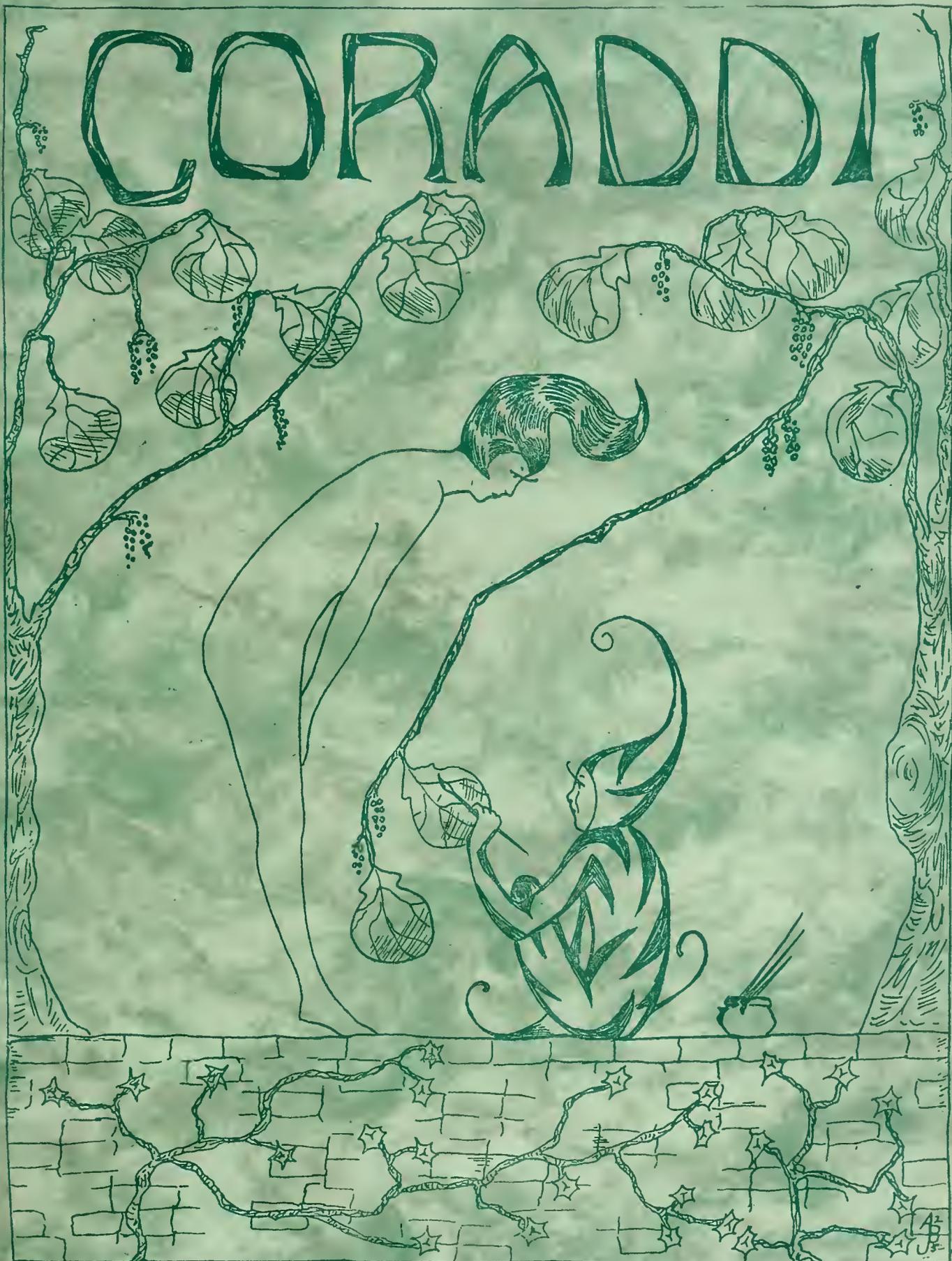


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The Coraddi

April, 1925



What We Think We Think About Life

A Symposium

Note: The following papers expressing ideas about the origin and purpose of life are fairly representative by the opinions of about forty of the Juniors and Seniors to whom the topic was presented for consideration. We have made no effort to select a certain type of opinion, but have on the contrary, tried to select as many different points of view as possible. Any sameness in the points of view presented must be accounted for either by the fact that there is great correspondence of opinion among the students of the group—which was not selected on the basis of likeness of opinion—or by the fact that those who had different points of view refused to submit their papers for publication.

Any different opinions will be welcomed for the next issue.

The Editors.

Disbeliefs

Sam Davis, '25

My beliefs are mostly disbeliefs. I do not know how life began nor how it will end, though I am rather sure that the first man, if there ever was such a being, was not suddenly created out of a bit of mud. I can only guess and conjecture about things as they are, and my guesses are only as good as those of the next person. No one can know.

Even as I have a negative idea of creation so also of the end. I am firmly opposed to the idea of a hell simply because there is no fixed right and wrong; the sins of mankind differ only in degree and that in a continuous, unbroken line. At what place is the line to be drawn that shall separate the sheep from the goats? No man is entirely good nor entirely bad, and his acts are too inextricably bound up with all other humanity for them of themselves to right or wrong. Can even an Omnipotent God say that one is evil, the other good?

I can not conceive of what heaven is like; so I am prone to doubt its existence. The most attractive heaven which I can imagine is a place in which all those who have ever lived and ever will live, living together under somewhat the same conditions as now exist, which would mix hell with it. In fact, I am rather sure that the grave just about ends everything so far as the individual is concerned, though I had far rather believe otherwise.

If man is mortal, what then is the use of all the trouble of living? A question as wholly non-understandable as all the rest of it! However, the race is

probably immortal—at least, one may console himself with that—and man can have no better substitute for living this life for the joys of the next, as did our fathers, than that of an altruistic desire to make that race a thing worth keeping immortal.

Beliefs

Edna Hoover

An architect conceives a plan for building and maps out the plan in detail. The mental picture is so vivid to him that he doesn't realize that he has never seen the actual building. He selects men to construct the work, select tools, and begins the building from the ground floor. He employs all types of men from the unskilled dirt thrower to the skilled brick mason, and pays each according to his work. Since the workers conceive not the plan, they work from day to day never glimpsing the building as a final product. Not so with the architect, he follows each step in the construction keeping his eye on the final product. The beginning and end are plain to him.

In like manner, it seems to me, God conceived a plan for the universe. He instructed the carrying out of the great plan of life itself. To man, he gave the skilled job and the rest of life he offers to man as tools. Like the architect, God began his construction with the simplest form, building toward the complex. The many men struggling on earth with sin, injustice, strife, sadness, and sorrow cannot visualize the finished product, yet God directs the process seeing the beginning and the end of all things.

Since I am only one of the members of God's workers on the great construction, I cannot hope to fathom the end. I believe that God is revealing his plan to men in their many discoveries and in their controlling power over nature. Since I do believe that God is revealing his plan gradually I cannot but wonder if only those remaining alive at the completion will have gained complete understanding, or if all the dead will rise and receive a full glimpse of the great construction and the part they played in it. Again, when I think of the lower forms of life which have only a limited power of mind but are gradually developing a greater power, I cannot but wonder whether they will be when dead, just as they sail under our feet or whether they will develop until they have also a complete understanding of the great plan. In the case every form of life finally attains perfection, it puzzles me to think of what the ones which reach perfection first will do while the others develop to that point. Again, if only mankind is meant to reach perfection, it seems to me that the power of development of part of life would be thrown away. It seems to me that Browning had a deep insight into the meaning of life when he said:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be;

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half;

Trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Speculations

Polly Duffy

I am willing to believe anything, but I am convinced of nothing. In fact, I am not even a confirmed skeptic, for I sometimes doubt that we cannot know. To find a working hypothesis by which to live, I have hit about here and there and tried various combinations of beliefs. I have attempted to select with an open mind, but I too often find with Descartes, that the prejudices and traditional beliefs that I clean out of the house, slip in again at the back door. Hence, when I give my ideas about life, I realize that they are mine only in restricted sense—and yet perhaps as much mine as anything which I call my own. For I conceive of individuals merely as channels through which life forces find expression.

At present my hypothesis of life runs something like this: The universe came into being as a result of the energy of a great cosmic "intelligence" which we may, if we like call God. That He created it gradually and

thoroughly in accordance with natural law, I have no doubt. We are not accustomed to see things happen in life by jerks and starts, by special fiat or whim, and since Life in the broad sense is the characteristic expression of the cosmic intelligence—and the only expression we know of—we may judge the nature of this Force from the nature of Life.

As to man's relation to the force back of the universe I am in much doubt. I question the hypothesis which assumes a God of personal attributes, caring for man as an individual, and seeing in the perfecting of his personality the aim of existence. On the contrary, I am impressed with the impersonality of life forces. I see man as a contributory agent of progress, though an agent only dimly aware of the purpose he is helping to realize. Some few glimmers of light guide his action. He can discriminate sometimes between a forward and a backward movement, but He has no zero point with reference to which He can measure and no discovered goal toward which to steer His course. His temporary criterion of progress must be the advancement of the interests of mankind—a narrow measuring-rod, not likely to be all-inclusive, but, at this time, the best which he has learned to manipulate. As an individual he is doomed to death. He will never know "whence he came, nor why" nor "why he goes, nor where!" As a part of the Life Force he is eternal, but Thirty-Four—Coraddi his is an immortality without individuality—and with this he refuses to be satisfied.

Ideas

Beatrice McCracken

I don't think that I have a belief of my own, because I have not been thinking very long, and my knowledge of life is limited. I went to Sunday School as soon as I could walk. Here I was taught that God actually picked up the dust of the earth and moulded man. The word evolution was as poison, and anyone who used it was a heretic. These things I accepted but as I grew older thoughtful doubt broke up my peaceful mind.

After I had thought a great deal everything seemed doubtful to me. Then I began to study life as it really is and the theories of other people about life. Experience and further knowledge have proven a few things to me which have caused me to lay down the teachings of the past, and turn to theories of philosophers.

To proceed from the specific to the general, my own life has been an evolution from one cell to many thous-

and cells. If I originated with one cell, why did all life originate as I?

To me God is more wonderful because He planned life as a growth. The thought that often holds me is that all living things started with one cell, and from this cell the tree of life, all life, grew. Every branch on this tree may have been a different form of life, each form preproducing its own kind. During many hundreds of years, this caused the earth to be inhabited with many kinds of life. I believe that every kind of life has been growing better, all the while, while process has been slow. Still perfection is its goal away out in eternity.

As to eternity I have no definite belief. Surely there is some good in everything—every living creature, and this good must be the Spirit of God, or God. If this be true I don't think there will be destruction of any good, as pictured in a burning hell. The good in us may live on until eternity where perfection is reached. But as to whether my spirit, or just the good that is in me, will be there, I can't say.

This doubtful state has ceased to worry me as it once has and I marvel more at the wonders of God and his creation, and learn more about life.

Meditations

Lisbeth Parrott

I. People have formulated various conceptions as to the why and wherefore of the universe. However, nobody knows. Everything is conjecture. We may accept the theory that the organism of man has evolved from an original bit of life which passed three various stages in attempting to adapt itself to its changing environment and to increase its power over its environment. Most of us accept this theory. Accept it, I say, not in full understanding, but rather in a passive non-rejection. Then we meet the stone wall. Was life created by accident—by some surprising syntheses when atom met atom? If this is the truth then we may conclude that we will probably be exterminated by another accident. We may be headed toward one grand bon fire when the last vestment of life will be obliterated. We are inclined towards this theory when we see the suffering and misery involved in life. We can understand why happiness enters into the scene of things if we believe that we are here fortuitously such a philosophy leads us to feel that we are playing a huge joke on ourselves in taking this fleeting life seriously—this "sun start on a stream."

II. At other times, we feel differently. We know that we have no means whereby to learn the truth.

We have the privilege of choosing what we will believe. We cannot prove any theory. Whatever we accept we take in trust; why not choose the most beautiful bubble and say, "Herein lies my faith?" We cannot imagine the infinite of the eternal, and I believe this very incapacity to be at the basis of our "materialistic legend of creation." Nor does this materialist view prove complete in itself. It does not create the atom. We go back in the end to "in the beginning God created." I cannot grasp this or that idea. But I will not let my feeble brain convince me that life is the "sardonis jike of Mother Nature." "I doubt not thru the ages one uncreasing porpose runs. And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." I believe that life has a purpose in existing. We cannot explain why evil and sorrow exist except as a result of biological evolution. We are in the process. Man must die by disease or other cause so that his brother may have room to grow. We must thin out the ranks or we would soon lack standing room. Every indication seems to point towards a perfect man created on the dead bodies of its unfortunate predecessors. We wonder whether this perfect man will be mortal. He will build a perfect civilization upon the ashes of former civilizations. Our immortality lies solely in our influence, and I would say that permanence is in proportion to its contribution, to the advancement of learning in either the mental, physical or spiritual realm. I know that some people believe that this future man will be triumphant expression of the transmigrated soul, of the soul that has lived various experiences in different moulds of clay. Every weather vane would lead us to this ultimate utopia. We watch the progress of the mind and the body of man in its procession through the ages. It is not a wholly dignified procession; it's rythm is broken by fitfull starts and pauses. I would like to believe that beautiful philosophy of Wordsworth; that we come trailing clouds of glory from a spiritual world; and that having lived through the experience of life in the body we return to our spiritual home. Or, I would find infinite inspirations in trusting in the immortality of the soul; that we begin a spiritual life as soon as we have passed through the physical stage. We realize greater happiness if we have achieved in our mortal life. In other words, we retain our individualities and our virtues and the shortcomings which we have not overcome in the spiritual world. Having passed through the chrysalis stage we become butterflies.

Why we are here is an age old question. I only know that there must be some spirit that has used the clay to fashion what is so wondrously made. "I know

Friday Night's Dream

Frances B. Crews, '25

Mary Josephine Brown stood before the mirror adjusting and re-adjusting her hat.

"No, most emphatically no," she said, facing the three girls who were in the room embroidering, "I do not believe dreams have any significance whatsoever. I don't believe in psycho-analysis, phantasy or suppressed desires. It's all psycho-foolishness," she declared.

"Good gracious," ejaculated Anne, "I've made the rose blue instead of red. That's what I get by listening to you so closely."

"You made the rose *blue*, Anne!" said Dot leaning over with mock concern. "Why that very act means something. It might mean that you are going to be very depressed or disappointed about something, when you thought you were going to be very happy. That's what Freud would say."

"Oh, there you go again—Freud, Jung, and all their idiotic followers. It seems to me you would grow tired of them. There's no meaning to little subconscious acts like that, and as for meaning to dreams that they harp about, piffle!" Joe said scornfully. "Why last night I dreamed a young man dressed in a knight's armour rode up to me and carried me off with him. Now say that's a suppressed desire of mine!" she said, addressing one of the girls who ventured to giggle as Joe told her dream.

"I don't know Joe; you never can tell.

'Friday night's dreams on Saturday told

Are sure to come true—be they ever so old'
and you know this is Saturday morning," said Dot teasingly.

"How absurd! In this day and time, it would be about as probable as 'The Lady of Shalott' passing by," Mary Joe finished, turned to the mirror, and pulled the hat to a still more dangerous angle over the left eye.

"And sometimes through the mirror blue,

Your knights may come riding two by two," quoted Anne gaily.

As a result of her attempt at being romantic, she found a rose bedroom slipper in her lap, and knew it had been hurled by the enraged Josephine.

"Well, I must be going. I promised Mr. James to practice the Christmas carols at three-thirty. I hope you will all be noted psycho-analysts, and guess you will all free some desperate criminal on the grounds of insanity, phantasy, or a certain significant dream that he had in his infancy, and which affected his whole

life." With this prophecy of future greatness, Lady Josephine, as the girls sometimes called her when she was unusually dignified or determined, left the room.

Joe walked down the little street toward the parish house. She hoped to be a missionary some day. At present she was doing settlement work in the little college town of Zenith. She and the three girls whom she had left at home had been devoted college friends, and had taken an apartment together after they had finished college. The other girls had elected teaching while she had chosen missionary work as her ultimate goal.

She was in front of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity house. Then of course memories of the time she had had there came back to her—memories of a particular masque ball when she, masqued as Bo-Peep, had danced with Prince Charming, who was Bob Warren. He was a nice boy—just a boy then, and she had grown very fond of him during their college days, but Bob had not wanted her to be a missionary. He had wanted her to give up her work and marry him instead. Both had been obstinate; so she had not seen him for over two years. He had told her that some day he was going to take a college course in argumentation and debate and come back and try all over again to bring her to his point of view. She was nearing the parish house, and it was time to expel memories from her mind and to think of her work in teaching the little settlement children how to sing Christmas carols.

Mr. James, the genial old pastor, was already there, and soon the dreary looking room was filled with happy children's voices. They were all singing spiritedly, if not consistently. It took much patience to set aright one bright-eyed little foreigner, who persistently sang, "Hallelulah" at least two measures behind the rest of the children, and thus missed the beginning of the next stanza.

At five-thirty they discontinued their practice until seven that evening and Mary Joe arose to go.

"But it looks mighty like rain, Miss Josephine," protested Mr. James.

"Oh, I don't mind. I'll not melt, and I love to walk in the rain," she assured him. So she departed amidst Mr. James' protestations, calling over her shoulder, "See you this evening at seven."

Little did Mary Joe dream of what Freud, Jung, and their followers had in store for her.

Soon it began raining, but she walked pensively along, enjoying the rain, and planning in her mind

how many of those aromatic, spicy buns she could get at the bakery, with the change that she had in her pocket.

"Honk-honk," said something right behind her, and she quickly stepped aside to see a long blue racer draw up by her. The occupant was saying, "Pardon me, madame, but could you direct me to the hotel? Perhaps you would allow me to drive you into town. It isn't so pleasant walking in the rain."

The clouds had hastened the darkness on; so the outline of the speaker's face was indistinct in the twilight.

"Oh, I like to walk in the rain, thank you, but I could tell you where—," she stopped shortly. The person to whom she was speaking was dressed in a—yes, there was no mistake,—he was dressed in a knight's armor and was masked. Were her eyes deceiving her? Surely in this day and time it was impossible! It was still rather dark, and she looked at him more closely. Thoughts of Freud, Jung, —psycho-analysis, dreams and their significance—all raced madly through her mind. Oh bother it all!

"It's about a quarter of a mile from here," she said sedately, "Right across from—"

"The Phi Delta frat house," he finished, and laughing, removed his mask.

"Bob Warren!" she exclaimed. "You! What are you doing here and in this—er—outfit?"

"Just came up to a meeting of the Medical Association, and to see how the little missionary was getting along. Thought I'd dress up for the occasion, you know," he said looking at her, his brown eyes twinkling. "Come on, Joe! Hop in! Don't stand there transfixed, with your hair on end, so to speak; looking at me as if I were a gargoyle or some such outlandish creature."

"But I like to walk in the rain. It's most stopped now, and anyway I—" but her sentence was finished for her.

"Anyway you're going to ride," and she found herself in the racer by his side.

"Now tell me how many little settlement children you have converted, Miss Dorcas, and all about your grand and glorious work that couldn't be stopped, not even for me," he said as they were driving slowly and smoothly along. He said this in a modulated voice which had a peculiarly pleading quality in it that would have won sympathy even from Miss Wray, the mathematics teacher, much less Mary Joe, who already inclined to a particular point of view.

They talked about her work and its value, the affirmative side being upheld by Mary Joe, and the negative by Bob. Of course, neither would grant victory to the other, and since there were no judges, each

considered the other's arguments decidedly unconvincing.

"My course in argumentation and debate won't work on you," said Bob dismally, as he drove up in front of Joe's apartment.

He asked about Dot, Anne, and Tilley as they went on into the parlor.

"I guess they're gone to some teacher's meeting," Joe concluded as no one answered her calls.

"And you're sure you'd rather be a missionary than a doctor's wife, Joe?" Bob began as soon as they were seated.

"Oh Bob! Are you going to start that again, as many times as I've told you? I like you very, very much, more than any one else, but can't you see my work is as important to me as yours is to you? Suppose I'd ask you to give up *your* work and marry *me*?" Joe said.

"I'd do it," responded Bob mischievously.

"Don't be silly Bob. I've got a real work to do."

"I'll give you plenty of work to do. I'll let you help me give people bad medicine, and dress wounds, and all sorts of things," he declared ardently. "If you would only say you would," he finished in a lower tone.

"But, Bob, I've *always* wanted to be a missionary. Even in my childhood I dreamed of going to foreign lands and helping poor people with plagues. I dreamed once that it was what I was made to be," Joe said, with all the convincing pality in her voice that she could possibly muster.

"Joe, do you believe in dreams?" Bob asked suddenly with a little queer smile which twitched at one corner of his mouth.

At this there was a giggle heard from behind the heavy velvet curtains that separated the parlor from the hall.

Mary Josephine sat up stiffly, listening; then getting up and stalking over to the curtains, swept them apart with one hand, revealing three girls huddled together close to the wall, with half-scared, half-laughing expressions on their faces. The truth was, they did not know which expression to register, when Lady Josephine assumed such a regal air, and still stood motionless with the edge of the curtain raised. "I might have known it was you. That's the way you treat a confidence. I'll know who not to tell my dreams to next time," she finished in an even, cool tone.

Yet her eyes and lips had not seemed in accord with this air of loftiness. The girls were considerably relieved to see evidence of the ice thawing, and Dot, probably the bravest one of the three, immediately grasped

EDITORIALS

Students and the Library

Of several conditions in our library which are not just what they should be there are two gravely unfavorable ones which are the direct fault of the students and which no amount of effort on the part of the library officials can remedy without our co-operation. One is the noise in the library; the other is the disappearance of books from the reserve alcoves.

Noise—stage whispering, half restrained laughter, and general gab—prevails in general thruout the library, except in the reference room, and even there quiet does not hold undisputed sway. It is impossible to study in the alcoves at any time unless it be the last half hour at night. The periodical room is hopeless! Close observation has convinced us that there are half a dozen students on the campus who really try to study. If we are not one of that half dozen, if we feel no obligation to ourselves we should not prevent those rare souls from pursuing their quest. Now that spring has come we suggest to our fellow gabbers that the campus will be a more pleasant place for social confabs than an over-crowded, poorly ventilated library.

The books reserved in the alcoves are placed there to insure their access to the large number of students enrolled for the popular courses. It would be impossible for the library to furnish a number of books sufficient for the students to take out and use at will. The books in the alcoves are to be used at any time, then not taken from the library but returned to the alcove for use by others. Students in several courses have found it extremely difficult, and in some cases impossible, to get hold of certain necessary books because those books have been taken from the library. It is impossible for the librarians to trace such books since they have not been checked out at the desk. It is the students only who suffer by the absence of the books, and it is the students alone who can remedy this condition.

The College Delusion

Agreeing, as I do, with Samuel Butler who says that only the young are old—are wise from experience—I undertake this treatise. He says further that when we think we are getting old we are really growing young and more blissfully ignorant of things as they are. Being, therefore, wise from recent contacts and incidentally a cynic hardened in my old age, I will

proceed to burst any bubbles that the young have blown.

This group of childish sophisticates may pose as missionaries to the shady pits of our mental caverns. Else, I cannot see how they assuage their consciences for their utter uselessness to society. Before I proceed further, I would like to insert a few words of respect to the few scholars who have taught us thoroughness and who have opened to us paths of knowledge which we fain would tread. However, contact with such as these is rare.

It is the College Delusion that I would attack. It is the pretty illusory web which we have woven about the "inspiration and mental exhilaration" which we suppose to exude from the great minds of our instructors. This web fascinated us when we were eager freshmen, but it has not worn well. We wise old Seniors have given it up after four years' scrutinization. We now venture to put forward our discovery: that is, that what we learn is of our own digging, and does not issue from the knowledge of any one else.

I am not the typical college Senior in that I have no desire to set forth with a torch which shall bring light to a sordid world, hence I propose no reform. I suppose attendance on classes, teachers, registration, college credits, are all necessary to the final consummation: the Diploma. This, in due time, will be framed and tacked upon the wall as a positive proof of Aunt A. B.'s knowledge, part or present as the case may be. I suppose it part of our edification that we be compelled to subscribe to the Notebook System along with all the other systems which have invaded the halls of learning.

Though all college students are familiar with the Notebook System, I will describe it. Posterity may find it interesting from a historical point of view. The certain professor reads monotonously from a notebook I presume he gathered together when he was in like subjection to another master's notebook, which was formulated under the tutelage of another notebook. The chain is not to be broken by the present generation: we race our pens across the page so as not to miss an item, for we are planning to use these same notebooks when we become paid for doing so. The question that oft arises in my mind is: what was the first notebook like? We are playing the game of Gossip—in which the final product is seldom recognizable as the original tid-bit.

I would not abolish the faculty. They are as neces-

(Continued on Page 19)

Being A P. W. G.

Jo Grimsley, '25

Last summer I was fortunate enough to be a member of a Y. W. C. A. group of college girls who met together in Philadelphia as Students of Industry. These girls were from Hollins, University of Florida, Georgia State University, and Wellsley. There were seven of us besides two Y secretaries; we called ourselves P. W. G.'s, an abbreviation for Poor Working Girls, and after two days of lectures, discussions, and conferences at the Locust St. Y and at Bryn Mawr College, we set out to find our jobs. Our chief object was to study labor conditions from the inside out, with particular emphasis on labor unions; the way we intended doing it was by quietly entering various industries and going to work. Two of the girls worked in Whitman's candy factory, one in a bakery, another in a shoe factory. The lowest paid girl worked at packing stationery into boxes, while our highest paid member worked at a man's job in an automobile factory. I must confess that my hope was to cure any desire that I might have even to reform anything or anybody. I wanted a reason to give for not reforming and I considered that the best way to get that was to plunge into the business of reforming. I want briefly to sketch from my letters a few of the various scenes of glimpses of life there.

Our first meeting was just before dinner. Hilda, a talkative, hard-working Russian Slav woman, and a charming Negro girl, from Haverford College had joined the group and were going to stay for dinner. A lovely young Southerner led the discussion. She is making her life's work and study in industry instead of teaching in a college as she might be doing. She has learned a trade and lives with Hilda and a dark, gloomy-looking German-Jewess. This dark-browed person fascinated me; she had such a hopeless look on her face that I thought it the most somber looking I had ever seen. But it was when she talked that her face was lighted terribly with the flashing fire of her eyes. She spoke in even tones with a curbed, controlled voice I felt the powerful constraint and keenly sensed loosed and away. As I listened to her slow, measured voice I felt the powerful constraint and keenly sensed that it wanted to rise in an outraged wail, a despairing cry of injustice; but she talked on, her somber face emotionless except for her eyes. Her voice portrayed tragedy and determination. She had given up all hope for herself; but she still hoped for the future, for her fellow-workers. I learned that she was very proficient in her trade, that of making clothes, and was much in

demand as a highly skilled worker; not many men were skilled in the use of the machine that she operated. But she was a union devotee and a strong "shover" of the labor movement; so that all non-union firms are afraid of her influence and she has been fired time after time without being given any reason. She looked hopeless and I thought of her with pity for what she has suffered, admiration for her courage. Nothing can break her; she will starve first. Already high in her profession, she dashes all her hopes and ambitions to earth by refusing to bow her head and surrender. For a long time she has held her fort—and, now that we have come, what can we do? I looked at her steadily with that question in my eyes. She told us simply that we did more by just coming than we could ever know.

One of the girls in industry told us that we must get the actual *feel* of being a working girl; we must live on what we made, stay away from shows, not write letters often, not see other members of the group often. It was a hot discussion, weighing the various advantages of "atmosphere," and it left us pretty serious.

* * *

Bryn Mawr—

Monday

This morning we were up early and out in a body to look for jobs and places to stay. Billy and I found our way around together, going to a Y registry to look for rooms. We pretended not to know each other and we stood in the line looking as tried as the other waiting people. The girl next to me asked if I had my job yet. I told her no and she looked sympathetic; she was extremely worried for fear she would not get a job. Finally I could stand it no longer and I beat it outside to the hot July morning, Billy followed as soon as she could. I was thoroughly tired and depressed. Billy and I had breakfasted after the manner of the P. W. G.'s and we hardly felt equal to further exertion; but we set out with our addresses on paper and looked them up. The first was the house of an elderly woman; she received us frigidly and with such high prices that we quailed. No, we did not want that place—and it meant car fare too! The next place was far out after a long car ride and a walk of two blocks.

"Bill, if we lived here it would mean unearthly hoves."

"Yes, and carfare," said Billy in a grim manner. The walk in the blazing sun was making us hot and miserable.

It was a queer old high house, a slab of dirty stone

and brick wedged in between others just like it. All the door-fronts were dismally alike.

"I should die of the monotony," I told Billy mournfully.

"Humph, we'll never come *here*," she assured me.

Just then the door was cracked open cautiously and a little girl's head peeked out. She must have been eight years old; but her manner was as grown-up and self-assured as any one's I've ever met. She was beautiful and graceful as she led us in and up to the third floor to look at the room; she assured us that her mother was too busy to come. She showed us the double iron bed, the little gas cooking-grill, and pointed out the immense advantage of the hideous green lamp (I think the room must have had a dollar added because of the lamp) and the frightful pictures of gaudy fruit that hung on the cracked walls. Her enthusiasm was so great that Billy and I found ourselves admiring each thing. The child was puzzled that we should be so interested in the bath; evidently it played a very unimportant part in her life. I asked if we should have it to ourselves. She considered graciously and thoughtfully.

"No, there is an old lady living on the same floor," and then at our disappointed looks: "But she doesn't hardly *ever* use it, just once in a while." Billy and I smiled broadly at this, hoping that the child would think us happy and relieved. We promised to call her by the afternoon and tell her whether or not we would take the room.

Once safely on the street again, we laughed. Billy declared that she adored the little girl and must live there. I confessed to liking her a great deal too; but I was terrified at the thought of living in the same room with that green lamp and the glaring fruit pictures. However, if I got a place as a waitress, I'd do it. Billy declared that was what she was just going to do. Very well, then, that left the chamber-maid's job open to me.

Immediately I went to the Bellevue-Stratford to try to get a place as chamber-maid. The employing agent told me there was no place for me and then tried to flirt with me through the window of his office. I ran away in disgust from his false "very sorry." The same thing happened at the Ritz-Carlton. They wanted experienced workers.

At the new Sylvia hotel, I thought I was going to have better luck; for the man sent me up to the top floor to see the house-keeper. He felt sorry for me. I waited for nearly two hours there expecting the house-keeper in at any minute. Some elderly women were sorting linen. They looked at me curiously and went on talking, gossiping about a young man. From time to time tired, middle-aged women came half-hobbling,

half-trotting in to get something and hurrying out, their gray hair streaked and stringing. One or two of them slopped things and dropped linen in their haste; they moved as if they were being desperately driven. I thought of tired, bony old horses being whipped and running, their scrawny necks sticking out desperately in an effort to make speed. I pitied them and wondered what unfortunate creatures they could be, never once dreaming that they were chamber-maids. One or two negro waiters, came in to get clean coats; they stared at me interestedly. Others came and looked and were gone. They seemed friendly. Only the women were hostile.

At last her majesty, the house-keeper entered. She was a horrible fat person of perhaps thirty-eight. I had never seen such an ogress and I knew that she hated me before she saw me. She let me stand before her trembling for several minutes before she deigned to look up. She thought I was trembling for fear and she enjoyed it immensely, leaning back to get the full effect and still not speaking to me. She had authority and in her own eyes a great deal of importance; like all petty people, she was tyrannical. I trembled more violently; I was quivering all over from the most fierce and shaking anger I have ever known. Hatred and anger shook me with surprising force. I hated her because I had been waiting for her:—I have rarely waited in my life and it always makes me sick with anger; I had waited nearly two hours. Nothing maddens me more than waiting except a petty tyrannical soul; here I had that combination and as a result I was quite ill. It was only with difficulty that I explained what I wanted. She did not give me a chance of those drab, grayish creatures, the gaunt chamber-dismissed me, yawning. I went out cold and sick and sought the elevator, swallowing tears. I passed by two of those drab, grayish creatures, the gaunt chamber-maids, and wondered that they could look at me pityingly out of their dull eyes.

It was nearly one o'clock and I must meet the group at the Station for lunch. I was extremely glad to see them although I was too weak from my recent anger to talk. It was enough just to come out of that queer world I'd been in and to see that the sun was still shining, that charming people laughed and were enthusiastic even in that heat. The contrast made me shudder. Just a few minutes before, the chamber-maids, bell-hops, and waiters had looked at me curiously and pityingly because I could not get a job among them and become one of their number. The elevator boy had been particularly sorry. Oh I got *atmosphere* all right! It was strange to hear the light laughter of the

A Night In Porto Rico

Kate C. Hall

Mother pushed her wet hair back from her hot forehead and sat down on our porch steps with a sigh of relief. Daddy locked the last trunk, and putting the key in his pocket, took out his pipe with a look of satisfaction. Bunny and I, because it was our last night here and because Mother had been too busy to find a place in the disordered rooms to put us to bed, had been allowed to sit up late. It was almost nine o'clock now, and we felt terribly excited and mysterious sitting on Daddy's raincoat in a corner of our broad, high porch.

The frail little mountain-side house was built high above the ground in order to keep lizards and insects away as much as possible. Bunny and I had spent many happy minutes hanging over the railing of the high porch to watch all the men in Daddy's construction gang laughing and resting and playing around in the cleared space around the house below. We had never been on the porch this late at night before, and everything sounded strangely still and different from the day, when we could always hear the peons calling to one another if the white men in the gang were not there. All we could hear now were queer bird cries and other night noises. Some moths and a few big, ugly beetle-like bugs buzzed around the lamp on the table inside. A faint glow came from Daddy's pipe where he sat with Mother on the top of our long flight of rickety steps. After a while he took it from his mouth.

"Well, Bess," he said in the slow, gentle way all of us loved, "it's been pretty tough on you back here in the mountains, not seeing another white woman for six months. I reckon you'll be mighty glad to see the folks down at Guayama and on board and then back in the States. But it sure has been heaven having you here, and it'll seem mighty lonesome here of nights without having you and the kiddies."

Mother slipped closer and put her cheek against Daddy's shirt sleeve.

"Oh! Paul," she said, "I almost wish I wasn't going. It *hasn't* been terrible; I've loved it with you and the babies, and the three months before you get home to us will seem endless."

"Oh! but it's for the sake of the little fellow that's coming, Bess," said my Daddy quickly, "we must remember that, and, please God, my work here will be done in time for me to be with you when he comes."

Mother just snuggled up against his shoulder and didn't say anything for a long time. After awhile, she

began to get up, and said, "Well, I'd better put the kiddies to bed. They will be tired out before even beginning that long wagon trip tomorrow."

Bunny and I, who were enjoying ourselves hugely, were just opening our mouths to protest that we wanted to stay a *little* while longer, when a strange, faint sound from out in the darkness made us all stop. We listened intently for a few minutes until we finally made out the growing sound as the approaching music of native instruments. Mother caught father by the arm.

"Paul," she whispered, "a farewell serenade to us. Oh! Paul, how lovely. I can't bear it."

"S-s-sh!" whispered my father, drawing her to the side of the porch toward which the weird music was coming. Both of them knelt down by the railing and peered out, by hearing Bunny, who was younger than I and a little afraid, whimper, Daddy slipped over and got us to come stand by him and Mother, while he put an arm around each of us to show Bunny that nothing could hurt us

Presently, in the dim starlight, we made out the dusky figures of about ten peons, servants and neighbors of ours, undoubtedly. They paused a little way from the house, for a moment the music of the instruments stopped, and then, with a crash of chords, it started again, accompanied by the full melodious voices of the serenaders. They sang song after song in their soft Spanish tongue and weird, sweet music. We clapped softly whenever they paused, and we could hear their low, delighted exclamations when we applauded. Finally, they paused for quite a little while and seemed to be trying to decide something. Then the sound of subdued talk stopped, there was a pause, and then they burst forth into "My Country 'Tis of Thee," singing the words in their queer broken English. After our wild burst of applause, they consulted again, and then moved off into the shadow of the woods, singing the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," although this time the words were in Spanish. My Mother made a queer sound in her throat, and I felt Daddy's arm tighten around me as the sad, beautiful sound died away in the distance with the going of our serenaders.

"Oh! Paul," said my mother, and then she made another queer sound in her throat.

My Daddy blew his nose. Then he picked Bunny up on his back and pranced into the house, jolsing her.

"I think it's time these chickabiddies were in bed," he called back to my Mother. That was a way my Daddy had sometimes. We had to go that time.

The "Machine" Idea In Modern Thought

Polly Duffy

If the Middle Ages may be termed the era of asceticism and scholasticism, the Twentieth Century may not unfairly be called the Age of Mechanism. It is characterized in its concepts by order, impersonality, materialism, quantitative emphasis, and emphasis upon evolutionary rather than teleological aspects—all attributes of the machine are easily traceable to the influence of the "machine" idea.

Science is particularly rich in illustration of the mechanistic trend. Fundamental to scientific thinking is the concept of natural cause and sequence of events. The natural cause is blind mechanical force. The sequence is self-determining. The whole works with machine-like regularity and predictability. And any explanation of phenomena which does not reduce the phenomena to elements whose actions are thus regular and predictable is thrown out of court in science.

The concept of the quantitative expectance of qualities is both scientific and mechanistic. One of the cardinal principles of science is that anything which exists in definite amounts. It follows that these amounts can be measured.

Science has applied the yardstick to every quality from strength of grit to strength of mind. Resentment has run high at the attempted measurement of the so-called psychic attributes. It has been argued that in the realm of the spirit quality, not quantity, is the important thing. But science has replied that quality cannot exist apart from quantity, and had continued its quantitative emphasis in every phase of life. Expression in terms of mathematical equations is the ultimate goal.

Objectivity and impersonality are further characteristics of science. All subjective elements are, in so far as possible, removed from a situation which is being scrutinized. Psychology, for example, as it has advanced in the ranks of science, has abandoned the old subjective introspection as a method of study and has adopted the method of observation of external manifestations. All subjective judgments are suspected of possessing the taint of error.

The emphasis of science has been upon evolutionary, not teleological, aspects of life. Accounting for the sequence of events, not consideration of the initial cause or ultimate goal of the processes involved, had been its concern. To quote Veblen, the ultimate has been considered ulterior.

It is, perhaps, in the realm of religion or philosophy that mechanistic concepts stand out most conspicuous-

ly. Ideas of feity, of human beings, of fate, and of values, in life are often tinged with, and sometimes deeply dyed with mechanistic interpretation. The anthropomorphic or man-like God has been left for only the unenlightened to worship, and the personal God occupies a questionable position. The God which many individuals revere is a thoroughly impersonal force whose energy is responsible for creation. The energy of this deity is conceived to expend itself along definite lines and in accordance with definite laws, the laws of Nature. Perhaps it would be no exaggeration to speak of Him as the Great Spiritual Machine.

Man, along with God has become systematized. He has lost mystic and unaccounted for element, the soul, and has suffered himself to be explained as a unit, of physical unit whose actions are determined, not by his "will," but by certain conditions of the nervous system which are the result of previous experience. In other words human action is held to be determined solely by the action of the environment upon the inherited nervous system—and man becomes a machine through which certain forces find expression. It has been asserted that his actions would be in no way different if he lacked consciousness. How prevalent this interpretation of human conduct is, it would be difficult to estimate. However, one of the most modern tendencies in psychology.

Human beings of such a constitution as we have described and ruled by such a God, are decidedly the play-things of fate. They are involved in a mechanical process, the workings of which are impersonal and inevitable.

Standards of value have in many cases shifted from the spiritual to the material. Palpable riches of the spirit, have become the object of desire. Contracted with the asceticism of the Middle Ages the materialism of our own age becomes even more evident. The end of human life comes to be viewed as the production of, and enjoyment of those things which the machine can turn out

* * *

Perhaps, in bringing out the point we have somewhat over-stated the case. Nevertheless there can be no doubt of the fact that mechanistic concepts are playing a leading part in the most advanced thought of our era. This being the case, one of two explanations must account for the situation. Either the machine has overstepped its bounds and perverted human thought—or

(Continued on Page 27)

The Searching for the String

Julia Blawvelt, '26

Writing, I am told, is no longer an arduous task. One is no longer forced to implore the attendance of the muses, or to besiege Olympus with feverish prayers for inspiration. Mr. Cecil Roberts has displaced these Sisters of the arts with a simple device, quite modern indeed—the pulling of the string. “Even a child can do it.”

To be more exact, the author-elect finds today a phrase, a word, or an embryonic idea, hanging, like a string as it were, from his brain box. Mr. Roberts was exact in stating the amount of string necessary. There must be three inches of string hanging from the brain box, you may begin to unwind it. You merely pull and it rushes out to you. You realize that in this bony box there is an entire ball of literary twine. Having unwound this, all that you have to do is to translate it on paper and you have a masterly novel such as, let us say “Scissors” or “Sails of Sunset.”

This introduction may seem a bit ponderous but it is entirely necessary to acquaint the reader with the method employed in this discourse.

I shall now proceed to pull the string. I run my hand softly through my hair so as not to tangle the many strings which must be hanging in convenient three-inch length from my cranium. I must select only one as this is to be only one essay. Strange—Can it be! No string meets my eager fingers. I explore further. Ah, here is a bit of string. I measure it. Alas! Only two inches. I give it a little jerk. Ouch! It is not ripe. I measure it again. But no, it is only two inches, and growing slowly.

I realize, with a start, that Mr. Roberts gave no formula for germinating brain strings. But let me see, he was in Venice when “Sails of Sunset” suddenly sprouted from his skull. Ah, for a Venice! Even a gondola!

I pace restlessly downtown. It is almost twilight. The sun is setting behind the Jefferson Standard. Far in the distance I see crowds hurrying into a store. There are great signs of “HALF PRICE \$2 reduced to \$1.98. An idea, a string at last! I pluck it out and examine it, Ah,—“Sales on Sunset.” Dash! Another great mind has already pulled that piece of string. O! irony of fate. I must search for another line.

I look frantically at the landscape. I must find some piece of string. I see the street car amble along on long suffering tracks. “Tracks and Attractions.” That should be good. I pull. Dash it! Here is a knot. I examine the knot and find that it refuses to

pull because attractions begins with an “A” and tracks starts with a “T.” I pull the string in desperation and it breaks.

Then suddenly I remember other wise words which fell from those English lips. “Inspiration is concentration. A writer must concentrate in seclusion.” I must seclude myself, but where? When one is secluded he may catch the waves of inspiration which radio themselves through the air. It is indeed a fact, for thus saith Cecil Roberts. I hasten to my room. I assume the position of the thinker. You know how that is, with your first finger running up your cheek and your chin balanced in your hand. I allow my eyes to roam around the room and to fall where they may, though I remain motionless, surrounded only by concentration. My eyes fall on the work basket. This is, no doubt where Mr. Roberts got the inspiration for “Scissors.” At last I am on the right track. When I let my eyes fall on the work basket, they stuck on a pin. “Pins” I say to myself in an ecstasy. You know, it gives the author an ecstasy when he hits on the right word, when the bolt slips into place. You know how it is I am sure, gentle reader for “Every one has either written a novel, is writing one or is going to write one.”

But sadly I put the pin back into its cushion, mentally, you understand. There is a point to it, I agree, but it is too slender to construct an entire plot on. Time passes. I must choose a subject. I gaze from my window. I see an Ethiopian smoking a pipe. Oh! joy unspeakable! A wave of inspiration or tobacco smoke hits me full in the face. I gasp with joy or tobacco, what does it matter? I have my title. The string is clasped tightly in eager fingers that will not relax. At last! At last! “The priceless gift of authorship is mine.” It shall be “Taboo and Tobacco.” There is no possible criticism. It fits in the spirit of the age. It is ethical. It is not pitched too high, neither is it too earthy. There is nothing suggestive in it. It can be as impersonal as any work of Cecil Roberts or Joseph Conrad. But oh, my work is already finished. I have written my essay. I have the three inches of string but anybody, given the three inches of string, can pull the entire story from his own brain box. So all you need is concentration, and I wish you every joy in reading this marvelous story as you pull the string. Ladies and gentlemen, I present—

Taboo and Tobacco

The Manuscript

Ruby Ashe, '26

Lazy little puffs of smoke circling around my head were helping me to forget the noise and rush of the world I had left behind. For a few days, I was to be care free and to enjoy this Virginian colonial mansion which my friend so lovingly called home.

Ed Clayton and I had been room-mates at Harvard and after graduating we had done research work together. Naturally, I wanted to see him before I left for a three years' trip to Africa on a zoological expedition.

I was sitting in the famous old library of the Clayton's. Here Claytons for generations had come to read their favorite literature and to find solitude. The rows and rows of shelves contained innumerable works, some by old masters and a few priceless manuscripts brought from England by the first Clayton. I got up and walked about the room. I was especially attracted by the remarkable collection of the works of Edgar Allen Poe and to my surprise I found that there were several of Poe's original manuscripts among the collection. One of these especially had that tattered and worn look which is given to papers only by long and constant usage. I was intently examining it when Ed entered.

"Well, I declare, if you haven't pounced on my eccentric old granddad's hobby. He used to spend hours reading that old piece of paper."

"Old piece of paper," I retorted, not a little indignantly, "why, this manuscript is priceless."

"Perhaps so," he replied, "but I prefer a modern product myself."

So the subject was dropped and I returned the worn old paper to its case. Ed suggested a walk over the plantation.

We went down by the barn to see the horses. The barn was in a run down condition. Ed explained that they were going to build another soon, but that they had hated to do so before necessity demanded it. He told me that it had once been an official building and when it had been condemned, his great grandfather had bought it and turned it into a modern stable. As we walked around, Ed called my attention to various things. Upstairs he pointed to a heavy oak door with a huge colonial brass knocker.

"The door to my grandfather's study," he explained.

Imagine my utter astonishment at a study in a stable! I had never heard of such a thing. Then, he told me that when the building was converted into a stable, his great grandfather reserved this old room. Here he hoarded all his treasures, and spent the greater

part of his life and when he died, his will requested the preservation of this room. When the son grew older, he spent most of his time here because the grandchildren annoyed him.

That evening as we sat around the fire, I succeeded in switching the conversation around to Ed's grandfather.

"Well," Ed began, "he was queer always but queerer and more whimsical after he returned from the Civil War. You know he was a general in the Southern Army the first three years of the war. When he came home, he was a changed man. He realized that the South was losing fast. One day, news came that a mauling party was coming. He ordered the slaves to gather up all the family silver, and anything else of value, and place it in his wife's old iron bound chest. He then ordered four of his slaves to bring the chest and follow him. He left my father to guard the house and told him to shoot anyone who dared follow. Where he went, we have no idea. He came back alone and the slaves were never seen again. No amount of pleading could persuade him to tell what he had done with the chest. He grew morose and secreted himself in the old study. Two years later he lost his mind and the secret with it." Ed stared into the fire for a moment and then exclaimed, "It has been the ambition of all his grandchildren to find the treasure. Every inch of ground for miles around has been searched scores of times and still it remains as securely hidden as it was the day it was buried."

"Perhaps the answer is in that old study!"

"Bah! that old study has been searched a thousand times by every Clayton who hoped to find the treasure. One of my cousins found that old manuscript of *The Gold Bug* stuffed in a hole in the wall. He thought surely that he had found the clue to the treasure but he finally dismissed the same as hopeless."

* * * * *

Shortly, after my return from Africa, one morning while I was in my study arranging my papers, I received a telegram from Ed, asking me to come at once to his home in Virginia.

Ed met me at the station.

"I've got a job for you, old thrill hunter. But come on; they are waiting on us at home."

"We climbed into his car and sped out to his plantation. After dinner, we went once more to the old library. I had hardly seated myself when Ed handed me a yellowed paper.

"The key to the Clayton treasure I hope, Bob. Will we ever figure out that mess?"

I admit that I was at a loss. The paper appeared to be a conglomeration of symbols and figures. "Heavens! Where did you find it?"

You remember the old barn with the queer old study? Well, a few days ago we tore it down. Up on the chimney where I could have sworn no human being could possibly have gone, we found a tin box and its sole content was that paper which you hold in your hand."

We studied the paper for days, upside down, backwards, forwards, and at every possible angle but with the same result. We were at a loss to know what to do with the jumble.

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We had about decided that it was just another whim of that long dead old man until one day when I picked up the old manuscript of *The Gold Bug*. As I examined it I was struck by the resemblance of the symbols. His grandfather had evidently studied the old manuscript and had used Poe's enigma as a model for his own. I ran to find my friend and to tell him of my discovery.

Our task of translating was simple. The characters used were the same as those used by Poe only the character "O" was used for some letter which was not used in Poe's enigma. The characters read thus:

Down behind the tobacco barn between two trees leaning toward each other, was buried all which I hold dear. No matter who finds them, they belong to the Claytons.

E. W. Clayton.

We found, after filling in the words, the character "O" was used for the letter "W."

Ed called in one of his old servants, an old negro who had been a Clayton slave, and asked him if he knew of any such barn.

"Yes, sah, Massa. De uster use dat ole fort back o' dat hill fo' a 'baccar barn 'fore de war."

The old darkey was sent to get a shovel. When he returned, Ed told him to lead us up to the old fort.

The fort was far from the house and the trail leading to it was grown over with bushes and brambles. The fort proved to be an old Indian stockade now in ruin with fallen trees around it. We searched but found nothing. Ed tripped over a decaying log. When I stooped to help him up, I noticed how crooked the log was. About three feet away, we found another. We were sure that we had found the place.

About that time, we heard the old darkey scream. We went into the old stockade to see what had happened. He had moved a plank and we could see something glistening. I looked and saw four skeletons and a rum bottle! Here were the four slaves! But where was the chest?

We sent back for help and for several hours we dug in the spot between the logs. We soon became very tired but we were determined to find the chest. Soon we were rewarded by a hollow sound. With feverish haste, we unearthed the old iron bound chest. We lifted it out and broke the lock. Ed raised the lid. There before us lay the treasure of the Claytons'. There was a set of hand wrought silver, several rings, at least a half bushel of gold and silver coins, his grandfather's gold headed cane, a heavy cold salver, a pewter tea set, and a coat of arms.

The night I left we were again in the library, talking of all that had happened. Ed asked me how I thought his grandfather had killed the slaves. Since a rum bottle had been found with them we decided that it might have been posion rum. Thus, we parted, both puzzling over a question which we could never solve.

Silences

Nancy Little, '27

Bare feet on tip-toe in the fresh fallen dew;
 A chiffon scarf on a moon-drenched lawn;
 Small flakes of snow from a sky of leaden hue;
 A mother bird's soft breast on birdlings yet unborn;
 The last fainting breath of a sigh;
 The eternal Sphinx, an insouciant part
 Of Life's riddle; Where the new dead lie;—
 These—and the hush in my heart.

The Negro As Seen Through His Poetry

Mary Eliason, '25

When we look at the Negroes about us we feel that we are looking at a closed book or at the pages of a book made blank because an unsympathetic Anglo-Saxon is trying to read it. It is when we read the poetry and other writings of the Negro that we get the spirit within the mind and the soul of this human being. We see that the human and divine is mixed in the same proportions as in other mortals. We may read about him, study about him, investigate him, but it is in the cries of despair, of hope, of remonstrance; it is in the undercurrents of fear, love, hate, that run through all of his writings that we are able to truly see the "souls of black folk."

There are four divisions under which the poetry of the Negro may be divided.

The first division is that poetry in which the writer expressed no purely racial characteristics. This poetry that expresses the cry of all humanity is the highest type of poetry produced by man but it is not the most interesting or the most individual from the standpoint of the Negro. Some of it is not very good poetry and none of it is wonderful, but the best of it is almost as good as the usual run of the ordinarily good poetry of the white American writer. It is interesting because it shows what the Negro wants to do and can do in the way of writing poetry.

Of these poets who show no racial characteristic, William Stanley Braithwaite is the leader. Every line of his that I have read might have been written by a white man who did not know that there was such a thing as a Negro.

Dr. White says that Braithwaite's poetry is characterized by "a highly sensitive aestheticism" and that although "his poems have grace they are too idealistic for humor." If he has any bitterness at being a man with a strain of Negro blood he keeps it out of his poetry. In the poem "This Is My Life," he seems to be saying that this is my creed; that is what I am trying to get out of life and what I am putting into it.

"To feed my soul with beauty till I die;
To give my hands a pleasant task to do;
To keep my heart forever filled anew
With dreams and wonder which the days supply;
To love all conscious living, and thereby
Respect the brute who renders up its due,
And know the world as planned is good and true—

"And thus—because there chanced to be an I!
This is my life since things are as they are:

One half akin to flowers and the grass:
To rest a law unto the changeless star
And I believe when I shall come to pass
Within the Door His hand shall hold ajar
I'll leave no echoing whisper of Alas!"

In North Carolina years ago George Horton wrote verse that is void of any special racial characteristics or bitterness. These few lines show the character of it:

"Sweet on the house top falls the gentle shower,
When jet black darkness crowns the silent hour."
The imagery is rather striking.

When we come to Paul Laurence Dunbar we find the highest expression of poetry reached by a Negro in America. The very title, "Ere Sleep Comes Down to Soothe the Weary Eyes," tells us that we are in for an unusual treat. The last stanza gives us the answer to the cry of humanity when it asks for rest from the weary load.

"When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes,
The last dear sleep whose soft embrace is balm,
And whom sad sorrow teaches us to prize
For kissing all our passions into calm,
Ah, then, no more we heed the sad world's cries,
Or seek to probe the eternal mystery,
Or fret our souls at long-withheld replies,
At glooms through which our visions cannot see
When sleep comes down to seal our weary eyes."

The next poem by Dunbar may be good philosophy for a Negro, but how many of us do not feel that our joys and sorrows come in the same proportions and cannot take comfort at this cheerful philosophy?

LIFE

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joys seem sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest foil for laughter;
And that is life!

When one sees a Negro funeral go by, perhaps with the little coffin on a wagon as I saw once, one may wonder how much sorrow a Negro can feel (as I did once). In this poem a man tells us how it feels to lose a talented and loved son.

DESTINY

O my way and thy way
 And life's joy and wonder,
 And thy day and my day
 Are cloven asunder.

O my trust and thy trust
 And fair April weather,
 And thy dust and my dust
 Shall mingle together.

Again mayhap we may wonder how a Negro loves.
 But this poem written by a Negro is not how a Negro
 loves! it is how all people love whatever the creed,
 race, or color.

"Ah, yes, the chapter ends today;
 We even lay the book away;
 But oh, how sweet the moments sped
 Before the final page was read!

* * *

You saw my heart and I saw yours.

* * *

"Behold your souls!

* * *

"I do, I do. I cannot look
 Into your eyes: so chose the book.
 But brought it grief or brought it bliss,
 No other page shall read like this!"

Quoting it in this haggled way ruins the beauty
 of the poem, but one may get the thought of it.

The last poem in this group that I have selected is
 "Counting Out." There is something in this poem
 that catches the very heartstrings.

"Eeny meeny miny mo."

Ah, how the sad-sweet long ago
 Enyouths us, as by magic spell,
 With that old rhyme. You know it well;
 For time was, once, when e'en your eyes
 Saw Heaven plainly, in the skies.
 Past twilight, when a brave moon glowed
 Just over the treetops, and the road
 Was full of romping children—say,
 What was the game we used to play?
 Yes! Hide-and-Seek, and at the base,
 Who first must go and hide his face?
 Remember—standing in a row—
 "Eeny meeny miny mo?"

"Eeny meeny miny mo."

How fare we children here below?
 Our moon is far from the treetops now,
 And Heaven isn't up, somehow.
 No more for sport play we "I spy;"
 "Our laying low" and "peeping high"
 Are now with consequences fraught;

There's bad disgrace in being caught.
 What's to pay the pains we take?
 Let's play the game for its own sake,
 And ere 'tis time to homeward flit,
 Let's get some pleasure out of it
 For death will soon count down the row,
 "Eeny meeny miny mo."

In the religious division we find Phyllis Wheatley
 praising God through her poetry before America had
 any real poetry. Of course the poetry of Horton or of
 Wheatley is nothing except an attempt at self-expres-
 sion, but it shows what even a slave is capable of.
 Horton sings:

"Creation fires my tongue!
 Nature thy anthems raise;
 And spread the universal song
 Of thy Creator's praise!"

Paul L. Dunbar gives two distinct notes; one a hymn,
 the other a poem of doubts.

A HYMN

Lead gently, Lord and slow,
 For oh, my steps are weak,
 As ever as I go,
 Some soothing sentence speak;

That I may turn my face
 Through doubt's obscurity
 Toward thine abiding-place,
 E'en tho' I cannot see.

The other gives the doubting note; to the question
 he gets no answer.

"No answer on the land, none from the sea.
 Only we know that as he did, so must
 You with your theories, you with your trust,—
 Ashes to ashes, dust unto dust!"

Charles R. Dinkins, another North Carolina poet
 says:

All things a beam of glory shed,
 And all to God a hymn compose:
 In every leaf his love is read—
 His mercy smiles in every rose.

The hope and trust of the Negro for something better
 after this list and a trust in the final goodness of God
 are carried over into his poetry and hymn-making from
 the spirituals and "Sorrow Songs" of his slave time.
 They all believe that:

Far above the strife and striving,
 And the hate of man for man,
 I can see the great contriving
 Of a more than human plan.

In some of the more modern poets among the blacks
 as well as among the whites there is an element of

A Beastly Mistake

Wilmer Kuck, '28

"I refuse to be brutally operated on if I can't have a surgeon in whom I have complete faith. Boo! Hoo-o-o-o! You'll be sorry if I die," and with that the family idol burst forth into a copious flood of tears, with much groaning and gnashing of teeth accompanying it."

"Now, now—of course—yes, yes, dear—just as you say, but you'll make yourself much worse by weeping. You know Papa wants to do exactly as his little girl wishes, but let's just talk this over sensibly," and father and mother proceeded to act as though their blessed darling were a whole orphan asylum to be cared for.

Guinevere was an only child and possessed all the attributes that go with such. Mamma and Papa hung on her every utterance and although Mamma had brought her up just as that very hygienic Baby Book had directed—by refusing the baby anything that she wanted—the refusal had always been merely the spoken word and had never meant anything to Baby in her young life. Guinevere, (Mamma always had thought that Tennyson was more of an adept at names than she could ever be) had long since learned that all she had to do was to weep and immediately things hoped for became things gotten.

"Oh-h-h-h! my side. It feels as though a knife were being turned in a raw wound. I shall die from sheer pain just because you won't let your poor daughter—your only child—have a decent surgeon. Oh-h-h-h!"

At that Papa paced back and forth in front of the bed on which his poor daughter was ensconced, and Mamma frantically rubbed daughter's head and then her feet while it was, to be exact, her side which was causing the disturbance. Guinevere, appreciating the effect, and almost becoming convinced herself in her effort to convince her fond parents that she was in agonizing pain, groaned and bellowed anew.

"Guinie, darling, just let Papa speak to you quietly for a moment," pleaded the distraught gentleman, and Guinie darling, thinking she was gaining her point, subsided with a few moans. "Now let's look at this sensibly, because Papa knows how reasonable his little girl is when she understands. There are no better doctors to be found than Dr. Newell and Dr. Hager,"—at this a fresh burst of music from the aforementioned female—"and we know something about them," continued Papa hurriedly. "But Mamma and I know nothing about this young doctor whom you insist on having. You know we couldn't have our precious

operated on by somebody we didn't even know or who had never been recommended to us."

"Well, I tell-l-l-l you l-l-l know him-m!" wept Guinie. "I met him last year when I was at Goucher, and I told you that Mr. Harris, your best friend, introduced him to me when he was living in Baltimore. Dr. Gray has all new methods, and I know he knows lots more about operations than these old foggies around here. Why, he even experiments on animals in his laboratory. and all great doctors do that nowadays. Besides, I think I should have a special surgeon down from Baltimore who could give me his undivided attention while he was here."

"Yes, dearie," admitted Papa, "I suppose it is his undivided attention that you want, all right, and if you're set on having that attention I suppose we'll have to get it for you. I wouldn't do it ordinarily, but I suppose these new doctors do have newer methods. I'll lose two mighty good friends, however, over this, Because Dr. Newell and Dr. Ed. Hager have been doctoring this family ever since I was a boy. There is one other thing too. If I get your young doctor friend down from Baltimore it will be so expensive that I won't be able to get that roadster for you in the spring."

That was quite a come-back to Miss Guinevere. She had wanted that roadster for about six months. Never mind though, if she could only get a chance at that young Dr. Gray, and she certainly ought to have a chance if he operated on her for he would have to stay about a week after the operation, she might be Mrs. Gray this time next year. She therefore assumed a resigned air and answered, "I suppose I will have to do without it then, for I feel as though my health is the first thing to be considered in the matter. Please wire for Dr. Gray right away for I might have another attack.

The following day Papa got a wire from Dr. Gray, in answer to his wire, which read: "Will arrive Tuesday at 12:10.

Julian Gray."

Tuesday morning Guinevere had her hair marcelled, her nails manicured, and Mamma called the florist and ordered flowers for the decoration of the invalid's room. If the first impression wasn't to be a lasting one on Dr. Gray it certainly wasn't to be Guinevere's fault.

"Now, Papa, you'd better go to the station at eleven-thirty so as to be certain of not missing Dr. Gray," directed daughter. "Greet him like a long lost brother, and it wouldn't be anything amiss, I don't think, if

you just sorta'—er, ah, er told him that your daughter was er, ah, very sweet and popular, and that it would not only break your heart, but the hearts of the whole community if anything should happen to her. After you've just er, given him something to think about—well, leave the rest to me. I'll have the stage set for him."

Papa started off in due time—poor man, the train wasn't but an hour and a half late—and returned home two hours later. He made his way up to his daughter's room and his tap on the door was answered by his smiling spouse, who opened the door expectantly. In the background was daughter dear, wrapped in swaddling clothes and propped up on soft, fluffy pillows and in her delicate hands were rosebuds which were trailed artistically across the coverlet. A delicate odor of perfume greeted Papa's organ of smell as he crossed the threshold of daughter's room—empty handed, so to speak. Mamma's gracious smile waned and daughter's appealing air turned to surprise.

She rose up in bed and said, "Where's Dr. Gray?"

"Papa sat down before answering and then said: "Darling, he took the next train back to Baltimore ten minutes ago."

Daughter caved back on her downy couch and as quickly arose again. "Took the train back to Baltimore ten minutes ago?" she dumbly questioned.

"I did my best," answered poor Papa, "but it was like this: after I had waited an hour and a half for the train, it finally came in and I recognized Dr. Gray among the first ones to alight. I went over to him and introduced myself, and we got in the car and started home. He certainly is one fine looking fellow, and so I started off the conversation just as you had told me to. When I said that I wanted him to be careful about operating on you, he said, 'Operate on your daughter?'" in a most incredulous tone. I said, 'Why, of course it's my daughter. What's the matter with you, can't you do the operating?' He only jerked out his watch and turned to Rufus and said, 'Chauffeur, turn around and make it back to the station, please, I've got to take this next train back to Baltimore'."

"But, father," interrupted her dismayed highness, "why in heaven's name did he do that?"

"Honey, if you'll only let me finish," sighed Papa. "He then turned to me and said, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Donnell, but there has been some mistake made and it will be impossible for me to operate on your daughter—I'm a veterinary surgeon'."

THE COLLEGE DELUSION

(Continued from Page 8)

sary as registration cards and diplomas. They are as necessary as a bank president: nobody knows what he contributes to the bank's progress, but what self-respecting institution would do without him? I would retain everyone of this learned group on the payroll for each of them is a part of the intellectual aristocracy, and that is his own excuse for being. "A clergyman," says Butler, "is expected to be a kind of human Sunday." Likewise, a professor is expected to be a kind of incarnated knowledge. Thus each serves his purpose in the community.

It is my firm conviction that both he and I would be glad to stop this cajoling each other and face the truth: that classes are a farce. I cannot suggest a

practical solution, for people much more experienced than I are needed to work out the problem. However, I do feel that the situation needs to be remedied. Perhaps we might try the following method:

At the beginning of the year our instructor might give us a bibliography on his subject, with which we would hibernate in the library. After a long season of reading—perhaps a semester—we would again assemble to reveal what we had learned. This revelation might be made through an examination, oral or written, or a treatise on our research discoveries.

The College Delusion has led us into a trap, a System. We are becoming more and more involved in organization. All is subjected to the college credit and the registration card. The System, and not Learning herself, has been crowned queen. And we are her puppet-slaves who moves when she pulls a string.

L. P.

POETRY

Waiting

Polly Duffy, '25

I cannot say I am in love tonight;
I do not know the tender, warning thrill.
I cannot picture face, or phrase, or manner;
I only know my heart is very still.

It will not beat for me in gay abandon;
Or hold itself in long-accustomed poise.
I think that I have caught it half expectant,
Awaiting vague and non-existent joys.

Life

Julia Blauvelt

Clear, laughing exhaltation
And deep-eyed dim despair,
Met me upon life's great highway—
Met me and passed me there.

Despair addressed me frowningly;
His sister kissed in glee.
But now their fast retreating forms,
Look quite the same to me.

Change

Brooks Johnston, '26

The icy hand of death has gripped the trees,
Clothing them all in crystal clear—and light
Shines thru them like a prison hiding all
Their naked bareness 'neath a coat of light
Turning stalk-ugliness to breathless beauty.
If the hand of death could so transform one
Who would fear to die?

They say, O my Soul, that none know you,
But I know.
You are a harp of many gossamer-fine strings,
Like the threads of a spider-web,
Which glimmer with the morning-dew.
Each string plays a separate tune,
The whole makes perfect harmony
When swept by gentle fingers.
But when, O Harp-Soul, you are rudely struck
By thoughtless ones, without sympathy,
You'd raw taut, then quiver
With notes of the most exquisite agony.

Love

Julia Blauvelt

Love comes to me at twilight
On mists of the rising moon,
While day brings careful trifles
And love walks not at noon.

Can that eternal prove which can't withstand
The light of usual day?
Or is love but another name
For the free star shine and the night wind's way?

Poplars

Brooks Johnson, '26

Like wan white ghosts against a pallid sky
Lifting long bony arms, half veiled in mist
The poplars stand and tremble in the wind.
Bare are their slim smooth bodies.
Cold—I wist.

Wanderlust

Molly H. Hall, '28

At the beginning of evening's duskiness a wind—a wanderer's wind—and my feet will not stay. They carry me down a hill as full of graceful curves as is a plump baby. They dance, leap, run, and transmit their exultation to every part of me. I flirt with the laughing face I find in a pool, a funny little pool—very black in the shadow, very blue in the sun. Another hill ahead! I take its lively trail, in and out, now and then catching breath-taking glimpses of distant hills, tipped with the retiring day's glory, and of the already slumbering, mist-filled valleys lying between. Up and up I go, climbing over an old, old rock, dipping my hands briefly in the silver shower of a miniature water-

fall. The forests darken; the lights come out in the valley; the hills beyond are purple, with a background of dainty bronzed, deeping skies. Wait! the evening star! I pause to gaze until the beauty hurts; then climb again. What is this oak, with the mossy rocks at its feet? An altar I once erected to Strength. I had forgotten there was ever a need of it. I gain the mountain crest; I am weary of patti-exploring now. The new-born stars say, "Rest," I sit, my arms hugging my knees, pixie fashion, and look and look! Oh, my Spirit-with-the-Wanderlust, why are you and I bound to our body; why must we ever return to the world?

October

Hermene Warlick, '26

The low clouds ride before the wind,
The trees bend low in dread
And about their anxious branches moan
The ghosts of leaves that are dead.

The Storm King rides in his chariot dark,
Silent he rides and alone,
And silent the night save the sullen wind
And the twisted trees that moan.

Miniature Universe

Jo Grimsley, '25

(Turn down your desk lamp and let its path go across
a dark room)

Tonight in my desk-lamp's glow,
I've seen a universe swerve and flow;
Myriads of stars and planets go
Moving sedately, march to and fro.
They have a dignity that's slow,
As if they were bent on business; so
Smooth gliding, as if they must —
I wonder!—Now that's funny
—They're only specks of dust.

Last night from out my window,
I saw the grass was wet
With wee diamond rain-drops
And other jewels set.

Last night beneath my window,
The pigmy fairies met,
And danced there until morning
Some fairy minuet.

How do I know, you wonder?
It is hard to say;
They came, and from each grass-blade
Took all the jewels away.

Nannie Earle, '25

EXCHANGES

THE DAVIDSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

The appearance of the *Anthology Issue* of *The Davidson College Magazine* was an event long anticipated by the journalists in our Collegiate Press Association. The broad range of subjects treated and the varied form in which the treatment is cast is interesting. The short stories are good, tho several of them, notably *Mr. Hyde Remodeled* and *The Last Shot*, could be condensed profitably. The essays and sketches show a deftness and vividness of imagination and expression which are good indeed.

The Anthology includes an amazing amount of poetry, some of which we think represents the best work in the magazine, while much of it is glaringly mediocre. Several poems evidencing good mastery of poetics suffer from a lack of originality in thought and expression. Of unusual merit are Mr. O'Connor's *And You Shall Say?*, P. M. Patterson's *As We See It*, and *We Who Die*.

The humorous section is quite extensive and in glancing through it—we never read humorous sections because we regard them thoroughly stupid things—we observe that they have reprinted fewer selections than the college magazine generally does. If the section is truly humorous, which, the editor of the *Buccaneer* recently pointed out, means clever and original, the Davidson editors are to be congratulated.

The general impression given by this magazine is one of a good stolid, moralizing optimism, absolutely unsophisticated, which believes, as is expressed in a number of contributions therein, that all was made for the best and that “—it is not good for man to know

too much or feel too deeply. A mind that is finite may not grope too far into the depths.”

THE WINTHROP JOURNAL

We were much interested in the article on Sandburg in the *Winthrop Journal* for February. It is unusually well written and shows a comprehensive knowledge of the subject, a real appreciation of his poetry and a forceful power of expression. The poetry this month, all of which was written by members of the faculty, was especially good. We like “White Hycinths” by E. F. G., and “When Blood Root Blossoms,” by A. W. S. most.

A broader scope in the subject discussed in the editorials would add to the value of the magazine.

THE ARCHIVE

We like Mr. Clute's article. He evidently reads and appreciates Mr. Mecken's magazine even though it is not in the University library. We suggest that the author of “Mencken—why not?” apply for a position as first assistant to him. His vocabulary is second only to Mencken's in its vituperence, icoradism and zeal.

There is nothing unusual about the stories this month. In fact, the story of “The Greaser” shows a masculine superficiality, lack of attention to detail, and love of the melodramatic.

The humorous section is not quite as humorous as usual.

“Isn't you wife dogmatic?”

“She was when Pomeranian pups were the style, but now she is Auto-matic.”

Fair Customer: “I'd like to try on that one over there.”

Polite Salesman: “I'm sorry, madam, but that is the lamp shade.”

Teacher: “Does any one know what an oyster is?”

Bobby: “Yes mam. An oyster is a fish built like a nut.”

“It's better to have lived and loved
Than never to have lived at all.”—*Judge*.

Young Thing: “I wonder why they call it free verse?”

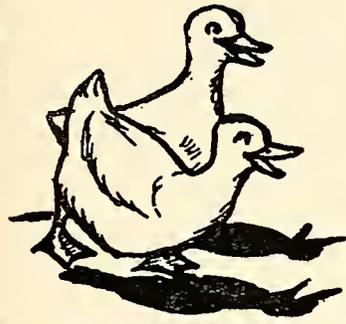
Poet: “That's simple. Did you ever try to sell any?”

House-holder: “Do you mean to say this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?”

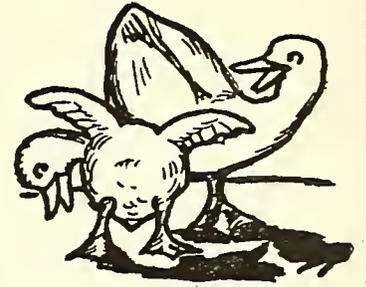
Collector: “Oh, I never argue, sir; but I may say that this meter measures the amount of gas you pay for.”

Prof: “A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.”

Bright Soph: “No wonder so many of us get billet-doux.



Queer Quacks



A College Song

Georgie Kirkpatrick, '26

"N. C. College the Finest In the Land,"
"My Country 'Tis of Thee"—"America the Beautiful,"
"Three O'clock In the Morning."

Dear "Pal O' Mine":

You may "Wonder What's Become of Sally" but have you thought of "Georgia"? Guess I'll have to revive your "Memory Lane." I don't see "What Makes You Do Me Like You Do Do Do" and treat me like "That Red-Headed Gal." I look like the "Wreck of 97"—plumb "Runnin' Wild." However, I have just decided to make the best of things and "Let the Rest of the World Go By." But, when I think of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" it kinda gives me the "Hesitatin' Blues." After all, I guess it's best to "Take It Slow and Easy."

The only exciting thing that happens around here is when we're "Standin' On the Outside, Lookin' On the Inside, Waitin' for the Evening Mail." Honest, when we hear that plaintive cry of "No Not One" it surely does give us the "Lonesome Blues." The real "Perfect Day" comes with "The Old Refrain" of "Home Sweet Home." Would that I were there to "Keep the Home Fires Burning"—but that's a too "Long, Long Trail." I just look forward to that "June Night" but—not "All Alone." You may not recognize me again but "You Wear A Tulip and I'll Wear A Big Red Rose." "O Promise Me" that you will do this.

Have you a "Little Ford That Rambles Right Along?" If so "Get Out, Get Under, Fix Up Your Little Machine" or "Get A Bicycle Built For Two" and come to the "Little Red School House." We will let you "Cut Yourself A Piece of Cake and Make Yourself at Home." The dining room is mighty large but I think you can come "Smilin' Thru." Anyway, I want you to meet "That Old Gaing O' Mine."

"What'll I Do"—I look like "The Last Rose of Sum-

mer" and Junior-Senior is almost here? "Believe Me If All Those Enduring Young Charms" could only be resurrected for that occasion. Usually, "Love Sends A Little Gift of Roses" on this occasion, but, "Don't Send Me Poses When Its Shooses That I Need."

Since "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" and I have not had any "Slee'p" I will bid you "Good-night."

• Yours "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold,"
"Hard-Hearted Hannah."

WHAT A LITTLE COMMA CAN DO

This instance of what confusion misplaced commas can do has been noticed:

Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eyes, a dark menacing glare saying nothing.—Hardware World.

Eleanor: Your brother is awful careless. Last time he came to my house he left his rubbers. He'd leave leave his head if it were loose.

Katharine: Yes, I know. I heard him say he'd have to go to Denver for his lungs.—Lafayette Lyre.

"But didn't opportunity ever knock at your door?"

"I suppose so."

"Didn't you answer it?"

"Of course not. What do you think the servants are for?"

Optimist: "Love makes the world go 'round."

Pessimist: "Yes, but it has to be cranked. It isn't a self-starter."

Slapstick Director: "Can't you suggest a novel from which we could adapt a comedy?"

Comedian: "Isn't there one called 'Alice Threw the Looking-Glass?'"

An Extract From My Diary

Sarah Gulley, '26

(Apologies to Papys)

- Feb. 11.—To the pictures, and there saw "Yolando," a very good picture, methinks, compared with others of this time. Thence in the street car back to school, where no pleasure.
- Feb. 12.—Into the Library to read. Met with a copy of the play "All God's Chullins Got Wings," which I read with much dislike.
- Feb. 13.—To town by street car, and there bought my cloth, coloured for a dress. To a show, fearing that henceforth I shall have to take myself to studies.
- Feb. 14.—This morning I began to practice, which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me hurry and worry; that is, to rise with "Prep;" which pleases me mightily.
- Feb. 15.—Lord's Day—Up and to church, and there heard a good sermon by the Rev. Jones. To my aunt's for dinner. Fall of snow.
- Feb. 16.—In the afternoon, to the little store and on my way saw a horse slip and fall. Still much talk concerning this Collins Cave disaster.
- Feb. 17.—Did wear my left brown boot through in clogging. Much talk that Coolidge is having difficult times in filling his cabinet.
- Feb. 18.—Up betimes and find deep snow. Continuing to snow. I remain home to read and make snow cream. Much question, I read as to this Poole Bill.
- Feb. 19.—I find how the lower House hath decided to reconsider the Marriage Banns Bill. To gym, where I took a lesson in clogging. Much displeasure at dinner due to serving of the oft had "goolosh."
- Feb. 20.—Mary Smith who was lately come from home, did give us a good account of the place. To class with much nervousness concerning an English and History test.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do in the keeping of my journal. I being not able to do it any longer having done now so long as to use most of my time. And so I take myself to that course other than scribbling of clogging, government, "goolosh," and studies, and begin to think upon weightier matters.

—————o—————
 "You haven't changed much."

"No. The laundries are on strike."

—*W. Va. Moonshine.*

Think

(or Thwim) (After a psychology lesson)

We think, we think, we think,
 Or do we simply think, we think
 I think we think
 But how we think
 The Good God only knows!

—*Anonymous.*

In Defense of Gum

Mary McDuffie

There has been so much criticism recently from certain members of the faculty, as to the chewing of gum, that I, as a constant user of this permanent article of mastication,—and one highly benefited thereby—feel forced to rise to the defense of this necessity.

I affirm and re-affirm that gum is not the noxious substance which its deriders proclaim. The benefits of gum are many, and its detriments so few, that I, as a normal person, am quite unable to perceive them. Gum is a wonderful physiological stimulant. How many times have I, have all of us, been saved from utter degradation and extermination in the classroom by that friendly copious flow of saliva moistening our burning throats, and enabling us to answer our inquisitors? That in itself were sufficient justification for its use.

The American jaw is famous throughout the world. Its pointed prominence, and its shapely underslung strength, stand for all of those pristine qualities of American thought and action as have made Senators Reed and Harrison famous. How did this national asset develop its splendid characteristics? Only through the use of gum. Our daily dozen made us the virile race we are, but it is acknowledged that the chewing of gum to the extent of one thousand times this daily dozen has produced the only really American feature which has emerged from the Melting Pot.

But greater than both of these stands the crowning glory and bright star of the gum achievements: Woman! No testimonials are needed to tell of the success of gum in woman's life. Without its constant use, how else would we be able to triumph over the now weaker sex? Gum has provided that constant exercise which has made our mandibular action perpetual. Heretofore our tongues far outstripped the carrying capacity of our facial muscles, but thanks to Wrigley, man has provided the weapon for his own downfall. Now all that is needed to complete his destruction is our development of a higher and firmer conversational

tone. That day is not far distant. Here, in this college, we are making constant strides toward our goal. Our minds are filled with it, yea and our mouths also. Whenever groups of three or more are gathered together, the fruit of our thought makes the campus ring, and the walls give back the sounds. Ah,—that day when we shall be really free, then, from the depths of our hearts, we shall erect a monument to the stick of plastic chicle.

Gum chewing is art. How many hours of peaceful contemplation of some scene have I whiled away by cracking, pulling, and popping gum! What an infinitely graceful thing is the arm when languorously stretched out pulling gum! Who can appreciate the beauty of a curve until they have pondered upon the assumption of a spherical form by a bit of gum when inflated from the lips? And then what delight to suddenly pop this bubble!

Despite our many joys, we users of this delightful narcotic are singularly inactive in developing better ways for its use. At present we are limited to three ways of enjoying gum. We should have more. I have long studied this situation, and here enumerate our present limitations in the hope that someone more gifted than I will add to my feeble list of her richer experience.

We are limited to three ways of chewing gum:

First: The gum is placed firmly between the front teeth, there is no lateral mandibular motion, but only a rapid up and down movement through a small arc. This we may call the "Rabbit" type of mastication. It is particularly designed for the gratification of those papillae at the tip of the tongue.

Second: This manner of gum chewing is highly recommended for those who would enjoy gum as a succulent morsel. Work the jaw sideways while manipulating the bit of chicle with the tongue. This is truly an Epicurean manner in which to chew our gum.

Third: The flavor does not last, and we are forced at last to fall back upon the solid satisfaction of knowing that we have something between our teeth. This is the finest way of chewing gum; place the morsel well back among the molars, then describe an ellipsoidal course with point of the mandible downward—outward, upward-inward, with as wide an arc as possible. This can only have been copied from that gentle servant of man whose peaceful humination we strive to copy, hence we call this type "Bovine."

Alas, our other pleasures are only those of pulling and popping the resilient quid. I appeal to others, whose experience and observation may be more varied than mine, to come forward with other methods for deriving enjoyment from gum. For myself, I am satisfied, but I am thoroughly aroused at the attacks on

my avocation. I have had my say, but others who are grateful for this benefit to woman should come to its defense.

FRIDAY NIGHT'S DREAM

(Continued from Page 7)

the opportunity to say, "But it was such a good joke, Joe. We couldn't miss the chance, and while you were gone, Bob called up to let you know he was in town, and to know if he could come around, and we just gave him a hint about the dream, and you finished it, didn't you Bob?" Dot said breathlessly, looking over at Bob for a word of encouragement.

"Yep, I finished it," groaned Bob. Then seeing a faint smile playing around Joe's mouth he too gained courage and said, looking down at her with his most charming smile, "And I'm thinking Joe's missionary work is about finished too, isn't it Joe?"

Joe thought of the night of the masquerade ball—of Prince Charming, who was Bob, and the little tightly-bodied Bo-Peep, who was herself. It was the night she had met him, at the fraternity house, and he had worn the knight's suit, and had had the same charming manners. Prince Charming indeed!

"Eh Joe, it takes a mighty long time for you to decide what you're going to be," Bob spoke up boyishly.

"Well, you see it's *rather* an important question, Bob," Joe replied.

"Only if you accept one point of view, Joe dear, and you can still be a missionary. I'm terribly heathenish, and you know 'Charity begins at home,'" he finished looking at her out of the corner of his eyes.

"Yes, that's true," her voice sounded softer and more encouraging Bob thought, "But Bob," she was again defending the affirmative side, but somehow her eyes belied her words, and Bob, acting upon this supposition, took her by the hand and drew her over to the davenport where they both sat down.

"That's all right Joe; you needn't finish it," he said.

"I suppose we must exit girls," said Dot laughing, "But Joe, I told you so," she said crooking her finger at Joe. "I told you,

'Friday night's dreams on Saturday told,

Are sure to come true—be they ever so old,'" and they all scampered out of the room in high spirits.

"Dreams do mean something don't they?" Bob asked after the last skirt had disappeared through the curtains.

"Yes, when the gods are kind enough to provide persons to carry them out. They certainly aren't children

of an idle brain though, for those girls have been anything but idle since I left to practice the carols. Oh! it's seven o'clock, and I told Mr. James I would be there at that time," she said looking at her watch.

"Never mind the carols," Bob consoled her, "We will sing the carols ourselves. I know one that just expresses my feelings exactly," and he struck up the lilting tune of "Jingle Bells," amidst Joe's many protests that people would think he had lost his mind.

"Bob, let's change it to Wedding Bells," said Joe softly, pinching him to draw his attention.

"So the negative wins after all!" exclaimed Bob exultantly, catching her hands, and drawing her, flushed and breathless, to her feet. Then the two, promenading down the length of the room, changed from the lively tune of "Jingle Bells," to the softly hummed strains of Lohengrin's "Processional," when they were suddenly joined by three high-pitched voices from the hall, who, though a trifle off key, yet certainly had the spirit.

MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page 5)

that some of his handiwork is crude, but I also know that he has achieved in many respects. He has created beauty in the skies, an ever-changing color panorama. For some unexplainable reason, man can make music—music that cannot be interpreted in the terms of wooden instruments or drum-skins. Perhaps, in man but the remotest reflections of the spirit striving for beauty; the spirit of God is weaving the tapestry of life—ever seeking for beauty, faltering, but sure of its final triumph. Whether individual souls are to return as repetitions in the pattern and as figures in the final gossamer, as yet we cannot know.

BEING A P. W. G.

(Continued from Page 10)

group, laughter accompanying the telling of their experiences.

* * *

The next morning we were job-hunting again. I kept going to hotels, taking a lower-standard one each time. The Walton could not use me as a chambermaid, but considered taking me on as a hand-ironer. I went over to a blackened box of a brick building which seemed smouldering in the hot July sun. It reeked steam and heated smoke and smelled of sweat throughout. It was an old brick building with about

eight floors and no elevator. Inside, I saw fat, sweating negro women ironing with steady strokes, their wet bodies moving in rhythm and their faces gleaming, beaded, dripping. Beside them were thin, pale white women with snuff in their mouths, ironing doggedly and wearily. I paused in fascination to watch them; they were all like machines. One of the negro women paused long enough to tell me to go upstairs to the "office." I went, winding up the steepest, most terrible circular stairs that I have ever seen or read about. I could not believe my eyes, but they were there and I climbed, growing dizzy and faint in the heat. On the fourth floor I found a room with absolutely nothing in it except rows of double-deck beds with dingy covering and old clothes hung on nails here and there. I learned with horror that this was where the ironing women slept at night and that if I worked there as an ironer, I would get \$5 per week. He told me to wait a minute and he would see about hiring me. He had tried to question me too closely so that I was frightened and made good my escape as soon as the door was closed upon me. I filed down the dangerous, precipitous steps and out past the women. The negro women looked at me with curiosity, the white women with hatred. I did not blame them for hating me or anything else. I went out hating something, everything, anything fiercely. For two blocks I half ran in the broiling sun, racing desperately against my tears. It was through a blurred dimness that I saw the other members of the group waiting at the appointed corner. I felt horribly sick and wobbly in the sun.

Then we hurried together to a meeting of the Compensation Court. First we heard a lecture by the chief inspector of Industries for the city and then two cases in the court. One was a very fat ship-builder versus a helpless Irishman who had been scalded. The Irishman could not express himself; but must keep repeating over and over the same phrases and ejaculations: "The Lord. Do ye hear the like of that? Him a sayin' I could work when me body is all scalded like cooked meat an' me in the hospital for weeks. Do ye hear?" He called the ship-man a liar and was almost hysterical in his grief and rage. I sat there clinching my fists. If only he could express himself, I thought, if *only* he could say what he feels! And then he would appeal to his wife and I was hurt to see him so helpless, to see him feel so timorous and frightened and desperate as he looked at the comfortably fat shipyard owner. Oh, but the Irishman's wife was a peach! I called her Judy O'Grady, the Irishman's lady, under my breath and I was pulling for her mentally with all my power. She was breathless and frightened, talking very fast and with her hat fallen rakishly over one ear. She talked rapidly, breathlessly, stumbling, trip-

ping, choking, taking new breath and going on. She dared look at the impassive fat one and was amazingly ingenuous in the roundabout ways she called him a liar. I was in for believing everything she said. But the court-referee made some reservations and the case was compromised. At the last, the argument rose to a high pitch of excitement and the opposing factions shouted at each other alarmingly so that I was greatly surprised to see the ship-man come over and shake hands with the Irishman afterwards and ask to see his wounds.

Two other cases were more pitiable, more serious.

* * *

Tacony, July 14.

I tried unsuccessfully several places in the city to get a job. One was L'Aiglon, a French restaurant which required experienced waitresses. Then I tried a Cafeteria, a Restaurant, The Perfect Cigar Mfgr., The Delphia Cigar Co., and finally a little Greek restaurant on Frankfort Avenue in answer to an advertisement. The Greek "took me on" without any experience for \$10 per week. My working hours are from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. You cannot imagine the feeling of exaltation: I had a *job!* I walked from the greasy little restaurant on rose-azure clouds.

The next morning I went to my job in a clean white dress. I felt very awkward, but perfectly happy. I watched the other waitress who was also new there, but an experienced waitress, and learned a great deal from her. She was a sullen Hungarian girl who watched me with distrustful, resentful eyes. I am certain that she considers me dumb.

The proprietor is a Greek of about thirty-five years, who looks well fed, with glossy black hair, a too small mouth, and a bay window stomach. The cook is a nice-looking, black-eyed, merry Greek who sings and chatters in Greek incessantly. His white teeth flash a joyous smile and a spontaneous laugh. His name is Charlie. But the dish-washer! He is Swiss with very blue eyes and a curly mop of golden glint hair to compliment the delicately ruddy color of his cheeks. It is criminal for a man of his build and freedom loving disposition to have a nasty indoor job like that. From the first he was frank in his admiration for me, telling me in his broken English about the beautiful roses in my cheeks and asking me every question as to my family and being very sympathetic. "If I had da mon," he said earnestly, wiping off some forks and knives, "you would no work, ever, ever." Warily I looked around at the ugly little eating-place with its closed windows. I was hot and desperately tired.

You don't have to have much pull with the women to drag them to a football game.—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

THE "MACHINE" IDEA IN MODERN THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 12)

the mechanistic concept is essentially the true concept of life. In favor of the first alternative we have the rebellion of human nature against the routine, the impersonal, the eternally efficient; the persistent belief of many individuals that personality is the supreme value in life; the persistent illusion, if illusion it is, that the individual has the power of choice. India, with her mystic, non-materialistic, non-scientific attitude toward life, best illustrates this view in its extreme form. In favor of the second alternative, we have the fact that no advance can be made in science unless quantitative mechanical concepts are employed. Science has done much to discover truth. Perhaps it is now revealing new truth in showing the essentially mechanistic construction of the universe and of all life. It is a known fact that man has always postulated the mystic to explain anything which he could not understand. It may be that science is now offering him knowledge to take the place of the ignorance which he has been hiding under the cloak of mysticism. At any rate, in America we can best see the extreme form of mechanistic attitude toward life.

The Woman's Chorus

As Kipling might have written it, but as Aristophanes

They're always abusing the women
 As a terrible plague to men:
 They say we're the root of all evil,
 And repeat it again and again;
 Of war and quarrels and bloodshed,
 All mischief, be what it may.
 And pray thus, why do you marry us,
 If we're all the plagues you say?
 And why do you take such care of us,
 And keep us so safe at home,
 And are never easy a moment
 When you ought to be thanking heaven
 That your plague is out of the way,
 You all keeping fussing and fretting—
 "Where is my plague to-day?"
 If a plague peeps out of the window
 Up goes the eyes of the men;
 If she hides, then they all keep staring
 Until she looks out again.

THE NEGRO AS SEEN THROUGH HIS POETRY

(Continued from Page 17)

attempted paganism. McKay sounds this note.

"And many thought it was a sacred sign,
And some called it the resurrection flower;
And I, a pagan, worshipped as its shine,
Yielding my heart unto its perfumed power."

It is in the dialect and the humorous poems that we catch a glimpse of the most appealing side of the Negro as well as find the most original contributions to American poetry. When we look at the grave faces that we see around us we wonder if there is any joy in their lives and if they can see the joke even if it is on themselves; wonder if they realize that life has its "little ironies." All we have to do is to read their poetry and we understand that the flitting gleam that we catch in their eyes now and then is a real reflection of the fun that they have inside them. Some of the names of the poems would be fitting subjects for the modern realists to write on. But these men would take them seriously and under the heading of "Hog Meat" we would get something like this:

"Hot red meat that was alive in mud puddle
I see remnants
Heats of
Life in you."

The modern white writer would not even see the joke in such writing, but listen at the fun in this:

"Jes' talk to me 'bout hog-meat, ef yo' want to see me pleased,

Fur biled wid bean tiz gor'jus, or made in hog-head cheese;

An' I could jes' be happy, 'dout money, cloze or house,

Wid plenty yurz an' pig feet made in ol'-fashun "souse."

"Troubled with the Itch" would be another for the modern realist to practice on, but you would have to come down to North Carolina and let our poet, Horton do it well for you. Both these poems with the fine names were written by North Carolinians.

A poem typical of what is generally understood to be the feeling of the Negro about work is "Lazy."

Some men enjoy the constant strife
Of days with work and worry rife,
But that is not my dream of life:

I think such men are crazy.

For me, a life with worries few,

A job with nothing much to do,
Just pelf enough to see me through:

I fear that I am lazy.

Let others fume and sweat and boil,
And scratch and dig for golden spoil,
And live the life of work and toil,
Their lives to labor giving.

But what is gold when life is sped,
And life is short, as has been said,
And we are such a long time dead,
I'll spend my life in living.

Humor is not the only thing in this poem, there is also some good, common sense philosophy.

All is not rollicking fun or humorous philosophy in these dialect poems. There is a poignant beauty found in few other poems in the American language.

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put that music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practice twell you're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
From the kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

Don't you hyeah the echoes callin'
From the valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
Ez Malindy sings.

Dunbar, the Negroe's sweetest singer wrote those beautiful lines as well as these:

"Let me settle w'en my shoulders draps dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road;
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de t'ings I's allus knowed."

The fourth division is the last and from the standpoint of race is the most important. It expresses the way the Negro feels on the inter-racial question and in it are things that the White man might pause over and ponder.

One of the first to notice is a poem written in the melodramatic style in which Longfellow wrote his slave poems; it can be understood and forgiven when written by a Negro better than by a white man. This is from the "Slave Mother."

"Hear you that shreik? It rose
So wildly on the air,
It seemed as if a burden'd heart
Was breaking in despair."

Through all of them we find a plea for simple justice;

"O! purify each holy court!
The ministry of law and light!
That man, no longer, may be brought
To trample down his brother's right."

These poems express the cries of a down trodden people. Poets who have reached the highest places rise above the ordinary cares of life and see the workings of the great plan and interpret these workings to men who cannot see so plainly. But it is not until people become racially conscious that they begin to cry out against the wrongs done to them by a stronger nation. It is not until they reach a certain point that they can express themselves intelligently.

Dunbar sees the higher plan for he says:

"Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race;
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height.
And, unprevailing by their utmost might,
Seem faltering from each hard won place.

* * *

Heed not the darkness round you, dull and deep;
The clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh.

Here we have two different writers from N. C. expressing themselves:

"What's the boasted creed of color?
'Tis no standard for a race;
Justice's mansion has no cellar,
All must fill an even place."

And again we have the protest against being treated as if they were animals and not men.

"It is writ in truth eternal,
And the stars of heaven tell,
That he who dares to do the wrong
Has pitched his tent towards hell."

The problems dealt with more specifically are those of the tragedy of mixed blood, the Negro girl, and lynching.

In the poem called the "Octoroom" the first few lines give us the whole tragic problem.

"One drop of midnight in the dawn of life's pulsating stream
Marks her an alien from her kind, a shade amid its gleam. . . ."

In his book "Harlem Shadows" McKay gives the picture of the unprotected girl.

"Ah, stern harsh world, that in the wretched way
Of poverty, dishonor and disgrace,
Has pushed the timid little feet of clay,
The sacred brown feet of my fallen race!
Ah, heart of me, the weary, weary feet
In Harlem wandering from street to street."

Though Leslie Pinkey Hill has a poem on lynching called "So Quietly" that of McKay seems to be even more bitter.

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THE LYNCHING

His spirit in smoke ascended to high heaven.
 His father, by the cruellest way of pain,
 Had bidden him to his bosom once again;
 The awful sin remained still unforgiven.
 All night a bright and solitary star
 (Perchance the one that guided him,
 Yet gave him up at last to Fate's wild whim)
 Hung pitifully o'er the swinging char.
 Day dawned, and soon the mixed crowds came to
 view

The ghastly body swaying in the sun
 The women thronged to look, but never a one
 Showed sorrow in her eyes of steely blue;
 And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
 Danced around the dreadful thing in fiendish glee.

"Brother, come!
 And let us go unto our God.
 And when we stand before Him
 I shall say—
 'Lord, I do not hate,
 I am hated.
 I scourge no one,
 I am scourged.
 I covet no lands,
 My lands are coveted.
 I mock no peoples,
 My peoples are mocked.'
 —And, brother, what shall you say?"

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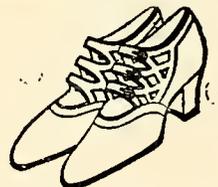
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