time? These sailors . . . they live surrounded by beauty . . . but how ugly they are! A poet absorbs the beauty of his surroundings. But sailors . . . they must drink . . . and fight . . . and chase dirty women.

He sat down on the edge of the pile of lumber and watched. Soon a patrol wagon drove up and policemen pushed through the crowd. They shoved someone in the patrol wagon and drove off. But the crowd still stood around. He distinguished two blue police caps in the middle of the crowd. Then an ambulance. The crowd parted for the machine. It stopped. Two white-coated figures swung to the ground with a stretcher and hurriedly pushed a limp form inside. The doors slammed. Clang! The ambulance was off. The crowd slowly scattered.

The poet walked over to where the little drama had been played. There was a pool of fresh blood on the cobblestones. Blood. As he turned and went off he heard a morbid lingerer tell a newcomer:

"Yeah. Two sailors . . . Yeah . . . Well, they was drunk, see? . . . One sticks a knife in . . ."

He walked up Wall Street slowly. Why were people so rotten? These sailors . . . they knew nothing of beauty . . . only dross. They were the dregs of society. They ate the dregs. He was one of the initiated. He loved beauty. He was a poet.

Musing, he filled his pipe with tobacco and hunted for a match. Where were those confounded matches . . . Ah, there they were. He would have to break himself of that. Right hand coat pocket. Right hand coat pocket.

-♦-♦-

April  
1927

## II

When one has seen the sea . . . when one has ridden the sea . . . a spell is cast about him that nothing can ever dispel. There is a roll to a ship at sea, a pitching and tossing, that makes one scorn a steady floor. And a sea breeze at night. The stars overhead, the clanking of the rudder, the grind of the propeller and the stinging breeze that burns the cheeks. There is nothing like it. God pity the poor landlubber who has never felt the thrill of a night at sea.

The sailor had lived on the sea for twenty years. Those twenty years were not happy. They had been full of knocks and blows and had left scars. But they had been on the sea. Every sailor dreams of the day he will leave the ocean and set up a little store of his own in some seaside town. Every sailor dreams of this. But every sailor sticks to the sea. He can't help it. It is a part of him. And he loves it. The sailor was this way. But the law had taken the sea away from him. The law is cruel.

Seven years is a long time to be shut up. Seven years is an eternity to be held from the sea . . . when the sea is a part of one.

There was a great river outside the grated window. Ships passed along the river, barges, and sight-seeing boats, and sometimes a steamer was towed by to the government fleet up the river. But there were no waves. And the heavy concrete floors were steady. And the judge had said . . . "Life." That meant . . . death.

The sailor was dying. He was like a gold fish that a child takes from its bowl and forgets.

At evening a sea breeze would come up the river, smelling of salt and the ocean. The sailor would press his face against the bars and think. He thought too much. Seven years is a long time to think about one thing. The sailor imagined things. The guards pointed at their heads and raised their eyebrows. "Cracked." Fate had struck him too hard.

He died and was buried. That was another thing that had bothered him. Burial. He had asked to be weighted down and put in the river. His desire had brought assurance from the guards that it would be done as he wished. Poor nut! He had a pretty bad case.

## III

The famous poet was reading a review of his latest book, "Sea Breezes." Funny how everybody had gone wild over the thing. He had been rather afraid to publish it. Afraid that people might not understand. When one

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

is famous he must be careful to be understood. Of course he had considered it his best work . . . and, strangely enough, so had the critics. Funny.

His eye wandered idly over the page.

**"GOVT. POLICY DETERMINED BY WALL ST.  
CHARGES SENATOR CATLIN"**

These senators were always charging somebody with something . . . or else being charged by somebody of something. He absently read halfway down the column.

He glanced at the next column.

**"LIFE TERMER DIES AT SING SING, PINING FOR SEA,  
OLD SAILOR PASSES AWAY"**

Rot. He read beneath. He finished and threw the paper aside. What a lot of sentimental slush a reporter can get out of some ordinary little happening. And the people like it. He wondered vaguely whether more people read his poems or that article. People are funny.

He pulled out his tobacco pouch and carefully filled his pipe. He fumbled about for a minute. Where were those confounded matches? Ah, there they were . . . where he had left them . . . in his right hand coat pocket.



# *Hai-Kai*

By JACQUES LE CLERCO

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

## *TOAST*

"What's yours? . . . "  
"The Majesty of the Law, friends!"  
"Happy days . . . "

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

## *MEMORY*

"Quick! let us cross the road!"  
(A dog wails)—  
"So you knew Mona too? . . . "

1913-1927

It was Peace, then, and beautiful.  
I went to war.  
It is Peace now, and—. . . ?

## *NERVES*

Dead hush of snow as after music.  
"For God's sake, speak!  
Your silence breaks my ear-drums!"

## *MADAM ORLOFF*

The little dog of the fat lady died.  
Not even a Tokio earthquake or a Lusitania  
Could console her now.

## *EXPERIENCE*

The meek shall inherit the earth.  
I am meek.  
Someone must have exaggerated . . . .

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

The street  
In the bright spill  
And blazon of the sun  
Sucks up and holds the slanted rays—  
The flagstones every one  
Harboring a kiln  
Of heat.

## II

One night  
I heard a song  
With a sharp, jagged blade  
Of melody that subtly wounded—  
An aching melody that made  
Me thankful for its strong,  
Edged bite.

## III

Sin  
Is a broidered cloak,  
Wrapping in hectic beauty  
The flesh and bones of sensitive men  
Who realize their duty  
To shield the joke  
Within

Through great,  
Stern redwood trees  
The far-circling fleck  
Of a hawk is seen against the sky—  
A faint, discolored speck  
On a Chinese  
Willow plate.



April  
1927

I face  
Lake-margining bands  
Of poplar trees, all hung  
With leaves which have the shimmering guise  
Of silver bangles flung  
By reckless hands  
Into space.

Caught  
In a web of sounds  
A softly moulded speech  
Splits into futuristic planes,  
Towers to a screech,  
Leaps and rebounds—  
Distraught.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

—♦—♦—♦—

*April*  
1927

## *Lights In The Night*

By L. J. STANDER

lights through windows—  
like streaks of ochre  
on the dim body  
of a bantu tribesman.

lights through street lamps—  
perverted parodies  
on the joyous song  
of noon.

their harsh song  
jars upon  
my blurring eyes.

multicolored lights—  
like flickering lanterns  
swaying in the hands  
of a dancing idiot.





# The Pasture

R. F.

J. S.

W. A.

Timidity masquerades in our academic halls as "well-balanced judgment," and any sort of boldness is pre-labeled without examination as unjudicious and superficial. Criticism is never anything but superficial except when it is destructive, and often it is both. It is permissible, though generally unadvisable, for a professor or student to think about non-academic questions, but it is always regrettable if he "commits himself in public" about any subject on which people might disagree. Society grants her students and scholars leisure for years of study and thought, but demands that they have no opinions. A most disheartening illustration of this tragic truth occurred recently in connection with local discussion of the Sacco and Vanzetti case.

Two obscure Italians, one a steady workman in a shoe factory and one a fish peddler, have been sentenced in a Massachusetts court to be electrocuted for a crime which they obviously did not commit. Why? Because they were confessed "Radicals" and foreigners, and every good American knows that any radical may throw a bomb tomorrow even though he did not rob and kill a paymaster yesterday. Kill him today and save tomorrow's tragedy.

A youthful employee and former student of the University wrote an impetuous letter to a Durham newspaper in reply to an editorial on this case—an editorial which denied the right of a "bunch of foreigners" to protest against this complete breakdown of an American court. (Will he never grow up? He believes in justice.) He brought down upon himself a column-and-a-half avalanche of sarcastic fustian from an editor who confessedly knew nothing about the case but who did know how to appeal to the pet taboos and prejudices of his section. All very natural, that which we have come to expect from our courts of injustice and our daily vendors of misinformation. But what was the reaction of the more solid members of

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...φφφ...

April  
1927

our own faculty? How about the Greatest of Southern Universities? It makes the heart ache.

*"It would seem that anyone would realize the unwisdom of rushing into public print about a controversial subject of such a sort. The University will probably hear more from this."*

The University of North Carolina desires to be considered a liberal institution—and yet offend no one. And so, if the state has not decided whether or not Socialism is a capital offense, that is a controversial subject about which one must have either no opinions or private ones. It is a matter of controversy whether police officers and United States government agents shall falsify evidence in court proceedings against men who hold opinions not held by the administration. Anyone of mature judgment will see the folly of interference. For the mills of injustice grind exceeding fine, and the wise man will not get his fingers caught in the machinery attempting to rescue the innocent.

One member of the faculty of the Harvard Law School, Felix Frankfurter, has been so injudicious as to publish an article defending Sacco and Vanzetti in the Bolshevikistic *Atlantic Monthly* and has even published a book on the subject. Other members of the faculty of this notoriously Communistic university have stood with the defense. But the University of North Carolina is a liberal institution and will not make such a lamentable mistake. Only the very young and naïve will wince at injustice or resent this debasement of American courts.

Fortunately the above is not wholly fair, is not the complete picture. There are many extremely liberal men in our faculty. And yet this liberality seldom projects itself outside the little academic circle, seldom expresses itself on questions of vital importance. Philology and science and history that is dead absorb their energies and sublimate their liberal feelings. The mills of scholarship grind on, and the rougher world outside is kept outside. And those who were shocked at the temerity of the young man who protested that innocent men should not be executed for their opinions, are good men. They express themselves as they do largely, I am sure, because of their ignorance. "Will he never grow up?" they ask because they have not read the damning evidence, do not realize how rudely the fundamental safeguards of safety and justice have been brushed aside by Judge Thayer and his court.

*H. R. F.*

## *Library Statue*

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

Venus the beautiful,  
Straitly serene  
Masking the probable,  
Voiceless obscene.

—♦—

Stiff atmosphere pending  
A somnolent doze,  
Second-hand knowledge  
In cumbersome rows.

April

1927

Freshmen at catalogues—  
Dumb hunted looks.  
Petulant graduates  
Burdened with books.

Venus the beautiful,  
Hard-marble stare—  
Drapery crinkled,  
Breasts broad and bare.

Thin dirty trailings  
Streak their rotundity,  
Crude definitions  
Of student profundity.

Bleakly insouciant  
The pale goddess stands—  
Her breasts fouled and fingered  
By sex-bitten hands.

*R. K. F.*

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...•••••

April  
1927

For the consolation of other unfortunates who have flunked Math I and II, THE MAGAZINE would like to call attention to some heretical statements which are found even in Griffin. Till now we have blindly believed that two and two are four, inalterably and irrevocably, tomorrow as well as today.

But no more. For someday some student with murderous intent is going to prove that tomorrow two and two will have relatively decreased in value to 3.9999999 and Professor Williams and the Math department will face the great unknown.

The reason for this is found on page 185: "In solving triangles we use the theorem that the sum of the angles of any triangle is 180 degrees. You will recall from geometry (Ed's note: We did not.) that the proof of this theorem rests upon the *assumption (sic)* that through a given point one and only one line can be drawn parallel to a given line.

"This assumption is *not certainly known to be true*. There are 'Non-Euclidean' geometries, perfectly logical, in which the assumption is denied. According to these geometries, the angle sum differs from 180 degrees,—but imperceptibly in triangles of ordinary size. *No one knows which system of geometry is true* (also *sic*) of the space in which we live, but the 'Euclidean' geometry and trigonometry which you have studied (Ed's Note—?) are simpler than the others, and are always used in practical work."





# *book bazaar*

JOHN MARSHALL

## *Thesaurian*

THE RED PAVILION. John Gunther. Harper & Brothers. \$2. 269 pp.

*The Red Pavilion* should be exhibit A in the case against the Young Sophisticates. Any novel is improved by a judicious injection of cleverness, but nothing is so deadly as an over-inoculation. When sophistication becomes an obsession, when every page totters under the strain of smartness, a novel is strongly reminiscent of the monologue carried on by an undergraduate who has just discovered Hecht. *The Red Pavilion* is such a novel. Mr. Gunther's determination to be clever is obnoxiously evident. The whole book is a maze of tricks; mannerisms and distortions which might have seemed pleasingly original had they not been so lavishly applied. His insistence upon sprightliness soon became enervating.

I feel safe in saying that Mr. Gunther will eventually regret the bedizened display of his first book—that he will wish he had conserved some of his trappings for future reference. His present delight is to pour forth bits of obscure information in a pointless splurge. It matters not if the information be pertinent to plot development; he drags it in gleefully—anxious to show that he knows the names of seventy-two deities and the formulae for numerous chemical compounds. In this respect, his novel is almost encyclopedic. He inaptly prates of El Greco, *Katharsis*, syzygy, torture, the Periodic Law, pastry, chastity belts, pedicures, catalysis, philately, and *Weltenschmerz*. He makes exhaustive and exhausting lists of religions, colors, French wines, poisons and classical music. For no reason at all, he inserts passages in French and Russian. He tacks on irritatingly stupid foot-notes. He would appear to be a young man who has read omnivorously and desires to prove it. He crams his book with ill-assorted erudition and crushes its possibilities under a laborious jumble of facts and figures.

The people in the book are fair imitations of the characters in Huxley's *These Barren Leaves*, in Norman Douglas' *South Wind*, in Thornton Wilder's *Cabala*. They talk like Arlen's May Fair puppets with a college degree. Gunther genuflects gracefully to the modern tradition and sees to it that none of them are quite normal. The fluctuant married state of Richard and Shirley Northway affords something of a study in warped emotion. Austin Devery drinks champagne while having his nails trimmed and seeks sexual satisfaction at precisely the same hour each week. Doris

♦♦♦♦♦

April  
1927

Barron, age nineteen, prides herself upon the loss of her virginity and brags to anyone who will listen. The young Jewish poetaster, Leon Goodman, craves suffering to the point of mental masochism; as an added stroke, he is impotent. Take such a hodge-podge of animated psychoses, place them around a table where they can eat caviare and discourse on Debussy, force them into situations tending toward suicide and animalism, play up sex, Art and cynicism—and you have Mr. Gunther's idea of a novel.

R. K. Fowler

---

## Rabelais Returns

ELMER GANTRY. Lewis, Sinclair. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

Sinclair Lewis needs no introduction to the American reading public; he has always been welcome. To a certain portion of that public *Elmer Gantry* will be welcome; to another portion that colossal hypocrite will be another skeleton in the closet which must be resolutely shrouded with a sickly camouflage of fundamentalism. Mr. Lewis found favor when he satirized contemporary American social conditions; but when he satirizes our religion he is provoking our righteous wrath. Wherever the influence of the pulpit is strong the challenge thrown down by *Elmer Gantry* will be taken up. In fact, the denunciations have already begun, and they should easily make the novel a "best seller."

Mr. Lewis has attacked the matter of our ministerial and evangelistic hypocrisy from the inside. He is apparently well acquainted with the various dogmas, the machinery of church politics, the intricacies of denominational theology, and the conventional rhetoric of those whom he styles "the godly." And he has not written with a gloved hand; he flays our creeds by name and number, with especial emphasis upon the Baptist and the Methodist.

The controversy over his appearance would, however, not have fazed Elmer himself in the slightest. He would hardly have understood it. From the time when he shared his room at college with the atheistic Jim Lefferts until the time when he accepts executive affiliation with the National Association for the Purification of Art and the Press, he is primarily crude and stupid. But his crudities and stupidities are on such a Gargantuan scale that his fellows willingly accord him the recognition justly due to one so infinitely superior to themselves.

The author leaves few chances for religion to appear in a favorable light. All of his characters connected with the dispensation of salvation are absurdly silly or overly dogmatic or unbelievably hypocritical. Even Elmer's mother, who appears to be more sincere than anyone else, impresses us as merely a well-meaning busy-body. Mr. Lewis is undoubtedly a clever satirist; but he has allowed himself to overplay his hand. He evidently enjoyed himself thoroughly in writing the book and it seems to have been written rather hurriedly; hence his style suffered.

The story holds more interest than that of any novel the author has yet produced. Beginning with the attractive confidence that "Elmer Gantry was drunk" it advances steadily and entertainingly through all of Elmer's digressions from the "true and

narrow." But, undoubtedly, it is somewhat lurid—somewhat too lurid. Even Sharon Falconer, who greatly resembles Aimee McPherson, is painted with a brush dipped in the red hue of sensationalism, though Elmer's relations with her are a little softened by something faintly resembling romance.

But despite the overdrawn characters and the lurid elements in the plot, *Elmer Gantry* is a powerful satire. It not only upholds Mr. Lewis' enviable reputation as an author; it improves upon that reputation. If you are not a fundamentalist you should read it, because you will enjoy and appreciate it. If you are a fundamentalist you should likewise read it, because it will arouse your righteous indignation to a very pleasurable pitch.

Henry Brandis, Jr.

♦♦♦♦♦

April  
1927

## "The Great American"

TOMORROW MORNING. By Anne Parrish. Harpers. 305 pp. \$2.50.

A story of a mother's love for her son done with an infinite tenderness. A convincingly truthful story of the family life that we all know by virtue of personal contact. A story of three generations so smoothly and realistically combined that we are completely unaware of what might be the boring life of a widowed mother. Anne Parrish lets her characters die and be forgotten in a paragraph, thereby eliminating that sometimes prevalent element called melodrama. Her hero grows three years older in a sentence. He marries and goes to Europe between one chapter and the next. The couple returns to America in a paragraph.

*Tomorrow Morning* portrays the life of a happy, hopeful family. Kate marries Joe Green and they go to live in Westlake. A son, Joe, Jr., is born and while he is yet a child, the father dies from too much drink. Kate is thrown upon her own resources and, as she was a dilettante painter before she married, she makes a bare living by painting score cards and other novelties and teaching school. Joe grows older, finishes college and goes to work in Westlake. Later he goes to New York and meets Evelyn, marries her and spends his honeymoon in Europe. They return to Westlake and soon a daughter is born. They live happily for a while until Evelyn, tiring of the small town and becoming homesick for the rich friends and social events to which she has been accustomed, leaves Joe, Jr. He gives her the baby, consents to a divorce, and returns to live with his mother, who has been putting off the resumption of her art studies saying always that she will start "tomorrow morning."

The thread of the story is colored by Kate's love for Joe, Jr.; while the mother love, so delicately woven into the story and Kate's persistent procrastination make the novel a delightful romance. The book in its entirety is so genuine and skillfully written that the reader imagines himself an unseen witness of the little drama, mingling with the characters who seem to step from the pages into the actuality of real life.

W. W. Anderson

April  
1927

## Decent Burial

(Continued from Page 7)

There she set about preparing the little body for burial and was transformed by the task. Every trace of hardness vanished from her sharp old face and the beauty of sanctified motherhood took its place. The rough red hair which had so stubbornly refused to tone down into a softer grayness as age came upon her changed now to a halo as she bent over the dead child, slipping upon the stark limbs the tiny garments with which she had dressed her own baby in her broken girlhood so long ago. There swept over her wave after wave of bitter-sweet memory. She lived again the days of her happy betrothal, she felt again the shock of her lover's tragic death and the greater one of finding herself bearing his child within her body. The mid-wife who had been with her at John's birth had told her that if her child should die it would not be permitted to lie in the graveyard, and in answer to her startled questions had explained that no such child was ever buried so; they must lie outside the fence. As she remembered this a sort of rage seized her. She had already arranged that no such thing should happen to this child which *might* be John's. It should lie beside John's father. That was *right*. When the cold form was clothed she laid it gently upon the bed and spread a white cloth over it. With an effort she aroused herself from her dreaming, pulled herself back out of the haunted past into the ghastly present. She must contrive a coffin somehow and that before half past ten.

Ten-thirty was the hour for Sunday morning preaching in the little church half a mile up the road from Mahaley's cabin and as vehicles of various kinds began to draw up to the place shortly before this hour and their occupants to alight there were many interested and curious questions about the activity in the graveyard back of the church. Two men were evidently digging a grave but no one knew of a death. When the preacher arrived and it was learned that he knew nothing about it curiosity could no longer be restrained. Two men with the preacher went over to make inquiries. Presently they returned, the other two sheepishly leaving the preacher to announce with what modesty he could command:

"Lizzie Allbright's baby."

Swift and scandalized glances flew among the women as they went into the church. In pregnant undertones and with expressive up-liftings of the

...CONT.

April  
1927

brows the questions of new arrivals were answered. The benches gradually filled with the respectable men and women of the community, the preacher took his place and the opening hymn was sung. As the song ended Mahaley walked into the church. Every eye was upon her even as she crossed the threshold. Under one arm and resting upon her bony hip she bore a small box. She was bareheaded and her red hair straggled about her face. Oblivious of the eyes upon her she went up the aisle of the church, with her free hand lifted a chair to a position in front of the pulpit and upon it placed the box. Stretched over its surface were narrow strips of a worn sheet held in place along the edges and at the corners with carpet tacks. A faded red artificial flower with a sprig of cedar was fastened upon the lid. Through the thin old cloth on the side toward the congregation glared the legend "IVORY SOAP" in heavy black lettering. Facing the preacher Mahaley pushed aside her wind blown hair.

"They's a baby in that coffin. Air y' willin' t' preach it a fun'r'al?" she asked.

The preacher signified his willingness and stepping down beside her said in a low tone, "But I cannot understand why you bring it here, Mis' Lucas. I understood that the men were digging the grave for Lizzie Allbright's baby. Is this——?"

Mahaley's chin lifted ominously. "Them that don't ast no questions won't git no lies told to 'em," she said sharply. "All I'm a astin' you is will you preach it a fun'r'al." As the preacher turned back into the pulpit Mahaley added, "I want y' sh'd preach it about the baby an' not about them as brought it int' the world. It hain't been here long enough to do no weekness yit," and she sat down alone on the front bench.

Through the partial knowledge which they already possessed, assisted by the few words overheard between Mahaley and the preacher the truth was made certain to the respectable congregation which suddenly found itself in the embarrassing position of attending the funeral of an unhallowed child and although everyone knew that the grave was prepared for it within the walls of the consecrated ground of the church yard not one respectable voice was raised in protest.

The preacher changed his text for the morning from Ezekiel's stern "The soul that sinneth it shall die," to Christ's gracious "Inasmuch." But he did not speak of the child as Mahaley had asked him to do but rather, from the authority of the Book he glorified the old woman sitting mutely



April  
1927

and alone before him. The eyes of the respectable congregation were suspiciously moist at times and occasionally a respectable hand stole up to remove a glistening drop from a respectable cheek.

The discourse over, the minister stepped down, bore the little coffin to the open grave close beside the sunken one where Henry Terrill had lain so long. Mahaley pressed close behind him, standing by until a smooth mound marked the place where the baby lay. Then taking her shovel and giving no heed to the curious bystanders she walked down the stony road to her cabin.

John Lucas lounged in the door way, whistling idly, his back slanted against the jamb. His form gave a little to let his mother pass. She went over to the stove, lifted a lid and stirred the dead ashes with the stove hook.

"Y' didn' have no breakfas' did y' John?" she said. "I guess you're hungry by now. I'm a gonna cook y' a fryin' chicken fer yer dinner."



## Lucia

(Continued from Page 11)

Manlio would have the doctor no more and day by day he grew weaker. One night he lay very still and his face blanched to a colorless white. Lucia spoke to him, but he did not answer. She put her head to his breast. His heart was beating faintly and uncertainly. Alarmed, she threw on a shawl and ran down the path that led past her former home and to the priest.

As she came to Benita's hut, she paused for breath. A light shone through the dirty window in one end of the house and at intervals a shadow passed between it and the fire on the hearth. Forgetting her husband in a moment of fearful curiosity, she crept to the window and peered in. The old woman walked back and forth before the fire, murmuring while she fumbled with something in her bony hands. Her hair hung in strings over her faded blue dress and the fire cast dark shadows over her lean face. Lucia looked more closely. Her blood froze and her body gave a shudder. She screamed silently. Mother of God! It was true after all. *Her mother was sticking pins in something!* Witches killed people like that. They stuck pins in little figures until the person died. Horror-stricken, she ran stumbling from the hut toward the village. On her way, she stopped to beg a friend to go to her cottage and sit with Manlio until she returned with the priest. In her terror, she told of what she had seen and fled down the rocky path.



For the best in Furniture  
and Rugs See  
**Royal & Borden Co.**  
Complete Housefurnishers  
Durham, N. C.

## General Supplies

*You can always find equipment for every need at the Book Exchange.*



## *The* Book Exchange

*we told you so!*

“When Better Automobiles are  
Built *Buick* Will Build Them”

## Five Points Automobile Co.

Phone L-1841

*Buick Sales and Service*

Durham, N. C.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

April  
1927

The woman remembered what Benita had said that day about making Lucia marry Masfatti and now, by witchery, Benita was killing Manlio. She went to the houses of a few friends and, after gathering a small crowd, started up the slight hill to the hut by the wood. The door was bolted. One of the men shouted for it to be opened but there came no sound and several of the men broke the flimsy boards and the crowd pushed in.

"Hang her," cried one.

"Witch!"

"She has killed Manlio. *Hang her!*"

Benita was jerked from the front of the dying fire and thrown to the floor. A doll fell in one corner as she sprawled over the packed earth. A pile of knotty roots was heaped on the hearth and a pan of thick substance bubbled in the ashes. Benita laughed and her bony fingers clawed at the dirt.

"What are you doing?" questioned a man. "What have you done to Manlio?"

But the old woman stared vacantly at the crowd as a silly grin forced itself over the haggard face. She said nothing.

"Hang the witch," cried one, "hang her." And Benita was dragged from the hut and into the shadows of the forest, a profusion of incoherent words babbling from the thin lips.

Lucia returned and found the small crowd gathered about her husband's bed. Manlio's breathing was easier, the fever gone and a slight pink showed on either cheek. Lucia collapsed with fatigue and for several days she too appeared to have been included in the spell. The doctor was called again and gradually the pair recovered. A neighbor stayed until they were able to be up and Lucia was told of her mother.

"She was killing Manlio through her witchery," one of the women said, "and she was hung. She may have practiced her evil cunning on any of us. She was best out of the way."

Lucia stared into the distance and said nothing. Her mother had been crazed with the desire for wealth. But she would not injure her child. She was no witch. Lucia knew. Why had she thought such a thing? These people had done a hideous thing and she, in her terror, had been the cause.

A few days later, she walked over the rocky path to Benita's hut. It had not been touched since that night. A few weeds had sprung up about the stone steps and the door lay splintered on the threshold. It was late afternoon. The sun was sinking behind a maze of dull clouds and the shadows



*When  
the score is close-  
Keep cool with*

**Good-Grape**  
CONTAINS WINE OF GRAPE

*That good-grape drink*

DR. WADE H. MARSHALL

Tankersley Building

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Phone 45

DR. DANIEL T. CARR

*Dentist*

Offices in Tankersley Building

Next to Postoffice

TELEPHONE 69

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

*April*  
1927

of the forest were deepening. The air was growing chill and leaves fluttered down from the giant trees overshadowing the wretched hut, settling themselves among the roots. Slowly Lucia walked to the door of the hovel and entered. The air smelled of dried herbs and the objects in the room were indistinct shadows. A ray of light struck an object in a corner and Lucia, walking over, picked up a half-dressed doll. The same doll that she had sung to when she was a child; the same doll that her mother had helped her dress! She carried it to the door. Two pins held a patch of faded blue cloth about its rag body.



# Christian & King Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different

## Stetson "D"

Clothiers  
and Furnishers

FEATURING

Stetson "D" Clothes and  
John Ward Shoes



All Stetson D Clothes pressed free  
at our shop for entire school year.

## Orpheum

THE HOME OF

Musical Comedy  
AND

## VAUDEVILLE



Change of program Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

FANCY ICES

BLOCKS

## Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets

DIAL L-963

## DURHAM ICE CREAM COMPANY, INC.

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET

Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS

PUNCHES



## The Writers

JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS, one of the "Virginia poets" lives in Norfolk, and is well known as a contributor to contemporary magazines. . . . LILITH SHELL has contributed to nearly every number of THE MAGAZINE from her home in Pennsylvania. She was originally from North Carolina . . . . R. K. FOWLER, who received quite a bit of publicity some months ago from his story "Slaves" is assistant editor of THE MAGAZINE. . . . W. W. ANDERSON is the editor-elect of *The Buccaneer*. He has also been added to the "Pasture." . . . . JACQUES LECLERCQ is a New York poet, playwright, and Columbia University professor. . . . JOHN RICHARD MORELAND is another of the "Virginia poets" and was the founder and former editor of *The Lyric*. He has contributed to *The Reviewer*, *Munsey's*, *McCalls*, and numerous others. . . . CLINTON SCOLLARD is at present in Florida where he is heading the poetry movement there. He is represented in the world of poetry by many volumes of verse. . . . L. J. STANDER is a freshman at this University. . . . D. PIERSON RICKS, although a freshman this year, was the author of "Green Paint," the play which won the state contest for high schools last year. . . . VIRGINIA LAY, who has contributed both woodcuts and verse to THE MAGAZINE, will edit the coming issue.



# *Right across the country!*

NATURAL TOBACCO TASTE has the  
inside track to smokers' preference.  
Chesterfield sales prove it!



*A natural tobacco richness  
entirely free from "over-  
sweetening"; in no other  
cigarette do men find such  
naturalness of taste and  
character.*

# Chesterfield

*They Satisfy - and yet, they're MILD*

POE

CABELL

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

NEGRO NUMBER

MAY • 1927

THE NEGRO ENTERS  
LITERATURE

By CHARLES S. JOHNSON

SYMPHONESQUE

By ARTHUR HUFF FAUSSET

DRAWINGS FROM  
"EMPEROR JONES"

By AARON DOUGLAS

LANIER

WILSON

FIFTY CENTS

HARRIS

PAGE

O. HENRY



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1844

THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

CONTROLLED BY THE PUBLICATIONS UNION

JULIAN STARR, JR., *Editor*      VIRGINIA LAY, *Art Editor*      R. K. FOWLER, *Assistant Editor*  
L. H. MCPHERSON, *Business Manager*  
" KILLIAN BARWICK, *Assistant Business Manager*

VOLUME 57

MAY, 1927

NUMBER 7

## Contents

DRAWING FROM "EMPEROR JONES"	Aaron Douglas
THE NEGRO ENTERS LITERATURE	Charles S. Johnson
OLD MANSION	Arna Bontemps
SYMPHONESQUE	Arthur Huff Fauset
FULFILLMENT	Helene Johnson
THE HUNCH	Eulalie Spence
DRAWING FROM "EMPEROR JONES"	Aaron Douglas
POETRY SECTION	
BOOK REVIEW	
ACKNOWLEDGMENT	

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1926.  
Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and have return address on cover. All  
manuscripts should be addressed to the *Editor*, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Box 770, Chapel  
Hill, N. C.



*Drawing from "Emperor Jones" By AARON DOUGLAS*



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 57

NUMBER 7

## *The Negro Enters Literature*

By CHARLES S. JOHNSON

NEGRO LITERATURE, like early American literature, is more interesting as history than as creative art. The parallel does not stop here: both have been unnaturally influenced by literary patterns alien to their experience; both have been damaged, on the one hand, by rather excessive claims to importance as *Literature*, and on the other, by ruthless sometimes disdainful comparisons, out of their essential social setting and limitations, with older literatures and peoples; both reflect above all else, the violent currents of thought and life in the new world, and, with striking frequency, the very same currents even if from different planes. A discerning writer in one of the southern literary reviews asks, not unwisely, whether, after all, "we should not frankly recognize the fact that American writers have been more successful in mirroring social and economic and political conditions than in creating works of art." There is a certain reasonableness in this point of view for anyone who has actually read the poetry of Anne Bradstreet, Noyes and Oakes, or the fiction of Mrs. Susanna Haswell Rowson, and who recalls that the *Declaration of Independence*, the *Federalist*, and Washington's *Addresses*, nevertheless, rank as the most important literary contributions to the period. Such a point of view is more charitable to Negro literature, and undoubtedly makes its contributions more intelligible, and more significant.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...φια...

May  
1927

Two other distinctions are important. In a sense not applicable to the American people as a whole, Negro experience has yielded an artistic contribution of a sort, uncounted, perhaps, because unconsciously made. Their years of servitude have left a deposit of rich lore delicately threaded through the pattern of American life, and a strange inimitable music, which, in its vitality and varied forms, grows deeper and wider in influence with the years. They were the subjects of literature long before they began seriously to create it. In their conscious contributions there is a necessary distinction to be made between that writing which is "Negro literature" in the sense of expressing a group consciousness, and that writing by men who happened merely to be Negroes. The not inconsiderable list of theological treatises of such Negroes as Lemuel Haynes, N. C. Cannon, William Catto, and even the verse of Jupiter Hammon, who antedates Phyllis Wheatley, when construed broadly as literature, fall within this class, and are roughly analogous to the theological writings of Jonathan Edwards, the Mathers and the religious doggerel of Wigglesworth. So, also, must be considered the work of such extraordinary persons as William Stanley Braithwaite, lyricist of great charm and anthologist, and Benjamin Brawley who, quite apart from his Negro history has written a textbook of English literature,—free-floating individuals who have appeared occasionally and mingled their contribution, without the distinctive mark of race, to the general fund of American Literature.

Although the saga of the transplanted African has been scarcely more than marginal notes to the drama of America, no wholly intelligent view of the new world development is possible which does not embrace the experiences of these new Cimerii, so intimate and yet so remote in their gloom-world, whose reflections, through their literature are a sort of penumbra of this whole life, softening it into its full beauty.

Slavery as an institution grew, not from a sudden inspiration, but step by step, as economic necessity made peace with conscience. The process required remaking and adjusting of the concepts of race, religion, humanity itself. The periods of change in national and group attitudes have their most poignant reflection in the Negro literature. Phyllis Wheatley, the slave poet who published her first volume of verse at the age of twenty belonged to the colonial period in more than one sense. She came just twenty years after Anne Bradstreet, first American woman poet, with verse which bears up interestingly under comparison. As a Negro writer she is

—♦—

May  
1927

posed in an almost echoless solitude. She had no followers; her patterns were Ovid and the English classicists who inspired her contemporaries. The vast bulk of her poetry was personal and unracial,—she indited lines "To the King's Most Excellent Majesty," "To His Excellency, General Washington," odes to Neptune, and to Maecenus, and to numerous friends on the death of relatives. A magnificent exception she was, in this period of almost universal Negro illiteracy. When she went to England in 1773 she considered it wise to arm herself with attestations in her book by Governor Hutcherson, John Hancock and some others that she actually wrote the poems ascribed to her. George Horton of North Carolina, near the close of the 18th century, was composing verse which he could not even set down in writing. He nearly bought his freedom with the love lyrics which he composed for students of the University of North Carolina, to be used among the young ladies of the vicinity. Assisted to literacy by some of the professors of the school, he published in 1829 a volume of verse, "The Hope of Liberty," and numerous hymns.

Like strange, broken voices these writers of verse appeared, some thirty or more between Wheatley and Dunbar. Perhaps the most notable of these was Frances E. W. Harper of Baltimore. The institution of slavery and its supporting theories grew. The attempts of the Negroes to express themselves were a struggle, without equipment, against the fast crystallizing philosophy of their sub-humanity, and against the treason of the very religion which they had embraced. They were to learn that their brains were lighter, wrongly placed; that their frontal sutures closed earlier,—always with the same devastating *ergo!* Charles Carroll could argue with finality that "man was made in the image of God and since God, as everyone knows was not a Negro, it followed that the Negro was not a man." Those Negro writers who, after a long silence, followed Phyllis Wheatley, thought in terms of vital rebuttal. When Benjamin Banneker of Maryland, mathematician and astronomer, prepared his Almanac with involved calculations, he sent the manuscript to Thomas Jefferson praying that his accomplishment would help remove the general conceptions about his race. The articulate ones, through every medium at hand were compelled to establish first, their humanity. And so it was that the period just prior to the Civil War by its intensity turned practically all expression into the channel of personal narratives,—those stories based upon the personal experiences of fugitive slaves, which, in themselves held greater immediacy and dramatic power

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...••••...

May

1927

than either poetry or fiction. These made valuable material for the Abolitionists, to whose insistence may be accredited the preservation in record of many of these stories. Some are shot through with bright threads, and despite a frequent crudeness, they have moments of real beauty. Jessie Fauset, one of the moderns, was inspired to a poem by this brief paragraph from the autobiography of Sojourner Truth, which seems to catch naively in its lap the vast tragedy and unutterable longing of slavery:

"I can remember when I was a little girl, how my old mammy would sit out of doors in the evenings and look up at the stars and groan, and I would say, 'Mammy, what makes you groan so? And she would say, 'I am groaning to think of my poor children; they do not know where I be and I don't know where they be. I look up at the stars and they look up at the stars!'"

These narratives continued even after emancipation, being in their later form a more sophisticated revolt against the subtler limitations upon status. The Memoirs of Ignatius Sancha, the intrepid African, were published in 1808, *The Story of Richard Allen*, founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, appeared even earlier, in 1793. William Wells Brown, both in his personal narrative and in his *Clotel*, an attempt at a novel based upon a dramatic story of real life, revealed an uncannily alert and sensitive mind and command of English; Henry Box Brown, J. W. C. Pennington, the fugitive blacksmith, and Samuel Ringold Ward had stories more powerful than their styles, while Frederick Douglas, the greatest of the fugitives, lacked neither style nor story. These personal narratives steadily broadened from vicarious experiences to attempts to express group aspirations and emotions. They were yet a vital part of this literature when Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery*, a story of universal appeal, appeared, and they reached their highest art in the magnificent and bitterly intense *Souls of Black Folk* by W. E. Burghardt DuBois, which appeared in 1902.

Emancipation ushered in a new phase of life and expression. With their "paper freedom" they set out to copy the gloss of their surrounding culture, rebelling against every symbol of their so recent enslavement. Except for the fading light of a few brilliant survivors of the crisis, nothing of any consequence was produced until Dunbar. Coming at that dark period, when, with the release of the working classes, the independent struggle for existence had become more severe, he caught the concept of the more tolerable Negro in his pathetic and contagiously humorous moods, accepted him

•••••

May  
1927

without apology and without his miserable baggage of a problem, and invested him with a new humanity. More, he made him likable,—this simple, kindly, joyous creature, with his softly musical dialect and infectious rhythm. William Dean Howells, in an article in *Harpers*, hailed Dunbar as the first to feel Negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. He became a poet of folk life, mentioned in the same breath with Robert Burns. He lifted Negro poetry to a level of critical appreciation, lit new fires of hope among Negroes, then died, broken and disappointed that the world, ignoring his loftier unrestricted verse had "turned to praise a jingle in a broken tongue." The acceptability of his dialect verse, however, inspired a host of followers, few of whom captured the convincing spontaneity of his poetry. Daniel Webster Davis, of Richmond, Virginia, seems to have achieved his style most successfully in his volume of poems published under the title, "Weh Down Souf." This period produced one novelist of competence in Charles W. Chestnut of Cleveland, Ohio. He wrote and published five volumes before 1906, realistic stories and novels of the Reconstruction period, of that highly charged world of mixed blood relations across the line of race; then his pen fell silent, although he still lives. The years between 1900 and 1915 were years of restlessness, uncertainty and transition. Hesitatingly at first and later with greater daring, Negro writers struck a note of frank discontent ranging in temper from bitter resentment to Christian forbearance. Frequently their verse was freighted with racial woes; and occasionally they spoke in terms of universal appeal; they discarded dialect because of its limitations, their technical command improved, their work had the authentic ring of poetry. Joseph S. Cotter, father and son, James Weldon Johnson, Leslie Pinckney Hill, Fenton Johnson, Edward Everett Hawkins, Lucien B. Watkins, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Ann Spencer, Charles Bertram Russell, Alice Dunbar-Nelson, Roscoe C. Jamison, D. Corruthers, William Stanley Braithwaite, Jessie Fauset, and Angelina Grimké, a notable array, began that interesting tradition which blends the expression of the race-mind, with a refined equipment. James Weldon Johnson's *Creation* most vividly symbolizes the gross transition. Aside from being one of the most moving religious poems in American literature, it achieves a rare craftsmanship. In naive, non-dialect speech, it blends the rich imagery of the uneducated Negro minister with the finished skill of a cultured Negro poet. In a curious fashion it bespeaks the meeting and parting of the old and new in Negro life in America:

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

May  
1927

"And God stepped out on space  
And He looked around and said,  
'I'm lonely  
I'll make me a world.'

And as far as the eye of God could see  
Darkness covered everything,  
Blacker than a hundred midnights  
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,  
And the light broke,  
And the darkness rolled up on one side,  
And the light stood shining on the other,  
And God said, 'that's good' . . . ."

The commentators farther removed from the present phase of Negro expression will be able to define more clearly the influence of those social and economic forces shortly after the World War, moving beneath the new mind of Negroes which burst forth with freshness and vigor in an artistic "awakening." With this awakening, probably from the same cause or possibly as a result of it, has come an improved public attitude of acceptance and welcome for these new voices. The first startlingly authentic note was sounded by Claude McKay, a Jamaican Negro living in America. If his was again a note of protest it came clear and unquivering. But it was more than a protesting note; it was one of stoical defiance which held behind it a spirit magnificent and glowing. One poem, "If We Must Die," written at the most acute point of the new industrialism of Negroes, when sudden mass contact in the northern states was flaming into riots, voiced for Negroes where it did not itself create, a mood of stubborn defiance. It was reprinted in practically every Negro newspaper, and quoted wherever its audacious lines could be remembered. But McKay could also write lyrics utterly divorced from these singing daggers. "Spring in New Hampshire" is one of them. He discovered Harlem and found a language of beauty for his own world of color.

"Her voice was like the sound of blended flutes  
Blown by black players on a picnic day."

He left America, spent a while in Russia, moved to France where he now lives.



Jean Toomer flashed like a blazing meteor across the sky, then sank from view. But in that brilliant moment of his flight he illuminated the fore-field of this literature. *Cane*, a collection of verse and stories, appeared about two years ahead of its sustaining public mood. It was significantly a return of the son to the Southland, to the stark natural beauties of its life and soil, a life deep and strong, a soil untouched.

"O land and soil, red soil and sweet gum-tree,  
So scant of grass, so profligate of pines  
Now just before an epoch's sun declines  
Thy son, in time, I have returned to thee,  
Thy son, I have in time returned to thee."

Here was the Negro artist triumphantly detached from propaganda, sensitive only to beauty. Where Dunbar gave to the unnamed Negro peasant a reassuring touch of humanity, Toomer gave to this peasant a passionate charm:

(Continued on page forty-four)

May

1927

---

## *Old Mansion*

By ARNA BONTEMPS

Poplars are standing there still as death  
And ghosts of dead men  
Meet their ladies walking  
Two by two beneath the shade  
And standing on the marble steps.

There is a sound of music  
Echoing through the door  
And in the field there is  
Another sound tinkling in the cotton:  
Chains of bondsmen dragging on the ground.

The years go back with an iron clank.  
A hand is on the gate,  
A dry leaf trembles on the wall.  
Ghosts are walking.  
They have broken roses down  
And poplars stand there still as death.



## *Sympphonesque*

By ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET

### I

*Allegro non troppo*  
*Allegro vivace et capricioso*

THE TINY village of Gum Ridge, Texas, fairly hummed under a sizzling white sun that mounted higher and higher in the gray-blue space lately traversed by the stars. Living creatures fled the exposed valley and sought shelter beneath the leafy branches of giant cottonwoods, pecans and maples that studded the sides of the towering hill which lent its name to the village.

The parched fields lay desolate, looking like huge burnt carcasses, and brittle as dead men's bones. They listened to the dull droning of the dust ridden atmosphere as it quivered under the murderous lashings of the sun, and occasionally to the sonorous hum-m-m-m-m of a solitary bee that braved the death-dealing rays of heat in quest of some petalled haven.

Far down in the blistered valley, within a wretched log cabin, Cudjo, brown youth of seventeen summers, raised himself drowsily from his tattered couch in a corner of the cabin. Old Ben lay sound asleep. Cudjo knew he was sound asleep by the noise of his snoring, harmonizing ludicrously with the bzz-bzz-bzz of the giant horse-flies that frisked about the old man's mouth and from time to time raised huge lumps on his lips and the top of his bald head.

Cudjo stretched and yawned.

He sat down on the edge of his couch and looked about him. The cabin was littered with filth. Rubbish of all sorts was strewn over the floor. Vermin crawled from the bed clothing, from his clothes, and from the newspapers that adorned the walls. Sleek rats darted occasionally across the floor. The smothering rays of the sun, shimmering through long thin

cracks in the roof fell with a dazzling brilliance on the nauseating spectacle.

For a moment Cudjo was filled with loathing. Although he had never known any other kind of existence, something within him was not reconciled to this slovenliness. A curious shiver coursed slowly through his body, starting at the base of his spine and trickling out on his lips. Under that burning roof he felt his teeth chattering.

It took but a moment to put on his few fragments of clothing. Then he crept to the door of the shack and started to open it, but of a sudden shut it, exclaiming, "Damn hot . . . Baptism today too . . . Niggahs gonna do dere stuff f' sho' in all dis heat . . . Gotta be dere . . . gotta be dere."

In the corner Old Ben continued to snore profoundly. Cudjo observed him intently for an instant.

"Oughta be up an' gittin' to de ribber, sho's yuh bo'n. Dat's his lil' red wagon ah reckon. Spec' ah bettah let 'um sleep an' tek his rest. If he misses baptism though, be jes' too bad."

He reached for an old black hat hanging on a nail in the door, and pulled it far over his face as he emerged from the cabin.

"Wow, but it's hot," he exclaimed as his bare feet trod upon the sandy road that felt like a bake oven. "Twarn't fo' de damn foolishness ah'd git baptize' m'se'f dis hot day . . . Somepin' mattah wid mah soul right now an' ah knows it . . . Gotta git dis out o' m' system somehow . . . wonder what's eatin' me?"

He passed old Ebenezer Baptist Church. Standing on a small eminence overlooking the surrounding lands it had the appearance of a smoke-gray lighthouse in an ocean of heat-flame. Cudjo laughed cynically as he passed by.

"All dis 'ligion ain't gittin' nobody nowheah. All it does, mek yo' all feel good. Mek yo' feel like yo' treadin' on soft cushions in Gawd's he'b'n. But it ain't gittin' nobody nuffin, ain't gittin' me a damn thing. . . . Dis 'ligion don't keep folks f'um laughin' at me 'cause ah'm diff'ant f'um dem. Don't keep White Man f'um raisin' hell anytime he feelin' dat-a-way. Jes' mek yo' happy, dat's all. Mek yo' damn happy . . . Feel good . . . yea bo."

He looked into the heavens. The sun was a whirling white streak in a hazy gray-blue pattern. His eyes could not stand the glare.

With hands folded behind him he sauntered along as in a dream, thinking, thinking, unmindful of heat or shade. His eyes seemed to be covered with mist. They were nearly closed.

He did not have to see. What were feet for? Did they not have ten eyes, as many noses, and mouths as well? There was nothing which could be perceived by the ordinary senses that these wonderfully trained friends did not discover even more readily. If he was hungry, they led him to patches of wild blackberries and juicy strawberries. When he was tired and sleepy they carried him gently over rocks and stones, avoiding pits, brambles and poisonous snakes. \*

They knew the east from the west; the quiet lanes that led down to the cool refreshing brook from the steep stony paths which ascended to the crests of those mighty shaggy turrets that people called hills; those hills from whose tops he delighted to look down on the sleepy villages below and pretend that he was God.

God again!

What was all this talk about God? These niggers and their God! Fools, that's all they were, they and their God.

Did they think that God gave a tinker's damn for them, they in their dirty shacks that bred scorpions, bedbugs and rats, and gave forth a stench that would knock down a polecat! Where was their God when White Man came along at the end of the harvest season and told the niggers they hadn't made enough cotton to pay for their grub to say nothing of their shelter, their clothing, their very liberty!

And what was He doing on that hot afternoon when White Man took Zack Jones and riddled his body with bullets after he had been strung up to a big tree for being in the neighborhood when little "Miss" Dora suddenly took a notion it would be funny to pretend that some nigger had said naughty things to her? . . . .

He liked to go up on Gum Ridge in the late afternoon when pale purple clouds hovered over the tiny villages like a hen over her brood of chicks. It was like being in heaven to be there and hurl a stone high in the air only to watch it fall on some naked roof in the white section of the village; then with fists clenched and arms raised in mighty exaltation to exclaim: "Damn yuh, when ah'm down in de valley yo' all white folks is Gawd . . . . Yeh . . . . ain't no mo' Gawd when ah'm down dere. But when ah gits up in dese pahts ah'm Gawd. . . . Hyeah me, yo' gawddamned wi'te trash . . . .

...♦...♦...

May  
1927

yo' all listen to me . . . . ah'm Gawd . . . . an' one o' dese days ah'm gonna baptize yo' all wif fiah an' brimstone" . . . .

He arrived at the bank of the Tugaloo River, the sluggish, anemic stream that mocking white folks called Ebenezer's Jordan. No other person was in sight. . . . Cudjo lifted himself upon the stern of a small launch that lay anchored near the shore, and rested there masterfully perched for witnessing the baptismal ceremony.

The sickening sun smote him with its sleep-dispensing rays. He began to feel drowsy. A gentle mist formed over his half-closed eyes; the world commenced to swim from under him.

Pictures flitted across the space in front of him, flickering glimpses of the same slim brown girl who seemed to dance for his pleasure and performed miraculous gyrations like some whirling pinwheel. In a half doze he mumbled to himself: "Damn . . . . that's Amber Lee . . . . sho' is . . . . Amber Lee . . . . Wonder ef she be hyeh today?"

The slim brown figure whirled round and round until it appeared as dazzling as the sun. Cudjo shook himself from sheer dizziness. . . .

"Ah got funny feelin's these days. Don't know whut's wrong wid me . . . . Ah wants t' dance an' shout . . . . an' raise hell in gen'ral ah reckons."

His head nodded . . . . asleep . . . . awake . . . . here . . . . then . . . . there . . . . now . . . . dead . . . . alive . . . . just enough alive to feel himself crooning an old melody he had often heard Old Ben sing:

"Hop right! goin' to see mah baby Lou!  
Goin' to walk an' talk wid mah honey!  
Goin' to hug an' kiss mah honey . . . .  
Hop right, mah baby!"

He hopped right out of his reverie when a party of picnickers, breezing by in a small launch yelled out to him amidst waving of flags and handkerchiefs: "Hello, Cudjo! Hello, Crazy Cudjo!"

Cudjo's arm shot out with a jovial fling, but ended with a stock gesture, the outstretched fingers of his right hand in close proximity to his nose as he yelled back: "Hope t' Gawd yo' all boat turns over!"

There was no more chance to dream. The worshippers were coming down to the river; at first small straggling droves of children; soon after, clustered crowds of men, women and children.

•••••

May  
1927

It was hot. The dank water of the Tugaloo smelled like a cistern containing an old corpse. Men and women perspired till the air was filled with a thick pungent odor like soppy stale salt.

Old people looked on at the gathering crowd and said little; the young folk laughed and twitted each other.

Ebenezer Baptist was on party display. Her women were clad in every description of red, yellow, purple, pink, blue. Many of them wore dresses of brilliant hues woven into Egyptian patterns. They raised gay paper parasols and cotton umbrellas to ward off the scorching sunshine.

Young men sported wide trousers with gaudy suspenders or broad brilliantly colored belts. Their belt-furrowed coats made of screaming brown and blue cloth displayed a profusion of buttons some of them hanging from long tassel-like cords. They wore large brown and black felt hats and glistening derbies.

The congregation grew thicker and noisier. Members found places on odd stacks of lumber that were piled up here and there on the shore; in rowboats which they tied together; on the roofs of sheds and outhouses. Some of the young bucks sat on the trestle of the railroad bridge that spanned the river.

Cudjo viewed the gaudy parade with great glee. He chuckled low to himself and clapped his hands. "Hot-dam," he muttered half aloud, "gonna de big doin's in dis man's town dis yere day . . . . sho' is . . . . Hot-dam!"

A loud murmur emanating from the gathering throng attracted his attention to the bank of the river. A cry surged through the congregation. "Uh-uh . . . . hyeh dey come . . . . hyeh dey come . . . . hyeh dey all come!"

## II

*Crescendo*  
*Religioso Furioso*

All eyes focused on the preacher, shepherd of the flock who appeared leading his baptismal lambs. He was a tremendous black figure with a large round stomach that almost bulged out of his dark blue vest. As he waddled his corpulent body seemed like a huge inflated balloon made of thick rubber swaying upon two large resilient pillars.

...♦♦♦...

May  
1927

He wore a white robe that was neither long enough to hide the tips of his blue trousers nor wide enough to cover the heavy gold watch-chain that circled his paunch.

A hush came over the ever increasing throng as the preacher and two deacons prepared a passageway to the river for the baptismal candidates. In their stocking feet they waded out in the smutty brown water and drove two long staves about a yard apart into the soft mud. To the ends of these they fastened ropes which they brought back to the shore and attached to hooks that had been driven into some pilings on the river bank.

The converts, dressed in white, were lined up one behind the other on the shore. Most of them were young girls. Their eyes were red with weeping. Now and then one of them sobbed and fell into the arms of a buxom matron who crooned old Baptist hymns in her ears.

The preacher hustled about, imparting final instruction to his deacons while they waited for a tall brown man, clad in white robes, to make his way through the dense crowd. He was the exhorter.

The ceremony began.

The exhorter discarded the white cap that adorned his head and exposed himself to the excruciating heat. He commenced singing in a high quavering voice:

“Run away, run away,  
Run away, run away,  
Ain’t gonna see you any more.”

At the third “run away” the entire congregation echoed the song fervidly. The young candidates took this for a signal to shriek and sob. Their voices rent the sizzling air like screaming sirens in the black of a starless night.

The exhorter continued:

“Cry some more, cry some more,  
Cry some more, cry some more,  
Ain’t gonna see you any more.”

Some one in the congregation started to sing:

“How many done dead an’ gone?  
Couldn’t have religion I would not be.”

The exhorter desiring even more fervor decided that one more song was necessary. Soon the air rang with melody.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

May  
1927

"Ain't we some angels of Jesus, some  
angels of Jesus, some angels of  
Jesus,  
Surely He died on Calvary.  
Calvary, Calvary,  
Calvary, Calvary,  
Calvary, Calvary,  
Surely He died on Calvary."

The singing became hysterical. Men and women cried. Some swayed their bodies from right to left; some leapt into the air; others shook themselves like coarse dancers in a burlesque theatre.

Crescendo, crescendo, crescendo. Mighty roar of an ocean tumult. Thunder. Tumult of song that challenges the listening heavens.

"Calvary, Calvary,  
Calvary, Calvary,  
Calvary . . . . "

As if by signal the torrent of song diminishes in volume and velocity; step by step, pitch by pitch it diminishes. Nothing remains but a gentle soft crooning that seems like the pattering of raindrops on the leaves after a storm.

The crooning stops abruptly. The soft voice of the big black preacher wafts its way soothingly over the congregation like an evening lullaby.

"Come on chillun, da's 'nough now . . . . chillun . . . . Gawd done hyerd yo' all . . . . Gawd sho' hyerd his white lambs dat time . . . . Now we gwine ha' prayer by Brother Simpson."

Brother Simpson stepped out from the throng. He threw his battered straw hat on the muddy bank and flung his long black arms towards the sunlit heavens. He spoke slowly at first in low tones that were scarcely audible above the quiet murmuring that wrapped itself around the devout worshippers like a soft blanket.

He prays.

"Oh Lawd . . . . dis is a prayer to you . . . . dis is a prayer to m' Father in heaven, oh Lawdy Jesus . . . . yas . . . . yas . . . . Done turn mah face to de jasper walls so's you kin see de he'b'nly sunshine in mah eyes . . . . Oh Lawdy Jesus . . . . done renounce de flesh an' de debil . . . . "

His prayer grows warmer and warmer. He punctuates each fervent plea with a deep gasp resembling a suffocating man struggling for air.

...♦♦♦...

May  
1927

"Oh, Lawd . . . Lawdy, u-n-n, hab mercy on dis po' creature of yours, u-n-n, hab mercy on dis thy humble servant, u-n-n . . . oh Lawd, deliber us, u-n-n, f'um de debil's wiles, u-n-n . . . an holy Lawd Jesus, u-n-n, watch fo' us, u-n-n, an' pray, u-n-n, fo' us, u-n-n, that we be not led, u-n-n, into de temptation ob de wilderness, u-n-n, and fall beneath de prickly feet of dat wicked devil, u-n-n . . . "

The deacon exhorts. He cajoles and laments. He pants, sings, groans, and croons. Great clouds of steam fall from his face . . .

At first the congregation with heads bowed listen in a rhapsody of terror and exaltation. After a little while they too shout and scream as the deacon denounces the wickedness of the devil and depicts the horrors of hell.

From time to time the preacher dips down into the muddy stream with his hands and brings up water to bathe the head of the sweltering deacon and his own as well. After each application he emits a shrill laugh whose fiendish notes resound on the stifling atmosphere like the midnight cries of a panicky jungle cat.

The prayer is ended.

The congregation breaks into spontaneous song. Bodies sway to left and right. Body touches body. A corporate thrill passes through the entire congregation.

Spontaneous song.

"Oh Lord, thy will be done.  
Oh Lord, thy will be done.  
Our Father which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done,  
Oh Lord, thy will be done."

No one was more affected than Cudjo. The scoffer could not help himself. Emotion overcame reason.

He laughed and shouted. Tears streamed from his eyes. He pranced in the air, slapping his thighs with the palms of his hands, while his lithe body bent and swayed to the rhythm of the songs.

He sang with tears in his eyes and throat, as if his heart brimmed over with heavenly moisture. Like a drunken man he was reeling in an orgy of emotional rapture, drowning in a warm, rich, overwhelming flood of sensual experience.

•♦•♦•

May  
1927

An ominous grin spread over his entire countenance. Again his eyes seemed covered with mist. He scarcely knew where or who he was.

Uneasiness crept over the members of the congregation who stood near him.

The preacher called for the candidates. Single file they marched through the passageway that led to the living water.

The first was a tender child of fifteen years. She tugged and fought with the leaders as they led her to the stream. Under the scathing sun energies soon fagged and good humors vanished. The preacher was sorely tried. He was now calling out constantly to the congregation to restrain their zeal. Finally he looked in the direction of Cudjo and screamed, "If any yo' all niggahs cain't behave yo'se'ves hyeh, yuh kin git out right now . . . any you niggahs!"

Water on a duck's back. Cudjo clapped his hands and laughed the more.

Religious frenzy gave strength to the young candidate. It took two deacons and the preacher to immerse her. One took her by the arms while the other two each grasped a struggling ankle. For a moment, the congregation looked on in tense silence.

The silence became a dumb shudder. Even the struggling girl, suspended in mid-air, looked on in dumb wonder as Cudjo rushed down through the surprised throng, and leaping over the ropes made as if to snatch her from the arms of her preceptors. The perspiration gleamed on his face. The muscles of his arms bulged as he tried to tear the girl from the grasp of the amazed preacher.

"You black devil," he shouted to the holy emissary, "you'se a sinner an' a hypocrite. Take yo' orn'y hands f'um off'n her . . . De voice ob Gawd speakin' th'oo de clouds f'm he'b'n . . . Hyeah me now, hyeah me . . . John de black Baptis', he hyeh now tellin' me to do all dis . . . Yo' all baptize wid water but ah baptize. . . ." He got no further.

Pandemonium.

Cries of "Lawd ha' mercy, oh Lawd-Gawd, save us . . . save us f'um dis debil!"

The candidate still hung suspended in mid-air, the preacher, two deacons, and Cudjo grasping some part of her. She had fainted and lay lifeless in their hands.



May  
1927

Mad fury swept over the congregation. The baptism was suddenly converted into a scene of near carnage.

"Kill him, kill him, kill the black fool!" they all shouted.

Cudjo held on and laughed fiendishly. They swarmed around him and started to crush and pummel him. For a moment he was certain to be crushed to death, but the saner preacher, recovering from his surprise, released the girl and rushed at Cudjo from behind. A dozen stalwart deacons came to his assistance. From the hysterical circle of women and children, flaying him with umbrellas and pelting him with missiles, the outraged deacons bore him clear through the throng out into the open.

Up the banks they ran dragging the interrupter with them. Finally they rushed behind a clump of tall bushes many yards from the scene of the baptism. They lifted Cudjo into the air as if he were an outcast devil, and hurled him as far as they were able.

Solemnly they watched him fall into a senseless heap. Then breathless and tired they made their way back to calm the awe-struck candidates and to resume the baptism.

### III

*Agitato*

*Agitato appassionato*

*Smorzando et tranquillo*

Cudjo landed in a thick patch of dry grass. The sudden impact stunned him but aside from painful bruises, he was none the worse for his wild adventure.

The merciless rays of the sun beating down upon him seemed more cruel than the scourging crowd, and he crawled to the clump of bushes grateful for some shade and shelter. There he sat on the hot grass nursing the muscles of his legs. Down by the river he could hear soft music crooned by the congregation, and the rhythmic tread of feet patting on the ground.

Gradually the energy of youth returned. He laughed aloud. He looked at his bare feet, burned almost black by the sun; then at his soiled hands. He clapped them together and kicked his heels as high as his sore calves would permit.

*(Continued on page forty-nine)*

## *Fulfillment*

By HELENE JOHNSON

...ΦΦΦ...

May  
1927

To climb a hill that hungers for the sky,  
To dig my hands wrist deep in pregnant earth,  
To watch a young bird, veering, learn to fly,  
To give a still, stark poem shining birth.

To hear the rain drool, dimpling, down the drain  
And splash with a wet giggle in the street,  
To ramble in the twilight after supper,  
And to count the pretty faces that you meet.

To ride to town on trolleys, crowded, teaming  
With joy and hurry and laughter and push and sweat—  
Squeezed next a patent-leathered Negro dreaming  
Of a wrinkled river and a minnow net.

To buy a paper from a breathless boy,  
And read of kings and queens in foreign lands,  
Hyperbole of romance and adventure,  
All for a penny the color of my hand.

To lean against a strong tree's bosom, sentient  
And hushed before the silent prayer it breathes,  
To melt the still snow with my seething body  
And kiss the warm earth tremulous beneath.

Ah, Life, to let your stabbing beauty pierce me  
And wound me as we did the studded Christ,  
To grapple with you, loving you too fiercely,  
And to die bleeding—consummate with Life.



# The Hunch

By EULALIE SPENCE

## PERSONS IN THE PLAY

MAVIS

MRS. REED

MITCHELL

BERT

STEVE

LUCINDA

SCENE. *Harlem.* (*The living room in Mrs. Reed's apartment. Mavis rents this room for considerably more than she can afford. There is a day bed, a gate-leg table, a wing chair with its summer cover, two small chairs and an old book-case. The floor is covered with a gaily-colored fibre rug. At the left there are two windows with attractive ruffled curtains of cream voile. At the back a door opens upon the hall. Another door at the right leads into a bedroom. The door of a closet at the back is wide open, revealing several dresses on hangers. Pretty undergarments are lying about on chairs. Two pairs of new shoes are on the table. Several light summer wraps and sweaters are lying across the foot of the bed. Occupying a prominent place in the foreground is a wardrobe trunk partly packed.*)

TIME: Evening in summer.

AT RISE: (*Mavis Cunningham is seen packing her trunk. She sings softly as she goes leisurely about her work.*

*Everybody loves mah baby, but mah baby  
Doan love nobody but me—*

*Her graceful figure is enveloped in a lemon-colored smock with a loose black tie at the bosom. Her black hair is drawn smoothly back from her forehead. There is a soft prettiness about her, a joyousness in her step, a smile hovering about her lips.)*

MAVIS. [*Going up to the mirror which hangs between the windows and holding an evening dress up against her body. She nods approval at her reflection.*] Not so bad, Honey. Not so bad.

[*There is a knock on the door at the right. Mavis calls, "Come in!" Mrs. Reed waddles in. Her short, stout figure is encased in a pink crepe dress very much shorter than she can afford to*

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

-♦-♦-

May  
1927

wear it, and sleeveless. She flops into the wing chair as soon as Mavis has rescued two pretty hats.]

MRS. REED. Well! Yuh pretty near packed, ain't yuh?

MAVIS. Almost! Did yuh go to the movies?

MRS. REED. Yeah. Seen "The Volga Boatman." The place was jes' jammed.

MAVIS. Like it?

MRS. REED. Yeah, pretty good. Say, them poor Russians warn't treated no better'n niggers, was they?

MAVIS. Not a bit.

MRS. REED. When'd yuh see de picture?

MAVIS. Couple uh weeks ago at the Strand. Bert took me.

MRS. REED. [Enviously.] Bert Jackson's a reg'lar daddy, ain't he?

MAVIS. [With a smile.] Say, you don't have to tell me.

MRS. REED. Reckon yuh knows it well 'nuff, seein' yuh's gwine tuh marry him ter-morrow. Say! Yuh doan seem de leas' bit excited.

MAVIS. Mebbe outside, I ain't Mis' Reed. But inside everything's jes' singin' an' jumpin'. I can't hardly keep still.

MRS. REED. Ah sure doan blame yuh none. Ah knows jes' how yuh feels.

MAVIS. I feel a little scared like, too. "Tain't that I'm lonesome. I ain't lonesome, really, only every once in a while I get tuh thinkin' 'bout Mom an' my sister, Helen, back home in Raleigh. I didn't write 'em 'bout my gettin' married 'till yesterday. Yuh know, Mis' Reed, there's a plenty things can happen tuh break up a weddin', 'specially in Harlem.

MRS. REED. Yuh ain't tellin' me!

MAVIS. An' so I waited 'till the very last minute when I was sure.

MRS. REED. Yuh done jes' right. Yuh can't be sure uh no man dese days,

'till yuh's got the weddin' ring on yuh finger. Reckon thar ain't nuthin' slow 'bout Bert Jackson, neither. Bet thar's a plenty women chasin' him, right now.

MAVIS. Well, he's mine. They're not goin' tuh get him.

MRS. REED. Yuh ain't knowed him long, has yuh?

MAVIS. Only four weeks.

MRS. REED. Well, that's pretty quick, sure 'nuff, but Ah's heard tell uh quicker. It doan do no good tuh keep 'em hangin' too long. Whut's become uh dat feller uther follow yuh round? De one yuh was allus duckin'?

MAVIS. Steve? Oh, Steve's alright, only he ain't the kind of feller I could ever love. He knows I'm to marry Bert. I told him yesterday. Say! That reminds me! You know that long distance call I got last night from Philly —well, 'twas Steve! He call me up tuh ask me tuh put a number in fer him. Can yuh beat it? I didn't even know he was outer town. The money that boy wastes on numbers sure is a sin.

MRS. REED. Did yuh play it fer him?

MAVIS. Oh, sure, this morning. Guess! He asked me to put it in at two different places—fifty cents each. Steve's bin playin' that number more'n a month, dollar a day, sometimes two. He hopped over to Philly yesterday an' forgot tuh put it in. Said he couldn't trust nobody else tuh do it, only me. Yuh know, Mis' Reed, if yuh don't hand these agents the money, 'forehand yuh ain't got no kick comin' when they don't pay yuh.

MRS. REED. Well, yuh might uh tote me de number. 'Sposin' it had er come?

MAVIS. Steve's numbers don't never come. He ain't got no luck. He's a fool wastin' all that money.

MRS. REED. Ef he keeps it up, Honey, it's bound tuh come some time. It's when yuh drops 'em that dey comes

May  
1927

right out. Whut number's Steve playin'?

MAVIS. 271.

MRS. REED. [With a shriek.] What? 271? My Gawd! Woman yuh's crazy! Crazy in love! Nutty!

MAVIS. Why, what's the matter?

MRS. REED. [Angrily.] You stan' than an' tell me yuh doan know 271 hit ter-day?

MAVIS. [In a dazed fashion.] 271? But—Yuh's sure, Mis' Reed?

MRS. REED. [Exasperated.] Sure! Ef you ain't crazy Ah'd lak ter know! Ain't half uh Harlem seen it written on de sidewalks? Ain't yuh seen it in front uh Joe's?

MAVIS. [Humbly.] I forgot to look.

MRS. REED. How much yuh had on it fer yuhself?

MAVIS. [Shaking her head.] Nothin'. I doan play 'em no more. Bert's an agent, but I doan never play. I ain't got no luck. I played fifty cents with Bert fer Steve.

MRS. REED. Well! Ef you ain't a fool. Livin' right here in de house wid me an' never sayin' a word tuh me. We coulda cleaned up!

MAVIS. Yuh was sleepin' when I went out this mornin'. Gee! What a shame!

MRS. REED. [Dropping her voice to a confidential tone.] Say! Ah hope yuh ain't fool 'nuff tuh han' over all dat money ter Steve.

MAVIS. [Quite taken back by the other's suggestion.] But—but—Why, yes, Miss Reed. What yuh mean? It ain't my money. It belongs tuh Steve.

MRS. REED. [Angrily.] Like hell, it does—not! He didn't put dat money right in yuh han', did he? No! Well, he ain't got nuthin' tuh back up his case with. How he's gwine prove yuh put dat number in? Yuh'd be a darned fool not tuh put dat money in yuh pocket. Didn't yuh tell me t'other night yuh ain't got a cent? Thar ain't no-

buddy knows 'bout dis but me, an' fer fifty bucks mah mouf'd stay shut de rest uh mah days. Whut yuh say?

MAVIS. [Shaking her head firmly.] Nothin' doin'! I ain't never played no skin game, yet! It's crooked, that's what!

MRS. REED. [With withering scorn.] Crooked! Say, who yuh think plays dis game on de level, anyhow? Dis ain't no square game. Everybuddy knows dat!

MAVIS. 'Tain't no use talkin', Mis' Reed. That money belong tuh Steve. He'll be lucky enough if he can collect off them fly bankers. That's all I'm worryin' 'bout.

MRS. REED. [Incredulously.] Yuh'd pass up five hundred—an' you gwine ter git married an' ain't got no money?

MAVIS. [Stubbornly.] I couldn't be happy knowin' I'd done Steve outa that money. He's always treated me on the level, an' he said he couldn't trust nobody but me tuh put that number in. Well, that's that! I'm only hopin' them bankers pay off. [The door bell rings.]

MRS. REED. Downstairs! Door's open. Well, Ah's gotta see dat money in Steve Collins' own han' 'fore Ah believes yuh could be such a fool. [In answer to a loud knock, Mavis opens the door. A very dark man enters, carrying a brief-case. He is short and somewhat stout. His clothes are flashy, his manner breezy. He nods in the direction of Mrs. Reed and then turns towards Mavis.]

MAVIS. [Performing a necessary introduction.] Mrs. Reed, meet Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell, my landlady.

MITCHELL. Delighted!

MRS. REED. Pleased, Ah'm sure!

MITCHELL. [To Mavis.] Well! Ah thought yuh'd be phonin' me long 'fore now. What's the matter? You doan look the least bit excited. Five cents ain't so bad, but fifty—Whew!

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...••••...

May

1927

Some haul, Ah'll tell the world! Only had a nickel on it mahself! Well, Mavis, yuh can't say Ah ain't treated yuh right. [He opens the brief case and puts a package of money on the table. There are several small bills, but the greater part of the money is in small coins. Mrs. Reed's eyes almost pop out of her head.]

MAVIS. It's awful good of you tuh bring it up so soon, Mitchell.

MITCHELL. Well, Ah doan grudge that boy nuthin'. He's bin plungin' fer more'n two months. Steve's game! Yuh shoulda put somethin' on it yuhself, Mavis. That's what Ah always do. Only a little, yuh know, but it helps.

MRS. REED. Did many people hit?

MITCHELL. Naw. Hardly anybody hit. That number weren't no favorite. It sure s'prise me Steve stuck tuh it so long. Well, yuh can't never tell.

MRS. REED. All de bankers payin' off on 271?

MITCHELL. Sure! Why?

MRS. REED. Oh, nuthin'.

MITCHELL. [To Mavis.] So yuh's goin' tuh get hitched ter-morrow?

MAVIS. Yes. Wish me luck, Mitch.

MITCHELL. All the luck in the world, kid! Bert's a lucky guy!

MRS. REED. [With a sigh.] Ah had a dream last night. Wish Ah knowned how tuh play it.

MITCHELL. Why'nt yuh see Aunt Sally? If she can't tell yuh straight, nobuddy kin.

MRS. REED. She ain't bin tellin' me straight fer some time. Reckon Ah needs another dream book.

MITCHELL. There ain't none like Sally. What'd yuh dream?

MRS. REED. Ah dream Ed an' me—Ed's mah fus husband'—Ah dream Ed an' me was lyin' in bed—

MITCHELL. Is he dead?

MRS. REED. Bin dead five years.

MITCHELL. That's 9.

MRS. REED. The door opened an' in walks Joe, mah secon' husban'—Lookin' mad tuh kill.

MITCHELL. Is he dead, too?

MRS. REED. Yeah. Died las' year.

MITCHELL. That's 2. Your number's 295. Play the combination an' yuh can't lose.

MRS. REED. Well, mebbe Ah'd better. [She opens her purse, counts out some change and hands it to Mitchell who writes out a slip, gives her the original and pockets the duplicate.]

MITCHELL. Guess Ah'll be hoppin' along. Got plenty stops tuh make. Anything fer you, Mavis?

MAVIS. Not ter-night, Mitch.

MITCHELL. Well, s'long! [He goes out giving the door a breezy slam.]

MRS. REED. Reckon Ah' oughta played one above an' one below—296 an' 294. Mis' Hawley tolle me las' night dat's how she come tuh hit. Played one above an' one below. [She sighs deeply.] Well, mebbe it won't come, nohow. Mah luck sho is gone back on me. [Going up to the table and staring enviously at the little pile of money.] Gee! It doan seem right dat we ain't gettin' a cent outa all dat money! Yuh won't take mah advice, Mavis, but yuh'll be sorry. See ef yuh ain't. [The door bell rings.]

MAVIS. [Joyously.] Mebbe it's Bert! [She runs to the mirror and gives her hair a few hasty pats. There is a knock on the door and Mrs. Reed opens it to admit Bert Jackson. He is a tall thick-set fellow, rather good-looking in a heavy sort of way. His straight black hair is slicked to his head and highly polished. He scowls slightly as he sees Mrs. Reed.]

MRS. REED. Come right in, Mr. Jackson!

BERT. [To Mrs. Reed.] Hello! Hot enough for you? [He strides past her,

...oo...

May

1927

takes Mavis in his arms and kisses her twice.]

MRS. REED. [Admiringly.] Yuh's some shiek, ain't yuh!

MAVIS. [Laughing.] What's the matter, Mis' Reed? Jealous?

MRS. REED. Who, me? [Mavis nods.] Don't yuh believe it, Honey! Dis baby gets all de lovin' she can stand and doan yuh ferget it!

BERT. [To Mavis.] I see you're almost through packin'.

MAVIS. Almost!

BERT. [As he catches sight of the money on the table.] Hello! Look at the coin! Somebody's rich around here!

MRS. REED. [Fervently.] Ah wish tuh Gawd we was!

MAVIS. It's Steve's money. Mitchell was up an' paid off!

BERT. Say, Mavis! I've had the devil's own luck!

MAVIS. [Very much concerned.] Why Bert, what happened? Sit down an' tell me.

BERT. There's nothing hurts me more'n a hard luck story. You know that slip I wrote Steve's number on? Well would you believe it, when I got to Miller's this morning, I found I didn't have Steve's slip! Hunted everywhere! Called up home and my landlady couldn't find it neither. Well then I called you and the operator said the line was busy.

MAVIS. [Slowly.] An'—an'—you didn't remember it, Bert? Yuh mighta remembered, when I only told yuh one number!

BERT. Gimme a chance, will you Honey? That's just what I tried to do! Neah as I could remember, it was 217. I remember the figures, but I clean forgot how you had 'em fixed!

MAVIS. [In dismay.] An' yuh didn't play nuthin'? Yuh mighta played the combination, Bert!

BERT. That's just what I did do! I put a dime on each. Of course I never had an idea 271 would hit! Too bad! I might have had something on it, myself! [He takes a small roll of bills from his pocket and hands it to Mavis.] Here you are! Sixty-seven to the good!

MRS. REED. Ah know it's de truth! [Bert gives her an icy look.]

MAVIS. It's too bad 'bout that slip, Bert! I can't see how yuh come tuh lose it! Reckon Steve'll be sore.

BERT. [Lighting a cigarette.] Steve ain't got no kick comin'. He's done pretty well, I should say!

MRS. REED. 'Deed he has! Ah was jes' tellin' Mavis, she's a fool handin' over all dat money tuh Steve.

BERT. Say, Mavis, how much did Steve make, anyhow?

MAVIS. Oh, I don't know. I haven't counted.

MRS. REED. Mr. Mitchell paid off on fifty cents, an' you jes' paid off on a dime.

BERT. Steve ain't got no kick coming. I say, Mrs. Reed, I'd like to speak to Mavis alone.

MRS. REED. [Pulling her huge body slowly out of the arm chair.] Ah get yuh! Ah jes' drop in fer a minute, anyhow. Thought Mavis might need some help with 'er packin'. See yuh in de mornin', Mavis.

BERT. Good-night! [He turns away impatiently, and Mrs. Reed withdraws with a last lingering look at the money on the table.] Darned old busy-body! Wonder if she planned to stay here all night!

MAVIS. She doan mean no harm, Bert. Let's ferget 'bout her! [She pulls him down on the couch beside her and kisses him.] Tell me somethin', Bert. I'm dyin' tuh know!

BERT. [Returning her kisses with interest.] What?

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

—♦—  
May  
1927

MAVIS. Where we goin', Bert? Yuh ain't tolle me no plans.

BERT. An' I ain't tellling you none, neither. Didn't I say it was going to be a surprise?

MAVIS. But Bert—

BERT. We're going to a little place in Jersey. Now, don't ask me where, for I ain't tellling you.

MAVIS. Plenty colored people?

BERT. Nothing different! Wouldn't go no place else.

MAVIS. It ain't Asbury Park? Atlantic City?

BERT. I said a little place, didn't I?

MAVIS. Anyway, I'm goin' tuh love it. How long we goin' tuh stay, Bert?

BERT. A week, maybe two weeks, if you like it.

MAVIS. I'll love it! But Bert, what about my trunk? I doan know where tuh send it.

BERT. I'll send a feller for it first thing in the morning. He'll have a label ready. Don't worry. This is my surprise, and I ain't goin' to have it spoiled. Are you through packing?

MAVIS. I doan need tuh do no more ter-night.

BERT. Come on, then. Let's beat it. I'm hungry.

MAVIS. Where we goin', Bert?

BERT. Any place you say. How's Bamboo Inn?

MAVIS. Suits me! [She jumps up just as the door bell rings.] I wonder if that's fer me?

BERT. Ain't you had enough callers for one evening?

MAVIS. Well, I ain't stayin' in fer nobuddy.

BERT. Maybe it's Steve coming to bank his money. Wonder what took him to Philadelphia? He didn't say, did he?

MAVIS. Important business, he said. [In answer to a knock on the door, Mavis admits Steve Collins. Steve is a

slender brown skinned fellow with an appealing smile and a happy-go-lucky manner. His smile undergoes a perceptible change as he looks from Mavis to Bert.]

STEVE. Hello, Mavis! [He nods coolly in Bert's direction.] Thought I'd find you here, but I wasn't sure.

MAVIS. Well, I suppose yuh's heard the good news, Steve?

STEVE. Meanin' 271?

MAVIS. Yes.

STEVE. Gotta thank you fer that, kid. I met Mitchell on the way here an' he told me he'd bin up . . . You know what, Mavis, when I left Philly this evenin' I was dead broke.

MAVIS. Poor old Steve.

STEVE. Poor, nothin'? I've got five hundred dollars to the good, kid—thanks to you! I ain't likely to forget that in a long time.

MAVIS. [Unhappily.] Steve—I—I got somethin' tuh tell yuh.

STEVE. Wait a minute! I got tuh tell you somethin', too. Bet yuh doan know what took me down tuh Philly?

MAVIS. No!

STEVE. [To Bert.] Give a guess!

BERT. Can't imagine! What?

STEVE. I had a hunch, see? An' I followed it! I never yet passed up a hunch. No Sir! Well, I had a hunch 'bout somethin' an' it led me straight tuh Philly an' I come across somethin' that near knocked me silly! Wait a minute an' I'll show yuh! [He opens the hall door, returning almost immediately with a rather plump light-skinned young woman. She flashes a curious look at Mavis and a mocking one at Bert. Without waiting for an invitation she sits rather heavily, at the same time depositing a small overnight bag on the floor.]

LUCINDA. Excuse me. I couldn't stand another minute. Guess you better introduce me, Mr. Collins.

May  
1927

STEVE. Mavis, this is Mis' Bert Jackson.

LUCINDA. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. [Mavis opens her mouth to speak but no sound comes.]

STEVE. Reckon yuh doan need no introduction tuh yuh own husband, Mis' Jackson.

LUCINDA. Well, Bert, you sure don't look overjoyed to see me.

MAVIS. [Running up to Bert and clutching his arm.] It ain't true! Why'nt yuh give her the lie, Bert? Say it ain't true! [But Bert does not answer. Mavis' hand falls to her side. She sways slightly and grasps at a chair for support. Steve holds out his hand to her but she draws sharply away.]

LUCINDA. Fer Gawd's sake let's be sensible an' cut out all the fancy acting! [To Bert.] You oughta be caged, no foolin'! This ain't the first time you've tried this stuff, but it's the last time I'm gonna bother savin' you. You oughta be jailed, no foolin'! Ain't they got women enough in Harlem, without you staging another one of these fake weddings? I oughta let them send you up fer bigamy, I sure oughta!

MAVIS. Bert, it ain't true! Say it ain't true! [Her voice fails suddenly on a sob.]

LUCINDA. Say, I'm sorry fer you, kid, but it's all in the game. You ain't got nothing to cry about, take it from me! Bert is a no-good skunk if ever there was one. Mr. Collins here would make a dozen Berts with plenty left over to spare. He paid me fifty dollars to come over here an' put you wise. Bert ain't all there, if you ask me.... Well, I'm going, Mr. Collins. Guess there ain't nothing else I can do around here.

STEVE. Don't you want tuh take along yuh daddy?

LUCINDA. Be your age! [She looks kindly down at the weeping Mavis.]

Say, kid, have a good time, an' don't be rushing after no husband. Take it from me! I didn't pick no daisy, I'll tell the world! [With a final look of contempt in Bert's direction, Lucinda goes out. Steve looks from Bert to Mavis and back again to Bert. The latter appears to have recovered his poise now that his better half has departed. He takes a menacing step toward Steve.]

BERT. I'll get you for this, you dirty sneak! Get outa here, quick, 'fore I knock you clean through that window!

STEVE. [Derisively.] I doan believe yuh, but say it again.

BERT. Clear out, I tell you!

STEVE. Suppose we put it up tuh Mavis?

MAVIS. [Springing to her feet.] Get out, both of yuh!

BERT. Lemme stay, Mavis. You ain't gimme no chance to set things right. I gotta explain—

MAVIS. [Hotly.] Yuh had yuh chance tuh explain an' yuh didn't take it! Now beat it, both of yuh!

STEVE. I'll go, Mavis. I know yuh's sore at what I done, but I couldn't a' done no different. I knowed Bert weren't on the level.

MAVIS. How'd yuh know so much? Yuh never tolle me nothin'!

STEVE. Swell chance I woulda had makin' you believe. Well, I had a hunch an' a feller give me a tip 'bout goin' tuh Philly.

BERT. [Savagely.] What feller—

STEVE. Roy Davis—a feller yuh done outa some number money. Well, he had it in fer you an' squealed, that's all.

BERT. Davis lied. I ain't never done nobody outa no money.

STEVE. Well, I ain't got no kick coming 'long as yuh comes across with my dough. [He walks to the table.] This my winnings, Mavis?

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...-o--o-

May  
1927

MAVIS. Yes. That's what was give me. Mitchell paid up on fifty cents, but Bert said he lost yuh slip an' couldn't remember the number. He only played the combination for ten cents.

STEVE. [In a low voice.] But yuh gave him the fifty cents? Yuh seen him write down the number?

MAVIS. Yes. I got my duplicate.

STEVE. Yuh doan believe he lost that slip, do yuh, Mavis. [Mavis does not answer but walks to the window and looks out into the night. Bert walks up to her and tries to take her hand but she repulses him.]

BERT. You know I ain't no thief, don't you, Mavis? [A low laugh breaks from Steve who has backed up against the door and drawn a revolver. Bert whirls angrily about to find himself being covered by Steve's weapon.]

STEVE. Put up yuh hands an' be damned quick about it! [Bert hesitates, looking at Mavis.] Up with 'em or by Gawd! I'll rip yuh pockets open with the first shot! [Bert puts his hands up.] Now, Mavis look through his pockets! [Mavis hesitates.] I got a hunch that money's layin right in his pocket. [Still Mavis does not move.] Hold this gun, Mavis, an' I'll do the lookin'. Yuh owes it to him, Mavis, to prove that I'm wrong. [Very reluctantly, Mavis takes the gun from Steve and keeps it aimed at Bert, while Steve looks through the latter's pockets.]

BERT. Drop that gun, Mavis. I'm being robbed! [Suddenly Steve holds up a roll of bills.]

STEVE. [Triumphantly.] I knew it!

BERT. That's mine! That's my money!

STEVE. [Taking the gun from Mavis and handing her the money.] Count it!

BERT. [In a choked voice.] I'll get you for this! I'll get you for this!

STEVE. [Coldly.] Next time yuh see me yuh'd better run! How much, Mavis?

MAVIS. A hundred an' eighty-three dollars.

STEVE. Put it on the table. [She obeys.] Now, you skip along, big boy, an' watch yuh step! Try any funny business an' yuh friends'll be playin' yuh hearse number 'fore the week's out. Keep outta my way, an' doan lemme see yuh hangin' round Mavis! [Without another word, Bert slinks out of the room. Steve returns the revolver to his pocket. He goes up to the table, takes up several bills and thrusts them into his pocket. Mavis watches him in silence.]

STEVE. [Cheerfully.] Fifty-fifty! I've got mine, Mavis, and here's yours. Better put it away.

MAVIS. [Bitterly.] Think I'd touch a cent of it?

STEVE. Well, why not? Half's yours. Say, who played this number for me, anyway.

MAVIS. I wouldn't touch a cent. I had enough trouble 'bout that money. Pick it up an' clear out.

STEVE. [With a grin.] Can't do either one. The money's yours an' I ain't gonna leave yuh here tuh cry yuh eyes out. Nothin' doin'!

MAVIS. [Fiercely.] You done it all! You spoiled everything! Yuh think I hate Bert, doan yuh? Well, I don't, see? I love him!

STEVE. [Incredulously.] You love him now, knowin' everything?

MAVIS. Yes, an' hate you.

STEVE. Alright. If yuh love him go ahead an' have him. His wife doan care none. I wasn't gonna see him put anything over on you, that's all.... Gawd, but you wimmen 'er queer!

[Mavis slips out of her smock. She puts on her hat and takes her pocket-book. Steve watches her miserably.]



May

1927

STEVE. Where yuh goin', Mavis?  
MAVIS. To hell, fer all I care!  
STEVE. [Instantly more cheerful.] Come on. I'm with yuh.

MAVIS. I ain't gonna stand much more from you. Clear out, I tell yuh!

STEVE. Nix. You're up against it, kid, that's why yuh feel that way. How do I know? Say, my head ain't all wood! Ain't I bin up against it too, pretty near all my life? I like yuh, kid. Honest. First time I saw yuh I knew yuh was on the level. I wouldn't a' butted in if I hadn't knowed yuh was on the level.

MAVIS. Wish I'd never seen yuh! I shoulda lied 'bout puttin' in that number an' gyped all, jes' like Bert was gyping some.

STEVE. You couldn't do it kid. 'Sides yuh didn't need tuh. Half that money goes tuh you anyway.

MAVIS. I wouldn't touch a cent!

STEVE. Bet yuh ain't got a cent? Spent all gettin' clothes fer yuh weddin'?

MAVIS. Yuh mind yuh own business.

STEVE. Bet yuh ain't got nothin' tuh pay yuh room rent.

MAVIS. I wish tuh Gawd I'd never seen yuh!

STEVE. Well, yuh can't help it. Yuh did see me. [Hopefully.] Say, yuh wouldn't marry me instead 'er Bert, would yuh?

MAVIS. [With withering scorn.] You doan hate yuhself, do yuh?

STEVE. Well, alright. Now get this. Yuh's plannin' tuh stay in here an' cry yuh eyes out. Mrs. Reed'll know yuh's bin jilted an' ain't got no money.

MAVIS. It ain't none 'er yo' business!

STEVE. Or mebbe yuh's plannin' tuh go tuh Bert, anyhow, 'spite uh what he's done tuh yuh.

MAVIS. It ain't none uh yo' business, what I'm plannin' tuh do!

STEVE. [Grimly.] I'm makin' it my business! If yuh goes tuh Bert, I'm gonna empty that gun uh mine on him, so help me Gawd! [Mavis looks up startled. A pleading note replaces the sternness in Steve's voice.] Yuh's angry an' yuh's hurt. Sure! Doan I know it? Now I've got five hundred dollars an' half of it's yours fer bein' on the level an' puttin' in that number fer me. If it hadn't come, I'd a' bin broke, flat. Bert's wife got my last fifty. Well, I'm flush now, see? You take what's comin's tuh yuh, kid, an' buck up. Ferget 'bout Bert an' have a good time. Why'n't yuh go home an' see yuh folks fer a spell?

MAVIS. I wish tuh Gawd I could, but— [She turns away with a hopeless gesture.]

STEVE. Well, you start ter-morrow. We're goin' fifty-fifty on this. Say yuh didn't leave a boy friend down in Ral-eigh, did yuh?

MAVIS. I couldn't never pay you back.

STEVE. Yuh doan have to. Say, yuh know I'm dead gone on yuh, Mavis. Yuh wouldn't never let me spend nothin' on yuh when I took yuh out, an' I ain't never give yuh a present. Now you take that money an' go home. I'll look after little Bertie an' see he doan die of a broken heart.

MAVIS. You—you—why Steve, you's a fool. A fool! Yuh knows the chances are you won't never see me no more. I won't come back.

STEVE. Rot. The chances are yuh won't stay home a month. Why kid, yuh couldn't stay away from Harlem on a bet. Not Harlem! No sir! An' say if yuh ain't back in a month, doan be surprised tuh see little Stevie crossin' the Mason Dixon tuh see an old pal!

MAVIS. Steve, I can't go! I'm ashamed! I wrote tuh tell them I was gonna get married. I didn't write 'till

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

•••••

May  
1927

yesterday, when I was sure. I can't go!  
I can't! [She throws herself on the day  
bed and sobs—slow, body-racking sobs.  
Steve's right hand goes into his pocket  
with a sudden thrust. Without a word  
he moves toward the door. As he turns  
the knob, Mavis springs up, runs toward  
him and seizes him by the arm.]

MAVIS. Come back, Steve. Yuh's  
crazy tuh think uh such a thing!

STEVE. I gotta! [He shakes her off.]

MAVIS. Steve! Gimme that gun!

STEVE. No!

MAVIS. I'll go home, Steve! Honest!  
I'll do anything yuh say, but fer Gawd's  
sake, doan do no killin'. Steve! Please!  
Steve!

STEVE. Alright.

MAVIS. Yuh mean it?

STEVE. I said alright, didn't I?

MAVIS. But—I wish yuh'd smile,  
Steve. Yuh face doan look natural, not  
smilin'.

STEVE. [Smiling.] Well, what next?

MAVIS. Gimme that gun, Steve.

STEVE. [Hands her the revolver.  
*Mavis takes out the cartridges and puts  
the revolver into a drawer of her trunk.  
Steve watches her and smiles again.*] Now you do something fer me.

MAVIS. What?

STEVE. Put some powder on yuh  
face an' come on.

(EDITOR'S NOTE): This play, which was obtained through the kindness of the editors of *Opportunity*, won second prize in the 1927 literary contest sponsored by that publication.

MAVIS. [Obeying.] Where we  
goin', Steve?

STEVE. We're goin' tuh a cabaret an'  
we're gonna dance an' dance an' then  
dance some more. Darned if I ain't  
thirsty, too. An' I doan mean maybe.  
[He picks up the money on the table  
and crams it into Mavis' purse. Suddenly  
he laughs happily—joyously.  
Mavis stares at him in astonishment.]

MAVIS. What yuh laughin' at, Steve?

STEVE. I was jes' thinkin', if I ain't  
the lucky guy, hittin' that number like  
that an—an' everything! But I had  
a hunch! Say, Mavis?

MAVIS. What? [She closes her trunk  
and locks it.]

STEVE. [Opening the hall door and  
looking around at Mavis.] I have a  
hunch we're gonna have a bang up  
time. No foolin'!

MAVIS. [Looking around the room.]  
Got everything?

STEVE. I'll tell the world, I have!

MAVIS. [Switching off the lights.]  
Alright. Let's go!

STEVE. [Joyously.] An' I doan mean  
maybe!

[The hall door closes and the key is  
turned in the lock.]

(CURTAIN)





*Drawing from "Emperor Jones" By AARON DOUGLAS*

# *Poetry Section*

## *Bulwark*

*By LANGSTON HUGHES*

You were the last bulwark of my dreams,  
And now you, too, have tumbled down into the dust.  
You, too, are no more than a broken lie.

Something  
came between us  
green and slimy  
like sickly laughter  
and a bowl was broken  
from which  
we could not drink thereafter  
and we turned around  
and threw  
the shattered bits  
upon the ground  
and went our separate ways  
into the town  
and a clock  
somewhere in a tower  
boomed out slowly  
hour after hour  
a great cracked  
broken sound.

You were the last bulwark of my dreams,  
And now you, too, have tumbled down.

## *An Old Story*

By COUNTÉE CULLEN

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

"I must be ready when he comes," she said,  
"Besieger of the heart, the long-adored;  
And I shall know him by his regal tread,  
And by the grace peculiar to my lord.  
Upon my mouth his lips shall be a sword;  
Splendid is he by whom this breast shall fall,  
This hive of honey burst, this fruit be cored."  
So beauty that would be a willing thrall  
Kept vigil, eyes aglow, ear tuned to hear his call.

...♦♦♦...

May

1927

Had she not had her dream she might have seen  
For what he was the stranger at her gate,  
And known his rugged hands, strong mouth, and lean,  
Hawk-face spelled out for her a star-spun fate.  
But captive to a dream she let him wait  
In vain for any word she might have said  
Whereat he might declare himself her mate.  
She looked him through as one unknown or dead;  
He passed, an unseen halo blazing round his head.

The grave will be her only lover now,  
Though still she watches for the shining one,  
Her prince in purple robes, with flaming brow,  
Astride a wild steed lineaged from the sun.  
Season to season shades, the long days run  
To longer years; she still is waiting there,  
Not dreaming long ago her siege was done,  
Not knowing it has been her bitter share  
To entertain her heart's high guest all unaware.

...♦♦♦...

*May*  
1927

## *Threnody To Alice*

*By DONALD JEFFREY HAYES*

Go trace the brilliance  
Of a shooting star  
Across the sky  
And learn O timid Soul  
That happiness is "but a shooting star  
That glows in tempting beauty but to die. . . .

Go find a lonely rose beyond the hill  
Hid in the twilight while the world is still  
And take that tender blossom  
Within your cupped hand  
And shed your burning tears of anguish there  
Upon the rose . . . . for roses understand. . . .

Go sing your soft lament  
Unto the night

And let the darkness kiss your fevered lips  
And wrap you 'round with one prolonged embrace  
And whisper to your love  
To be at peace. . . .

Go seek the story of a nightingale  
Go seek the council of a lonely loon  
And learn of them  
That from this world you are apart  
A minor grace-note  
To a major tune. . . .

## *The Dark Brother*

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

"Lo, I am black but I am comely too,  
Black as the night, black as the deep dark caves.  
I am the scion of a race of slaves  
Who helped to build a nation strong that you  
And I may stand within the world's full view,  
Fearless and firm as dreadnoughts on rough waves;  
Holding a banner high whose floating braves  
The opposition of the tried untrue.

...♦♦♦...

*May*

1927

Casting an eye of love upon my face,  
Seeing a newer light within my eyes  
A rarer beauty in your brother race  
Will merge upon your visioning fullwise.  
Though I am black my heart through love is pure,  
And you through love my blackness shall endure!"



## *No Images*

By WARING CUNNEY

She does not know  
Her beauty  
She thinks her brown body  
Has no glory

If she could dance  
Naked  
Under palm trees  
And see her image in the river  
She would know

But there are no palm trees  
On the street  
And dish water gives back no images

...quod...

*May*  
1927

## *Virginia Memories*

By EDWARD S. SILVERA

### *Comparison*

Dawn—  
And the forms of trees  
Against the sky,  
Dark trees,  
Scrawny and earth hardened  
Like the hands of those who toil.  
Dawn,  
Trees,  
And the hands of my people  
Stretching upward  
As they have  
For ages.

### *Old Things*

Wine aged in wood,  
The dusty portrait in the attic,  
Grandmother's gray hair,  
Spirituals,  
(Things old as the earth is old  
And beautiful as the earth)  
Old things—  
Sometimes they are good to hear  
Or taste  
Or to look at:  
More often  
They are pleasant to think of.

### *Virginia Scenery*

Mountains that rise  
Like colossal brown breasts,  
Skies that bend low,  
Blue skies  
That bend low,  
Sucking from big brown breasts.

## *Close Your Eyes*

By ARNA BONTEMPS

Go through the gates with closed eyes.  
 Stand erect and let your black face front the west.  
 Drop the ax and leave the timber where it lies;  
 A woodman on the hills must have his rest.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE



May

1927

Go where leaves are lying brown and wet.  
 Forget her warm arms and her breast who mothered you  
 And every face you ever loved forget.  
 Close your eyes; walk bravely through.

---

## *Quintilla*

By ARNA BONTEMPS

I sought you long, your likeness in the sunsets  
 Beckoning me; on my knees  
 I came but you were not among the violets  
 Nor underneath the lilac trees.

The little fire you set to burn  
 Is down to ash and near Love stands  
 Drenched in rain. Turn Quintilla, O turn  
 And think of how I sought your coal-black hands.

---

## *Welt*

By GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Would I might mend the fabric of my youth  
 Which daily flaunts its tatters to my eyes,  
 Would I might compromise awhile with Truth  
 Until Love's moon, now waxing, wanes and dies.

For I would go a further while with you  
 And drain this Cup of Joy so passing fair,  
 Which meets my parched lips like cooling dew  
 'Ere Time has brushed cold fingers thru my hair.

May  
1927

## *Paradox*

By ANGELINA W. GRIMKE'

When face to face we stand  
And eye to eye,  
How far apart we are—  
As far, they say, as God can ever be  
From what, they say, is Hell.

But, when we stand  
Fronting the other,  
Mile after mile slipping in between,  
O, close we are,  
As close as is the shadow to the body,  
As breath, to life, . . .  
As kisses are to love.

---

## *Under The Days*

By ANGELINA W. GRIMKE'

The days fall upon me;  
One by one, they fall,  
Like leaves. . . .  
They are black,  
They are grey.  
They are white;  
They are shot through with gold and fire.  
They fall,  
They fall  
Ceaselessly.  
They cover me,  
They crush,  
They smother.  
Who will ever find me  
Under the days?

## *Sun Disk*

By EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

Grand Old Egypt dead,  
What words shall thank thee  
For the tenuous touch that carved the portion,  
And wrought apart the place unchanging  
That marks the dark man's challenge  
From the ancient world of art?

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

May  
1927

That wide-winged sun has wended through the ages,  
And known its shape on silk and blinding page,  
Been inset with the gems of burning jewels  
By artisans who swung again the disk  
On wings outspread which sweep the centuries by!

Signet of Ra that the swart Pharaohs singled  
“Sons of the sun,”  
When time and the russet mummy are lost in abyss,  
And symbol and sun disk shall no longer bind death  
By mystical strands to the cycles of earth,  
That wisdom supernal which made wise the Pharaohs  
Shall judge generations more knowing than they,  
Which bury themselves deep in His life eternal,  
That fain would fold races in infinity.

---

## *Evergreen*

By NELSON H. NICHOLS, JR.

When it is Summer,  
No one prefers the evergreen bush  
To the rose  
Or the violet,  
But when Winter draws near  
The roses fade  
The violets wither—  
But the evergreen bush does neither.

...ΦΦΦ...

May  
1927

*Apology*  
By CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

Forgive me that my voice is low,  
And charged with sorrow my brief song,  
For I must sing—though brokenly,  
    Who have been mute so long!

I cannot run the gamut through,  
The compass of my voice is small,  
My range is slight, but I must heed  
    My heart's insistent call!

These flutings, faint, a portent are,  
Of what the future years may bring,  
When soaring high, unfettered, free,  
    My 'raptured soul shall sing!

And though this plaintive pleading now,  
Irks with its minor, wistful wailing,  
You feel the passion, sense the power,  
    Which yet may prove availing.

For caught within my simple song,  
Is zealous ardor, fervent feeling;  
And deep emotion's cleansing flame,  
    My burgeoning self revealing.



# *Book Review*

FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. Price \$2.00.

"Fine Clothes to the Jew," reveals the fact that Mr. Hughes understands completely the lives of the more primitive types of Negro. No one who knows intimately the Negro crap shooters, gamblers, typical gin Mary's, bootblacks, bell boys, cabaret girls, piano plunkers, makers of folk songs, street walkers, and old rounders can deny this. This poet enters into the spirit of the lives of these people and paints them with a sympathy and understanding not matched in contemporary literature. It is true that there is much sordidness and ugliness in the lives of the more primitive types of the Negro, but yet the same is true of the more primitive types of any racial group. The sordidness and ugliness present in the lives of these folks do not constitute a reason why they are not fit subjects for literary treatment. In real life we find ugliness along side of beauty; hence in literature which is true to life we must expect to find the same conditions existing and without a shadow of doubt, Mr. Hughes has not failed to portray the life of which he treats with all its terrible reality.

Nowhere does he attempt to cover up; therefore his work has that fine sincerity which is the essence of all true poetry. We may select from his work at random but at all times we feel that the author knows whereof he speaks. He has actually lived with and knows well the people and conditions of which he writes. No vain pretensions or fanciful imagination here—only reality.

In addition to his sincerity, Mr. Hughes possesses an originality in his writing which is quite refreshing. He goes directly to the source for his material and reports his findings as he sees them. The result is quite delightful.

Mr. Hughes also shows that he understands something of the economic revolution which is taking place in the mind of the Negro. Let us read his poem entitled "The Porter."

"I must say  
Yes, sir,  
To you all the time.  
Yes, sir!  
Yes, sir!  
All my days  
Climbing up a great big mountain  
Of yes, sirs!

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

Rich old white man  
Owns the world.  
Gimme yo' shoes  
To shine.

...♦♦♦...

Yes, sir!"

*May*  
1927

In this poem the porter realizes the servility of his position. There was a time in Negro history when the porter and other domestic servants of the white folks felt themselves superior to the Negro farm hand or the Negro laborer, or even the Negro mechanic. This condition existed in the minds of the former type of Negro, probably because he wore clean clothes, a tie and collar while the latter wore soiled clothes and greasy overalls. Of course, this is the same fallacy which makes the small white American clerk think himself superior to any and all other workers simply because he has a "white collar" job. There are many poems in this book which might come in for specific mention but as space is limited I cannot consider all of them; but I daresay there is the poem "Mulatto" which is the masterpiece of the book.

*"I am your son, white man!*

Georgia dusk  
And the turpentine woods.  
One of the pillars of the temple fell.

*You are my son!  
Like hell!*

The moon over the turpentine woods.  
The Southern night  
Full of stars,  
Great big yellow stars.  
Juicy bodies  
Of nigger wenches  
Blue black  
Against black fences.  
O, you little bastard boy,  
What's a body but a toy?  
The scent of pine wood stings the soft  
night air.  
*What's the body of your mother?*  
Silver moonlight everywhere.  
*What's the body of your mother?*  
Sharp pine scent in the evening air.

A nigger night,  
A nigger joy,  
A little yellow  
Bastard boy.

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

*Naw, you ain't my brother.*  
*Niggers ain't my brother.*  
*Not ever.*  
*Niggers ain't my brother.*

---♦---  
*May*  
1927

The Southern night is full of stars,  
Great big yellow stars.  
O, sweet as earth,  
Dusk dark bodies  
Give sweet birth  
To little yellow bastard boys.

*Git on back there in the night,*  
*You ain't white.*

The bright stars scatter everywhere,  
Pine wood scent in the evening air.  
A nigger night,  
A nigger joy.

*I am your son, white man!*

A little yellow  
Bastard boy.

Nowhere do we find a more powerful picture of a delicate Negro-White situation. Mr. Hughes has said in the space of one short poem all that can be said about the matter. One could write a volume on what he implies in this one short poem. And the poem is excellently done too—vivid, graphic, poignant. Who has written a more piercing lyric on the terrible crime, lynching, than his “Song For A Dark Girl”?

“Way Down South in Dixie  
(Break the heart of me)  
They hung my black young lover  
‘To a cross roads tree.

Way Down South in Dixie  
(Bruised body high in air)

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

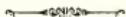
May  
1927

I asked the white Lord Jesus  
What was the use of prayer.

Way Down South in Dixie  
(Break the heart of me)  
Love is a naked shadow  
On a gnarled and naked tree."

Mr. Hughes will continue in his good work. He is a real poet and at the rate he is going will develop into a genuine folk poet worthy of being called the spokesman of the black masses of America. He is a real poet despite the fact that he does not adhere strictly to the conventional subject matter and conventional poetic patterns, but those who understand anything about the matter at all will concede that the essence of real poetry certainly does not lie in conventionality.

*Lewis Alexander*



## *The Negro Enters Literature*

*(Continued from page nine)*

"Her skin is like dusk on the Eastern horizon,  
O can't you see it, O can't you see it,  
Her skin is like dusk on the Eastern horizon,  
—When the sun goes down."

More than artist he was an experimentalist, and this last quality has carried him away from what was, perhaps, the most astonishingly brilliant beginning of any Negro writer of his generation.

With Countée Cullen came a new generation of Negro singers. Claude McKay had brought a strange geographical background to the American scene which enabled him to escape a measure of the peculiar social heritage of the American Negro. Cullen brought to this scene the fresh view of an American Negro which similarly lacked the impedimenta of an inhibiting tradition. He relied upon nothing but his own sure competence and art. One month found three literary magazines carrying his verse simultaneously, a distinction not to be spurned by any young poet. Then came his first volume, *Color*. He brought an uncannily sudden maturity and classic sweep, a swift grace and an unescapable beauty of style and meaning. The spirit of the transplanted African moved through his music to a new definition—relating itself boldly to its past and present:

"Lord, not for what I saw in flesh or bone  
Of fairer men, not raised on faith alone;  
Lord, I will live persuaded by mine own.  
I cannot play the recreant to these;  
My spirit has come home, that sailed the doubtful seas."

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE



May  
1927

Thus he spoke, not for himself alone, but for the confident generation from which he came. White gods faded and in their place arose the graces of a race he knew:

"Her walk is like the replica  
Of some barbaric dance  
Wherein the soul of Africa  
Is winged with arrogance."

and again:

"That brown girls swagger gives a twitch  
To beauty like a queen."

No brief quotations can describe this power, this questioning of life and even God, the swift arrow thrusts of irony curiously mingled with admiration, the self reliance, the bold pride of race, the thorough repudiation of the double standard of literary judgment. He may have marvelled "at this curious thing to make a poet black and bid him sing," but in his *Heritage* he voiced the half-religious, half-challenging spirit of an awakened generation:

"Lord, I fashion dark gods too  
Daring even to give to You  
Dark, despairing features where  
Crowned with dark rebellious hair,  
Patience wavers just so much as  
Mortal grief compels, while touches  
Faint and slow, of anger rise  
To smitten cheek and weary eyes.

Lord forgive me if my need  
Sometimes shapes a human creed."

"He will be remembered," says the Manchester *Guardian*, "as one who contributed to his age some of its loveliest lyric poetry."

Langston Hughes, at twenty-four has published two volumes of verse. No Negro writer so completely symbolizes the new emancipation of the

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

•♦••

May  
1927

Negro mind. His is a poetry of gorgeous colors, of restless brooding, of melancholy, of disillusionment:

“We should have a land of sun  
Of gorgeous sun,  
And a land of fragrant water  
Where the twilight  
Is a soft bandana handkerchief  
Of rose and gold  
And not this land where life is cold.

There are few short poems more beautiful than his *Suicide's Note*:

“The calm,  
Cool face of the river  
Asked me for a kiss.”

Always there is a wistful undertone, a quiet sadness. That is why, perhaps, he could speak so tenderly of the broken lives of prostitutes, the inner weariness of painted “jazz-hounds,” and the tragic emptiness beneath the glamour and noise of Harlem cabarets:

“Does a jazz-band ever sob?  
They say a jazz-band's gay  
Yet as the vulgar dancers whirled  
And the wan night wore away,  
One said he heard the jazz-band sob  
When the little dawn was grey.”

His first volume, *The Weary Blues*, contained many moods, the second, *Fine Clothes to the Jew*, marks his final frank turning to the folk life of the Negro, a striving to catch and give back to the world the strange music of the unlettered Negro—his *Blues*. If Cullen has given a classic beauty to the emotions of the race, Hughes has given a warm glow of meaning to their lives.

Each year has revealed new voices. The list of younger poets includes: Arna Bontemps born in Louisiana, now living in New York, Frank Horne of Brooklyn, now living in Georgia, Lewis Alexander of Washington, Helene Johnson of Brookline, Massachusetts, Waring Cuney of Boston, Sterling Brown of Missouri, Clarissa Scott Delaney of Washington and New York, Gwendolyn Bennett of Brooklyn, John Matheus of West Vir-

...oo...

May  
1927

ginia, Donald Hayes of Atlantic City, New Jersey, and Blanche Taylor Dickinson of Pennsylvania. They are, one might say, the newest voices. No one looking for a "school of poetry" will find it here. Bontemps' verse has been characterized by Robert Frost as "the wayward thinking of real poetry"; there is about all of his things a strangely haunting stillness. Gwendolyn Bennett's lyrics have a lithe grace and a precise craftsmanship. Frank Horne is exuberant and hearty. Alexander, interesting enough, has been most successful with his Japanese *Hokku* poems. Matheus brings what William Rose Benet aptly calls "a wild magic of color." Helene Johnson has a lyric penetration which belies her years, and a rich and impetuous power. Life, their own lives, the full and free emotions of a race, their loves, hates, futility, all that pains to a lyric outcry, is embodied in their song.

Much attention has been given to the poets. The writers of fiction have been few, the writers of drama, fewer. Walter White's, *Fire in the Flint*, was a powerful story of a Negro family in a southern town, balked into a sombre tragedy. *Flight*, a second novel by the same author, was concerned with the vicissitudes of a Negro girl who left her race and returned. W. E. B. DuBois, in 1911 wrote an epic of cotton, *The Quest of the Silver Fleece*, which was obviously fore-timed. It is however, one of the two books by Negro authors translated into the Russian language. The other is René Marau's, *Batuala*. Jessie Fauset's, *There is Confusion*, was an attempt to depict the life and fortunes of the educated Negro middle class. It was a piece of careful competent writing, and has gone through an English printing.

Of the short story writers, Jean Toomer, Eric Walrond, Rudolph Fisher, Arthur Huff Fauset, John Matheus, Zora Neale Hurston, Dorothy West and Eugene Gordon are at the same time the most successful and most promising. In this field, as in poetry, these new writers have abandoned the futile alchemy of trying to correct the outworn stereotypes of Negro characters in fiction through reversing the color of the heroes and villains; they are pointing their plows in the virgin soil of their own people; and, *mirabile dictu*, they are beginning to make them interesting. Rudolph Fisher's stories in the *Atlantic Monthly* have breathed life into the migrant Southern and West Indian Negroes in New York. Zora Neale Hurston's stories are slices of life out of the South, realistic and moving. Walrond's first volume of Caribbean Stories, *Tropic Death*, reveals him as the most coldly objective Negro writer of this period. In a sense they are not stories

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...♦♦♦...

May  
1927

at all, but a series of sense impressions, stark and unforgetable; they are the hot breath and foul tang of the tropics themselves. Faust's *Sympphoniesque*, a 1926 *Opportunity* prize winner, was included in two anthologies of the best short stories of the year.

In Drama, Angelina Grimké and Willis Richardson of Washington, Eloise Bibb Thompson of California, and Eulalie Spence of New York, have made the most notable beginnings. The little theatre groups springing up in the culture centers are making more effective plays of Negro life imperative, and they will come!

The almost universal concern with social problems has even to this date precluded direct excursions into the field of *belles lettres*. There has been, however, writing of a marked character with these very problems and group aspirations at the base. One thinks of DuBois' *Dark Water*, of the penetrating essays of Kelly Miller in his two volumes, *Race Adjustment* and *Out of the House of Bondage*, and of the two published volumes of William Pickens.

Unclassified, but of great importance not merely to Negro literature but to the spirit of the new creators of it, is *The New Negro*, a collection of recent poetry, fiction, and essays, edited by Alain Locke. It is, for the stranger to this new Negro life and thinking, the portal to a new world of adventure.

Not without conviction do Negroes refer to this decade as the "renaissance," the period of "the awakening." A brief ten years have developed more confident self-expression, more widespread efforts in the direction of art than the two long, dreary centuries before. And on the gonfalon of this guard, one of them has written this:

"We have tomorrow  
Bright before us  
Like a flame  
Yesterday, a night gone thing  
A sun-down name.  
  
And dawn today  
Broad arch above the road we came.  
We march!"

## *Sympphonesque*

(Continued from page nineteen)

The  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

He laughed aloud. He cried; he panted. He crooned to himself as if to soothe his torn soul; half speaking, half-singing he consoled himself in words of self-pity and encouragement.

"What's matter, ol' Cudjo?" he said. "Caint yo' all behave yo'se'f? Yo' all done raise 'nough hell fo' one day!"

The echoes of another song wafted over from the river. He heard the congregation, crying and screaming, and listened to their stamping and moaning.

"Take mah Lawd away, Lawd away, Lawd away,  
Take mah Lawd away.  
Not a mumbelin' word did he say,  
Nevah said a mumbelin' word.

Not a word,  
Not a word,  
Nevah said a mumbelin' word."

### Music. Rhythm. Dancing.

Warm bodies swaying like tall sugar cane in an evening breeze. The earth seemed to be swaying beneath him. Unconsciously his own body commenced to sway. A tongue of flame shot from beneath a hidden soul-cloud and set his whole body on fire. Desire possessed his body. He felt an outpouring of white hot desire.

Like a starved beast of the forest who scents game Cudjo sprang erect and poised himself for the leap to the goal of his desire. Savage music tingled in his hot blood. His feet danced away to the mad strains and carried him on through the dry grass in long rapid strides.

Gum Ridge lay in the distance. Nearer and nearer his feet took him, then more than half way around, till he could see a cozy green cabin that lay sequestered beneath some maple trees.

Slackening his pace, Cudjo peered intently, while his heart thumped against his chest like angry waters against the shore . . . . Each thump was a song . . . . each song a dance . . . . and she who danced . . . . was . . . . Amber Lee.

Fires within and without.

May  
1927

...♦♦♦...

May  
1927

Cudjo stooped down in some tall bushes that offered protection from the sun. He heard the swarming of insects. He knew: they were singing songs to each other. He bent down and listened . . . and understood.

"I want you . . . I . . . want . . . you . . . I'm coming after you m' honey . . . coming after you and take you . . . take . . . you . . . Hear me my honey . . . I'm coming to take you . . . you . . . you . . . I'm going . . . to wrap . . . myself . . . around . . . you . . . all . . . over . . . you . . . take . . . you . . . you m' honey . . . take my honey . . . your honey . . . I . . . want . . . you . . . I'm going to take you . . ."

He listened intently for the answer.

"Come and take me . . . come . . . and . . . take . . . me . . . take . . . me . . . but you've got to catch me . . . I want you to take me . . . but . . . you've . . . got . . . to . . . catch . . . me . . . Come and take me . . . come . . . take . . . me . . . come . . . and . . . wrap . . . yourself . . . all around . . . me . . . and . . . over . . . me . . . and take me . . . take . . . my honey . . . come . . . and . . . take . . ."

So this was it!

Cudjo sprang to his feet. He wanted to rush out blindly . . . to seize her and carry her far off.

The blistering sun brought him back to some realization of earth. He gazed skyward and exclaimed, "Lawd, how comes ah nevah know befo' dis? . . . Lawd, ah wants . . . her . . . Amber Lee . . . dat's what been ailin' me . . . Lawd, ah wants her . . . an' Lawd . . . ah gwine tek her!"

He looked in the direction of the cabin. It stood in a forest of shade. At first sun blindness prevented him from seeing. He peered intently into the open space between the cabin and the trees that sheltered . . . She was there.

Amber Lee.

Pale straw face brown. Sad face Amber Lee. Luscious big brown eyes like swelling bays of tears. Pity . . . sadness . . . hunger . . . warmth . . . Amber Lee . . . Two warm golden-brown breasts soft like young birds' feathers . . . flaky . . . soft . . . Amber Lee . . . Pale straw face brown Amber Lee . . . Limbs full and graceful like apple boughs in spring.

Oh . . . oh . . . Amber Lee . . . amber Amber Lee . . . why did God make you so lovely, so lovely down there under that tropical sun where hearts whose passions lie asleep wake overnight throbbing with hot desire . . . where new seed shoots when the old has scarcely taken root?

DR. WADE H. MARSHALL

Tankersley Building

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Phone 45

DR. DANIEL T. CARR

Dentist

Offices in Tankersley Building

Next to Postoffice

TELEPHONE 69

## *Jewels---the Love Token of the Ages*

What speech can but haltingly convey, the dazzling splendor of jewels carries straight to the innermost heart of woman! Love, ever adept at finding a way; has through all the ages chosen the jeweled gift as its messenger of devotion. A necklace, a bar pin, a bracelet—perhaps even an exquisite diamond-set Gruen Watch—think what such a gift from you would mean to *her!* Let us help you choose—*today.*

The name Jones & Frasier on an article certifies your investment.

**Jones & Frasier**  
*"Quality Unquestionable Since 1887"*

First National Bank Bldg.

Durham, N. C.

•••••  
May  
1927

Cudjo watched her intently. He lay flat on his belly, hidden in the parched grass while the sun beat down upon him like a burning flail. He only felt a burning sensation from within.

His body was a drum: his heart was the drummer. . . . The flames were passion music.

And why, dear Cudjo, do you lie there on your belly and hide like a wild beast intent on seizing its prey? Is it not the one . . . your Amber Lee . . . the only one in fifty miles who ever understood you and your strange fancies and dreams? It is no new experience for you to hold her in your arms . . . Remember the day you rescued her from the lake? . . . You have been her friend and playmate. You have done her chores for her. She has sat down at your feet in the dark shadows of the night and listened to you as you told her your dreams and your fantasies.

Why then do you linger in the tall grass and let the relentless sun smite you while you only devour your treasure with your eyes? . . .

Amber Lee.

Amber Lee feels no presence; she sees no person. She feels only herself, her budding self . . . It is warm, it is hot, it is smouldering . . . She is warm . . . she is hot . . . she is smouldering . . .

Her heart sings an inward song. She feels but she does not understand . . . What is this which thunders like a rumbling polonaise and marches through her tortuous limbs on up to the ruddy tips of her swelling breasts?

She hears the song of nature's creatures and feels its echoes quivering through her limbs and breasts.

"Come and take me . . . come . . . and . . . take . . . me . . . me . . . But you've got to catch me . . . got . . . to . . . catch . . . me . . . come . . . and take me . . . come . . . and . . . wrap . . . yourself . . . all . . . around . . . me . . . and over . . . me . . . and . . . take . . . me . . . take my honey . . . come . . . "

But she cannot understand . . .

The sun had passed beyond the last high curve in the vaulted heavens. Slowly it retreated into the distant west, the pale whiteness of noon absorbed in a vista that grew more and more rosy.

But Cudjo perceived only Amber Lee. Unnoticed were the softer rays of the receding sun; unnoticed the shade which steadily enveloped the fields where he lay hidden. The outer cool only intensified his intense heat. He lay in the grass like a panting beast, his mouth watering for the distant prey.



For the best in Furniture  
and Rugs See

Royal & Borden Co.  
Complete Housefurnishers  
Durham, N. C.

## General Supplies

*You can always find  
equipment for every  
need at the Book Ex-  
change.*



*The*  
Book Exchange

**Waverly**  
**ICE CREAM**  
**MADE ITS WAY BY THE WAY IT'S MADE**

FOR SALE BY

Eubanks Drug Company

MANUFACTURED BY

WAVERLY ICE CREAM COMPANY

320 Holland Street

Durham, N. C.

*The*  
CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE

...•••••

May  
1927

He could contain himself no longer. Like a tricky savage he quietly bestirred himself. Like a sneak thief in the night he stole his way towards her.

The friend and playmate of Amber Lee, twin to her sorrows and longings, stole his way towards her, gliding through the tall grass and skirting the leafy trees like a sneak thief in the night.

Amber Lee.

Gradually she sensed him, sensed a presence . . . What was it? What was that rumbling through her limbs, her bosom, that quivering in her breasts? What did she want . . . want . . . want?

Before she knew . . . even before he could realize . . . she was in his arms . . . in Cudjo's warm perspiring brown arms that throbbed and quivered with passion.

She looked into his eyes, ravenous flaming eyes that peered out at her as through a silken shade. A chill came over her as she saw those eyes; she became suddenly cold with fright.

She lay in his arms affrighted, like a startled fawn who after she has been pounced upon by a wild beast cowers in silence and stares with an icy stare.

She perceived the message of those eyes: "I want you . . . I want you you . . . you . . . I want you."

Her own which had been so soft and warm responded with terror.

The starved beast has his prize. He feasts upon her with his eyes but as he sees her own stricken with terror he can find in them no answering warmth.

He has her. She makes no outcry; she offers no resistance. She is his, all his . . . But she rests in his arms a poor quivering human leaf, her eyes melting into tears of shame.

The fires that had leaped into burning flame so suddenly, fled as precipitously back to the dark recesses from which they sprang.

Cudjo's eyes filled with tears. Tears of what? . . . He stroked Amber Lee's face and hair gently.

"Me, me," he whispered, "Gawd, Amber Lee, it's me . . . yo' all know me . . . Cudjo . . . ah wouldn't hurt a hair on yo' head . . . Amber Lee . . . Amber Lee, m' chile, it's me . . . Jes' want scare mah lil' Amber Lee, da's all . . . Lee . . . Amber, Amber Lee . . . Un'stan'? Jes' want scare mah lil' Amber Lee."

*(Continued on page fifty-six)*

# Christian & King Printing Company

*"Craftbuilt Printing"*



Printers of College Publications that  
are distinctly different

## Stetson "D"

Clothiers  
and Furnishers

FEATURING  
Stetson "D" Clothes and  
John Ward Shoes



All Stetson D Clothes pressed free  
at our shop for entire school year.

# Orpheum THE HOME OF Musical Comedy AND VAUDEVILLE



Change of program Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

3 Shows Daily—5 Shows Saturdays  
and Holidays.

Pretty Girls, Beautiful Wardrobe

## FANCY ICES                  BLOCKS Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

Special colored blocks to conform  
to Class, Sorority or Frat colors  
for your banquets

DIAL L-963

## DURHAM ICE CREAM COMPANY, INC.

WEST MAIN AT DUKE STREET  
Durham, N. C.

SHERBETS                  PUNCHES

## Acknowledgment

In compiling the Negro Number of The CAROLINA MAGAZINE, it has been the purpose of the editors to present an issue representative of Negro life and art. For whatever success we may attain, we are indebted to our honorary editor, Mr. Lewis Alexander of Washington, D. C., who has been indispensable in assembling the material. We also wish to thank Mr. Charles S. Johnson, editor of *Opportunity—A Journal of Negro Life*, for expanding the field and contributing an article which is a key to the issue and an identification to the writers.

### Sympphonesque

(Continued from page fifty-four)

He placed her gently on the warm grass and did not even kiss her.

She sat upright and looked at him as through a cloud. Limbs quivering, mouth wide open, she kept staring at him. All the warm music of her body had ceased; the song in her limbs and breasts had vanished. Once she felt a chill breath steal over her that might have been like death. She quivered.

"Cudjo, Cudjo, you, only you! But it wasn't you at first. No no, Cudjo, not you. Only some fierce demon who looked at me with frightful eyes like Satan's... And you rescued me, didn't you, Cudjo, just like you saved me in the lake! Oh, Cudjo!" she exclaimed, and buried her head in her own bosom.

Cudjo looked down upon her in silence. Far in the west he saw a blood red sun retreating under banks of thick dark cloud. Gum Ridge waned in the distance, a thin shimmering light playing on her crest.

His own body was cool now. The flaming coals of high noon were reduced to barely flickering ashes. His eyelids closed. Without so much as a single look backwards he started towards the towering hill. It seemed far away.

Slowly he mounted its steep sides to the summit. A chill wind had commenced to blow; it was cool there.

He sat on a ledge which jutted out from the very topmost point of the hill and dropped tiny pebbles on the little huts below.

The sinking sun disappeared in the big hollow under the west.



# You can't stop it!

Sales figures for 1926 are proof enough—what men want in a cigarette is *natural tobacco taste*



*Natural tobacco taste*, what a world of meaning in each word! The *natural purity* of fine tobaccos made to yield every last bit of *taste* and character. That's how good the "natural" is!

# Chesterfield

*They Satisfy—and yet, they're MILD*















