

# DAEDALIAN QUARTERLY



WINTER 1920-1921

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## CONTENTS

### I. LITERARY

"Now That April Is Here" ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . '23 . . . . .	2
The Probable Influence of Keats Upon the Poetry of the Future ( <i>Essay</i> ) . . . Gladys Wright, '21 . . . . .	3
Cupid via Chinatown ( <i>Story</i> ) . . . Mary Tabb, '23 . . . . .	7
A Romance of State . . . . . Evelyn Goodrich, '23 . . . . .	10
C. I. A. Today ( <i>Essay</i> ) . . . . . Dana Fairchild, '23 . . . . .	11
To My College ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . . Maud Wallin, '22 . . . . .	14
Visions of the Future . . . . . Autrey Wiley, '22 . . . . .	15
The Fifteenth Century Ballads as the Ex- pression of the Masses ( <i>Essay</i> ) . . . Ruth DeVall, '21 . . . . .	16
Youthful Fidelity ( <i>Story</i> ) . . . . . Claudia Everly, '23 . . . . .	19
Comparison of "The Jew of Malta" and "The Merchant of Venice" . . . . . Louise Langley, '21 . . . . .	21
Genius Nipped in the Bud ( <i>Story</i> ) . . . Eugenia Newberry, '21 . . . . .	25
Places of Historic Interest in Texas . . . Katherine Varner, '24 . . . . .	28
A Song ( <i>Poem</i> ) . . . . . '23 . . . . .	31

### II. EDITORIAL

Loyalty . . . . . D. C. . . . .	32
To Our Friends . . . . .	34

### III. COMIC

By Their Coiffures Ye Shall Know Them ( <i>Sketch</i> ) . . . . . Iris Howard, '23 . . . . .	35
Illustrations by Lillie Treuthardt, '24	
Page Mr. Webster . . . . . Marian Thomson, '21 . . . . .	38
The Saddest Words of Tongue or Pen ( <i>Cartoon</i> ) . . . . . Aileen Folliard, '21 . . . . .	39
The "Orful" Process of Moving ( <i>Cartoon</i> ) . . . Lillie Treuthardt, '24 . . . . .	40
The Evolution of the Uniform ( <i>Cartoon</i> ) . . . Lillie Treuthardt, '24 . . . . .	41

### IV. EXCHANGE

On Being Elected at the Last Minute . . . Claudia Everly, '23 . . . . .	42
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## “Now That April Is Here ”

'23

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Last evening I built a leaping fire,  
 And brought into my hearth, friend Thackeray,  
 Thinking perhaps to drive old thoughts away,  
 And memories and unfulfilled desires,  
 But strangest still, he proved dull company,  
 He found me restless and he smiled at me.

I felt perhaps Jane Austin's sympathy  
 Might fit into our moods-at-odds the while,  
 And so I found her out, and to beguile  
 Her presence there, I spoke of Thackeray;  
 And instantly she came, with heart a-fill  
 Of laughter, but I could not share her smile.

So Browning joined the circle, happily,  
 And there ignoring spoke of “children's-dower,  
 Far brighter than some gaudy melon flower”,  
 He did not throw famed epigrams at me,  
 He knew I watched the shadows on the floor,  
 And listened for a step outside the door.

I drew my thoughts together hastily,  
 Fearing my acts seemed rude to this good friend  
 And interrupted, hoping to amend;  
 But Browning smiled; they had not noticed me;  
 “Youth and philosophy! Wait, girl, and when  
 Age seeks forgetfulness—speak with them then!”



## The Probable Influence of Keats Upon the Poetry of the Future

GLADYS WRIGHT, '21

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Along with the twentieth century jumble of World War, of Little Theaters, and of community festivals comes the inevitable result of it all on poetry, the shadow of all that men do, or try to do. Democracy, as it has been taught and talked and fought, is now being echoed back in poetry. An idealistic democracy will be the theme of the poets of the future, for it will be lived by the people of the future. One observes the beginnings of it in Chaucer; he sees it later trampled scornfully by the classicists who prefer doctrines to life, and he still later perceives it again stirring under the pens of Wordsworth and Burns. The tide of democracy in literature is now at its full; critics herald the Poet of Social Passion; some of the more extravagant even venture to predict that "The Man with the Hoe" will be the battle cry for the next thousand years." Well, perhaps; at any rate, even the ignominious conservative of Amy Lowell will fain admit that the general shaking up the world has received, and the new realizations that have come to some of her more inland sons as a result of their recent trip west make people and popular problems of more vital interest than they have been in times past. Human nature and external physical nature in new phases have caused reactions; these reactions will be the fields of tomorrow's poetic harvest—or part of it. Readers and writers will still demand the type of art, in poetry or cast, "whose silent form dost tease us out of thought." Both the physical and the psychical, then, must be present, but one is tempted to prophesy a metamorphosis, especially as regards the former.

The reading public, it seems probable, will desire to be teased out of thought by something objective without the psychology actually attached in runes. To poets writing these picture poems, Keat's work will be a sort of professional thesaurus. Like Keats, it will suffice the verse-writers of the year 2000 and after to paint the picture, and provide no illuminating inscription. The interpretation will be left largely to the reader. The poet will be concerned with the

selection of an original study—the more trivial, the more glory if the treatment lifts it out of its mundane sphere—and the graphic sketching of it by means of a few striking, picturesque splashes of words. Keats can teach by example the folly of too many descriptive details, but he can also give lessons in the power of word pictures. An example that may be discussed in the preface to some Sandburgian biography a hundred years from now is the popular “Grasshopper and the Cricket.” The subject is all the democratic exponents of poetic impartiality could ask; even the most demanding could hardly hit upon a more unromantic insect than an ordinary grasshopper for the title rôle of a poem. Keats, unconsciously intent on being true to his subject, brings in, a few lines later, a stove—very common, very useful to be sure, but from the point of view of his own day, an exceedingly unpoetic piece of paraphernalia for a cottage set in a “new mown mead” whose descriptive lines almost carry the perfume of fresh clover. The poet of tomorrow, however, may go yet a bit farther, and in a few pictorial words, set before us the denimed harvest hands, or allow us a peep at the noon meal—and the individuality of table etiquette. At any rate, Keats can still be given credit for the germ and the descriptive power. His ingenuity in selecting subjects may be admired again in his “Lines on the Mermaid Tavern,” for will not the lover of brown and savory adjectives revel in his mention of “those dainty pies of venison”?

Aside from looking for suggestive material for poetic treatment in the works of his predecessors, the poet of 2000 A. D. will be looking for new worlds to conquer. Poems are already being written which treat realistically the types of characters one meets today on the street car, at the “movie,” and at the ten-cent store. For the poet who offers a representation of mood and temperament in a telephone girl, or a fat concert singer, there is reserved a shelf yet empty. To be sure, Rupert Brooke has offered an inimitable portrait of Wagner, as he graces the piano bench in some fawning dowager’s drawing-room, but it is noticeably alone in its field. Thus, in surveying Keats’ probable influence on the future of his art, we must not ignore any life drawings he has done, on which our twenty-first century William Dean Howells of poetry may draw. Truth to tell, Keats has very few that can assist him who would write human nature, in some of her self-revealing moments. One of his best is to be found in these lines:

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain,  
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;  
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast.

The last two lines will probably prove to be beyond the understanding of our future poet. He will be more likely to mention the surreptitious—or more realistically still, the undisguised—rub she gives the “natural” luster on her nails than her “soft dimpled hands, except as a reproach for idleness. The first two lines, however, he could not improve upon. The other portraits that we encounter in a perusal of Keats’ verse are not the material which will inspire future poets to pattern after them. Only now and then can a writer get his style so in tune with exalted themes of Greek mythology as to produce a poem of this nature that will live. The great world about him provides a much more appropriate and an altogether inexhaustible gallery of models of human nature. He may even with the living inspiration about him, draw on Keats. In that event, let us hope that the modern Isabella who takes form under the pen of the future poet will allow her maidenly sentiment to slop over in some less post mortem channel.

Besides learning graphic description from Keats, the New Poet can obtain fragments of the philosophy that must be present if the work is really to be a living, lasting success. There are none who can dispute the inestimable value of beauty, or its rightful place as a characteristic of every object we use, and of every act we perform. The realization of such a Utopian state is of course impossible before all minds recognize the beautiful and cast out the elements that are not in accord with it. The poet of tomorrow will look to Keats in his effort to bring all eyes to see, and all ears to hear the beauty and melody of the earth that is around them. He will lead all to see the very essence of the beautiful in living creatures we are now too prone to regard with dread or disgust. How many, I wonder, could see a serpent as Keats did, even making due allowance for his exquisite imagination?

She was a Gordian shape of dazzling hue,  
Vermillion spotted, golden, green, and blue.

How many of us today ever stop to look with awed joy “upon the gold clouds metropolitan,” or sense the “tall oaks, branch-charmed by the mighty stars,” or observe with a thrill of quiet pleasure “the murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves”?

Not only will Keats teach his successors to appreciate beauty,

but he will inspire in them an insatiable desire for it in all their surroundings, in everything with which they come in contact. His doctrine of beauty, used through the coming centuries, will correlate art and life, and be an impetus toward the ultimate identity of the two. And who today appreciates beauty, tomorrow will demand it; to him the ugliness, the drabness, and the sordidness that we tolerate in silence and even unnoticed now, will be utterly unendurable to him. A wall plastered over with frayed and tattered annual heralds of Mr. Barnum's achievements will be the subject for a graphic poem; it will also be the occasion for action by the city "beauty" commission. Beauty in our houses, in our yards and gardens, and in our relations with each other is coming more and more into the limelight as an essential factor of human life and is, therefore, a theme for poets. It is still coming. Pushed from the Romantic Age by Keats, who brings to admiring notice "the purple stained mouth," and furthered in our own day by such men as Rupert Brooke, who demanded food for his æsthetic nature in his very cups and saucers, the principle of beauty for its own sake will be exalted by popular opinion into its legitimate place as one of the essentials, because life will be unbearable without it.

And beauty will be for all; the poets of tomorrow will be democrats in their themes, yet their treatment of them will be permeated by the true "aristocratic spirit" that will permit nothing but the highest excellence. Their productions will measure up to the standards of beauty, for they will be true, and universal. They will thus exemplify the words of Keats:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.



## Cupid via Chinatown

MARY TABB, '23

Maisie's brown eyes shone with delight. Her love of adventure and her desire for the big chance for which she had waited caused her heart to beat rapidly and her cheeks to grow pink with enthusiasm. She pleaded with Mac Daniels, editor-in-chief of the *San Francisco Tribune*, to allow her to go.

"Nothing doing, Miss Maisie, awf'ly sorry; you'd make a good one, but it's too risky," and the busy editor turned back to his work.

"Not even if —" the girl faltered.

"Even if nothing."

"Oh! I know, I'll go to Wu Ling's, it's too respectable, if any thing and —"

"Now listen here," began the editor, but brown eyes and pink cheeks were triumphant, and Mac Daniels gave his consent. He had intended sending one of the men down to get the material for an article on "Chinatown's Night-Life," but no one was ever known to withstand for any length of time the pleading of Maisie's brown eyes, and Mac Daniels was not a paragon of steadfastness.

Maisie tripped jubilantly back to her desk and flashed a defiant look at O'Brien, the occupant of the opposite desk, who had entirely become a slave to brown eyes and pink cheeks. "The Boss says I can go," she flung triumphantly over her shoulder at him.

"Maisie, marry me and give up this everlasting search for the adventure which always lies just around the corner," begged the big Irishman, a look of pleading in his whimsical blue eyes. "Marry me and give up this quest through all the San Francisco back-alleys. It's mighty risky, and you mean too much to me to see you always running such risks."

"I am perfectly able to take care of myself," retorted Maisie icily, "and as for marrying you and living a humdrum life in a flat, well it doesn't appeal to me"—with a pretty little deprecatory gesture of her hands.

O'Brien winced. It wasn't her first refusal, however, so after a moment of silence with a teasing twinkle in his eyes, he ventured a reminiscence, "That little affair of yours with the old lady and her



poodle, which you thought was the famous lost poodle of the Van Brunts —”

“Oh,” interrupted Maisie, “I could have managed perfectly well and I am perfectly sure that I didn’t ask for your help,” she retorted, and turned on her heel.

She thrust a vengeful hat pin into her sailor and walked defiantly out to the elevator landing. A moment later she boarded a westward-bound street car, which carried her almost to the door of her apartment, on a quiet side street.

At dusk the intrepid Maisie wended her way down the narrow streets of San Francisco’s most alien quarter. It looked as if a bit of old China—a bit of Peking or Hong Kong—had been set down in the midst of wide-awake San Francisco, belonging to it, yet strangely apart. Maisie gazed delightedly into shop windows where joss sticks, gayly embroidered kimonoes, and little jade gods were displayed by the subtle Oriental, with a view of attracting the eyes and purses of numerous tourists. She passed by doorways where dark shadows lurked, and it must be said that she did not loiter. In front of some of the doorways old Chinamen sat and smoked unceasingly with imperturbable eyes fixed on nothing, but Maisie felt that they saw very much more than the bystander could guess. A few belated San Franciscans were hurrying home to delayed dinners and wifely smiles, or, perchance, a hastily prepared bit in a hall-bedroom. Maisie caught herself humming the refrain,

Chinatown, my Chinatown,  
Where the lights are low.

At length she arrived at her destination—the bazaar of one Wu Ling, known to the police and to the editor of the *Tribune* as “safe.” A serious brawl was never known to occur in his respectable quarters. There were no mysterious tales of opium, or of the disappearance of eminent business men or political bosses who were later to appear in some alleyway with a peculiar feeling of heaviness in the head and with a diamond stud or an expensive watch missing. Of course, the individuals themselves never spoke of it, but the usual mysterious rumors always got afloat. Nothing like this ever happened at Wu Ling’s.

Maisie walked boldly in and sat down at a small side table. An obsequious “Chink” brought her a cup of tea and a diminutive bowl of some queer substance. She looked around her curiously at the gay-hued swinging lanterns, and noted the subdued conversation and

the impenetrable faces of the occupants of the other tables, who did not seem to notice her intrusion into their midst, although it must have excited their interest.

Just as she was beginning to be a trifle bored, a small Chinaman appeared at a back doorway and beckoned to her. Nothing daunted she followed him down a small flight of steps into a dimly lighted room. Maisie looked about her and gasped. Perhaps a dozen or more Chinamen were reclining on cushions, smoking long pipes, and a delightfully languorous odor pervaded the air. On the opposite side of the room was a hideous brass Buddha before which joss sticks were burning. In the dim half-light the god seemed to smile sardonically at the two girls, dressed in gay kimono, who were making low obeisances to him. One of the Orientals slowly rose and handed Maisie a pipe, which she involuntarily accepted, and motioned for her to be quiet. The Geisha girls arose and began a languid dance to the strains of hidden music. It was slow at first, but it gradually grew more rapid until the girls seemed more like whirling dervishes than anything else. Maisie hardly breathed; was this the twentieth century in practical America? She noted everything—the wailing strains of the hidden orchestra, the whirling forms of the girls, the grim interest of the men and the derisive smile of the god. The smell of the opium and the incense was oppressive, and Maisie began to grow uneasy. Finally one of the men motioned to her to join in the dance and when she shook her head in a frightened refusal, he arose as if he would force her. Another one made a drunken clutch at her ankle, but Maisie jumped beyond his reach, and in her fright she dashed against the Buddha, which fell with a tremendous crash to the floor. At once a dozen pair of hands were raised in rage at the unutterable desecration. A dozen hidden faces leered at her with threatening eyes.

Maisie awoke with a start. Her whole body was trembling with fright. Where were the Geisha girls, the fallen Buddha, and the yellow faces? Then she smiled rather shamefacedly. She was in her own room and on the floor lay a big cut-glass bowl, broken into a thousand pieces, while big flaming California poppies lay scattered among the ruins; on the table lay her hat and coat where she had flung them on her return from the office. Outside her windows she could see the busy streets and the flaring electric signs. "Common workaday San Francisco, indeed!" sniffed Maisie.

After a few moments of silent thought she arose and went to the 'phone, calling for a number which she would not have asked for

on the preceding day, for any consideration. "Jimmie O'Brien," she said in the sweetest of tones, "won't you come down this evening? I want to talk to you, and, by the way, I don't believe I shall go to Chinatown after all."

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## A Romance of State

EVELYN GOODRICH, '23

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Once upon a time in a beautiful country named Texas, there lived a great philosopher. He was called Publicus Opinium. Now Publicus Opinium was the real power behind the throne, and the Royal Governor of the State and his courtiers, Sir Legislators and Lord Senate usually bowed before his will.

Opinium had a beautiful daughter, the renowned Young Womanhood of Texas. This young girl won fame throughout the world for her grace and beauty, but most of all for her industry. Not content to fill her place as social leader of the court and director of her father's household, she needs must find new ways of increasing her efficiency and new occupations to fill her days. It is needless to say that Young Womanhood of Texas had a persuasive tongue, and that this descendant of the abused Mother Eve used her battery of charms and her ever-ready wit to the greatest advantage.

One day as she was passing an idle hour in her father's garden, gazing dreamily into the Fountain of the Future, Opinium crept up behind her and in his kindest voice, asked, "Child, what do you see? Whom will you wed?"

"Whom will I wed?" and the hope of Texas gasped in horror. Then, "I will not wed; I will not!"

She stamped her little foot, and for the first time poor Publicus realized that he had on his hands a grown woman of decided views. Philosopher that he was, he could not understand a woman without matrimonial designs; psychologist that he was, he tried to reason with a woman. Routed utterly, he at length conceded to every demand of the haughty lady. A great estate should be established for the advancement of girls in all the arts—industrial and fine—A great idea, by all means, yes! Slightly disgruntled, but happy in the acceptance of a new idea on which to philosophize, Publicus Opinium returned

to the shelter of his *Daily Parchment*, knowing full well the subject which would soon be its "double headers." He left his daughter to entertain His Majesty, the Governor, and Lord Senate, and Sir Legislature, who had witnessed the scene from his favorite veranda, Office. However, the girl, filled with the magnificence of her great idea, passed by them with no notice of the chagrin and displeasure of the ruler, who loved her dearly.

His Majesty returned immediately to his palace to plan his attack upon the heart of the daughter of the old philosopher. He offered all that the wealth of the land could buy, but the fair-haired maiden flouted the proffered life of ease. She wished a life of accomplishment—a legacy to sisters through all succeeding generations.

Finally, in despair, for he knew that the tender heart of the maiden responded to his pleas, and that the rightful position of one so gracious and so gifted was that of the Governor's lady and protectress of the State, the ruler set his council to plan a means to win over the willing maiden. Sir Legislature advised with the philosopher, and together he and Lord Senate prevailed upon the ruler to accept their plan. Immediately he began the construction of a wonderful palace in the midst of a beautiful estate—a castle for independent advancement, the Maiden fondly called it.

The ruler of Texas and the daughter of Publicus Opinium were wedded at dawn midst the splendor of the newly built castle. The girl's Fairy Godmother (Oh, shame to introduce her at so late a time) gave to the happy couple eternal youth, and ever since that time they have lived in wedded harmony, with C. I. A. as their favorite estate. It is hoped that they shall live happily ever afterward.

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## C. I. A. Today

DANA FAIRCHILD, '23

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The present C. I. A.? We all know the present C. I. A. without the aid of any mere words to help us appreciate her. We understand her joys, characteristics, and sorrows now, because we are in the midst of them. We are the present C. I. A.

Within eighteen years C. I. A. has grown to be a dignified, respected young school, quite like a precocious young lady, indeed.

C. I. A. is now the third largest school of its kind in the world—by actual measurement—and, of course, the largest in its own State. There is no doubt that the College of Industrial Arts will continue to grow and to keep pace with the leading educational institutions. All this will be accomplished without a single worry wrinkle appearing upon her scholastic brow.

It isn't necessarily the buildings and equipment which give to a college its rank and prestige (as some modern solon has intimated), but the spirit and the after-lives of its past, present, and future students. A college which turns out capable, disciplined, young women who successfully take their places in life is accepted without question as one of the best. That is the permanent record of our College.

We could cite numerous examples from the lives of our students which show the results of our methods of training. The C. I. A. girl who completes the Commercial Course is just as successful in her business career as the girl who, having received her B. A. degree, is teaching in the high school. Or we may consider the case of the young artist who has finished the Fine and Applied Arts Course. Her struggles with attic and garret-room poverty are for the sake of publicity and to keep up the traditional "genius-in-the-garret" custom, rather than from dire necessity. Truly, she laughs in mighty glee, as she nibbles her burned toast and emaciated tea before faring forth into the seething marts of trade. She is well aware of the fact that, as soon as she presents her C. I. A. diploma and degree, recognition and interested assurance are sure to follow. The adventurous struggles with inadequate rations and "H<sub>2</sub>O-ed" milk will be over. There will be no more verbal skirmishes—the joy of every girl's heart—with the landlady. No more counting of pennies in the powderbox. No more clipping of stamps from unmailed letters, and no more skimping of pennies to buy ice-cream and woolens for the heathens. What a zestful, romantic life to bury permanently by the final presentation of C. I. A. credentials!

Equally interesting is the life of the piano teacher from C. I. A., or the skilled farmerette, or the scientist, the English disciple, the math shark, the commercial advertiser, costume designer, history and social science professors, æsthetic dancing teacher, landscape gardener, interior decorator, carpenter and woodworker, jewelry craftsman, the telegrapher, the photographer, or the housewife. Each individual exponent of these branches of study has a personal history all her own which is very similar in general to that of the painter.

C. I. A. not only teaches her girls to be independent in their choice of professions and "To Do By Doing"; but she also teaches them the fundamental truths of living, of homebuilding, and of religion. The training which the girl has received in her home is strengthened and amplified as much as possible through the Y.W.C.A. activities, and through worthwhile students and faculty members. C. I. A., for example, continues the aim of the home by showing the girl that if she breaks a law of nature she must pay for it in some way. And the girl realizes more than ever that a selfish, grouchy, disposition combined with yellow curtains and red rugs will not make a cheerful home. The young lady is encouraged to attend Sunday school every Sunday with a penny in her pocket, and a carefully learned golden text stored away in the first floor of her memory-house.

Sincerity of purpose in work, in play, and in friendship is stressed. We, who are too blind to see, are the only ones who miss this. Be sincere by all means, whether you are beseeching your neighbor for her last cracker, or whether you are pleading for permission for a week-end visit. Honesty and fair play accompany discriminating judgment and democratic ideas. This is well exemplified by the way the class teams conduct their bouts; and by the way the girls name over shifts for seats in the little stores. Higher ideals are formed. Higher demands upon brand of friendship are realized. Of course, any worth-while school is responsible for these things, but we are inclined to believe (prejudice?) that C. I. A. goes a step or two farther and makes these qualities just a little bit higher and better.

C. I. A. girls have good times along with their work. Our social life is limited, because we have six school days full of work; and because there are few social facilities (*amenities*) near. We have neither room nor time for elaborate affairs calculated to develop tea-hounds, or wearers of frills and furbelows. Our entertainments are on a simpler, more personal basis. They develop and encourage initiative, resourcefulness, and clever ingenuity. Consider for example, the girl who made her Valentine costume from a summer skirt, a roll of tissue paper, a fold or two of tulle, and a topsy-turvy wastebasket. We provide our own good times. These frolics are class and Faculty Stunts, recitals and lectures, interclass and club debates, Artist Course numbers, upperclass banquets, holiday parties, athletic bouts, kodaking hikes and gossip fests. Too, we have daily gym dances from six-thirty to seven each evening. Our supply of commas was exhausted in trying to enumerate all these activities, so you can judge for your-

self! The girls each play escort to her lady fair to all our receptions and dinner dances, since men are minus and unmissed.

Considering all these things, is it any wonder that C. I. A. turns out clear eyes, healthy, well-balanced young women whom the State is proud of? Can any one doubt that Texas has spent a part of her money wisely and well? And can any one fail to realize that these girls will affect the future citizenship and growth of Texas.

When we consider the record of those who have gone before us, we, who are the C. I. A. girls of today, are full of hope and encouragement for our future usefulness and happiness, and for the welfare of those who come after us.

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## To My College

MAUDE WALLIN, '22

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O, stately halls, wherein I've spent long hours  
Of toil and pleasure mingled one in one,  
Where all my hard-fought battles finally won  
Lent unto me, new strength and added powers  
To you I sing. Of wisdom and endowers,  
Ye masters true, who in these halls began  
What in the world a longer course shall run,  
My love to you. For you from all the flowers  
Of this our land we'll send new work to do  
And this we trust that you may give to them  
Who after us shall come, the same desire  
To render unto others service true.  
And may this light of service ne'r grow dim,  
But glow in time with added ardor's fire  
And in new souls each year that wish inspire.

## Visions of the Future

AUTREY WILEY, '22

---

William Butler Yeats once created a Fool, who took his scissors and cut the great black net which covered the earth and held the feet of the angels. Unfortunately, that creation, having dulled his scissors, cannot come to the relief of C. I. A.; therefore, the great black net which divides the future of our College from the present still remains. Angels, however, are not bound in the net which we consider; mere mortals, girls of Texas, are waiting for what the future will unfold for C. I. A.

What do we know of that which the years to come will hold for our College? There is no formula by which we can multiply or divide to obtain our desired vision of tomorrow, for we are dealing with the unknown quantity, and attempting to determine infinity. To secure a conception of the future, we can merely look at the present and at the past. Therein lies the future. What, without yesterday and today, might we say of tomorrow? C. I. A. has had a past, and her present constitutes what was once a future. Today she is a great college. Is it because she had no past? From the very beginning there was grounded in the spirit back of the College that force which makes for great achievements to come; today shows us the result. It is for us to determine what the coming years will bring to C. I. A.

What will be the future of a college which ranks third among the Women's colleges of the United States, and which has a history marked with progress? We determine the future by the past. Steady growth in previous years promises development in the years to come. Limitation is in capacity. Capacity has increased with time; limitation has decreased. The demand for more facilities is the demand of the present, as it was of the past. Will it be the cry of the future? We hope that it will. Never do we want to see our College cease to be the growing C. I. A. of today. We prophesy that dormitories, gymnasiums, social buildings, power plants, music halls, and auditoriums—the desires of our present and of somebody's past—will stand where fancy has placed them for us. We do not wish for the College of Industrial Arts an existence without desires. Such life would be stagnation. We hope that she may desire, and that she may have



new necessities, for such a condition means growth.

Thus it is that we do not know what the coming years may bring, but we of the present wish for those of the future a college unsurpassed. We see great possibilities, and we hope for results, which will undoubtedly come from the untiring efforts of a faithful President, and of an efficient faculty. However, buildings and a faculty are only two of the elements which go into the making of the college of tomorrow. Another must come before the desires of the present can be fulfilled. We, the students of today, are the third. We are the tools—the scissors. Our lives will unfold the tomorrow. We carry within us the future of C. I. A. Let us sharpen our blades, cut loose the net, and beyond that veil of fancy will unfold a C. I. A. forever.

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## The Fifteenth Century Ballads as the Expression of the Masses

RUTH DEVALL, '21

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The most noticeable trait which is common to all the fifteenth century ballads is that they are so truly “of the people, for the people, and by the people.” Even when they tell weird tales of lords and ladies, they tell them from the point of view of either a countryman bystander or of a servant. These ballads are often only of the common people themselves, but some of them are of the higher classes. The latter type of ballad can be divided into two classes: the ballads which are sung in admiration and respect for the nobility, and those which are rebellious in tone.

Some of the most charming of all the ballads are those which are so naively of the soil, such as “Willie and May Margaret” and “Gilderooy.” The ballads of superstition, too, savor of the lower classes, the ignorant folk who were most affected by superstition. “The Wee, Wee Man” is most clearly the product of the peasant imagination, and none but the veriest knave could have conceived of “Tom Thumb.” There is no lord or lady in “Annie of Lochroyan,” and yet there is

no tragedy as great as hers and Gregory's:

And he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,  
Till the sun was ganging down,  
Syne wi' a sigh his heart it brast,  
And his soul to heaven has flown,

except that of Willie and May Margaret, mentioned above. The last stanza of the latter:

O ye've had a cruel mither, Willie!  
And I have had anither;  
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water  
Like sister and like brither

tells the cause of the tragedy in both ballads. The people's minds seemed to dwell upon themes such as those in which young lovers were intercepted by their parents. This fact is brought out in several ballads which belong to the second type mentioned in the first paragraph.

Nearly all the ballads of love have to do with lords of high degree who fall in love with lowly maids, or ladies of high degree who love men beneath them. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," in which he says:

O I will never wed a wife  
Against my ain friends' will,

is an example of this, and his final decision,

No! I will tak' my mother's counsel,  
And marry me out o' hand;  
And I will tak' the nut-brown bride,  
Fair Annet may leave the land,

gives an insight into the attitude of the classes to each other. The statement is made without any animosity or venom—it is simply made as any other statement. "Young Beichan" gives another aspect—love between a noble Englishman and a native of another land—to be exact, another race. In all these cases, the true love wins out, but in the majority of them the lovers suffer temporary separation in the form of death before the ballad ends. In "Eetin the Forester" the lady of noble blood marries a hind, and, strangely enough, the ballad has a happy ending.

The last class of ballads, in which there is a rebellious note on the part of the lower classes for the treatment of their supposed betters, can be almost wholly represented by the Robin Hood ballads, and even in them there is a note of loyalty to the truly noble blood. "Gilderoy" is another example of the ballad which shows unkindly feeling toward the ruling class. The injustice of the hanging of Gilderoy is keenly felt by his sweetheart, who all but curses the

authority which caused his execution. "Fair Annie," in which the lord says:

Learn to mak' your bed, Annie,  
 And learn to lie your land;  
 For I am going ayont the sea,  
 A braw bride to bring hame.  
 Wi' her I'll get baith gowd and gear,  
 Wi' thee I ne'er gat nane;  
 I got thee as a waif woman,  
 I'll leave thee as the same.

has a hint of the contempt in which the peasant held the ungrateful members of the nobility, and "Lamkin" has the idea they had of the ones who would not pay. Although the people who sang the last stanza saw the justice in it, there is reason to believe that there were those among them who would have committed the same murder for the same cause. There is a mournful note in it:

And bonny sang the mavis,  
 Out of the thorny brake;  
 But sairer grat the nourice,  
 When she was tied to the steak

that cannot be found in the narration of Robin Hood's acts. The jollity can be felt by the most casual observer in:

They took the gallows from the slack,  
 They set it in the glen,  
 They hanged the proud sheriff on that,  
 Released their own three men.

The subject of the ballads as expression of the minds of the people cannot be left without mentioning the one called "Hugh of Lincoln." As the ballads of superstition show the popular idea of spirits, and "Etin the Forester" shows how they depended upon "receiving christendom" in childhood, this ballad shows the intolerance of the meanest of the English for the Jews. The idea that Jews were totally depraved and were not capable of gentler passions was universal at this time, as well as in later times, when Sir Walter Scott did not dare to allow Rebecca to be the heroine of "Ivanhoe." Intolerance holds much stronger among the masses than among more highly cultured classes, terrible as were the atrocities committed by the latter.

And so, the ballads express the public mind—the mind of the great mass of the people—better than any previous literature. They make the reader feel the spirit of the times among the village folk almost more than greater literature does, and the reason must be that they were sung "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

## Youthful Fidelity

CLAUDA EVERLY, '23

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As the sound of the school bell reached her ears, Dolly Bess impatiently tossed back her long curls and began folding the doll dress upon which she had been sewing industriously.

"Sylvia Evangeline," she said, picking up a big, golden-haired doll that lay upon the floor among some half-dozen other dolls of various kinds, "I'm so sorry that I cannot finish your dress today, but I will have it done tomorrow, surely. That will be plenty of time. Let's see, the party is day after tomorrow, isn't it? I must hurry away to my work now!"

Dolly Bess always spoke of school as her "work" when she was talking to the doll family, for, of course, it would never do to confess that, when one was eight years old, she must still be going to school!

When school was over that afternoon Dolly Bess and her little friend, Betty Lou, a chubby, dark-haired, rosy-cheeked child, were hurrying home to their "children." Ahead of them was a little girl about nine years old, and by her side walked a little boy, who proudly swung two book satchels. He had just offered his companion a big red apple, which she accepted with a coquettish smile.

"Just look at Lucy and Jack," whispered Dolly Bess to Betty Lou. "Did you see him give her that big apple?"

"Yes, and I saw him give her a big long, blue pencil yesterday at school!"

"Listen."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Lucy, I think you've got the prettiest red cheeks I ever saw.'"

"He did?"

"Yes—and wait—listen! He said, 'That's a pretty ribbon you have on, too.'"

"How silly! I think it's ugly—the big, black and white checked thing!"

"Lucy thinks she is so big! Yesterday I heard her say, 'Sister says it's so much trouble to have a beau, and I think it is too.' A beau! The idea! And she's just nine years old! I'm eight and I

know I don't want any little old boy around me! Oh yes! and she was telling about getting notes from Jack out in the old tree in their yard."

"I think they're silly! Come on, Dolly Bess, let's hurry. I wish you could have brought Sylvia Evangeline with you, but I guess we can play with my dolls today!"

The next day Betty Lou did not come to school. As Dolly Bess walked slowly homeward, a small figure darted to her side and seized her books.

"Let me carry your books, Dolly Bess!"

"No! Let them go, Jimmy Baine!"

"Please, Dolly Bess. I like you better than anybody."

"Go away, I say, Jimmie!"

"You've got the prettiest curls, Dolly Bess!"

"I haven't got red cheeks."

"I don't like red cheeks. I think you're the prettiest girl in school!"

"Jimmy!" And Dolly Bess broke away from her admirer and ran home as fast as she could, but she could not help from hearing Jimmy shout, "Look in that old tree by the gate in the morning!"

The next morning Dolly Bess seemed greatly preoccupied. She got out her doll family and began to sew on Sylvia Evangeline's party dress. Suddenly, however, she threw the dress aside and ran to the mirror. Long and carefully she surveyed her image. She noted her big, blue eyes, her small mouth, then pulling her long golden curls, she said reflectively, "My hair is pretty—and he said he didn't like red cheeks."

Slowly she turned away, and looked again at the doll family, then she disappeared. Soon she returned with a long box. Into this she put the dolls, one by one, then she carried the box to the closet and closed the door.

Hastily she ran downstairs and out to the tree by the gate. Scrambling up through the branches, she reached a hollow place in the tree and peered eagerly in. There it was!—a tiny note written in a scrawling hand.

*Dear Dolly Bess. I love you. Let me be your bow! JIMMY.*

For weeks afterward Betty Lou was first surprised, then disappointed, and finally, disgusted! Every afternoon Jimmy carried Dolly Bess' books for her; he brought her apples, candy, pencils, and one day a handkerchief. They even put notes in the old tree by the

gate. Dolly Bess had also worn a new, black and white checked hair-ribbon and had confided to Betty Lou that Jimmy told her it was the prettiest ribbon he had ever seen! She had told Betty Lou that she didn't have time to play "dolls" anymore,—it was so much trouble to have a beau!

This from Dolly Bess, her own chum, who had said boys were silly! Dolly Bess was acting silly now, Betty Lou decided!

But one day Dolly Bess had to go away with her mother on a visit. She wept copiously when she bade Jimmy good-bye, but went away comforted by his promise to put a note in the old tree every day while she was gone.

Less than two weeks had passed when they returned unexpectedly. The first thing Dolly Bess did was to run out to the old tree by the gate and look into the hollow trunk. It was empty! Dolly Bess leaned back against the tree trunk and wondered.

Listen—there was Jimmy's voice, but what was he saying?

"Aw! I don't like yellow curls and white cheeks! I think black, straight hair and red cheeks like yours, are prettier, Betty Lou."

When they had passed, Dolly Bess slid from the tree and went slowly into the house and upstairs. She brought out the dust-covered storehouse of the doll family, sat the dolls up in a row, shook out the long-neglected dress and said, "I guess it's almost time for the party, Sylvia Evangeline."

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## Comparison of "The Jew of Malta" and "The Merchant of Venice"

LOUISE LANGLEY, '21

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The two dramas, "The Jew of Malta" and "The Merchant of Venice," though they are of widely different types and are written by authors of widely different ability and genius, possess many characteristics in common, as well as many in contrast. The difference between the dates of the two plays is not very great; nevertheless, perhaps some of the differences in workmanship may be attributed to this fact, but probably the secret of all of them lies in the difference of the minds which created the plays. Marlowe's "The Jew of

Malta" belongs to the type of drama, tragedy of blood, which owes its origin to Thomas Kyd, and ranks among the best plays of this type. Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" is one of the greatest comedies ever written. It possesses tragic possibilities, but the conclusion is such that a situation that could easily be made tragic is made humorous.

Perhaps the feature in both plays which is responsible more than any other thing for the association of the two plays is the likeness of the two Jews, Barabas and Shylock. Both represent all that can be said of greed and hate in Jews, but no one can fail to see the superiority of Shylock over Barabas. Both are supposed to represent the same type of mind and to embody the same characteristics, but the difference lies in the workmanship and treatment on the part of the dramatists. Barabas is the main character in "The Jew of Malta," and his acts of greed and hate constitute the center of the play and are made more prominent by the absence of any other interest. The entire drama is a story of Barabas and his one dominating passion, greed for money; Marlowe has all events center around him. Shylock with his hate and greed is kept more or less in the background, and he is not necessarily the central figure. When Marlowe wrote his play, he unquestionably had the Jew in mind as the chief character, but this fact was not the case in Shakespeare's play. Probably Shakespeare was thinking more of Portia than of any other character, for, to his mind, Shylock was a comic character whose misfortunes and ill luck were a source of humor. Since Shakespeare's day, however, the attitude toward Shylock has changed, and Shylock has become a more dignified character, but he still does not occupy the foreground which Barabas occupies. Both Jews are alike in their greed for money and their hate for Christians, but Shylock is a more artistic and lifelike character than Barabas. Barabas is a crude character, who, at times, reminds one more of a monster than a human being. When he meets final defeat, we do not have sympathy for him, but we do have it for Shylock. All of the other characters in "The Merchant of Venice" are superior to those in Marlowe's play. Marlowe has created no woman character to compare with Portia, and even Jessica is a much more charming and realistic character than Abigail.

Another great difference between the plays is that of the two plots. "The Merchant of Venice" is made up of two distinct stories, the bond story and the casket story, while "The Jew of Malta" has

only the one. The two stories of the former, however, are woven together well and work toward the same end. The exciting force of the two plays is different. In "The Jew of Malta," it is the tribute which the government exacts of the Jew, but, in "The Merchant of Venice," it is the love of Bassanio for Portia. In this way, the two elements of the latter play have intercourse, and Bassanio, throughout the drama, plays a part of the same nature which he assumes in the exacting forces; he is the connecting link between the Christian and the Jewish elements, between the casket and the bond stories. Of these two stories, the latter is subordinate to the former, for Antonio involves himself in the bond because of the love of Bassanio for Portia. After the exciting force enters, the action in each of the plays rises comparatively rapidly; however, the rising action of "The Merchant of Venice" is of a more complex nature than that of "The Jew of Malta." In addition to the main action, which includes the making of the bond and the preparation which Bassanio makes to go to Portia's home, there are other features of the casket story. Several lovers choose caskets in their attempt to obtain the one which will entitle them to the hand of Portia. The rising action of "The Jew of Malta" includes the various acts of greed and hate which Barabas performs, the most important of which are the failure to surrender his possessions and the stratagem which brings about the death of Jessica's two lovers. As the main action of "The Merchant of Venice" is the love story, the climax comes when Bassanio chooses the right casket, but in "The Jew of Malta", which has no love story as its center, the climax comes when Ithamore falls in love with Bellamira and when Jessica is poisoned. At this point, Barabas knows his fate is sealed. The remainder of the play brings him to a most horrible end in which he suffers the fate he had prepared for others. In "The Merchant of Venice," the Jew is defeated in his plans, but in no such tragic way as in "The Jew of Malta." The solution is favorable for Antonio, and since he plays the rôle of protagonist, the play becomes a comedy. The development of the story of "The Jew of Malta" is a horrible one and stands in great contrast to the delightful development of the other play. Marlowe, however, in presenting the horrors and murders violates one of the important laws of drama, causality, which Shakespeare observes in his play.

It might be well to examine the effect which the result of both dramas has upon the audience. True tragedy inspires pity and fear; "The Jew of Malta" does not have this effect. We hardly pity Barabas,



and certainly do not feel that his fate might be ours. In "The Merchant of Venice" we sympathize with Shylock, and at the same time, enjoy Antonio's release from the bond. Thus we see wherein "The Jew of Malta" fails to meet the requirements of true tragedy and wherein "The Merchant of Venice" fulfils the requirements of true comedy.

Another feature which distinguishes the two plays is the element of humor. There is no trace of humor in "The Jew of Malta," but in "The Merchant of Venice," it is abundant. In addition to the conclusion, which is a source of humor, there are several comic scenes, the chief figures of which are Launcelot and Gobbo. These scenes serve as relief from the more serious parts of the play. Marlowe has no such scenes in his play, but has the audience witness scene after scene which are of a serious nature and are really more intense than those of Shakespeare's. Furthermore, a characteristic spirit, not altogether humorous, but genuinely human pervades "The Merchant of Venice," but it is not found in "The Jew of Malta." This fact shows that Shakespeare possessed a deep insight into human nature that Marlowe did not have.

The style of the two plays is similar. Both are written almost entirely in blank verse with the exception of a few instances in which prose is used. Marlowe's blank verse is poetry of no little worth. From the mouth of Barabas comes some of the most beautiful poetry which stands the test well in comparison with that of Shakespeare, the master of blank verse. Again "The Merchant of Venice" is superior however, but "The Jew of Malta" does contain some really creditable verse and many passages which are often quoted. To do Marlowe justice, however, in reading these two plays, we must not fail to take into some consideration that he produced "The Jew of Malta" while he was still in his twenties and that "The Merchant of Venice" was the production of a mature man.



## Genius Nipped in the Bud

EUGENIA NEWBERRY, '21

I remember when I was in the seventh grade I belonged to a select "crowd" of little girls among whom were: Marjorie Stansell, Rose Boddie Bishop, Bessie Thornhill, and Kathryn Hudson. We were so "thick" that one couldn't stir us with a stick, and everything one did, the others had to do. We played together, sat as close as we could to each other; tried to read alike, talk alike, dress alike, and do all of the foolish things that little girls are heirs to. Of course, we had our differences and our "makeups" and were generally on the mend, but our disagreements had their bounds in the crowd. When any differences came up between an outsider and "Our Crowd," we were in arms and ready to be co-sympathizers.

We were the leaders in the room. When the time came to decorate the teacher's desk and give her sacks full of candy, and apples, and oranges, (This was before Mr. Hoover's day when eating candy wasn't unpatriotic) we were the ones to suggest the idea and lay the plans, especially those including orders for the day and the hour, and exhortations to everyone to bring something. We attended to the arrangement of the offerings on the desk. We took most of the thanks to ourselves, and so on. Oh, we were regular generals. We always had to manage the subscriptions for the teachers' Christmas present, and we felt "lots" more important in doing it than the men who have the Red Cross campaigns in charge. We were always on the committee to select the gifts and certainly to prepare the card which was to go along with the present. No one could write as well as we could. It's true they were very unselfish, meaning the other girls and boys in the room, to let us do these things but they did it only because they realized our efficiency. We were all in all. And so, as I've said, when anyone insulted a member of "Our Crowd," we were all righteously indignant; we had all been insulted.

Now Miss Annie McCalla was one person who didn't seem to realize or appreciate our weight in public affairs, our authority, or our privileges, even though she was one of our teachers and was around us enough to have known that we were the swayers of public

opinion and, therefore by right entitled to the most courteous treatment.

Every day when we went to the board in algebra or arithmetic, we erased our choice boards as clean as clean could be and placed our work on them just so. Now this extreme painstaking got on Miss McCalla's nerves. Every day she would tell us to hurry and go to our seats and not waste so much time. We didn't mind if she did get nervous and fussy. Each one of us knew that her work "suited Tom Sawyer," and each took her own time.

For once Miss McCalla got enough and too much of this foolishness.

"Little girls, finish your work right now and pass to your seats. There is no use in your being so particular. The last one of you is going to be an old maid as sure as fate."

Old maids indeed! We fairly slung our work on the board and walked haughtily indignantly to our desks. Old maids indeed! I say old maids! The very idea! Humph!

Recess came. "Our Crowd" gathered. Each one was boiling inside. Miss McCalla was on duty at the south door of the school building and was standing on one of the buttresses unconscious of the indignation meeting which we were holding. Indeed old maids! And we flashed at her out of the corners of our eyes. We would make her think old maids.

"I'll tell you what let's do. Let's don't half-way erase our boards nor —"

"Clean them a bit, no, sir —"

"And just leave them dirty and streaked and —"

"And with our algebra any old way."

We all were agreed. We would see our enemy completely humble. Maybe we would drive her to an apology. She would be sorry that she called us old maids by the time she looked at dirty boards for awhile.

The bell rang and we marched upstairs. Miss Eanes took charge of us after recess. She was making out her reports when an inspiration came to me. I took out my pencil and tablet and wrote the following:

I'll take up my stool

And move it in the shade

For as it is said

I'll not marry at all, at all.

This was said by Annie McCall.

Wasn't this wonderful? It was too good to keep. Marjorie must see it. After taking pains to see that Miss Eanes was busy, for my work wasn't intended for her, I threw the note into Marjorie's lap. Alas, alack, Miss Eanes looked back! And Marjorie nearly turned to a pillar of salt. She could not move the note, because Miss Eanes would see her, and so she left it lying in her lap.

Miss Eanes rose unconcerned, went sweeping down the aisle, swooped and snatched the note out of Marjorie's lap while Marjorie remained helpless. She walked on to the back of the room and went to the front of the room. I shook my desk I was so scared. Fire was in her eyes when she said,

"Who started this note? Bess Davis, did you?"

"No'm."

"Eugenia, did you?"

"No'm."

"Marjorie, did you?"

"No ma'am, Miss Charlie."

My time had come. What was I to do? She would ask everyone in the room, and in the long run I should be forced to confess. Then she would think when I denied starting the note that I told her a flat story. Now I had not told her anything but the truth; for I had not started the note around the room, but had only handed it to Marjorie. I must not let her think that I told her a deliberate falsehood. I could settle that part later, but what if she should take the note to Miss McCalla. I hadn't called Miss McCalla "Miss" in the poem. I saw my finish. I shivered. I remembered a day when one of our teachers had kept after school some little girls who had written notes about her, and I recalled the tearful tale they told of that interview. Ooo-oo, what a disgrace if I should be called up before Miss McCalla! How humiliated I would be! My conscience smote me and my whole body shook with fear. I must confess then and there. I must bind "Miss Charlie" not to tell on me. I fearfully raised my hand. She nodded her head and I went to her.

"Miss Charlie, I didn't start that note anywhere, I wrote it and handed it to Marjorie, Miss Charlie, please don't tell Miss McCalla. Please don't, you won't, will you?"

Miss Eanes looked as serious as could be; but underneath this cover she must have been amused at my discomfiture. I waited

anxiously for her answer.

"I don't know what I ought to do, Eugenia."

"Please don't tell, Miss Charlie. Please don't."

"Well—" My good name I felt hung on her answer. "Well, will you not write any more notes this year?"

"No ma'am, I won't."

"Not all this year."

"No ma'am."

"All right then."

My heart fell to its natural position. I went to my seat. But my muse had fled.

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## Places of Historic Interest in Texas

KATHERINE VARNER, '24

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From the Sabine Pass to the Rio Grande there is picturesque territory dotted here and there with ruins which commemorate some historical incident in the development of American and Mexican civilization. Every Texan should know these historic places and should have the most profound respect for them. Some of the most interesting are Lafitte's home in Galveston, the town of Ysleta, the Old Stone Fort at Nacogdoches, and the missions of San Antonio.

Lafitte's home in Galveston is a place of historic interest to every Texan. It is built of cedar logs and has a roof of cedar boards, which he brought from some island near Galveston, probably from the Island of Grande Terre in Barataria Bay. It is a one-roomed house, which was once painted red, but is now colorless. At present, it is owned by an Italian family.

Lafitte was an American pirate and smuggler; he was captain of a band of desperadoes who maintained their headquarters on the Island of Grande Terre, and from there plundered traders in the Gulf. During the war of 1812, he moved to Galveston and offered his services to the governor of Louisiana and General Jackson on condition that he and his followers would be pardoned. He assisted in the construction of the defenses of Barataria Bay, and in command of a detachment of his band fought most creditably in the Battle of New Orleans. President Madison by proclamation confirmed the pardon

granted to the outlaws. In 1820, an American vessel was plundered by Lafitte's band, and for this reason, their leader was forced once more to abandon forever the shores of Texas.

Ysleta, which is situated on the Rio Grande a few miles below El Paso, has enduring celebrity as the oldest town in North America. It was for many centuries the home of the Pueblo Indians; the Spanish expedition of Coronada found them there in 1540. The village has remained little improved since that time; the houses are still built in the same style that the first ones were. The Spaniards erected a church there, which, though its walls are built of sun-dried brick, has stood for three hundred and fifty years.

The Old Stone Fort at Nacogdoches was built in 1778 by the Spaniards as an outpost. It is standing now just as it stood then, minus its upper story which is said to have been of hewn wood. It resembles a block house, but it now has modern panes of glass instead of the heavy shutters and bars. Although it does not occupy the same site as in the early days, it has the same stones, dimensions, and design. The building was torn down because the location was wanted for a business house. The women of Nacogdoches obtained the stone and reërected the old fort in a corner of the high school grounds. On a marble slab in front of the fort, they put these words

THE OLD STONE FORT, BUILT IN 1778  
REBUILT AND PRESENTED TO POSTERITY  
BY THE WOMEN OF THE CUM CONCILIO CLUB

Tradition tells us that the original building was probably erected by Gil y' Barbo and his followers. It is particularly interesting to Texans, because it was here that David Crockett, on his way to the Alamo, refused to sign an oath of allegiance to Mexico. It was at one time military headquarters for ten thousand soldiers, and had floating over it in succession the flags of six different nations.

The missions of San Antonio are the most important of the historic places in Texas. The Concepcion Mission is the best preserved and, likewise, the most picturesque of San Antonio's five priceless legacies from Spain. It is built of stone and mortar with a vaulted ceiling, a dome, and bells. Approaching the mission, you see twin towers arising from a massive church of gray stone, once highly ornamented with sculpture and carving, but now much dilapidated. The portal is decayed, and the carvings and decorations are obscure. The mission bears hints of the Moorish spirit; the tendency to arch and to vault which one sees so frequently in Spanish architecture, and a great dome sprung lightly over the main hall of the church are

marvels of beauty. In front there is a long wall, now fallen into decay. This wall was of enormous thickness; the half ruined dwellings in its sides are still visible. The black stone cross between the twin towers, the curious parapets along the roof, and the mysterious entrances in the rear, serve to call up the mission fort as it was a century ago. It was a giant piece of masonry, but it has crumbled in many places, as it is built of the soft stone of the country. The grant of the mission of Concepcion was the first land grant of the Spanish government in Texas of which there is any record. It is also famous as the scene of conflict between the successful Texans under Colonel James Bowie and Captain J. W. Fannin and the Mexican troops in 1835.

About four miles west of San Antonio in the midst of a plain, stands the vast pile of ruins known as San José. It is beautifully decorated with carving and sculpture; it has been pronounced by one of the most famous Parisian artists the finest piece of architecture in the United States. Those, who have seen it, tell us that it is impossible to paint with words the beauty of this yellowish-gray structure, with its belfry, its long ranges of walls, its vaulted archways, its richly and quaintly carved windows, its winding stairways, and its shaded aisles. But the beautiful structure is rapidly decaying. The great dome fell a few years ago and the roof is no longer considered safe. San José has more claims to distinction than have the other missions, because the King of Spain sent an architect of rare knowledge to superintend its erection.

The Alamo is the shrine to which every pilgrim in Texas should do utmost reverence. As a mission church and fortress it is deserving of respect, and its baptism in blood is world-famous. The inscriptions on the Alamo monument in the porch of the capitol at Austin give a foretaste of the reverence in which the ruins of the Alamo are held by every Texan:

THERMOPYLAE HAD HER MESSENGER OF DEFEAT,  
BUT THE ALAMO HAD NONE

BLOOD OF HEROES HATH STAINED ME. LET THE STONES OF THE ALAMO SPEAK  
THAT THEIR IMMOLATION BE NOT FORGOTTEN.

BE THEY ENROLLED WITH LEONIDAS IN THE HOST  
OF THE MIGHTY DEAD

TO THE GOD OF THE FEARLESS AND FREE IS DEDICATED  
THIS ALTAR MADE FROM THE RUINS OF THE ALAMO

It has enduring fame as the scene of the battle and massacre of March 6, 1836 in the war for Texas independence. Here, before the

overwhelming forces of the Mexican army, consisting of six thousand men under Santa Anna, fell the little band of one hundred and seventy-seven Texans under William B. Travis. The Mexican loss was two thousand killed and three hundred wounded; not a Texan escaped.

As you see the remnant of the old fort now, perhaps it does not seem to you like a grand historical memorial. There is but little left of the original edifice now, for the walls, tremendously thick and strong, have fallen much into decay. But, you must picture the old fort as it appeared on March 6, 1836. It was a formidable structure, with a large plaza, fifty by one hundred feet. It was enclosed by adobe walls, three feet thick and eight feet high, except a part of the west side which is bounded by a row of one-story adobe houses. Across the plaza, extending about sixty yards on the east side, was a two-story convent. This building opened out upon the main plaza and upon a smaller inclosure to the east, known as the convent yard. This convent yard was surrounded by a heavy wall of adobe, sixteen feet high. At the farthest northern corner was a sally-post defended by a redoubt and at the southeast corner a mission chapel. This mission chapel was of stone, dismantled and without roof. The south end of the main plaza and the church were joined by a stockade.

Here and there these silent ruins invoke our praise and admiration for the brave men who so loved Texas as to lay down their lives for her. Truly, no Texan need look beyond his own State for inspiration to carry on the spirit of liberty and democracy, for which these battle-scarred buildings stand — mute, but powerful, reminders of a glorious past.

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## A Song

'23

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My gay, small world of silk  
And tinsel bright,  
Has passed into the stillness  
Of the night.

For hand in hand we watched  
The sunset scar  
A greying sky, and wake  
A sleeping star.



# EDITORIAL

## THE DAEDALIAN STAFF

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Editor-in-Chief .....	Dorothy Conner
Literary Editor .....	Louise Langley
Comic Editor .....	Eugenia Newberry
Art Editor .....	Marian Thomson
Exchange Editor .....	Clauda Everly
Business Manager .....	Charlotte Kyle

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## LOYALTY

Your college and mine—are we loyal to her? Do we as college students realize the true meaning of loyalty. Loyalty to one's college is more than a hearty response of applause when some speaker praises our institution. It is more than the mere repetition of the words of "Hail Alma Mater." Loyalty implies lasting strength and endurance along with its definition of "devoted allegiance to some cause"—in this case, a college. There is no institution save the church, which has a better claim to the devotion, love, and loyalty of its members than the college or university. We are not holding high the standards of our college, if there fails to be instilled into the hearts of all students the highest sense of loyalty. We believe that the college student is superior to the less fortunate member of society who, for lack of desire, intelligence, or finances, forsakes the paths of learning at an early date. The college student is accredited with more ability and more skill; surely from such individuals there should come the highest type of loyalty.

The girls of the College of Industrial Arts are showing that spirit

in many ways. Doubtless, few of them have ever considered compliance to uniform regulations as a form of loyalty, which it really is. Yet their willingness to coöperate with the ideals and standards set up by the College has been, and is, a real test of each student's loyalty. Loyalty is akin to, as it is a part of, student government, and like the latter it develops and grows only as the students show their desire to foster it with just and wise coöperation. In other words, loyalty is a "hearty service of friendship and love," which is in the power of every girl in our college to give freely and gladly.

Perhaps some girls who read this may think that college loyalty is a matter of never wearing open-work hose, or of being present at all basketball games and mass meetings. College loyalty should reach beyond the coöperation of the campus and be carried by each girl to the community where she lives. It is when we go back to our homes that we most reflect the spirit of college life. If that spirit falls below the ideals which others have set up for our college, our disloyalty is manifoldly greater than had we failed to comply with some rule while in college. Especially critical of us are the high-school girls who have made college the Mecca of their dreams. Is it not disloyal to do or say anything which is not up to our standard, and which is quickly noticed by a younger girl who is even more quick to add, "and she is a C. I. A. girl!"

College loyalty cannot remain still; like civilization it must go forward or backward. We must not fail in the eyes of the *alumnæ* whose loyalty has aided the present-day development to carry on the ideals which they have left us and to increase those ideals for the girls of the future. When we, too, are numbered among the *alumnæ* and when the College of Industrial Arts is the largest, as it is now the best, of its kind in the United States for women, the loyalty of college days will be ever kept alive by the realization that loyalty is the key to successful living. Loyalty to one's home and friends, to one's college in early years, is strengthened and increased by loyalty to one's life work. Without it we fail to achieve the highest and best in life. College life is the preparation for our future careers. That they may be as successful as our ambitions and hopes paint them, it seems more wise to make our college life indicative of that future. Truly, there can be no better motto for our life today in college, or tomorrow in the world, than the simple definition of loyalty—"Hearty service in friendship or love"—for all that is best and highest.

— D. C.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

Were there a poet on our staff, she would forthwith be commissioned to write a poem of appreciation, to be dedicated to our friends. In absence of the staff poet, we must use more prosaic methods of expressing our appreciation to the members of the English faculty and all students who have contributed to this magazine. We, who were elected when half the term was over, have been handicapped by lack of time and lack of experience on our part. These handicaps have been more than overbalanced by the coöperation, loyalty, and response which the students have given to our search for material and information. To these students, still our friends, we hope, despite the way some of them dodge us when their material is late, we feel that the credit for this number of the *Quarterly* is largely due.





## By Their Coiffures Ye Shall Know Them

IRIS HOWARD, '23

We classify hogs; we classify sheep; we classify microbes; why not classify girls? Impossible here, because they wear uniform? No, sheep's wool is classified as long, straight, short, or curly, while C. I. A. girls are classified as those who have curly hair (natural or acquired); those who wear the eternal puffs; those who show their love for nature by leaving straight hair straight; and those who affect the charming, but simple "bob."

Let us begin with the girls who have curls, for curls are as old as history. The Bible does not say so, but I would wager that Eve had curly hair or she found some way to make it curl. But let us get back to the C. I. A. girl whose "crowning glory" is a succession of beautiful waves. No wonder sleep still peeps from her eyes in the morning, and yawns persist in pushing her mouth open all day. Last night when her "straight-haired-don't-care-if-I-am" sister was fast asleep, the slave of electric curlers was going through the fascinating gymnastics of "rolling up." This morning when most of the girls were peacefully slumbering, the seeker of beauty was up going through the absorbing process of "un-rolling." What a pity it is that the poor girl must ply the electric curler every night; but it must be done, for verily, verily, I say unto you unless straight hair be "rolled" at night, it never will curl on the morrow. Let us not pity the girl too much, however.



The age of powder-puffs, hair-nets, and "frat" pins.

The necessity of getting up to "unroll" hair is a blessing in disguise, for if the girl be fat, the exercise will reduce her; and if she be slim, the morning air will do her good. Then one must always remember that a girl who will forego sleep and laziness for the sake of an alluring wave has courage. And what is more truly desirable than courage?

We leave the girl with curls to her happiness hoping that she may never hear a loud voice exclaim at ten o'clock on a rainy morning, "Oh, my goodness, Jane, I wish you'd look at Anna's hair, I thought it was really curly!" Now more than likely Jane and her friend have straight hair or else they could never have brought themselves to wound a fellow creature so terribly. Straight-haired girls affect what a user of slang has termed the "slicked-back" style. A girl belonging to the "slicked-backers"

is one of three things; she is either too studious to take pains with her hair; or she is saving it for the secret purpose of looking more like a vamp next summer; or lastly,—she is just "plain careless."

I know that many girls disdain the sight of an uncovered ear. Those people who "slick back" are likely to have only four or five limp hairs drawn across the ear to serve as a covering. For the girls who are sensitive to the sight of an unoffending ear, there is always the "puff." It seems that puffs are like the poor we shall have with us always. Puffs are so ordinary that one is almost conspicuous without them. The C. I. A. girl who wears puffs has a generous heart; for she sacrifices her hair to make them and she keeps up the hair net industry. Perhaps you will be shocked when I tell you that if every girl in C. I. A. buys one hair net per week the weekly hair-net bill of the student body is one hundred and ninety-five dollars. Surely you have not thought of it in this way before. But I only cite the incident to show you how generous the girls of C. I. A. really are. Why if they were to abolish puffs, some honest laborer might be out of a job. Do not think for a moment that the satirist disdains the "puffs," for she always endeavors to wear nice fat ones when she goes shopping or has Sunday visitors at the dormitory. In addition, the possibility that there may come an "earachy" age ought to convince anyone of the



Later—first a shiny nose, then a bored expression.



Usually —  
The finished product!

absolute necessity of the everlasting puff.

But there is still another type prevalent at C. I. A. that must be given attention. This type is represented by the wide-eyed lassie with locks curtailed. I speak of the girl who has succumbed to the simple but charming "bob." Like an epidemic, the desire to "bob" spreads over C. I. A. each fall. No one knows just why, but every year scores of the students (even staid Seniors) "bob" their hair. It is thought that some want the hair to grow thicker, but that many want to enjoy boyish freedom, and incidentally desire to be in the latest style. Brave is the girl who "bobs" her hair, she scorns the wrath of wise parents with the hope that they will forgive her next summer, when they see

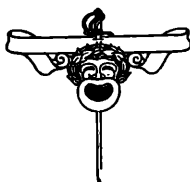


You decide on bobbed hair. (Then there are curlers.)

she "has the most luxuriant hair of any girl in town." The girl who cuts her hair, values the advice of an interested friend. Jane says to Sue, "I'd 'bob' if I wanted to. Yes, of course, you'll have to curl it every night, but maybe your roommate will help you. No, I don't think Jim will be ashamed to take you places next summer and if

he is—well, he isn't the only pebble on the beach, and you just tell him so." So Sue cuts her hair and her head becomes a mass of little tight curls, for no one "bobs" now-a-days without curls. Let us leave poor little Sue, perhaps crying over shorn locks, but not before we have admitted that she is practical. Short hair proves a time-saver at C. I. A. and really looks quite charming with the simple dresses the girls wear.

Perhaps the fair sex object to the comparison of themselves to sheep. If such be the case, let them consider the question of why there are only four types of coiffures in this college of fifteen hundred maidens.



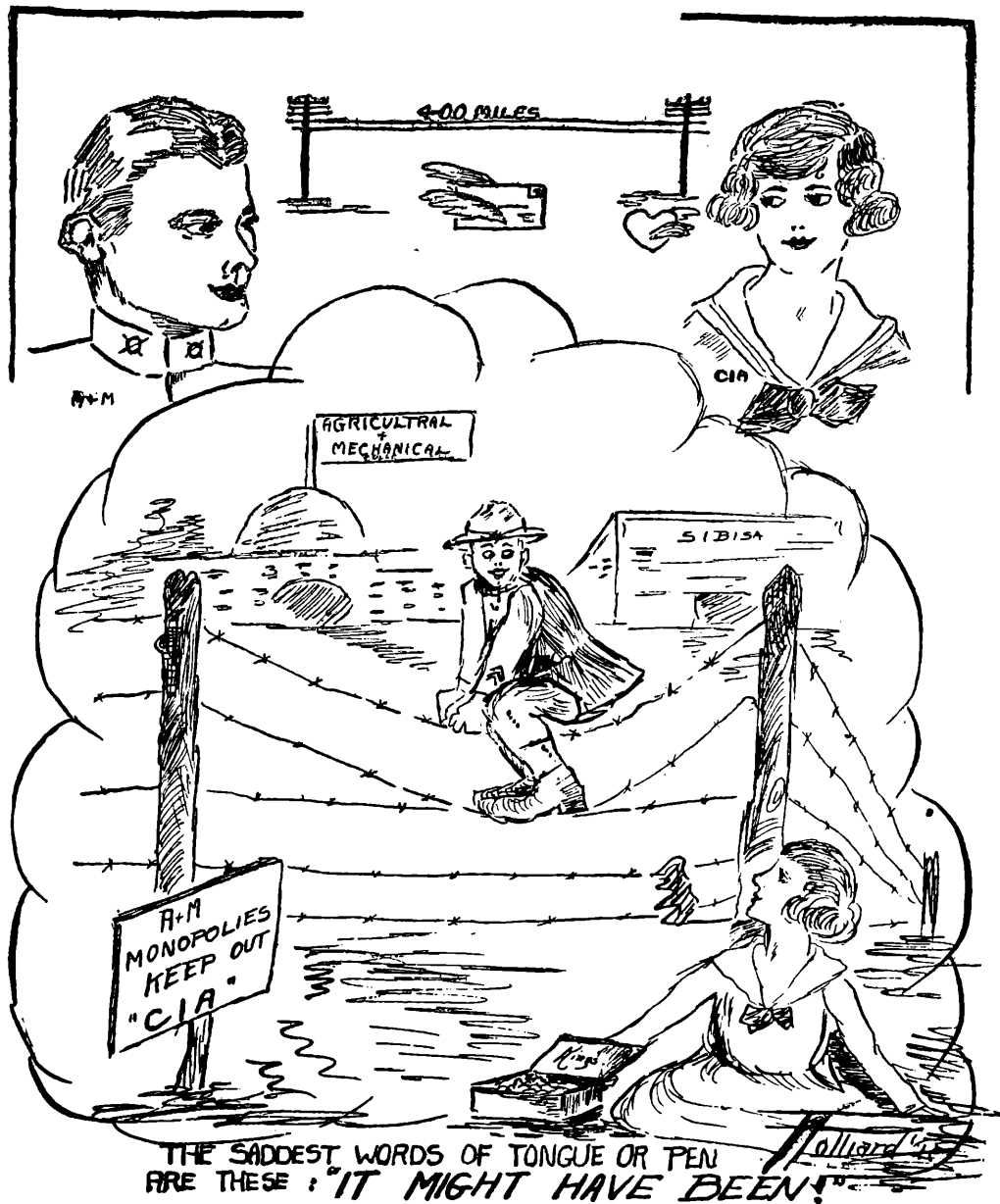
## Page Mr. Webster

MARIAN THOMSON, '21

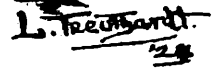
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'Tis of overworked superlatives I sing,  
The lavish waste of words on trivial things,  
I cannot think what words are left to use  
In speaking of the sunset's radiant hues,  
Since Mary's dress is "wonderful," "a dream,"  
A "gorgeous" blue trimmed with a "marvelous" cream  
Our friend is so "adorable," "a dear"  
Once, twice, yes, many times a day we hear.  
If Tom was quite the "cutest" boy she knew,  
Then how could William be the "cutest," too?  
Page Mr. Webster, he will stand the test,  
And give these worn and threadbare words a rest!









THE 'DRFUL' PROCESS OF MOVING



THE EVOLUTION OF THE UNIFORM



#### ON BEING ELECTED AT THE LAST MINUTE

In the midst of the hurry and flurry of approaching examinations, when everything seems to be demanding instant, and whole-hearted attention, comes the words, "You have been elected Exchange Editor of the *Quarterly*." A gasp of dismay bursts forth at this addition to the already overwhelming tasks!

But stop! It was a last-minute election! The manuscript for the *Quarterly* is now ready for the press. The work has been done. Nothing remains! No wasting of precious hours plodding through pages of dust-dry material—brightened only here and there by a bit of wit or a gem of truth! No searching for a treatise that may be criticized or praised! No burning of midnight oil (rules forgotten) in a vain attempt to learn what contemporary literary aspirants have said in articles wise, and otherwise! The honor of the position remains, but some less fortunate person has borne the burden.

Even the vision of the mountain of tasks which the next quarter will bring forth, cannot dim the joys of work—not done!

Verily, "every cloud has a silver lining."