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To W. R. B.

RUTH WEST, '23

Do you remember the moon of the harvest,
Grey-gold at evening and silver at dawn,
The slant of its light on the bloom of the meadow,
Fragrant and sweet as a summer day gone?

Are you forgetting the wind of the twilight,
Breaking the leaves at the first fall of dew,
Whispering a dirge at the passing of sunset,
Changing its gold to a fast-greying blue?

And in remembering, never more strangely,
Dull lights that glowed, and breezes that fanned,
Are you forgetting that always at evening,
Down through the meadow we walked hand in hand?



If Politics Is Pie The Slough of Brew Slew Who (M)?

(Tied for Second Place in Short-Story Contest in T. I. P. A.)

AUTREY NELL WILEY

Mrs. Uriah Caveniss waddled into the one grocery of Petitville, JAKE & NEPHEW — Staple Goods. The word “nephew” referred to a being whose feet were then resting on the third round of the benevolent stool of Jake. A doting tap on the shoulder and “Johnny” arrested this bookkeeper, janitor, clerk, and delivery boy; he placed his cedar pencil over his ear and held his finger at — “2 cks. Ivory soap — 20c” before inquiring, “What d’you want, mother?”

“Get me a leetle sugar, Johnny. I’ve just been over to Julia’s this mornin’,” she answered, as she followed him to the sugar barrel. “The new candidate for marshal happened in. They’ve been a-knowin’ each other fer a long time, and Johnny, it’s my mind, bein’ as she wa’n’t powerful cool towards him, that ye’d better keep yer eyes open, fer he’s — he’s runnin’ fer marshal.”

“No danger,” John replied while he scooped the sugar from the barrel.

“Come to dinner sort o’ early so’s I can get to darnin’ yer socks,” said the old woman as she passed out of the store.

John Caveniss climbed back onto his stool to resume his task, but after having failed to add five figures correctly for three consecutive times, he shut his book abruptly, seized his worn straw hat, and proceeded across the street to the office of Judge O’Neal.

“Well, Judge, thought I’d drop in for a minute,” he said as he entered.

“Sure, have a seat,” answered the Judge, placing his “Wait’s Actions and Defense” on the desk.

“No. Haven’t time. Just thought I’d see how the home brew was comin’,” was the reply.

“Fine, old boy, fine! Put her in the cellar for keeps — you know. Huh! Huh!” said the Judge.

He heard someone approaching the law firm of O’Neal. He stopped, reached for his “Criminal Procedure,” and added, “By the

way! I forgot to make out that income report for a certain party today—" He was prepared to receive the caller who was none other than the new candidate for marshal.

Mr. William Graves Ball approached the legal head of the only law firm of the town and presented his card. The studious attitude of Judge O'Neal changed to that of the politically inquisitive; "Criminal Procedure" again fell back into the obscurity of the *débris* of opened yet unread letters, cigar ashes, and "Bryan's Orations."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Ball," said the Judge, extending a friendly hand, "Meet Mr. Caveniss, Mr. Ball."

John regarded the candidate coolly and departed.

"Have a chair, sir," said the Judge.

"Well, Mr. Ball," he resumed, heaving a deep sigh and putting on a long face, "You are asking for a very weighty position — a sad and difficult task. You know, sir, I often feel for the marshal who must shatter the hopes of many a youth who has thoughtlessly gone wrong. Hem! My life has been one of joy and peace. Never have I been tempted to depart from the path of convention. You know, sir, I am glad that I, as an influential man of our neighborhood, can sit in my humble office and lend my services to my fellow citizens. Hem!"

The Judge stopped to observe the candidate.

Mr. Ball sat silent.

"Ah! Well, we cannot bemoan our little misfortunes forever," continued the Judge, "and we must finally come down to the facts of life. One problem now weighs heaviest upon me." Here the Judge paused to smile at William Graves Ball; then he proceeded, "Sir, I am very temperate — nothing, no, nothing in excess." He added in his deep, soothing tones, "I am not injured by any act. My soul is not harmed. Hem! I can hunt on Sunday; I am not injured, but — Mr. Ball, the thing that hurts me is the example — ah, the example!" He shook his head and went on: "The sad example which I make to the younger generation! Why, Mr. Ball, the little boys of my neighborhood recognize my position in the town. Yes, even in the county," he added parenthetically. "They see Judge O'Neal is a prominent man of the town; he hunts on Sunday. Ah! Then they think, 'Why can't I hunt on the Sabbath?' Mr. Ball, that is the thing that bothers. I am not hurt. Do you know, sir, I can drink beer, brandy, or whiskey and never be injured in the least? I am temperate, but — hem! — I suppose that the example to our youths is too — bad."

The Judge stopped and looked inquisitively at the candidate for marshal.

Ball straightened in his chair; he looked about the office until his eyes fell on a box which now contained forgotten deeds, wills, and divorce applications, but which still bore the words:

Glass — Handle With Care

PURE KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

"Judge, I'm of your opinion," replied the candidate, "Liquor never harmed me in the least, and —"

Here, the Judge reached over, slapped the new politician on the shoulder, and winked encouragingly.

"You've got the support of the law firm of Judge O'Neal. Come 'round about election night and we'll imbibe — a — spirited juices — good er bad!" The village legal authority gave a big laugh, wheeled around in his swivel chair, and shook the hand of his candidate, who now set out to continue his electioneering.

Several days after the Judge's political interview with William Graves Ball, John Caveniss was dividing his attention between the sweeping of JAKE & NEPHEW'S board walk, and the scrutinizing of Julia O'Neal, sister to the Judge of Petitville, and president of the New Voters' Volstead Club, who was then traversing the commercial center of the village. Having noticed that this new voter was on her way toward JAKE & NEPHEW, John hurried to put up his broom. Julia, posters under arm, and marshals in mind, entered the store.

"Something for you, Miss Julia?" inquired the abashed grocer.

"Yes," replied the new voter, "the N. V. V.'s want to put a poster up in your store for Mr. William Graves Ball."

"Ball?" said John, shooing a fly out of the candy case. "Sorry, Miss Julia, but I guess we can't put 'er up."

As John poured the navy beans into the coffee bin, he watched the new woman voter walk out of the store and push the poster on the top nail of the hitching post in front of JAKE & NEPHEW. Making a flourishing "J" in the dust on the candy case, he weighed the significance of Julia O'Neal's coup d'état. Through the front glass, he watched the poster as it swung on its rusty pivot. A village "calaboose" and a shatterer of youthful hopes were looking defiantly at the clerk of JAKE & NEPHEW; John "took up the glove."

"She's goin' for him as sure as you're livin'," he mumbled, seizing his hat, and rushing across the street to the office of Judge O'Neal.

As John entered, the Judge laid aside his "Wait's Actions and Defense" to take up the "Texas Statutes."

"Well, what is it for you, John?" inquired the lawyer.

"Judge, I've — I — I've decided to run for marshal," said John, passed, and he relieved the weight of his burden by expressing his feelings to none other than the September sun, "They've got a little to learn yet — hem! —"

He had reached the front door.

Julia laid aside the "Weekly Gazette" as her brother entered, and the two proceeded to the dining room.

"Well, you're still for Ball, are you?" inquired the Judge, laying his knife across the top of his plate.

Julia nodded.

"Right certain? Ho! Ho! Well, I might consider the word of the N. V. V.'s as final if a little circumstance hadn't occurred that'll change you women. There never was one yet that didn't switch and let feelings get a hold on her. Now, basing the present on past observations, the women of Petitville are going to let feelings run politics as well, and vote for — John Caveniss!" concluded the legal authority of the village.

twirling his straw sailor.

"Marshal! John have you honestly and conscientiously considered this grave decision? You have evidently jumped at it without reflection," said the Judge. "In fact, sir, there is at present in the field another gentleman, the prize of his fellowmen — powerful! He has the support of the ladies of our little city. Now, John, receive the sincere advice of a fellow-citizen who has your interest at heart. Reconsider! Give time to such questions, my boy, and refrain from making the rash mistake of fighting this useless battle."

"Useless or not, I'm running!" said John as he hurried back to the store.

"Ho! HO! HO!" chuckled the Judge. "Poor fellow — marshal!"

He struck his big fist on the desk and grunted, "I gad — these women! Now, they'll fix it!"

Judge O'Neal closed the door of his office, and turned down the walk. JAKE & NEPHEW — Staple Goods, still looked across at the legal firm of O'Neal despite the fact that its clerk and bookkeeper had rashly decided to enter a "useless battle"; Judge O'Neal frowned.

"In the sweet by and —," he began, but the inspiration had

The Judge had left the table, and was then entering the living room. He had watched the effect of the last word on Julia, who remained silent.

"Unh hunh — thought so," he mumbled.

"Bet you a bottom dollar you don't know how to vote," called the Judge to Julia, who was still in the dining room.

"Well, we can find out," was the reply.

"Oh, we don't charge for all the legal advice. Just scratch the one you're for," said the Judge, as he slammed the door.

Julia was placing another direction in her Blue Jay note book when Mrs. Willory and six or seven other women entered.

"Oh, my sakes! Politics is gettin' to be so tiresome, but, — it's a lot better'n that missionary society. Why — I jest get so bored a-thinkin' about helpin' somebody and a-doin' something for this one and that one till — well, I guess it is a relief to have this politics for a little recreation so's we can get away from this everlastin' help the poor, naked, grass-eatin' heathens!" Mrs. Willory rested herself in the brown rocker, and looked over her spectacles at the remainder of the club members who were entering.

"No, he's batchin', so he said" — "Not married, as I suppose" — "Well, I'd never have a-thought it!" — "Marie, did you get that hat at Benton's?" arose from the assembly as Julia began, "Girls, I've decided that we'd better make our club a secret society."

"Yes," was the unanimous reply.

"And I think we'll not take any advice from the men —" continued the president.

"'Cepting the Judge," objected Mrs. Willory.

"Well, agreed Julia, "except legal information, and we have that; so we'll not let anything pass about what we're doing in the N. V. V. If we're going to vote, we've got to use our own heads, and our brothers and husbands have not got any better. So the thing for us to do is to demonstrate our independence right at the start."

"Exactly," echoed the new voters.

"Now, as to the voting, the latest direction is — scratch the one you're for," continued the president.

"For? I thought it was the other way," objected Mrs. Willory.

"Well, maybe it was, but you know how many times they've amended the Constitution, and I guess this is just one of the changes," explained Julia.

The ladies nodded assent.

"Girls," began Mrs. Willory, "I guess you've all heard the news. John Cavenis is runnin' for marshal!"

"He is?" exclaimed the newly enfranchised.

"Yes, and bein' as it's John, and Julia's beau, too, I can't see why we've got to work for this here Ball. He won't do a thing for us when we're in trouble; John will, and since he was so good to bring the Castoria for poor little Samuel when he was so low —" Mrs. Willory shed a tear — "I just think the whole club ought to support John. Now, that's my position."

The eyes of the N. V. V.'s were upon Julia, who stood turning the leaves of her notebook.

"Well, of course, I'd like for John to be elected," she timidly replied, "but we can't change. Don't you see? The men are already saying we will, and I think we ought to show them for one time that we can keep our feelings out of politics."

"The men have been sayin' that?" exclaimed Mrs. Willory, as she replaced her handkerchief in her alligator leather bag. "Well, if that's what they've a mind to, we can show 'em. 'Course I don't know how I can help John for what he's done in the past, but there's one thing certain — a bottle o' Castoria ain't goin' to keep me from showin' the men that I've a mind o' me own!"

"Well, the idea! Yes, now that's the way they talk! Feelings!" murmured the N. V. V.'s, as they departed from the O'Neal home.

"Poor Julia. She's a regular little martyr. You know how she feels now — workin' for Ball when she and John's such friends. It's jest a wonder how she can hide her feelin's for the sake o' politics." Mrs. Willory thus commented as she walked home with a fellow-voter.

Days passed by, and the women continued to express their sympathy for the self-sacrificing Julia, who managed to hold out for Ball against John. Of course she knew, as well as did the other members of the club, that the latter candidate was the more deserving, but never could the N. V. V.'s let a man have his say. Feelings they had, but they would keep them out of politics. One landmark in the history of womankind would be made on election day, and the women would vote — regardless of feelings.

John, during the days of his candidacy, had found no time to electioneer. Humanity seemed to demand more flour and to pay fewer bills than ever before in the annals of JAKE & NEPHEW. Therefore, John was kept close to the ledger while William Graves Ball sat in the office of the only legal authority of the town, and shared his star

navy with the Right Honorable Judge O'Neal. Thus, the process of electioneering progressed, much to the satisfaction of Ball.

Eventually election day appeared in all its glory. A bright sun and the N. V. V.'s welcomed the event. The women voters progressed in a body to the village about two o'clock in the afternoon. Passing in front of JAKE & NEPHEW, the pink gingham of the President flashed a warning to John behind the candy case; the battalion with its motto, "Beware of all, but most beware of men," was marching by on its way to the battle field to annihilate the hopes of a certain candidate whom John felt he knew too well.

As the women passed on to make their final contribution to the marshal's campaign, Judge O'Neal entered the grocery of JAKE & NEPHEW, where he found John suffering from the effects of the pink gingham voter.

"How ye comin', old boy? Pretty hot time when the ladies are all takin' a hand in. Eh?" said the Judge, as he leaned against the dusty counter.

"Yes, sir. Pretty warm," said John, handing a sack of sugar stick across the counter. "Anything for you, Judge?"

"Nothing special," replied the lawyer. "Got anything on hand for tonight?"

"No, not as I know," said John, closing the candy case.

"Well, we're goin' to celebrate the election. We'll meet at—" began the Judge.

"Nothin' doin', Judge," interrupted John, as he turned to a customer.

"Sorry, old boy, come if you can," said the lawyer, starting back to his office.

The N. V. V.'s, also, had completed one part of their political plans, and Julia, conscious of what had been done, was returning from the polls when the door of JAKE & NEPHEW slammed, and John Caveniss put on his straw sailor in preparation for his evening trip home. The new voter stopped and waited. The work of the N. V. V.'s was done; therefore Julia did not intend to "beware" of one man at least. John came on down the road, the keys of JAKE & NEPHEW jingling in his pocket.

He raised his sailor, and spoke, "Good evening, Miss Julia."

"Good evening," said Julia, smiling. "You must be very busy this fall."

"Yes, pretty busy, but not any more than somebody else here

about," replied John, as he looked at the new voter.

Julia smiled and answered, "We have been rather busy, but we would have done the same for you if you had announced first. What made you run anyway? Imagine John Caveniss' being a marshal!" she added with a laugh.

They were nearing the O'Neal home; John had not formulated a reply. He took off his straw sailor, regarded the faded band, and said, "Oh, well — JAKE & NEPHEW'S not making any too much and maybe — the clerk needed a raise."

He turned down the road to his home. Julia, going up the walk, smiled as she listened to the jingle of the keys. It was almost time for the last meeting of the N. V. V.'s. She was tired of the political scramble, and tonight would confirm what they had already accomplished.

That evening while the women of the village were celebrating the close of their recent campaign, John Caveniss was sitting at home reading the weekly news. His mother was darning the usual blue cotton socks; seeing a light in the living room of the O'Neal home, she began, "I ain't seen Julia nigh on to a week. Hope nothin' ain't ailin' of her." She looked at her son who was still reading his paper, and continued, "Johnny, guess you ain't seen either of the O'Neals lately?"

"Yes. Julia was up to vote, and the Judge came over to ask me to come and celebrate the election," replied John, with his eyes still on "Prohibition: Its Enforcement."

"Well, now that must be what that light's doin' in the front parlor there," said Mrs. Caveniss, as she put her face to the window to get a better view of the O'Neal home in the darkness.

"I guess you're goin'?" she inquired.

"No; think not," was the reply.

Mrs. Caveniss frowned at the third hole in the sock heel, and said, "Well, son, I wouldn't be so contrary. I allus said, though, you'd miss gettin' Julia O'Neal. This pesky votin's got to come in and upset ye all effen nothin' else happens. I don't know but maybe that there Ball's already beat ye jest because you're so everlastin' independent."

John had reached the last paragraph of "Prohibition: Its Enforcement" when his mother completed her say. Laying his paper on the table, he arose and reached for his Sunday hat, saying, "Well, maybe I had better go over for a while."

Guided by the light in the O'Neal parlor, John was wading through the sand in the back alley when several grunts in the vicinity

of the O'Neal cellar attracted his attention.

"Yes, sir. Politics is pie — where the ladies take a part. There was a little difficulty at first. Ho! Ho! But, says I, 'Here's ye place to play politics' and I did — you'll see the result," said the voice, as John Caveniss hurried on down the road.

At the O'Neal door John was receiving the peculiar sensation of a rather effeminate election celebration when Julia O'Neal appeared, and led him into the midst of the N. V. V.'s. He drew back in embarrassment, but Mrs. Willory was already making her way across the room toward him.

"I — I'm mistaken. I forgot to ask the Judge where he said to come," he stammered.

"Now, John, we're not worrin' about the Judge. I can't ever forget how good you was to bring little Samuel that Castoria, and I've been a-wantin' to do somethin' ever since," said Mrs. Willory, as she led him to a chair. "Here now, sit down. I can't guess for the life of me who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and maybe you can help me out. Come on, Julia, right here."

John immediately became absorbed in the heated intellectual contest despite the fact that a peculiar idea of marshals, posters and an N. V. V. President continually threatened to defeat his attempt to concentrate on the originator of the woman suffrage movement. Susan B. Anthony, however, had not been accorded her place among the immortals, when a crash in the kitchen brought the women's hands to their ears, and set cards fluttering over the room. All terrified eyes were turned on John, who played the part of the only man in a New Voters' Volstead Club. He started toward the kitchen door ready to meet the kitchen culprit fist to fist. The women followed him in a body. John seized the door knob, and flung back the door.

Judge O'Neal, withdrawing his feet from the stove hearth, arose and with great solemnity began, "Ahem! Ladies." He smiled. "There is nothing like living openly before your fellow-citizens." He turned to John. "Thank you, sir, just hold the door. I had suggested to Friend Ball here that we should — ah, Ball, let that glass alone."

Ball obeyed; the shattered glass remained untouched, and the Judge continued, "As I was saying, I had just proposed to Ball that we add a little jocularly to your party when the — a — little accident happened. Ball, catch hold. We'll —"

The home brew was transported from the kitchen to the center of the living room.

The Judge, cup in hand, drew himself up, cleared his throat, and began, "Ladies, temperance — ah, temperance. We are assembled, fellow-voters, to celebrate an event that will be defeat for one of our best citizens." He turned to John. "Sir, I have never yet wandered from the paths of right. Every vote I cast for the sake of my Nation is weighed in the balance of justice, but, John, I gave my word of honor to this good gentleman here, Mr. Ball, and never was it said that the Honorable Judge Quintus Jefferson O'Neal, the most influential man of his community, went back on his word. That is not O'Neal. I would stand persecution — ah — let them sever this right arm rather than say that Judge O'Neal's word was not as good as gold." He turned to the women. "Ladies, your action in the campaign has been a credit to your sex. Of course, you had much to learn,— but that is the joy of life. You have acted today as none other could act —"

Mrs. Willory, a mixture of tears and smiles, was hurrying into the room. The Judge raised his cup to his lips, then turned to regard the excited N. V. V.'s, who seized the astonished Julia, and began, "Honey, the Lord knows what's right — yes, they's a almighty force that's done it!"

She rushed to John, shook his hand, and continued tearfully, "Girls — girls! To think! — John, we never forgot you, but in this old world of ours everything don't work out accordin' to plans. The just ain't always the ones that get what they're deservin' of. We had to keep our feelins out o' politics, John, yes, that's it. That's why we had to scratch the name of Ball —"

The Judge, assuming his judicial air, inquired, "Ladies, you scratched the name of Ball?"

The women nodded, and the Judge continued, "Ladies and gentlemen, I pledge my right arm to the support of the N. V. V.'s — they've kept their feelings out of politics!"

It had at last dawned upon them that they had voted for the versatile nephew of Jake; Mrs. Willory seized the hand of the abashed John. "Girls, the Lord acted for us. John Caveniss is our marshal!"

Petitville's new marshal wiped his forehead.

The Judge sipped his home brew, looked at Ball, and said, "They've turned the tables, but fill your cup. 'In the swee — ee — di — dae — do —.'"

An Adaptation of Carlyle's Views to Some Modern Problems

RUTH DEVALL, '21

As an actual fact, what would Carlyle think of twentieth century America? With our negro problem yet unsolved; with our poorhouses and unmitigated poverty still with us; with our maudlin sympathy for criminals and seeming necessity for prisons; with our persistence in democracy and universal suffrage; with our stump orators still at large; with our charity organizations, Christian Associations, Child Welfare and Parent-Teachers' Associations, Labor Unions, Political Organizations, and Statistics; above all, with our precious World War, its causes, course, and outcome; what would the state of our society bring forth from the scathing, emphatic, courageous, objecting, incoherent pen of the Sage of Chelsea?

If he should by some supernatural power be given leave to appear in person at one of our Presidential Inaugurations, at the Peace Conference, at a city where Labor had struck, or on a street where at every turning there was a beggar, we of the twentieth century would have good reason to expect a veritable flood of denunciation. If he believed the whole social fabric of Victorianism to be absolutely false, when the tendency to investigate conditions and to attempt to right wrongs by passing laws in Parliament had just begun, what would he believe of the Science of Sociology which is being consciously brought to an organized whole today? Our growing dependence on the "Morrison Pill" of amelioration by legislation would very probably so disgust him with the race of mankind that even the belief that this is a God-ruled universe would hardly keep burning the flame of his hope that the divine spark within us will eventually assert itself.

We often find ourselves congratulating ourselves upon the advancement of our society when we read lists of titles in the Readers' Guide under such words as "negro." Titles such as "Negro Health Week in Texas," "Growing Race Coöperation," "The Way to Racial Peace," "We Take Off Our Hats to the Negro Who Has Made Good," make us feel that the negro is at least not as much of a problem as he would be if there were still the conditions during the Civil War Recon-

struction Period — a period of maudlin sympathy in the North and antagonism in the South. We have come to realize that “restraint [of slavery] withdrawn, negro life is released in two directions — the smaller number of better negroes is permitted to rise, and many of them do rise; the larger number of weaker negroes is permitted to fall, and most of them do fall. It was inevitable,” * and everyone hopes that by the establishment of such schools as the one in Cincinnati called the Douglass School, will help the better ones to rise and the weaker ones to keep from falling, thus making the negro problem a thing of the past. It seems that the negro who knows what he wants, wants his children to have a fair chance in education and industry, and it seems only just that the white man give him this chance. This is the view of twentieth century America.

But what about Carlyle? He would not have freed the negro at all, but would still have him in a state of bondage, contented in being bossed, fed, clothed, and worked. “No black man who will not work according to what ability the gods have given him for working, has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkins * * *; but has an indisputable and perpetual *right* to be compelled by the real proprietors of said land, to do competent work for his living.” Carlyle would have us believe that the white man does the negro a favor by “emancipating him from his indolence,” and compelling him to “the work he is fit for, and “Do the Maker’s will who constructed him with such and such capabilities, and prefigurements of capability.”† However, not until we have proved that the negro will not work from other incentives than compulsion from an owner, can we endorse Carlyle’s views and wish Mrs. Stowe had not written her novel, but had listened to Carlyle.

In all things, though, it would not do to discard Carlyle — indeed on the treatment of criminals his teachings would be valuable antidotes to the present-day attitude toward those who have sinned against Society. “The pity that proves so possible and plentiful without that basis (the rigour, sorrowful, silent, inexorable as that of Destiny and Doom) is mere *ignavia* and cowardly effeminacy, maudlin laxity of heart, grounded on blinkard dimness of head — contemptible as a drunkard’s tears.”‡ “I do not much respect it, that purblind blubbering and litanying, as it is seen at present; and the litanying over scoundrels I go the length of disrespecting, and in some cases

* Murphy in “The Present South.” † “The Nigger Question.”

‡ “The Model Prison.”

even of detesting. Yes, my friends, scoundrel is scoundrel; that remains forever a fact; and there exists not in the earth whitewash that can make a scoundrel a friend of this Universe; he remains an enemy if you spent your life in whitewashing him.”§ It would seem strange to us, knowing how Carlyle’s tendency always was to get at the heart of things, that he did not advocate some such course as we are now striving for at present — to *prevent* crime by eugenics, proper universal education, and sanitation. Second thought, however, brings to mind that Carlyle thought that nothing save the regeneration of every individual by his own initiative will save humanity. “Thou there, the thing for thee to do is, if possible, cease to be a hollow sounding shell of hearsays, egoisms, purblind dilettanisms; and become, were it on the infinitely small scale, a faithful discerning soul. Thou shalt descend into thy inner man, and see if there be any trace of a *soul* there; till then there can be nothing done.” §

Carlyle’s attitude toward poverty is quite unique, and deserves much attention from us, who in spite of the injunction of centuries ago, “the poor ye have always with you,” are nevertheless striving to eradicate that great mass that is a drag on Society. After saying, “He that will not work according to his faculty, let him perish according to his necessity: there is no law juster than that,” and “Work is the mission of man on this earth,” Carlyle says: “Not to be supported by roundsmen systems, but never so liberal parish doles, or lodged in free and easy workhouses when distress overtakes him; not for this but for something far different does the heart of him (the poor laborer) struggle. It is ‘for justice’ that he struggles; for ‘just wages,’ — not in money alone! an ever-toiling inferior, he would fain (though as yet he knows it not) find for himself a superior that would lovingly and wisely govern: is not that too the ‘just wage’ of his service done? It is for a manlike place and relation, in this world where he sees himself a man, that he struggles.” || Professor Cooley, in his chapter on Poverty in “Social Organization,” expresses the twentieth century idea in these words: “The fundamental remedy for poverty is — rational organization having for its aim the control of those conditions, near and remote, which lead people into it and prevent their getting out. The most radical measures are those which are educational and protective in a very broad and searching sense * * *” Of course if the reincarnated Carlyle should read those words, he would find fault with the whole scheme, because the most

§ “Past and Present.”

|| “The New Poor Law.”

important single word there is "organization." He would probably endorse the last sentence in the chapter, though: "The more one thinks of these questions the more he will feel that they can only be solved by helping the weaker classes to a position where they can help themselves."

One of the most interesting Carlylean doctrines to us of the twentieth century is that which absolutely excludes universal suffrage. In Carlylese:

"Universal suffrage: what a scheme to substitute for the revelation of God's eternal law, the official declaration of the account of heads! It is as if men had abdicated their right to attempt following the above said law, and with melancholy resignation had agreed to give it up, and take temporary peace and good agreement as a substitute * * * Why not decide by dice? Universal suffrage for your oracle is equivalent to flat despair of answer." **

Democracy, indeed, to Carlyle was most incredibly foolish. The only Government that ever accomplished anything great was fundamentally based upon hero-worship, according to Carlyle, the admirer of Frederick the Great. Democracy is today so universally taken for granted as the last word in justice that it is never called a problem, but rather is considered the ultimate solution of all problems. Disturbed as Carlyle would be by the modern trend, if he aired his views on universal suffrage in a group of Americans, his reincarnation might not last long. With all his great faith in the ultimate success of the God-ruled Universe, because it is God-ruled, Carlyle had not enough faith in the masses themselves that make up the universe to trust them to choose the hero that would best direct the affairs of the whole. Unfortunately, however, the method of selecting the great hero was not suggested, but left to the hero himself.

But what are we, to reject the teachings of one whose fame is still bright after seventy years? If there were nothing for us to gain from reading and studying Carlyle, new editions of his works would cease to be printed. Even institutionalized American society has to accept — to embrace Carlyle's doctrine of Work. If this doctrine were better known, the unrest of Labor, the disgraceful period of strikes we have just passed through would possibly never have happened. Recent attempts have been made to show people the futility of trying to escape from a share in the world's work, and many have set forth as a solution of the Labor-Capital conflict a sane attitude toward the

** "The Hudson Statue."

wholesomeness and necessity of working. May it not be done by borrowing the earnest and eloquent words of one who himself "toiled terribly?"

"The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it — Know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules!" ††

"It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in work'; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby! Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! * * * The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor is in him; is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame!" ††

If only to teach again the lesson that the only true happiness of man lies in his own work, a visitation upon the earth of the Ghost of Carlyle might earnestly be desired.

†† "Past and Present."

The World Is Asleep

GLADYS BATES, 21

The burning copper disc creeps swiftly over the edge of the earth
And floats up into the somber sky.
Against its face the slim trees are sharply defined.
Below, the stream ripples on undisturbed;
The whole world around lies in a hush,
As if it were lulled to rest by the beauty of the shadowy night.

Suddenly the silence is broken by the cry of the night-bird.
There is the flap-flap of wings.
Then silence again falls.
Higher and higher the moon creeps.
The world is flooded with radiance;
The waters of the stream become a pathway on which the dusky silver
of the moonlight romps and plays
As the breeze whispers through the rustling leaves of the trees,
The little wild flowers sleepily nod their heads.
The world is asleep!

Fourteen and Philanthropy

JUSTINE HARRIS, '22

Mary Grace Maynard came slowly around the corner of the house and sat down on the grass close to the front steps. She drew up her knees, leaning over till her chin rested on them. Idly she pulled up little bunches of grass as she gazed out over the lawn, but she was unconscious either of her action or the beauty of the late afternoon scene before her. She was only half conscious of the buzz of girls' voices on the porch behind her. Mary Grace was absorbed in a weighty problem — a problem such as she had never before in all her fourteen years. The problem was this: she must fall in love. There was no doubt about that, but how and when and where was she to do it? Nearly all the girls in her crowd had managed it, and now they were twitting her about her failure in the matter. Only today Evelyn Grayson had told her that one never could be really sophisticated until she had been in love. The idea! Yet, it would be rather nice to be in love. Anyway, she was tired of being teased by those other girls.

Mary Grace could get no farther than the decision to fall in love. Whom could she fall in love with? She just simply could not think of any of the boys in her crowd — boys that she had grown up with — as lovers. Too, Sister Jane's beaux treated her as a mere child, a person of no importance. Plainly there was no solution to the problem. However, moping did no good; so Mary Grace pulled up her discomfiting thoughts, and pulled them up on their haunches, so to speak. She was unfolding herself preparatory to getting up, when she became aware that some one on the porch was saying with animation:

"Oh, he has the most wonderful eyes — so, so serious, yet with little spots of light in them that come and go."

It was the voice of her sister's best friend, Debbie Day. She hadn't meant to listen, but how could she help hearing them? They ought not to talk in such piercing tones. The voice ran on:

"Jack knows him quite well. He was telling me the other day that he had the biggest intellect of anybody he ever knew. He's a philanthropist, you know, always talking about uplifting society and doing things for the betterment of his fellowmen. Jack says, too,

that Frank Warner is one man that practices what he preaches. He's trying to get a place in one of the settlement houses of Chicago to do work among the boys in the slums. He's not content with mere hopes, either. They say he's always doing something to help fellows who are down and out, at the University."

Frank Warner — who was he? Oh, yes! Jane had pointed him out to her one day when he was passing the house on the way to the University, and she had met him on the street several times since then. Mary Grace had secretly thought of him as the handsomest man she had ever seen — such wonderful gray eyes, such a firm, beautifully-shaped mouth. And he had a profile just like a Greek statue.

Listen. There was Jane, going into raptures as usual:

"Oh, I do so adore a man with high ideals, and an unselfish, sublime vision!"

Debbie's voice came again:

"You know what? I'd love to have a try at him. I've met him, you see; so I believe I'll invite him to the benefit dance our crowd's giving Thursday at the Country Club. It won't hurt to try, but I doubt if he comes. Jack says he doesn't care much for dances."

The girls switched the conversation onto the subject of the pending dance, and, after talking a few minutes, rose and entered the house.

A philanthropist! That was a person who loved his fellow-men and sought the good of others. Miss Smith had explained the word one day in English class. Now, wouldn't it be just grand to fall in love with a philanthropist? All the girls would be so jealous and it would be such a nice revenge for the way Debbie Day treated her. It would serve her right for asking Evelyn and the others to serve at her lawn party and leaving her out. She was always snubbing somebody. Yes! Miss Debbie thought she was going to have a try at Mr. Warner, but Mary Grace Maynard would really be the one to have the try. Just how she would manage that, she did not know, but she would surely think of a way that night. Mary Grace always worked out her schemes after she went to bed.

Mary Grace did think of a scheme. It was only a part of that scheme that the next day at four-fifteen o'clock she should be standing just inside the door of the Acme Grocery dressed in a pink and white gingham and a big, black velvet-trimmed leghorn. In her hand she held a brown paper bag. Every curl was in place and the bow of her crisp organdie sash could not have stood more erect if she had been

expecting the President. In fact, they — the sash, the curls, the hat, and the paper bag — were expecting no less a personage than Mr. Frank Warner.

Mary Grace glanced up the street again. He was coming! She knew him by his erect carriage and manly gait. She smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle in her dress and felt to see if her hat was in the most becoming position. She let him get a few feet ahead of her; then stepped out of the door, quietly, so that he would not notice her.

They walked on a block or two before she decided to enact her bit of tragedy. She swung the sack of eggs back and forth and gently let them slip out of her hand. There was a crackling of eggshells and a bursting of paper as the eggs fell a yard or two behind the hero of the drama. He turned sharply and looked from the eggs to the would-be heroine. Mary Grace was trying so hard not to laugh that he thought she was about to cry.

"I say, that's a downright shame! But don't cry. How did it happen?"

Mary Grace thought she had never heard such a pleasant voice.

"I know it was very careless of me, but I was swinging the sack when, all-of-a-sudden, it flew out of my hand."

She was resolved to tell the truth as far as she could.

"Well, let's see. Maybe some of them are still whole."

They were all shattered. They could not have been broken more beautifully if they had tried.

"I wouldn't mind so much, but I've broken nearly everything I've laid my hands on recently, and Mother told me the other day that, if I broke anything else, she would not let me go anywhere for a week. I surely do hate to go home without the eggs. I'd go back and get some more if we had an account there, but we don't, you see."

And Mary Grace thought she looked quite distressed.

"Well, if that's the case, I'll just lend you the price of another half dozen. How much will it be?"

"A quarter. It is very, very kind of you, and I thank you so much, but I hate to accept," murmured Mary Grace, showing the hesitation a lady naturally has about accepting favors from strangers.

"It would be a pleasure for me to lend it to you." He was still holding out the money.

"Well, I believe I will take it, but I would not unless I were sure of having a chance to pay you back. I see you pass my house quite often; so I can run out and give you the quarter some time when you

are passing. I'm Mary Grace Maynard, you know."

He acknowledged the introduction with what Mary Grace thought the most courtly bow she had ever seen. He was getting nicer and nicer.

"My name is Warner, Frank Warner. I'm glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you, although I'm sorry the circumstances of our meeting were unfortunate."

Mary Grace thanked him again and started back to the store. Everything had gone just fine. If Benjamin Franklin was right when he said in his "Autobiography" that the way to make a person like you was to let him do something for you, then the first part of her scheme had been a success. Now for part two. It would be best to go right on with her plans because something might come up — you never can tell.

Accordingly, it was no mere accident that their paths should intersect, as it were, about four o'clock the next afternoon.

Mary Grace thought his manner of accosting her was just perfect — neither too friendly nor not friendly enough. He had the most beautiful red lights in his hair. And what eyes! She was roused out of her silent adoration by his saying:

"You know, I've grown to love this town and I hate to leave it. Yet I surely will be glad to get down to the real thing. I'm tired of theory."

Mary Grace's disappointment was complete. Then she would not have time to enjoy the fruits of her conquest. She was not a quitter, however. She would at least show Miss Debbie Day a thing or two. But she merely said:

"You're going away? Soon?"

She must have let some of her disappointment creep into her voice, for he turned his head quickly and looked at her face intently, with a faint expression of surprise.

"Yes, I'm expecting daily my appointment to a settlement house in Chicago's slum district."

"That will be fine," she said, determined that he should not know how she felt about it. "You know, I'm something of a philanthropist, too."

Again Mary Grace thought she saw that look of surprise on his face; but he merely said:

"Really? Well, I see we have something in common. I wonder if we could, by chance, be kindred spirits?"

And he laughed in a jolly way. Mary Grace went on quite seriously:

"When I get enough money, I'm going to buy a nice farm just outside New York and hire a nice old couple to help me run it. During the hot summer time we'll have the little slum children to come out, about twenty at a time, and stay about two weeks. During one summer we can give hundreds of the poor little things a vacation, with plenty of milk to drink and flowers to pick."

Mary Grace really had thought of doing this sometime — if she did not marry and was not busy with a family of her own.

"I say," he said, "that's fine. You know it's a real pleasure to find a girl who studies about something besides boys and dances."

Mary Grace blushed, for she knew that she studied much more about boys and dances than about philanthropy. They paused at her gate, and Mary Grace invited him in. She really hoped he would come in. It would be such a blow to Debbie and Jane.

"Thanks, but I have an engagement. However, I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again soon."

"Why, yes. I'll be at the Country Club tomorrow night. There's a dance, you know. I suppose you're coming?"

"Well, I had thought not, but I suppose —"

Here he paused as if trying to make up his mind.

"Oh, do come! I would like to talk to you about a philanthropic career. You know you may leave town any time."

"All right. You can depend on me, then." And he laughed that jolly laugh again.

Mary Grace knew she was taking a chance about going to the dance.

Mother thought she was too young to go out at night, but, since Mother was not in town, she would have to deal only with her father. She thought she could manage him. In fact, she was almost sure she could.

The next morning was a wonderful one for Mary Grace. She was so happy, that little shivers of excitement kept chasing each other up and down her spine. Yet, she was full of awe, the kind of awe one feels when some great event is pending. The thought that tonight she was to triumph kept recurring to her mind all morning. She could almost see herself as they glided out on the floor. She would have on her blue organdie and her curls would be arranged in a towering mass at the top of her head. All eyes would be on her, Mary

Grace Maynard, who was dancing with a philanthropist. She would be revenged forever on Debbie Day. Neither she nor Jane would ever dare patronize her again. Rather, she would patronize them. She believed she would go hunt them up. She could afford to be sweet to them in view of what was going to happen tonight.

They were on the porch, as usual. Evidently they were not aware of her approach, for Debbie was saying:

"I'd just give anything if he would come. I hardly dare to hope, though."

Mary Grace said "hello" to Debbie just as if they had always been the best of friends, and gave them both one of her sweetest smiles.

"Who is it you wish to come tonight, Debbie?" she inquired, as she sat down in the most comfortable chair available.

"What impertinence, from a child like you. I suppose, however, it will do no harm to tell you. I was speaking of Frank Warner."

Mary Grace concealed her resentment, well knowing that her next remark would give them both a setback.

"Yes," she said, "he's coming. He told me he was yesterday, and that he was going to talk to me about my future."

Mary Grace expected the girls to look quite crestfallen after this remark, but, to her great surprise, they both began to laugh.

"Oh, Debbie," Jane managed to articulate between giggles, "do you suppose that child really imagines he's going to propose to her?"

"I don't think it's a question of what the child thinks," said Debbie, "it's a question of whether or not he was trying to lead her to think he was going to propose to her. If he did mean to give the impression, he's nothing but a big hypocrite, for he's going to be married to an old school friend September next."

Mary Grace opened her mouth to say something, but no sound came.

"Why, look at that child," exclaimed Jane, "she's as white as a sheet! Don't take it so hard, Mary Grace. You'll live over it."

Mary Grace paid no attention to Jane's remark. So it was all in vain. Of course, when he had told her he was going away she knew there could be no immediate results, but she had thought that they could correspond and, maybe, after a while, they might —. But he loved some one else, so it was all over.

So absorbed was Mary Grace in her woeful thoughts that she scarcely noticed the boy who stepped upon the porch and handed a

package to Jane.

"Why, it's for Mary Grace," cried Jane. "Open it and let's see what is in it."

Mary Grace took the package and began languidly to open it. She felt that she could not be interested in anything any more.

It was chocolates. Three pounds of them. On top lay a square, mannish-looking envelope. She tore open the envelope and read. Then in tones clear and cold she said:

"This note is a farewell message to me from Mr. Frank Warner, who, having received his appointment in Chicago, is leaving today on the three-ten train. He wishes to offer me his services, if ever I need them, in choosing a career, whether philanthropic or otherwise. Furthermore, he invites me to his wedding."

Mary Grace gathered up her chocolates and arose with dignity. Then, pausing in her stately progress to the door, she spoke in a manner positively withering:

"There is one thing I want you girls to remember, and that is, that philanthropists are not hypocrites. So there!"

Jane and Debbie gazed at each other in silence for a moment.

"Girls at Mary Grace's age," said Debbie, with conviction, "are positively the hatefulest things I ever saw."

History As Literature

GRACE NICHOLSON, '21

What is literature, anyway? Are we to regard it in its broadest sense, as the congregate writings of a people without regard to content? This would include all works of science and history, as well as poems, novels, and plays. Or shall we restrict literature to include only those works which have as their prime purpose the awakening of feeling, thought, or imagination to give pleasure, as distinguished from those books which only aim to instruct? This would leave out a vast majority of our writings.

These questions, we are prone to pass over with a casual recalling to the mind, of some stereotyped definition, learned at the beginning of a course in literature. Most of us can glibly recite Long's definition

of literature: "Literature is the expression of life in words of truth and beauty; it is the written record of man's spirit, of his thoughts, emotions, aspirations; it is the history and the only history of the human soul." But how few really go behind this jargon of phrases to sift out the essence of the definition and arrive at a clear understanding of the meaning of literature? However, when we are confronted with the question, "Is history literature, and shall we include historians among men of letters, or put them into a class to themselves?" we have a real problem, the solution of which we cannot answer by quoting any of our pet definitions.

This dilemma arises when we consider Macaulay's "History of England." The very title informs us that it is history, and even a hasty survey of the contents shows us that it deals with historical material. But we do not read far into the first volume before we realize that we must do one of these things; admit that all history is literature, that history is distinct from literature, and that Macaulay's "History" is only an exception to our rule, or let the matter rest midway — that, while all history cannot be classed as literature, some histories are essentially so. We must leave a loophole in each alternative, for assuredly Macaulay's "History of England" is literature.

Let us examine this work to arrive at some idea of the qualities that mark it as literature. We shall also need to refer occasionally to his "Essay on History" to bring out some of his theories on historians and their works.

The most striking characteristic is the narrative quality of the "History." It is absorbingly interesting. When Macaulay proposed writing this "story" he is said to have remarked that he intended writing a history that would replace the latest novel on the reading-tables of the young ladies of England. Judging from the enormous sale and immediate popularity of the "History of England" he made good his boast. It is narrative, and narrative of the most rapidly moving, brilliant, and dramatic kind.

Macaulay does not start his main account at the dawn of history, out with a rapid survey of the earlier centuries, he sweeps us into the swift current of England's history under James II, and thence forward we are kept steadily moving amidst such a variety of interesting characters and experiences, that it is with real regret that we are told that the brilliant narrative ceases with the reign of William III. Macaulay lived to complete only five volumes of this tale of historical realities, although he proposed, as he says at the beginning of Volume I,

"To write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living."

The fact that these five volumes cover a period of only some seventeen years shows in itself the copiousness of detail. The conventional historian is satisfied if he gives the great battles, the chief political movements, and states a few of the great men connected with these events. Macaulay uses this same framework, but around it he has woven such a vast amount of interesting and significant details, that the whole becomes a living pantomime. In his "History" he says, "I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental acts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repast, and public amusement. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

In his "Essays on History" he says that we have left this field to the novelist long enough, and that it is high time the historian reclaims his appropriated material. He refers in particular to Sir Walter Scott's novels; and he believes that the true historian should do for "real history what Scott has done for imaginary history," as one critic has put it. That was, weave all these "details which are the charm of historical romances" into a narrative, which he would call history.

Another mark of literary excellence is Macaulay's treatment of character. The conventional historian does not concern himself with character delineation, except as the public sees it in relation to political life. Macaulay, however, goes behind the external appearances and searches into the domestic, social, moral, and religious life of a man, as well as into his political career. He uses the selective method, choosing only those details which bear directly upon the significance of a man's position in history. What an excellent picture, and yet an unusual one for history, he has given us of Charles II in the following selection: "He had, when young, been renowned as a tennis player,

and was, even in the decline of life, an indefatigable walker. His ordinary pace was such that those who were admitted to the honour of his society found difficulty in keeping up with him. He rose early, and generally passed three or four hours a day in the open air. He might be seen, before the dew was off the grass in St. James Park, standing among the trees, playing with his spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks; and these exhibitions endeared him to the common people, who always love to see the great unbend." Thus we are introduced to a man, not a mere king, and by a contact which seems almost personal. This power to humanize history is one of the chief attractions of Macaulay's. One critic has said of him, "Macaulay's pages are not a gravy and for the dry bones of history. The human beings that figure in his chapters have been restored to life by his touch."

Aside from the vitally interesting subject matter, there is still a very important factor to be considered, which is possibly the chief attraction of the "History." We have said that Macaulay made history a narrative story, but let us look at the style in which this narrative is written. The style is what marks the work as literature. In diction, organization, and imagery it equals, if not surpasses, any of Macaulay's other works. There is a polished finish, a clearness and simple dignity about it, that make the reading of page after page a real pleasure. It lacks the blunt and stilted phraseology and dryness that make of conventional histories laborious reading tasks.

All this was accomplished by that artistic touch of Macaulay's. It has been said that Macaulay could be charged with partisanship and exaggeration, in spite of the fact that he so sharply condemned these tendencies in other historians. He was a Whig of the Whigs, and could not avoid allowing his party feelings to influence his writings to some extent; but we feel that this influence was unconscious on his part. We also admit that he was prone to exaggeration. But does the artist paint on his canvas the exact shades of color found in the sunset of nature which he is reproducing? No, and we do not condemn him. Then may not Macaulay, the artist, touch up with his pen a few of the little incidents of history and thereby give us a more interesting story to read? He firmly believed in the historian's use of only true fact, and he endeavored to follow this practice throughout his "History." We are told that he went to no little pains to search out facts, reading numerous authorities, and personally visiting the great battle fields, in order to give accurate descriptions. If he had tampered with the basic principles or events we should protest; but

when we find only here and there a slight heightening of color, we merely smile and say, "Ah, Macaulay is a true artist."

But just as the artist can sometimes paint us an exact reproduction of his subject with all the attributes of harmony, color, and correct perspective, and yet fail to reach the external semblance, so Macaulay lacks the power of philosophical or spiritual insight. His "History" deals only with externalities. He is so taken up with giving us personal and concrete pictures of great personalities and things, that he has neglected to show us, as through a crack in the stage door we may see what forces behind the scenes make the progress of the play possible, the operation of moral, social, and political laws. This weakness is the one element in the "History" that prevents it from being classified as a great history. It does not, however, exclude it, while its worth may be lessened, from an honored place in literature.

Now let us answer our question: Is history literature? In the light of Macaulay's "History of England" we reply in the affirmative. All history cannot be included as literature, but as long as the manner of its presentation affords us pleasure, as distinguished from mere information, history is literature.

Contrasts

RUTH WEST, '23

Keats and Browning stood together, looking toward the reddened west,

Said Keats, "White Diana's blue silk robe is dipped in blood."

Browning smiled; he loved this poet, who thought Beauty's beauty
best;

"Wrong again, Keats — that's a canvas in the hands of Artist —
God!"

Better Late!

DOROTHY CONNER, '21 AND LOUISE LANGLEY, '21

Dramatis Personæ a lá C. I. A.

THREE SENIORS:

MARY

NELL.

ALICE.

THREE DENTON BOYS.

SUE.

TOM.

MISS HEFLEY.

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

SCENE I.

TIME: Any Wednesday, 3:25 P. M.

PLACE: Miss Hefley's office.

In the waiting room a group of Seniors stand talking.

Mary. [Glancing at her watch.] Why doesn't that girl hurry? She has been talking to Miss Hefley an hour.

Nell. And I've got to be over at the Marinello Shop to have my hair curled at 3:30.

Mary. Well, I've got to get a book out of the library for Nell and get my laundry —

Alice. Don't you wish we could go out of uniform? I feel so silly walking down the street wearing that square-top. Now if —

Mary. Oh, be thankful for small favors. When we were "Fish" we never dreamed of getting to go to town at night with a man.

Nell. [Significantly.] Besides, some Denton boys seem not to mind going with a girl in uniform, judging from their weekly appearance here.

Alice. And there are others I have heard who would like to come were they not on the black list.

[A girl walks out of the office down the hall.] At last!

[The three Seniors walk over to the door. Miss Hefley at her desk smiles and begins to write cards.]

Miss Hefley. Wednesday night privilege?

Nell. Yes.

Miss Hefley. Let me see, Mary, you want to see Mr. Smith, and Alice, which one of the brothers tonight?

Alice. Oh, I'm going with Bob, and Nell with Jim.

[Miss Hefley hands out the permission cards and closes her desk. She puts on her hat.]

Miss Hefley. None of you going over to Capps? Well, I must hurry.

[The girls stop a minute to talk to a girl in the hall. The waiting room is quiet except for the murmur of their voices in the hall and the clicking of the secretary's typewriter.]

[A girl rushes in.]

Sue. Oh, where is Miss Hefley?

Secretary. She went home a half hour ago.

Sue. [Wildly.] But I must see her. I've simply got to have permission to see Tom tonight. What can I do?

Secretary. [Bored, but picking up telephone receiver.] I suppose I can call Miss Hefley and see if it is all right — 601 — Miss Hefley? Sue Blanton has come in for permission to see Mr. Travis. Shall I grant her permission? All right.

Sue. Thanks. [Walks out.] [To girl in hall waiting.] If that laundry is closed and I can't get my white dress.

SCENE II.

TIME: Wednesday, 7:45 P. M. Brackenridge living room.

[The first three Seniors and four men are seated.]

Nell. [Glancing at her watch.] Well, if Sue doesn't hurry —

Mary. Why is she always late?

Bob. Tom, you should have made your date for 6:30, then she'd have been here now.

Alice. I just hate to go in the show late.

Jim. We want to see all that picture, too. They say it's fine.

Tom. Suppose you start on and we'll catch up with you — surely they won't mind.

Nell and Mary. Well, let's do — surely Sue will be here in a minute.

[They leave, Tom looking rather lonesome in the large living room. Ten minutes later, Sue rushes in.]

Sue. Oh, hello, I didn't mean to keep you waiting, but Miss Low stopped me — besides the others haven't come.

Tom. Oh, yes, they have — come and gone. We'll have to hurry to catch up with them.

Sue. Oh, I forgot my tam, I'll borrow one from Audrey Lewis right down the hall.

[She is back again in a minute, and they leave the hall.]

SCENE III.

[The walk between the power house and Lowry Hall.]

[Tom and Sue are walking fast; they stop at the corner and look up and down Oakland Avenue.]

Sue. I don't see a sign of them. Did you ask them which way they would go?

Tom. No, I supposed they would not be out of sight.

Sue. Goodness, you know I don't know whether we should go down alone. Our permission says to go with another couple.

Tom. Oh, come on, we'll meet them on the way to town.

[A masculine figure emerges from the shadows of the power house.]

Sue. Well, let's hurry.

[The figure comes forward.]

Sue. The night watchman!

[They begin to walk rapidly toward town.]

Night Watchman. Wait a minute there! I think you all had better walk in the other direction!

[They stop and look back.]

Sue. Oh, I'm a Senior, and we can go to town at night!

[Night watchman surveys her skeptically.]

Night Watchman. Thought Seniors wore white shoes and yellow ribbons on their caps!

Sue. [Desperately.] But I had to borrow a tam and the laundry was closed, so I couldn't get my Senior dress. And I don't believe Mr. Parsons approves of white slippers with navy-blue coat-suits.

Night Watchman. I don't care what any Parsons 'proves of, but I don't take much stock in your excuses.

Tom. [Who has been helplessly watching.] For goodness sake, give him our names, Sue, and let's go on and catch up with the others.

Night Watchman. Not so fast, young man. You can give Miss Hefley your names. Might as well go up there to her room now.

Tom and Sue. But — I —

[With insulted air of injury, they walk hurriedly toward Capps Hall, the night watchman keeping close at their heels. Miss Hefley is coming down the steps at Capps. She pauses, amazed, as they approach.]

Miss Hefley. Why, why, Sue what does this mean?

Night Watchman. Miss Hefley, this young lady says as how she's a Senior, but they was alone and she ain't wearing white shoes.

Sue. Miss Hefley, we were trying to catch up with the others and we stopped to see which way they had gone and the night watchman —

Miss Hefley. But where are the others?

Sue. Well, you see, I had to stop and talk to Miss Low and —

Miss Hefley. Oh, I see, the others started on — you were late. [To the night watchman.] This is all right. You were simply doing your duty. The young lady should have had the Senior band on.

Night Watchman. Sorry to have delayed you, but I had to do it. [He walks off. Sue and Tom look at each other in disgust.]

Tom. I guess the others are almost to town.

Miss Hefley. Well, I am going down with President and Mrs. Bralley, and I'm sure there will be room for you two. That is, if Sue promises not to be late again.

Sue. [Fervently.] Never again, Miss Hefley.

[A Cadillac comes up and all of them drive off.]

Days

BESS SPRINGFIELD, 23

Father Time has adopted several units for measuring off our lives as years, months, weeks, and days. It is of the last one I would speak, for although it is last and least in the amount of time it consumes, it is the most important for "every day is a fresh beginning," and who can tell what a day will bring forth? An empire may fall, a race may be won, the dentist may be visited, a hat may be purchased, and other important things too numerous to mention may occur in a day's time.

One of the best things about days is their changeableness and uncertainty. There are no two alike and you can never tell what anyone is going to be like, for there are many, many kinds. In the beginning is the birthday which is somewhat important and very pleasant when you are old enough to have parties. How often this question greets you at the doorway of your home, as you enter the house of rest,

or the place you go to when work is over — “Well, what kind of a day has it been?”— and how varied and significant the answers! If a rather close deal has been put through cleverly, it has been “A fine day, ah, yes — a fine day indeed,” with a satisfied rubbing of the hands to emphasize the fineness. If you had worked yourself almost into a passion by the rush to be on time and throughout the afternoon old Mrs. C. kept you in a corner listening to her tales of woe while a lively gossip party was being held just across the room, the day was “most trying.” Certainly it was a “tragical day” that Mother refused to let you out of the house when all the other girls were living in Dreamland under the spell of Wallace Reid’s charms. Or it might have been a blue day, a glad day, a dull day, a sad day, a pleasant day, or, if one is young and in love, a perfect day. Do not let us forget the red-letter day either. No, it does not refer to the time you “painted the town red,” but to that day of days when something unusually wonderful happened to you and everything went smoothly.

Did you say that they did thus and so in the good old days? Then you have a vivid imagination if you can fix the time of what I have recently been informed is not and never has been, except in mythical form. It was through this same mythology that the days received their names; another queer thing about them is the fact that those with the same name are so different — for instance, the Saturday before Easter when you were *not* leaving town for the week-end was quite different from the Saturday which ends the week of final examinations. These seven children of Time have been given us with the command that we do all our work during the six days and on the seventh, which is the Sabbath, to rest. We find that some people possess a strangely perverted idea of the meaning of rest. But you can not mistreat a day and get away with it — her sisters will take your pleasure away in revenge.

I once heard of a noble young man, who lived all his days in the most proper manner ever done before or since. He is the model user of days. May we be the respecter of days which his history in rhyme shows him to be:

There was a young man from Kirk,
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married, they say,
On his wedding day,
And died on his last day on earth.

Early Days at C. I. A.

MAUDE WALLIN, '22

Can you imagine our College when it consisted of one lone structure but half the size of the present Administration Building? Can you see it when it stood entirely apart from the town — out in the woods, so to speak? Can you picture our august faculty putting up at the Cottage Hotel down town and walking out here every morning?

Well, so it used to be, whether you can imagine it or not. And stranger things than these were true of old C. I. A. in its infancy.

It was not very popular in its young days. It then went by the rather prosaic title of "Girls' Industrial School of Texas." Now it happens that many states of our union had girls' reform schools then, which bore titles very similar to that of the new Texas college. Hence, it was quite natural that people should associate with the College the usual idea connated with this title; and we may be sure that the Texas judge who sentenced an incorrigible girl to spend two years here acted without the slightest intention of evading the law or of showing undue leniency toward the culprit.

When Mr. Allen, without any knowledge whatever of the place or school, wired acceptance in answer to a telegram reading, "You are elected head of the Commercial Arts Department of the Girls' Industrial School of Texas," he was not aware of the accepted connotation of this term. But a few days later, as he was reading his newspaper, he came upon an item headed, "Girl Escapes from Reform School." Glancing over it, his eye encountered a sentence which made him sit up straight. "Authorities are searching for Miss ———, a girl seventeen years of age who escaped from the Girls' Industrial School of Ohio at Dayton night before last."

"Great Scott!" he said, turning to his wife, "Do you suppose I have accepted a position as teacher in a reformatory down there in Texas?" He proceeded to find out more about the place during the next few days, and was reassured.

It took much correspondence to convince Doctor Evans that such was not the nature of the new institution. Others also had to have their ideas corrected, but eventually enough were convinced to begin with, and in September, 1903, the school opened with something over a hundred students and fourteen faculty members.

There were no dormitories in those days. Oh no, indeed! not even the oldest of them all was here. But the girls would have deemed it the greatest blessings had there been one. They boarded wherever they could get a place to stay and were scattered from two miles north of town to away over by the Normal.

They walked to classes, either bringing their lunches or going home for them. What a nuisance it must have been! Do you wonder at the eagerness with which the girls tried to see which could be first to move into Stoddard Hall when it was completed? If you do, you still fail to realize the situation as it actually was. Let us go a bit further with the picture.

It rained a great deal that first winter. And there wasn't a sidewalk in Denton save that around the square down town. There was no jitney service, and classes had to be attended; so there was nothing to do when it rained but wade the mud. Wherever you went, you had to walk. Everybody had to do it.

Once the ladies of the faculty wanted to have some kind of social occasion, a formal affair, it seems, in which everybody was to come dressed in all suitable formality. In deference to their wishes the gentlemen consented. Mr. Allen tells it that he and Dean Banks, who stayed at the same hotel, arrayed themselves in their best relics of former days of splendor, then telephoned for a cab.

Now in those days Denton had only two such vehicles, and upon this occasion, much to their chagrin, it chanced that both were out. There was no way out. They had to walk.

To make matters worse, it had rained heavily that morning; and it was as muddy as Denton ever gets to be. But they all started out through Darktown, Mr. Banks carrying a lantern, with Mr. Allen and the ladies trailing along behind.

"The ladies," said Mr. Allen, "had great difficulty in keeping the mud off their finery, but all in all we fared pretty well, I think, until we got to the college entrance gates."

There they were detained a bit. A young lady driving in from the country had experienced a mishap. She had run into the gatepost and broken a shaft. Of course a lady in distress could not be passed up by two gentlemen, so they stopped to lend their aid.

In the end they arrived at their destination a most striking procession. Mr. Banks still carried the lantern; the ladies still following in his train; but Mr. Allen now brought up the rear leading the horse which had been the instrument of the mishap. We wonder if he still

maintained that dignified and statesmanlike aspect in a situation like that.

Mud-wading was attended by more than ordinary difficulties in those days. Students had to achieve the feat so skillfully that not the least traces of the experience lingered in the form of mud to stain their apparel. Truly a feat for a goddess when one had to wear that old uniform!

But it had to be done, for the lady who then had charge of uniform regulations was very strict. Woe unto him who failed to appear immaculate! It is said that she would often make the girls take off their shoes in the classroom when they were least expecting it, in order that she might make sure that stockings were in no need of the darning needle!

Girls were often demerited and sent home to change a collar or a ribbon that did not look fresh, and a soiled dress was inexcusable.

It was the day of hooks and eyes, and that severe lady would stop a girl whenever she pleased, to see that every hook and eye was on in exactly uniform fashion. No pins were allowed anywhere. Your underclothing was just as liable to inspection as were your outer garments, and buttons, hooks, and eyes were just as much subject to regulations here as elsewhere.

How much more difficult it must have been then than now, to keep one's self looking immaculate. Those great puffed-out sleeves would surely be getting into everything. But even those sink into insignificance when we think of those wide, full, sweeping skirts they had to wear. Surely they didn't oil the floors in those days! And how did they ever manage to play tennis in skirts like that?

Oh, there were a great many difficulties then. Think of it, girls! It was necessary to keep an itemized account of all monthly expenditures and submit this to Mr. Allen, for inspection and approval. Can you imagine what his comment would be on some of yours? We are afraid that the little marginal notes on our history papers are mild compared to what he would say of some of our economic follies.

Do you suppose those girls told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in their entries? If they did they were positively courageous.

But there were bright sides to the picture, even then. A few old snap-shots of wagon loaded to the brim with merry-makers setting out for a day at Springside or Blue Hole give us glimmerings of an idea as to how much fun they could have in that way; and pictures of

merry groups of picnickers on the scene of action brighten these glimmerings into a certainty that life was by no means all prose to them.

It was not even against the rules to go out auto riding! Of course, that did not help any though, for there were no autos to go riding in. And sad to relate, buggy riding was under the ban. It seems that slipping off to go riding was just as difficult then as now — perhaps more; for vehicles seldom came out this way, and were therefore more noticeable when they did come. Girls nearly always got caught when they tried it.

It is rumored that Doctor Evans had the eye of an eagle by day and that of an owl by night. It was seldom, indeed, that she could be evaded; and no girl when caught ever dared defy that piercing eye. She had only to look them in the eye once. Further remonstrance was seldom necessary. They turned and marched back to quarters.

It is exceedingly interesting to hear this lady tell of her early experiences as a teacher and physician of the College. It seems that the girls did not observe office hours in those days. They got sick at almost any hour of the twenty-four, and did not hesitate to call the doctor at any hour in which they wanted her.

She was kept busy the greater part of the day teaching physiology, hygiene, home nursing, and other related subjects, and usually had to make her calls during the evening. Many a night she went until eleven o'clock before she had her dinner, and "dinner," when she did get it, was often no more than a bit of bread and butter with a cup of tea, the water for which was boiled over a Reno lamp in her bedroom.

When she first came to the College, she had to walk wherever she went. There were no street lights and no sidewalks — nothing but mud and darkness everywhere. But she ordered herself a pair of rubber boots from Chicago, and by the aid of these, guided by the light from a kerosene lantern, she made her way about the "streets" on nights when she was called out.

At last, she decided that she could not endure it any longer. So she told the Board of Regents that she must be provided with some means of conveyance. They decided upon a horse and buggy. The buggy was duly procured, and a very nice shiny one it was. But, to the dismay of the Doctor, there was not any money left with which to buy a horse. There she was, really no better off than before.

Finally, however, it chanced that some outsider heard of the

Doctor's dilemma. Now this person had in his possession a lean old nag which had long done duty at dray service, but which had now become so infirm as to be incapacitated for such service.

The good man kindly proffered this animal to the Doctor, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Thereafter the Doctor drove.

That was much better, you will say, but the problem was not quite so satisfactorily solved as may at first glance appear. For ye nag was sometimes afflicted with blind staggers, and it often happened that as the Doctor drove about town, her poor horse had such an attack of this dread disease that he could not go on. Then she was forced to get out, loose him from the buggy and proceed on foot, or, if she was not in too much of a hurry, she might sit down and wait for the animal to recover, meanwhile the patient!

But nobody ever worried about whether she would come or not. They knew that nothing could keep her away; and if she chanced to be long in coming, they generally rightly set it down as the fault of her horse.

Mr. Adkisson, head of the Department of Physical Science, had a double prejudice to overcome — that against the teaching of industrial subjects in State schools, and the prejudice still largely existent against the teaching of science.

But these pioneers faced all hardships and privations courageously, and in spite of them all, stayed on until the fight was won and the standing of our College established. It is to them that we owe much of that great progress which C. I. A. has made toward the establishment of her educational ideals of "A sane mind in a healthy body" connected with social and industrial efficiency.

It was with them that traditional spirit of loyalty, fidelity, and helpfulness which so pervades the atmosphere of our College began. That indomitable spirit which grows out of the struggle with difficulties met with a determination to conquer, has been handed down to others who have carried on the fight.

Let us not forget how much we owe to them, and let us not fail to do our part in perpetuating the traditions and ideals which they have so laboriously built up for us.



For A' That

(Apologies to Burns.)

ELAINE ARD, '23

Is there for honest Industry,
 That hangs her head, an' a' that;
 The "getter-by"—we treat her shy,
 We'd rather work, for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
 A credit's but the learning's stamp,
 The work's the thing for a' that.

What though on balanced fare we dine,
 Wear college blue, an' a' that,
 Give girls their time, O friends o' mine,
 A girl's a girl for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel shows, an' a' that,
 The honest girl, tho' e'er so poor,
 Is queen o' girls for a' that.

You see some girls who pass you by,
 Who primp, an' paint, an' a' that,
 Tho' some like them, and others try,
 We dinna care for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 The side-long glance, an' a' that,
 The girl o' common sense, my dear,
 She looks an' laughs at a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As come it must for a' that),
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May be esteemed, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
 Are high in rank for a' that.

A Sketch

SIGNA FORD, '24

The grey rain was sliding restlessly down the window panes, when I opened my eyes this morning. For a few moments I lay and gazed out upon the drab world. I hate rain. It makes me remember, and I want to forget. I listlessly crawled into my clothes. Jack rushed past my door and sang out that breakfast was ready. They expected me to come down; I went.

I hurried through the pretense of eating and escaped from the house. I didn't wear a raincoat and rubbers, and mother will not like that. It doesn't matter; nothing matters. It is restful to sit here on the bank and watch the raindrops flop into the stream. One drop makes such a small ripple, and the ripple ceases so soon. The trees shed tears, and they roll down my face. It does seem hard that even Nature, the all-powerful, must weep. A frog flopped into the water just then. I wonder how the embrace of the river would feel? This rock is cold and slimy, and I believe I shall —

I rise and lift my face heavenward. Behold! there is a rainbow. Rains are followed by rainbows, and at the end of the rainbow lies happiness. The sob in my throat turns to laughter. Shall I follow the rainbow of dreams to the end? The great blots of clouds part, and the sun bursts forth. The river dances and sparkles and flirts. The drooping flowers raise their heads in thanks. One long bird trill followed by two short ones lilt across to me. I answer. My heart pounds. I go.



EDITORIAL

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IS COLLEGE WORTH WHILE?

Four years ago we wondered if college was worth while. To be quite frank, we did not think it was. Life lay out before us, a beautiful garden filled with flowers and trees among which we should always find happiness and joy, and around whose winding paths adventure and good fortune were awaiting. Off to one side led a path not altogether unattractive, and yet with a familiar appearance. It reminded us of the interminable road called Education, which we had been following so long. Still it did look more interesting and more inviting, so when Age and Wisdom insisted, we sighed, glanced longingly over the garden hedge, and started hopefully, yet doubtingly up the path that led we knew not where.

Year by year and step by step the path has grown more interesting. Our doubts have been dispelled, our hopes more than fulfilled. There have been times, it is true, when the path has led through deserts of chemical sands, and again mathematical mud has impeded and almost blocked our progress. Always there has been some one to lead us on with their talk of the fields just ahead. We began our trip with

Inexperience and Egotism as our companions. Even they are not immune to the advantages of this path, that men call College, and today they have been transformed to Knowledge and Humility who are looking forward to gaining Experience, as their other friend who waits for them in the garden. Ever the path of College has kept near to that entrancing garden. Some of our companions have been tempted to leave the path and break through the hedge into the joyous garden. We envied them sometimes, and yet, as the hedges closed behind them, we were inclined to walk a little faster and a little more eagerly toward that goal that awaited at the end of the path.

Today the end is in sight. Before us stands a gate held open by its master, Life. The paths look even more full of adventure and romance from this end of the garden. The flowers and trees are even more beautiful, for they are tended by those who have given thought and care to their ministrations. From the summit up which the path of College has wound, we can see far down into the garden, and we see that those, who left us on the way, are letting the weeds of thoughtlessness and neglect spoil their part of the garden. Even beyond, those, to whom the path of College was barred by Poverty and his friends, are struggling to keep their flowers from withering and fading away. From us the sight evokes not scorn, but pity. We are anxious to enter the garden, not to show how we can make our part of the garden most beautiful, but to lend our efforts to those less fortunate and skilled, and so to make and keep the whole garden of Life the beautiful and enchanted place which our dreams have conceived it.

To those who are faltering on the path of College, to those who stand hesitatingly at its beginning, we send a message—may it be carried by Echo far and wide — , namely, that College Is Worth While!

— D. C.





The End of a Perfect Day

GLADYS SHEPHERD, '23

"Boy, ain't I eber tell you 'bout dat water milin hunt yit?" asked Claude, after Grady's request to hear a story.

"Well, suh, dat wuz de time dat de bottom fell out, and ol' Shorty got tangled up in de fence besides. Fer me, I wuz a-thankin' de good Lord dat I had sum speed what cud carry me fast frum de enemy what wuz assailin' me."

Claude moved to a shadier place under the trees, as he began.

"Well, dat wuz a turrible hot evenin'. Ole Shorty, he stop at my house an' he say he's just monst'ous tired an' hot. I cum out on de porch whar he wuz at an' I tells him to sot down an' make hisself at home. He say, 'Well, I ain't got no time to be tarrin' long, but I'se gwine ter rest a minit.' Wid dat he perch hisse'f right up in de best poach chir what I perzess."

"And don't you have your company to take the best chair, Claude?" Grady interrupted.

"Shore, shore, boy; but I wuz a-thinkin' 'bout dat chir myse'f, kaze I am jist perlite sometimes."

"Well, anyway, Shorty he git purty cumfortable, kase he jist sot down dar an' fans an' fans an' fans wid de hat 'twill he cool off. I wuz a settin' dar on de steps jist a day-dreamin', er sumthin' like dat, an' jist gazin' way off not thinkin' 'bout nuthin' ner nobody. Dreckly I see ol' Shorty keep squirmin' an' squirmin' in his chir an' I say,

'Shorty, ain't you cool'd off yit?' He stutter 'round and den say sauter like he's shame and low, 'Claude, you know I sho is ext'oa'dinary hongry fer a watermilin.' Me I des sot dar an' don' never say nuthin', kase I dunno whar no watermilins is. Den I fetch a glance 'round at him, an' he look like he's thinking pretty hard. Den I up an' say, 'I'se jist ravenous, I'se so hongry fer a watermilin.' "

Grady smiled at this, as Claude continued: "Ole Shorty he roll his eyes round, he do, ter see ef anybody is dar an' den he say sauter low, 'Claude, will you go wid me to Mr. John's patch tonight?' Dat sauter perplexes me, — but way atter while I tells him dat ef he don't think we'll get ketched, I'se right off wid him. Dat pleases Shorty purty much an' dreckly he gits tickled. I say, 'Shorty, what you tickled 'bout so?' He say, 'Claude, you ain't got nuff backbone fer nuthin'.' De idee uv thinkin' you cudn't git way frum Mr. John, ef he wuz ter git atter you! Why, Claude, I'se swifter dan yo' racehoss. I'd jist leave Mr. John in de dust.' "

"By dis time de sun wuz a-settin' an' de stars 'gin to cum out in a little while. We say we hatter wait 'twill 'bout ten o'clock anyway, kase Mr. John he might be out perspectin' for men what wuz in his watermilin patch.

"Shorty he he'p me an' Ruby git de night wuk don' up, he did, an' den we et de supper. De hours dey pass by fast an' fo' we know it, it am ten 'clock. Shorty, he's all happy an' in fine spirits. We spring out in de road an' start down it. De moon wuz out shinin' bright an' de night birds wuz all a-callin' an' singin' fer der mate. Every once in a while, ole Mr. Frog 'ud yelp out jist like he's wantin' Mr. John to come an' ketch us. Shorty he ain't been back from de army long an' he's learned sum monstrous big words. He say, 'Dis am a cha'med night,' er sumthin' like dat. I say I guess so, jist az he say.

"We slide under de fence, an' run 'cross de cawnpatch an' fo' we think whar we is, dars de watermilin patch! I tells Shorty we's got ter do de wurk pow'fully quiet. He say, 'Oh, don' you worry 'bout dat.' Seems lik' he git poetic, er some kind uv somethin' lik' dat, kase he say fer us 'ter trip er long lightly' — I say dat I allus do dat.

"I say, 'Shorty, you go dat way an' I'll go dis way an' we'll meet on de zuther side.' Wid dat we start out, we do. I goes er long an' de milins dey go punk — punk fer er while, an' den dey go pank — pank fer er while. I gits all what goes punk, an' fo' I had time fer ter turn 'round I'ze got a load. I thinks ter myse'f dat by de time ol' Shorty gits dat many, we sho' is going ter hab sum time eatin' water-

milins. I sets down on one side uv de patch, I does, and waits fer Shorty. Purty soon he gits dar wid a load jist ez big ez mine.

"I say to Shorty dat I sho' is hongry by dis time. He 'low he's hongrier dan I ever will be. Wid dat said we cut de milins. Dey wuz all ripe, an' meller, an' juicy. We don' cut many at first, kase I tells Shorty dat we's gotter keep our eyes an' e'rs open on de watch, an' go at de feast gradually. I say, 'Dive in, boy! Des fo' Shorty take de first bite he say sauter like dis, 'Here's hopin' dey ain't no Mr. Johns spyin' bout dis patch, but ef de is, here's ter him.' I say, sez I, 'Shut yo' mouf, boy, er you'll get ketched yit.' Shorty he giggle agin, he do, but I don' pay him no tenshun.

"Well, we commence ter eatin' wid full speed. We am jist enjoyin' dem when Shorty he keeps glancin' er round and rollin' he eyes lak he see sumthin'. He keep doin' dis, he do, an' dreckly he 'low, 'Claude, I see sumthin' over dar!' I tells him fer ter shut up foolishnist. He keep movin' like he ain't settin' stedy in his boat, an' den he 'low, 'Claude, dar's a ghost!' I looks er round, an' fo' de Lawd sakes! dar wuz jist what I wuz expectin' all night jist 'proachin' right up to us. Boy, runnin' sho' wuz good! I jumps, an' runs, an' leaps ercross dat patch, an' gits clur out uv retch uv everybody. But dat crazy Shorty!"

"Oh, what on earth did he do, Claude?" Grady asked in suspense.

"Well, suh,"— Claude stopped to chuckle, for indeed he saw the humor of the incident — "atter he see Mr. John, de fust thing he think uv wuz dem watermilins. He grab two under both arms an' start out in de opposite direction uv me. He give a monstous turrible high jump, an' ef he didn't land in de barb-wire, you kin shoot me! He gits tangled up bad an' he can't git loose no matter how he try. He kick, an' he squall, an' he yell, an' he scream — but I'ze dun gone frum him. I heah Mr. John say, 'Now Ize got you, I guess!' Wid dat I keep on er flyin' an' I yell back an' say, 'Shorty, does yer think you cud git away frum Mr. John ef he wuz ter git atter ye?' "



Was Love's Labor Lost?

CLAUDIA EVERLY, '23

Dearest Jean:

July 10.

If you ever want to spend a summer in the mountains, don't come to White Rock! It's the prosiest place in the world! I thought it would be a great treat to spend the summer with Cousin Alice in her lovely (?) mountain home, but Jean, dear, I don't believe I can stand it another week! It's too terrible!

People rave about the "music of the pines," but to me it is more maddening than the whine in Antonio's music box when he plays "Annie Laurie!" The mountains may be magnificent, but your "Auntie" Sue can't appreciate them. I'd rather look at that old railroad dump at home! This is a beastly place! It is defunct! There's not an eligible young man in the country!

YOUR LONESOME SUE.

Jean, Dear:

July 15.

This is simply to let you know I'm still existing — nothing more. I eat, sleep, and go after the mail. There was a new man at the hotel this morning as I passed. He looked quite out of place among the usual crowd of old maids and rheumatics. I suppose they'll drive him away with their attentions, though.

Do write me.

Despondently,

SUE.

Darling Jean:

July 21.

This is a heavenly place! Such beauty! — such grandeur! How could I ever have thought it tiresome! But my new appreciation is all due to Mr. Stanmore. How strange it is that one so often fails to see the beauty of nature until it is pointed out by someone who understands! — and Mr. Stanmore does understand. Since he has been here this resort seems a veritable fairyland.

But I must tell you about Rex — (I call him that in my mind, but I don't dare do it when I'm talking to him — he is such a great, big man!) He is the man at the hotel. He is divinely tall, and has dark, curly hair, and the most wonderfully fascinating, dreamy, brown eyes! When he looks at me, I feel as if some king had paid me homage. He is a singer and is here on a vacation. He absolutely refuses

to sing to me and says very little about his music, but from chance remarks I know he is a great artist and has traveled all over the world.

He is coming now to take me over to Old Baldy where he found some beautiful laurel the other day. YOUR SUE.

Jean, Dear:

July 30.

Did you have any idea when your little Sue left old Heath College that within one short month she would have fallen in love with a great artist? But it has happened! No! we are not engaged yet, because he says he will not presume upon the brevity of our acquaintance, but I know he loves me, and I love him. I'm the happiest girl in the world! Rex is my ideal — so tender, so sympathetic, so appreciative of all that's good and beautiful! Happily, SUE.

Dear Jean:

August 3.

I've been neglecting you dreadfully these two wonderful weeks, but Rex insists that I spend every minute possible with him.

He is composing a new song — did I tell you he writes songs as well as sings them? — that he says will be the best thing he has ever done. And he says that my love for him gave him the inspiration of writing that song! I'm so glad that I have helped a little!

These are such glorious days! Rex and I spend them exploring these grand old mountains or sitting in some beautiful, little nook where the pines above us whisper a sweet melody of love, and where the laurel around about blooms in riotous glory. (Rex calls me his "Mountain Laurel.")

Sometimes he tells me of the places he has visited, but more often he speaks of his ambitions. How noble they are! What a new world he has shown me! I wonder why I was ever content merely to be one of the "popular set" at Heath College, when there are so many big and worthwhile things in the world.

If only I could help Rex bring about his dream of making the world happier with his music. I know I can help him. He says I am the only one who ever has understood him and had confidence in him. The other day he asked me how old I was, and when I whispered "Just sweet sixteen," he said, "So young, yet so understanding, sympathizing, and encouraging." But I feel very grown up now! I feel capable of taking my place in the big world so long as I have Rex. Sometimes I wonder if I could fill the high place that the wife of a great artist

would occupy in the great cities here and possibly abroad. I believe I could — with Rex.

I have written to Sister Dot about him, but I am sure neither she nor you will realize the wonder of my love. How could you? — you have never loved — and you do not know Rex. (Do you know “Rex” means “king” — my king!)
YOUR SUE.

August 13.

Well, Jean, the joke's on me! — and I'm glad I can see it and laugh with the rest of you. I was so sure I had done with “puppy love” and was experiencing the real thing! Wasn't it silly?

But I haven't told you the story. I told you that I had written to Dot about Rex. Well, a few days later he told me that his new song was finished and that he must go to the city to present it, as soon as possible. He went that day. I was so lonely, but he comforted me somewhat by saying that he would come back to me soon with a “very important question.” In about a week I got a letter from Dot enclosing a clipping of the “Critical Review” column and under the “Orpha” (that second-class theatre at home, you know) was this comment:

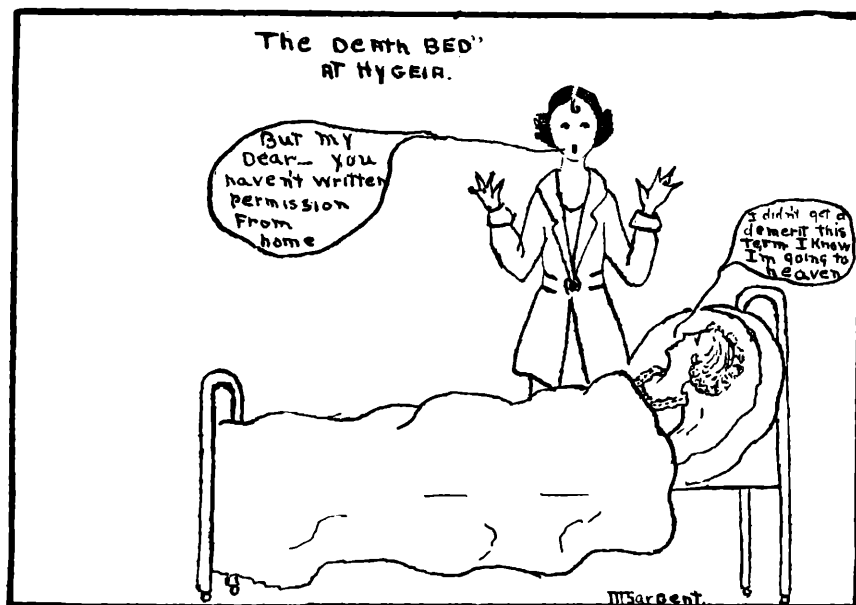
Rex Stanmore is returning to the vaudeville. We hope that during his absence there has been an improvement both in the timbre of his voice and in the quality of his songs. For the past year he has been writing and presenting comic songs of the slapstick variety, but now he comes with a new song on a new line. This time he introduces “My Mountain Laurel,” a heart song to “the girl I left behind.”

Truly, Jean, “things are not what they seem.” I am a “sadder and wiser” girl, but I'm
YOUR CAREFREE SUE.

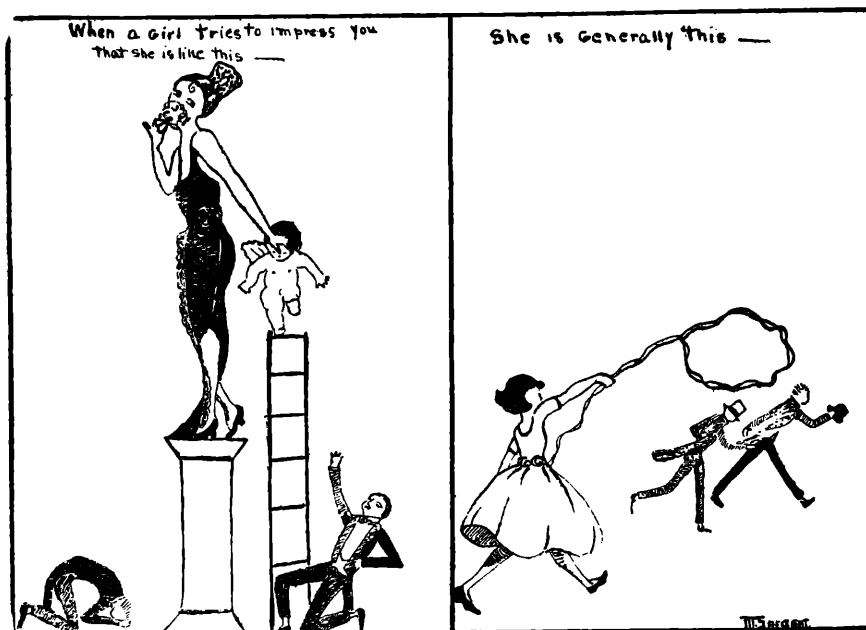




THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS



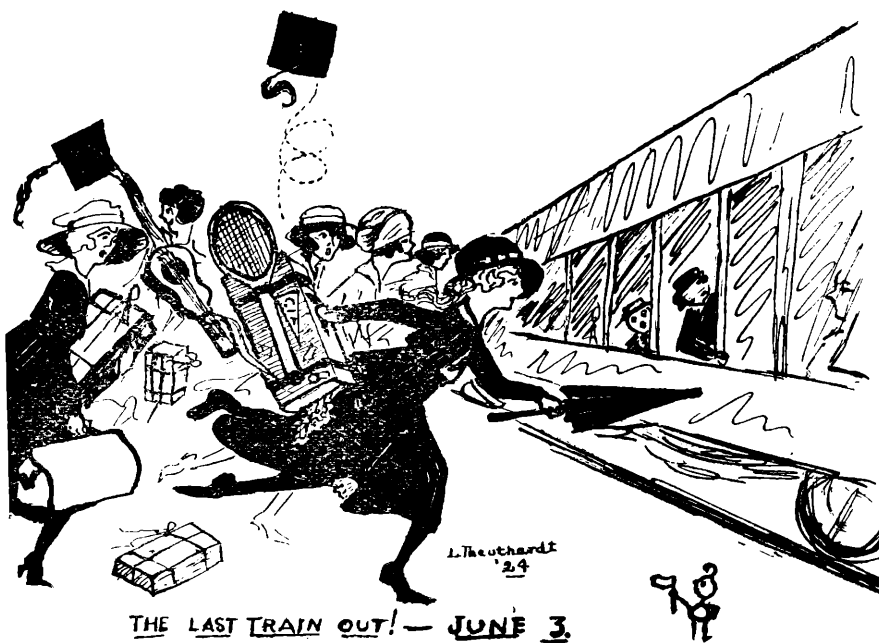
DEATH BED SCENE IN HYGEIA



AS SHE SEEMS



GYM.
 "LEFT, RIGHT - etc."



THE LAST TRAIN OUT! — JUNE 3.



Good morning, Miss *Baylorian*. We are very glad to see you again after all these years. Yes, we heartily agree with you that there is a vast difference, sometimes between "letters-we-want-to-write" and "letters-we-write." Other articles, too, as for instance, the sagacious discourse on "How to Write a Good Theme," contained some very timely suggestions. In fact, we enjoyed every one of your poems, essays, and short stories. Permit us to congratulate you on your excellent publication and to extend to you a most cordial invitation to come to see us again!

Ah, *The Corral*! We are also glad to meet you again, sir. We like your breezy, wholesome, Western style, and wish very much to extend our acquaintance with you!

We believe in the cordial exchange of greetings and a free discussion of common problems and interests which goes to foster a spirit of mutual acquaintance, coöperation, and friendship between the various colleges. The door of The Dædalian's home is always open. We welcome all our friends, both old and new!

If you have a poem or song,
Or a sketch that's short or long,
Or a story false or true
All the world sings praise to you —
If you share it!