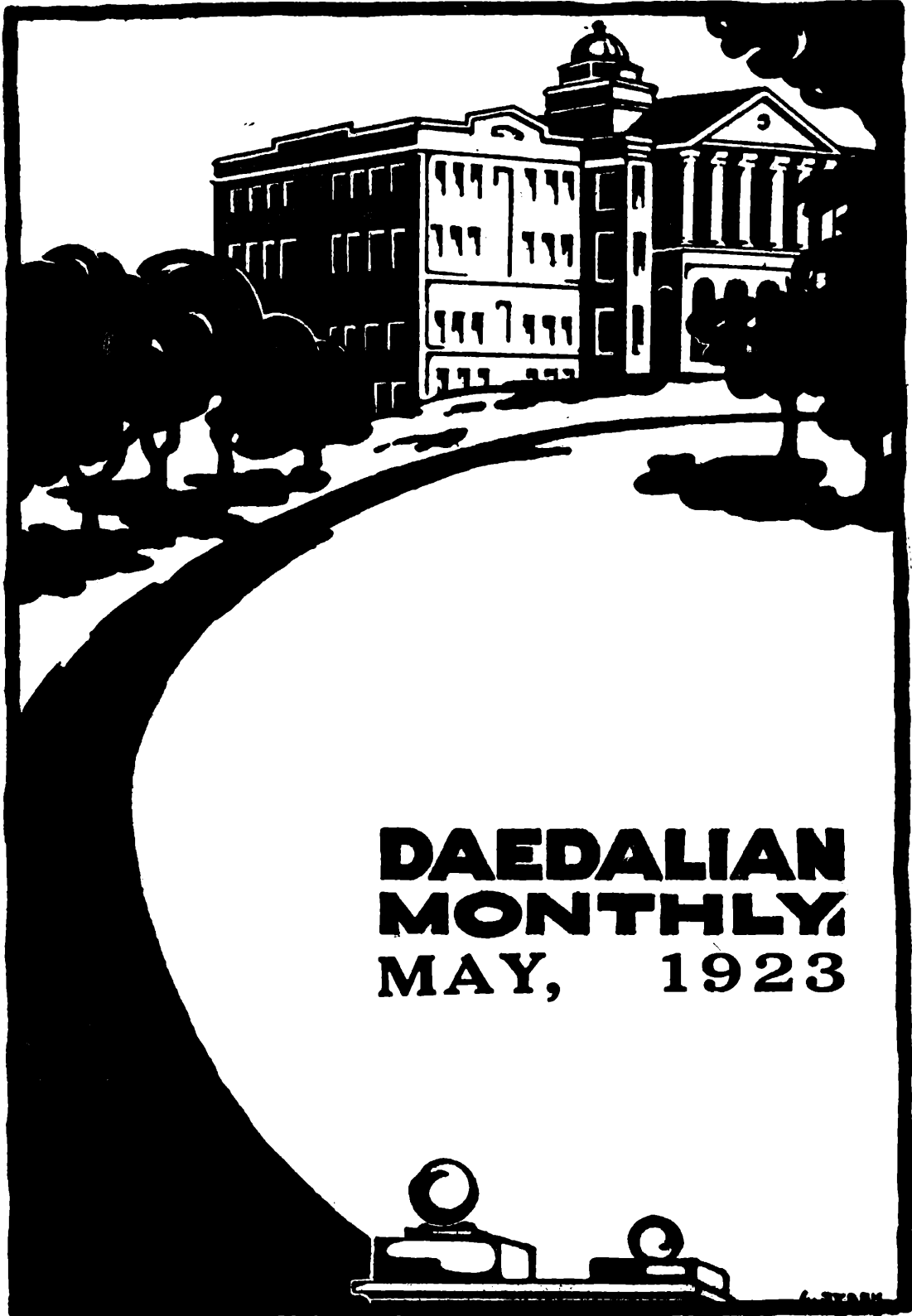


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Texas Woman's University
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“To you from failing
hands we throw the
torch;
Be yours to hold it
high.”



What's in a Name?

(Awarded second prize, T. I. P. A., 1923.)

DOROTHE HUDZIETZ

SOMETHING like a smile tinged with something more than humor flitted across Big Rand Talley's face as he deftly slipped a folded newspaper in his desk drawer. He had heard a voice from the outer office, and he knew exactly why the typewriter was playing hookey, why the office boy had stopped whistling, why the phone was ringing off its stand. A moment later the "reason why" backed itself into his office, still bantering with the "Randolph Tally Law Force."

The curly maple desk tops took on a brighter hue, the deep blue of the rugs looked cooler; the roar of the business grinder grew more remote or at least so thought Rand as his vivacious young sister settled herself on the desk top before him.

"Four dinners, two theatre-parties, three week-end bids, a dance or two for myself! Three novels — just out, two titles, and a new modiste shop for Auntie! What have you to offer us for an inducement not to run away again?" she chortled, intermittently tweaking his nose and dropping soft kisses on the tips of his ears.

"So Aunt Carolina's demands in the midst of the season of gaiety didn't kill you after all?" he asked, scanning with teasing eyes the healthy young woman before him.

"For myself — I was feeling for you, leaving Teddy Van Zandt to the wiles of your charming competitors. The music just beginning on your second year out, and you hustled off to the south in the rôle of a Florence Nightingale! Worried? Lord! Ever since I read this paper, I've been afraid you wouldn't come back at all."

He held the paper before her, and it was full of her.

"Miss Jerene Mortimer Talley Wins Golf Championship," "Expert Sportswoman From New York, Guest of Honor at Gambol Club." Finally he removed his big thumb from one glaring item, but refrained from commenting upon it.

"Beautiful Debutante First to Be Honored on Board the Santa Maria, Owned by Lord Malcolm Gains Malbrook."

The words jumped out with vim and vigor, and the audacious one blushed gracefully.

"Did Aunt Carolina's heart receive any attention at all?" her big brother inquired dryly.

"If they liked me, I couldn't help it, could I?" the accused retorted in tones dripping with sweetness, and so busily engaged was she in addressing a letter that she failed to see the mischief leap into her brother's eyes.

"Jerry, little sister, don't you think that the conquest was quite well on the way before you arrived on the field?"

The result was all he expected. Two grey eyes met his defiantly.

"Now, exactly what did you mean by that, Ranny Talley?" she asked, and moved her hands out of his reach.

"Well," he grinned, "don't you reckon when those big black clothes-boxes of yours dumped out with Jerene Mortimer Talley modestly engraved upon them that the rose petals began to fall, engagement pads came out, and —"

"That's enough," interrupted a voice dangerously soft. "You mean my name, our money, my clothes had everything to do with it — that my personality — me, I had nothing at all to do with my popularity in the new realm? Yes, you needn't answer. You never did think my red hair pretty. You always poked fun at my freckles!"

The indignant young person strode up and down the thick carpet, while her tormentor — the brute, tears ran down his cheeks, and his shoulders heaved up and down. He laughed until a teased little smile slipped into the heart of the tormented.

"I have it!" she said finally. "We'll see how much you'll wager against me! My company on a trip around the world next year against a Rolls Royce, dearie, that Miss Jerene Mortimer Talley can accomplish just as much incognito, of medium means, as the wonderful fairy princess. I'll leave for the coast tomorrow night," she pronounced definitely.

Rand chuckled; then upon second thought —

"But, Jerry, girl, you'll be you, no matter what you do — gonna disguise?" he asked puzzled.

"Never mind, but it's sweet of you to admit that at least my personality cannot be concealed." She laughed wickedly, hugged him fervently, and departed, leaving the big man doubtful, grinning, and disheveled.

The long, yellow roadster sank comfortably and quietly in the roadside of golden sand. A man stretched his white clad limbs out before him; and pulling his cap down snugly, leaned his head back so as to contemplate the vast expanse above him. Little white lamb clouds played follow-the-leader across a field of blue, and he watched them intently until they scampered out of sight. All was quiet with the exception of the betraying roar of the sea further on; so still that

a sand lizard whisked in little jerks up to the front tire, and gazed at it with green, glassy eyes. His Lordship was asleep.

"S'cuse me, Sah!" A black man in plain, black, unassuming livery was tapping the sleeper on the shoulder. "S'cuse me, but de sun hab done gone down, and we all can't stay heah no longa' waitin' fo' you to wake up so as we can borrow some gas off you."

The man rolled in the seat to where he could look at the occupant of the car drawn up by the side of his.

"Jerry!" he gasped, then sat bolt upright, wide awake in a moment.

Two grey eyes gazed at him in mild surprise.

"Beg pardon?" The woman spoke in a sweet low voice, and she seemed to be having some difficulty in keeping the evening sea breeze from sneaking the silky, black strands of her hair from under her veil.

"Your forgiveness, Madam! I was not quite awake when I spoke," said his lordship, studying the modish car and the simply dressed woman with her dusky attendants. "I hope I have not detained you any length of time," he continued apologetically.

"Not very long," the woman graciously assured him, incidentally tapping the toe of the old negro woman, who had grunted suggestively. "I would have enjoyed the quiet and cool of the evening longer, but my man and woman must open the Grayson home for me before night-fall."

"Then you are Miss—" he began, and covered his embarrassment at finding himself on the verge of inquisitiveness by motioning the male chocolate-drop to help himself at the gas tank.

"No, I'm not the well-known young authoress. The Graysons have very kindly extended to me the use of their summer home; and Mammy, Sam and I are going to enjoy it immensely."

She laughed a low throaty ripple, and Lord Malcolm thought it sounded a trifle strained. Tired from the trip, he concluded. Anticipating a sojourn in that lonesome-looking old mansion! Must not have had many "anticipates" in her young life. Still she appeared — she was a lady; there was no doubt of it.

"I am certain that you will," he assured her cheerfully, "but I was wondering if you knew the house had been closed for several years, and was a little — well, if my men can be of any assistance to you, I am —"

"You are very kind," the woman interrupted him almost curtly, "but I think my two trusties with my help can manage quite nicely."

"Good Lawd! Miss Jerry!" muttered the old colored woman as she shook from her black, taffeta lap a half-finished, violet tipped cig-

arette. It had slipped from the ringless fingers of her young mistress, and they were now leaving it far behind — a little grey smoke on the golden sand of the wayside.

* * * * *

"Honey, why didn't you all hab Master Rand send yo' pony for you to while yo' time wif while Aunt Susie gets dis big, ol' bahn fixed up?" queried that worthy, as she buttoned her charge in a cool morning frock. "Sam sez dare can be a perfectly scrumptious tinnis cote behind de house when de weeds am cleared off," she continued enthusiastically.

Her mistress was carefully scanning the morning news. "Never mind," Mammy, I'll ride in the car from now on, and I never did care for tennis," she murmured absent-mindedly.

"No, Ah guess you neber," grunted the old colored woman indignantly, "and I neber seen you all ride in such a shabby vehicle befo' neither. Lands of libing!" she ejaculated to the combs and brushes as her young mistress pounced upon a small item on the printed page.

"MISS PAULA SHERIDAN, OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ARRIVED HERE LAST NIGHT. SHE HAS OPENED THE GRAYSON'S PLACE FOR THE SUMMER."

"Modest but noticeable," pronounced the young lady in question, folding the paper carefully so as to leave the personal on top of the sheet.

"Seems might' pitiful to me atter dem big writings about us," grunted Mammy disdainfully.

Miss Lewis was submerged in thought; more than that, she was lonesome; but as an outcome of the former state of mind, the latter did not occur again.

Two days later the little cars of the big rich drew up before her gate. From each car leaped sturdy or skinny little chaps — dark ones, pale faced, or freckled noses — all were shining from early morning ablutions, and all glowing with eagerness. The Odd Fellows' Orphans' Home for Boys, of the nearby city, was having a day at the seashore. They were to romp and play at this big house until the heat of the day had passed; then they could revel in the baby waves of the beach.

"They are great little humans — those kids," pronounced Lord Malcolm, "and you are giving them the time of their young lives."

He turned to look at the woman who sat on the arbor bench beside him. There was a quiet little dignity that he admired and respected about her. Very simply dressed, her blue-black hair rich and unruf-

fled, she made a lovely picture there among the lavender of the trailing wistaria.

"Why, I even feel peacocky over helping bring the little fellows out from the train!"

He had risen to his feet, and was striding up and down before her looking strangely like a boy himself. He felt completely at ease with her.

"It was partially selfish in me. I was lonesome," she assured him, and he felt he had heard a confession. "I wanted them to come, but it looked as if I had to give it up when the problem of getting them from the station to Shadow Lawn confronted me. Then it entered my head that someone, for a star in his crown, might bring them out; hence my announcement and request in the paper."

"You do not think our souls are completely rusty, do you?" he inquired gravely, and she knew he was speaking of his companions on the social path. "Now, just last week, one of our most vivacious playmates left us — beautiful, lovable, with splendid energy for riding, swimming, games and the like. Why, do you suppose I knew she would not be interested in helping my poor around the corner? But even she was not bad — just a thoughtless, young, very young, girl."

He was speaking to her in puzzled tones, but his eyes were where the sky touched the sea, and he did not notice the scarlet that rushed to her cheeks.

"They are the squatters, I presume, that I heard Sam speaking about this morning — fisherfolk who live around the bend?"

He nodded, his thoughts evidently still hovering around the sought-for solution.

"You are to take me to see them tomorrow?" she asked, — almost commanded, as she left him quickly but gracefully to rescue a youngster who had stepped off into the midst of the fish pond.

That evening the "Tribune" published a column and a half on the charitable deed brought about by the kindness and generosity of the young woman of Shadow Lawn, giving due mention of her charming and gracious personality. That evening Miss Lewis received a forwarded letter addressed to Miss Jerome Mortimer Talley, New York City, and in which Lord Malcolm told her again that he loved her, and that only the convalescence of his mother kept him from hurrying at once to her side.

It was decidedly Jerry who tore the letter to shreds. "Malcolm, you wretch! how could you!" "— a thoughtless, young — very young girl," rang through her mind.

"You'll pay for those words," she hurled at his likeness resentfully, but tears made mist in the grey of her eyes.

It was noon of the following day when a long, yellow racer swung through the sand to a standstill at Brindler's Point. The heat from the sun was intense. Smouldering coals under a pile of dead fish gave forth a lazy smoke, and the dry stench caused the occupants to gasp and choke. Through the doorways of the shacks could be seen tall, slattern women cooking their men's meals. Dirty, dull-looking children stared at them. The fishermen, coming up from the beach to their mid-day meal, glanced at them with sullen indifference, and spat tobacco juice.

"It isn't a pretty picture, is it?" Lord Malcolm took off his gloves, and shook them vigorously.

"It's worse than in the city. There they have companionship, cheap movies, dance halls, and the like, but here — Lord Malbrook, what do these women do?"

The man looked at his companion curiously. How interested, how human this young woman was!

"They do not live; they just exist — children-bearing, sodden machines."

"What can I do for them? Will a community house do?— clean, very clean — classes in cleanliness, clean books, music, and —"

She stopped. A remark had escaped from the lips of her companion, and it had sounded very like, "You darling!"

"What?" she stammered.

"I was just wishing someone I am very fond of was a little more like you," Lord Malcolm assured her warmly.

The drive home was a rather silent affair, and the hand she gave him at parting was cold and nervous.

"Now, Jerry ol' girl, you have certainly gotten yourself in a mess," she hurled at herself as she sank into the low porch hammock. "You know you're in love with him; he is the only man you will ever love, and here he is falling out of love with you and into love with the woman you are not. Seems that he is in love with you all the way around."

"But what will he say when he finds that you are not this woman?" asked a wee small voice inside of her.

"But he is despicable!" pronounced Jerry defiantly, "because he's still writing Jerome Mortimer Talley of New York City that he is madly in love with her while Paula Sheridan (Uh! what an ugly name!) saw him look at her today like — like well, like he shouldn't and be enamored with someone else. I dare say if I came back a-a-raving suffragette he'd fall, and forget the two other me's immediately," she

stormed, twisting a tiny, red curl from beneath the black covering.

The papers were full of the new settlement house that was growing up around the bend, and a picture of the young instigator of the plan held place of prominence on the first sheet. Big cars wore gulleys in the sand, carrying their occupants out to see those "dear, wretched people who needed help so badly"; and when the noble benefactress suggested a summer hospital for crippled children, the donations flew in, and another big write-up came out.

Lord Malcolm gave a benefit tea on board his yacht, and was seen time after time with the young mistress of Shadow Lawn, helping her wherever possible with her charitable work. He thought she looked a little worn, and begged her to rest those hot days. She knew he loved her now; every move, every look told her that it was true, and yet, each morning brought a letter to her from New York in which he proclaimed his devotion and fidelity.

It was a facer! What did he mean telling two women he loved them; or, at least, looking at the other like he could eat her up? It wasn't in him to be true! Jerry gritted her teeth, and determined to go the limit.

The following evening Shadow Lawn was bursting with light. The first strenuous days were over; gaiety was to be resumed, and all agreed that Miss Sheridan's charity ball would be the very thing to start with. The benevolent feeling one experienced was so comfortably thrilly, and then — Lord Malbrook was in it heart and soul.

The strains from a city orchestra intermingled with people's laughter floated out to the veranda. A cool sea breeze brought the fragrance of the arbor vines. Mammy slipped a silk wrap over the shoulders of her young mistress. Orders were orders, but they were mighty puzzling to that old negro woman. A month ago, and Miss Talley would have impetuously trailed the lacy thing in the dust — every place but around her, and have given the old woman a good-natured shove from her sight. Now, she allowed the man beside her to draw it closer about her.

The light from the open window made a halo around her head, and to the man she was the most desirable, most wonderful woman he had ever beheld. It was time for the test.

"There are stars in the water tonight," she murmured softly.

"There are stars in your eyes," he said. I love you, Paula."

She unconsciously stiffened in his arms, and gazed at him wide-eyed and unbelieving. Then she sent him away. Once before he had whispered those exact words in her ear.

"And to think, I might never have found him out," she consoled

herself half-heartedly. "Mammy, get the train schedule, and take that slinky, black thing out of my sight." She caught the unoffending French wig on the tip of her slipper, and sent it spinning out in the hallway.

It was their same regal and adored "Miss Talley" who waved to the "force," and walked into the big chief's office; and it would have taken less prejudiced eyes than theirs to discern the faint shadow that lay in the depths of her eyes.

"Jerry, little sister!" Rand Talley crossed with the light, quick step of graceful, heavy men, and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"I win, Ranny boy," she said, smiling, and her eyes were clear and untroubled.

"He is feeling sorry for me," she thought.

"Game to the end!" he was thinking.

"How do they compare?" she asked in a business-like tone, placing the papers of the last month beside those accounts of her former exploits.

"I lose, honey," he said in a big-brotherly tone — then casually, and looking away — "How about his Lordship?" He waited.

"He wasn't any good, Rannie," she answered slowly.

A tiny, grey button popped from her glove, and hid itself in the mesh of the rug. Talley shook his big shoulders like a collie.

"Well, well, little sister, step in, and see my new hobby." He pushed her gently into the inner office, and the door closed quietly behind her.

At first, she thought herself alone; then a man turned from the window, and came quickly toward her. At first, her knees trembled; one hand slipped to her throat; then — her eyes blazed with amber fire. He had failed with Paula, and he had returned to Jerry! She laughed quickly, and her lip curled with contempt; but before she would speak, she could not — for wonder.

"Paula — Jerry! I love 'you-all'—"

She sank in the chair, and he on his knees beside her.

"How?" she asked faintly after what seemed like eternity.

For answer, he drew forth a half-smoked, violet-tipped cigarette. On the golden band encircling it was inscribed the one word — "Jerry."



Woodrow Wilson

HIS LIFE AS A PREPARATION FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Won First Prize, T. I. P. A., Spring, 1923.)

RUTH WEST, '23

STRANGELY true, strangely tragic that a great nation, in a great crisis, having passed through a great ordeal and in a great way, should in the selecting of a great man to face these things for them, have failed him even in the days of victory, and thus in a great measure have turned success into colossal failure. For it was not immediacy of action that made a world eager to sap its strength for the attainment of a greater good. It was the consciousness of what lay behind the battle of the Marne and of Verdun; the struggle of corn vs. wheat at every breakfast table; and the giving of millions and mites to a struggling, indefinite thing of Government, composed of "dollar-a-year" men, a Congress, Herbert Hoover, Lodge, and Woodrow Wilson; the consciousness of a world in which democracy would be made safe; a world in which motherhood would be held sacred, and honest manhood made secure. Dimly we thought of a "lasting peace" strange term! and shouted ourselves hoarse over a boy in khaki, the while we wore last year's clothes and forgot the meaning of so simple a word as sugar, and became angry enough to kill when Belgium and Ypres were mentioned. Oh, we thought in world-terms back there and forgot tariff and national integrity for a little while, even State's rights, all for so simple a thing as the Rights of Man. For two whole years, we forgot these things of Self and Next Door Neighbor; but up in Washington, there was a man whom we had selected to keep busy, who since eighteen hundred and seventy-two had thought, not of himself, nor of his town, nor of his college, nor of his state, except as a part of that much greater whole: a world. And as this introduction is already too long, the addition of his name will be made, and the explanation proper, begun. This man was Woodrow Wilson, the most misunderstood, most hated, and most beloved man of the Nation — and the one man most serene in a feeling of life — justification, not now, perhaps, but through the centuries.

One would feel sure that God had held a place in his life from the very beginning, but with the breadth of his view, we would hardly conceive of a grandfather and a father who preached an orthodox

Presbyterian Deity, appointed to "ordain from the foundation of the world a few partakers of the covenant and heirs of His kingdom." Yet it was out of this ancient faith that a great believer in a peace for every soul and a liberty in that peace, was born. Woodrow Wilson is of Scotch and Irish parentage, the son of Joseph R. and Janet Woodrow Wilson, both permanently of Augusta, Georgia, and strongly identified with the old South, the old South of blue-blooded aristocracy and red-blooded suffering. This son was born in December of 1856, just in time to feel the reconstruction, the defeat, and the terrible futility of the Civil War. He grew up to love this South of his, but not to hate a North that was also his, for the memory of the Georgia churchyards, filled with Southern heroes, was one of sadness and not of bitterness. Even in his young mind, sectionalism had no place. It was national principles, deep-rooted, that held the larger place, and later even national principles gave way to broader concepts. Verily, we could almost believe, with Dr. Wilson in an appointing God, when we think of his man who was preparing — or being prepared? — at so early an age for the world of international ideas in 1917.

The plan of his education is interesting, as it throws a strong light on a deeply intense personality; a personality of spirit and of intellect much too strong for a frailer physique. Prepared by a thoroughly efficient father for the "higher classics," his first university years were spent in Davidson College, North Carolina, "where there was little chance for a Christian boy or a Southern youth to go wrong." Nor did he. Classics, mathematics, philosophy, firewood-chopping, and baseball filled his time, but in too strenuous a way. In the spring of 1875, following a nervous breakdown he returned to Wilmington, North Carolina, then his home, where he spent a year, doing a great deal of serious reading, thinking, and dreaming. Politics had become of great interest to him and he studied Gladstone admiringly, the while he prepared for Princeton in September of the next session, 1875. The Princeton of his day was essentially Presbyterian, and Woodrow Wilson, then twenty years of age and never immature, entered into the University life, barely attaining scholastic honors, but making a real reputation for himself in the inter-university debates. There is one incident in this connection, the reading of which makes us feel that we have touched a keynote in his life. He was honored by an appointment as representative to debate with a rival society for a coveted award. It fell to Wilson's lot to defend the protective tariff. He flatly and positively refused, permitting himself and his society to lose the highest honor of his university career, rather than to defend what he considered an unfair thing. This little detail of his

life is in itself an unimportant suggestion, but how truly does it indicate the composite mass of details that made his life, in its entirety, adherence to principle, to his conception of right, to justice for all concerned, no matter what the cost of ridicule, of individual acclaim, of friendship lost, of life itself. (It is no wonder that a brother of George Clemenceau, "doubtful of men's motives, and faithful to facts, only to fact," could, in the excitement of a world-tumult, say, "No man since Jesus so fills the hopes of European mankind, and history will award Woodrow Wilson the highest place in her pages since the Galilean." Who knows? That statement has not yet been proved untrue, and Lincoln and Washington — two heroes of the ex-president's heart — would be the last to take that place from him. It is for a later day that these three lived.)

At this time he began his journalistic work, composed chiefly of treatises on American politics, history, etc., none of which had the weak flavor of the usual undergraduate idea. His first magazine article was an analysis of our Congress, to be followed by a "History of the United States," "The States," and other books of like character in later years. But he was never to be an historian. His mind was to be given to the making of history, and not the recording of it.

Leaving Princeton, he went to the University of Virginia, to study under the famous John Mills, but again became ill, and after a short period given to recuperation, went to Atlanta in 1882 to begin the practice of law. Here he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Ellen Axson, who later became Mrs. Wilson. He was never a successful lawyer, and giving up the practice in Atlanta, he went to Johns Hopkins University in 1883, where, two years later, he received his Ph. D. in history. Just prior to this time he had appeared before the congressional tariff commission, speaking in opposition to protective tariff. This action was characteristic, in that it was the espousal on his part of a then unpopular cause, through personal belief in its undoubted justification. In 1885 he became associate professor of history and political science in Bryn Mawr College, where he remained three years, going at the end of that time to Wesleyan College, Conn., and from there to Princeton. This was the beginning of the second of the three important eras of the president's life.

It is necessary that the details of his Princeton career be given, as these years were the most determining of his early life. Here he was professor of jurisprudence and political science, and in his class work, he could set forth that factor of human nature, which he believed to be an essential of history, and do it successfully, as had proved impossible in his writings. He is a born lecturer and a born leader, and

there is no doubt but that those students of his came to realize in a great measure, if not perfectly, the essentials which Wilson believed lay so strongly behind social machines: strict self-government, a successful economic democracy, faith in the masses, and so on, without numeration. He was always true to fact in his theories, but back of the science was a humanity. And the closing words of his address upon taking up the presidency of Princeton are significant — significant because they might so aptly have been quoted many years later. His belief in a larger participation in the affairs of international evolution did not come into being with the League in 1918. "It has been Princeton's work, in all ordinary seasons, not to change but to strengthen society, to give not yeast but bread for the raising; the business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment, strengthening and growth in spiritual insight. There is laid upon us the compulsion of the national life. We dare not keep aloof and closet ourselves while a nation comes to its maturity." Substitute "world" for "nation," and we have his belief today: the belief of France, England, Italy, Belgium, the educated world — with the exception of the prejudiced, party-mad leaders of the United and other States. And verily, even they cautiously speak of World Conferences — for General Assurance.

There is a peculiar parallel in his career as Princeton President, and President of the United States. In both instances he faced a people, who in the luxury of self-satisfaction desired no change, and yet in the march of affairs must undergo a change. It is impossible and unnecessary to go into the complete recording of the University fight: a fight on his part for the industrious student, the "common" student, who helped make up "that minority who plan, who conceive and mediate between social groups and must see the wide world stage. We must speak with the spirits of men — not their fortunes." It was his ear that caught the great voice of America, coming from "the hills and woods and farms and factories and mills," and he found no echo of it in the university corridors. Even though he lost, seemingly, in the controversy, these words gained volume in the national democracy of his faith: "The universities would make men forget their common organs, forget their universal sympathies and join a class, *and no class can serve America*. I have dedicated every power that there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolute regeneration of spirit. . . . America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought that pulses through the whole body politic." How far are we from a realization of that

today? Just how truly are our universities satisfying a nation of laboring people?

Possibly it was Harvey of "Harper's Weekly" fame who *made* Wilson — and possibly it was Destiny, with Wilson accomplishing something toward it, himself. Assuredly Harvey, with certain of his colleagues, has taken unto himself sufficient credit, without our contributing further. But just at this point, he is incidental. While Wilson was still president of Princeton and just before the attempted abolishment of the social clubs, Harvey put forth his nomination of Wilson for Governor of New Jersey, which Wilson stated would be accepted "if offered *without any promises.*" And though the best Democrats of that State were strongly opposed to Harvey and Smith, their allegiance was won immediately upon Wilson's appearance and the appearance of his declaration. "If elected, as I expect to be, I am left free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said.." This statement must be remembered later when adjectives and expletives — were attached to the Governor's name in Smith's race for the Senatorship and in the political ambitions of McCoombs.

Wilson was elected, and in the carrying out of needed reforms, his term of office was marked by the "definite assumption of leadership not only for the party majority in New Jersey, but for the State as a whole" a leadership which was to mark his later administrations — "within two years from the day the new academic governor took office, the laws of the community were so remade that reformers everywhere studied them as model for other States." Again, there is a parallel in two of his administrations: "Wilson did not achieve all he wished, for the Republicans regained control of the legislature in 1912, and made a point during the second year of his administration to thwart and limit him as much as possible." But he was no longer a Machine Candidate, no longer simply a "Harvey-king." He was known nationally and internationally — either in opposition or approbation, and the South — a South in need — looked toward him and knew him as a friend, and as the friend of better commonwealths everywhere.

So Roosevelt split the Republican party, Bryan proved himself bigger than personal prejudice, progressive peoples — Democratic and Republican — knew their man, and the "predestination of Woodrow Wilson" as President of the United States became true in 1912.

He came to the leadership of a nation that was in dire need industrially and economically — with an outlined program of practical ideals, individually his own; himself completely hedged in by Congress and

the Supreme Court, with a Party and a People expecting him to make efficient changes. The tariff must be lowered, the Mexican question settled, Trust-system purified, the Philippine project concluded, and the problem of National banking met. Assuming control, as no president had succeeded in doing since Jackson, these issues were balanced and placed in practice for trial. And in all these actions the president's was the shaping hand. The Underwood tariff was never to justify itself, because, as has been said, greater issues than tariff come to be and to overshadow party policies. Wilson knew that world needs were greater; and even his inaugural addresses and those just following the opening of his term prophesy in a peculiar way, the action he and his people were to take six years later. "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party; but the forces of *humanity*. Men's hearts wait upon us; *men's* lives hang in the balance; *men's* hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic men, all forward looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them,, if they will but counsel and sustain me." The mere conditions of the appeal deafened the ears of narrow citizenship. Who will blame them? And later: "*My dream is that as the years go on and the world knows more and more of America, it will turn to America for those moral inspirations which lie at the basis of all freedom; that the world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity.*" We elected him to make this true; and in a larger measure, with a Nation behind him, even in a larger measure than that Nation might have dreamed of, he succeeded until we marked his failure and our own by giving the world a just right to fear us because our selfishness "became inconsistent with the rights of a humanity" a humanity, for which we had sacrificed, suffered, and given our men to die. It will call for real effort in order to refrain from quoting the President, directly, in attempting a relation of the closing years of his officership. Because, after all, his policies were built out of himself, and are difficult to explain as is the author of them. In the Panama tolls question, in the question of Mexico's position, and the definite stand we were forced to take in the world controversy, itself, we can find but one explanation for his attitude. And that may be summed up in one word: internationalism. It has always the general good, the world policy, man's rights, humanity's cause that came first in his attentions. He has been bitterly censured as an ingrate, as one incapable of recognizing personal values in governments. But they who say this, look through colored lenses — and at an angle.

President Wilson did forget states, and sections, and, at times perhaps, the nation for which he gave the last years of his life although we cannot cite instances of this. We used a wrong word: forget. They did not leave his mind; but their hopes, their demands, their rights, all merged into the greater hopes, rights, demands of all nations, and all states, and all peoples. And in "forgetting" nations, and in refusing to consider individuals, we must not forget, that the individual he considered least of all in those eight full, terribly strenuous, and breaking years, was Woodrow Wilson. Giving, hoping, working, thinking, planning, always with a great dream to be fulfilled — it is the greater marvel that he was saved to us for even so long. Truly, "there are many ifs to any successful career in the White House."

We have stated that he was a born leader. Others have said that he deliberately selected from the ranks of weaker men those who should help him in the administration. But though he "dominated" Congress, and held the school-master's rule over his cabinet, no simpler proof of real coöperative success could be offered than our part in the World War. Men like McAdoo, Hoover, Daniels, House, and Underwood, with countless others stand out as worthy assistants and as constructionists. If there was weakness, it was because his party and his people could not offer men of strength to fill the place. And he was right, unquestionably, in shaping and carrying out the national policies so far as possible. "It was a time for great leadership" and for service. He only justified that portion of his speech before the Salesmen's Congress in 1916, which said, "There is a great deal of cant talked, my fellow citizens, about service. I wish the word had not been surrounded with so much sickly sentimentality, because it is a good, robust, red-blooded word, and it is the key to everything that concerns the peace and prosperity of the world. You cannot force yourself upon anybody that is not obliged to take you. The only way you can be sure of being accepted is by being sure that you have got something to offer that is worth taking. And the only way you can be sure of that is by being sure that you wish to adapt it to the use and the service of the people to whom you are trying to sell." He was sure; none other has been more so. And history will accept him; posterity will realize his dream, for in him are found echoed the great truths of the Magna Charta, and of a remark that insinuated something concerning "the gaining of life through the losing of it," and another which bespoke "liberty for all, and privilege for none." Tried in the balance of the ages, Woodrow Wilson's life will be found to have interpreted millions of other verities that have grown old because of their great breadth.

In 1917, just preceding our advent into the war, Wilson made these statements before Congress: "We shall have no voice in determining what those terms shall be, for we shall, I feel sure, have a voice in determining whether they shall be made lasting or not by the guarantees of a universal covenant." Universal covenant! And Congress listened with approval — in 1917. And again, "The elements of that peace must satisfy the principles of the American governments, elements consistent with their political faith and with the practical convictions which the peoples of America have once for all embraced and undertaken to defend. . . It must recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no rights anywhere exist to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property." It sounds strangely like "The contracting parties undertake to respect and preserve us against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States, members of the League." It was then but natural for him to go to Paris, following the great reason behind his world war program, and, as we have seen, behind his life. Dr. Dodd asks, "Is Wilson one of those royal natures who believe that the gods work for them? Or was it a sort of fatalism that sustained him in the belief that events would compel men to accept his ideas? which reminds his readers of Wilson's "It is not men that interest or disturb me primarily; it is ideas. Ideas live; men die."

And we find our ex-president saying in his during-the-war- messages, "We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of *mankind* and for the future peace and security of the *world*. . . *You catch with me* the voices of *humanity* that are in the air. They grow daily more audible, more persuasive, and they come from the hearts of *men everywhere*. They insist that the war shall not end in vindictive action of any kind; that no nation of people shall be robbed or punished because the irresponsible rulers of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrong." Peculiar as it would seem, even his enemies were a part of that humanity he loved. Because of his faith, it was always the individual under misconceived leadership that erred. It was never the *people*. And, "there comes a time when it is good for a nation to know that it must sacrifice, if need be, everything that it has to vindicate the principles it professes." What did — what do we profess? And did we sacrifice that great part of everything we had in a moment of unreasoning emotionalism, which betrayed us out of our colossal selfishness, into which we again fell at the earliest opportunity?

So, with the war successfully concluded, and the whole world

watching and waiting to criticise, Wilson went to the Peace Conference, presumably representing "a prosperous and powerful America," which would distribute peace, and rehabilitation, and retribution,—and ideals, to a shattered world that lacked these, sorely. It is not necessary to give the details of the conference, as it would be a mere repetition of familiar facts. We know Wilson's difficulties as concerned the settlements of boundaries, the Eastern question, the indemnity question, the controversy over disarming, and over mutual protection, the great problems of international sacrifice and responsibility. His speeches, delivered while he was in Europe are filled with his ideal, an ideal of international coöperation in order to establish lasting and certain peace. And he felt that this idea and ideal was of the people he represented as strongly as it was of him. "I want to say very frankly to you that she, the United States, is not now interested in European politics, but she is interested in the *partnership of right* between America and Europe. . . . We are not obeying the mandate of parties or of politics. We are obeying the mandates of *humanity*. . . . While it is easy to speak of justice and right, it is sometimes difficult to work them out in practice, and there will be required a purity of motive and disinterestedness of object which the world has never witnessed before in the councils of nations. . . . What men once considered theoretical and idealistic turns out to be practical and necessary. We stand at the opening of a new age in which a new statesmanship will, I am confident, lift mankind to new levels of endeavor and achievement." He held this to be true because of his belief in his own people. "The thing that makes parties workable and tolerable is that all parties love their own country, and therefore participate in the general interests of that country; and so it is with us. We have many parties but we have a single sentiment in the peace; and that sentiment, the spirit of liberty and justice, holds our feelings toward those with whom we have been associated in the great struggle." His ideal for the League was as broad as the world of which he was a citizen. "It should be an eye of the nations to keep watch upon the common interests,—an eye that did not slumber, an eye that was everywhere watchful and attentive. . . . The select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The fortunes of mankind are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world. Satisfy them, and you have justified their confidence not only, but have established peace. Fail to satisfy them, and no arrangement that you can make will either set up or steady the peace of the world." For how many lives wasted in future wars — since the failure of the disarmament conference of 1921-22, will the opposers and defeaters of

the League have to answer for? . . . And in these next lines, the keynote of all his messages was struck. "The rulers of the world have been thinking of the relations of governments and forgetting the relations of peoples. . . . The nations of the world are about to consummate a brotherhood which will make it necessary in the future to maintain those crushing armaments, which make the peoples suffer as much in peace as they suffered in war. . . . We represent, as we sit around this table, more than twelve hundred million peoples. . . . I think you will see at once that the document of the League is very simple, and in nothing so simple as the structure which it suggests: a body of delegates, an Executive Council, and a permanent Secretariat. . . . So I think that it is one and at the same time a practical document and a human document. There is a pulse of sympathy in it. There is a compulsion of conscience throughout it. . . . Many terrible things have come out of this war, gentlemen, but some very beautiful things have come out of it. The miasma of distrust, or intrigue, is cleared away. Men are looking eye to eye and saying, "We are brothers and have a common purpose and this is our covenant of friendship."

It was with this faith that he came back to his people — and to defeat and distrust, which were to result in terrible physical and mental suffering: added suffering and pain brought to a mind and spirit, already overwrought, already sensitized to the breaking point — and in the strain they snapped.

But he is not defeated. He has prophesied all those great things which will come out of the better motives and principles, belonging to the common people, the humanity, the friend-world, of which, in his days of active power, he spoke so often, which was so close to his great mind and heart, and to which he so truly belongs,— simply by right of championship. His is a "record unsurpassed, and the fame of the man who now lies ill can never be forgotten, the ideals he has set and the movement he has pressed so long and so ably cannot fail. It is a compelling and a tragic story." Surely, but it is the story of every saviour of men. And as has gone every representative "of the Galilean" in our governments: Lincoln, and Jeane d'Arc, and the men of Verdun, so in this new era and the great eras to come — eras of change, and of progress, and of peace, so goes — so will go — Woodrow Wilson.



Grimaces

CHRISTINE NORMAN, '24

The wind sniffs
at the piece of cheese
the sky offers.

The smoke ties itself in knots
to amuse the jigging
splatter drops.

You can't imagine pluming
oneself before a broken
mirror—spectre of
good times!

His head is so fat:
his ears are like
eyelets in sofa pillows.

She sneered at me!
—Someone made a doughnut
and threw it in her face;
It landed under her nose.
I think she eats through the hole.

I saw funny girls; they make
balls out of their hair
and decorate their heads
with them.



Spilled Pearls

(Won third prize, T. I. P. A., Spring, 1923.)

RUTH WEST, '23

"Unchosen confidences are spilled pearls."

GROWN people, all of them with thoughts, some few with bits of silver threading their hair, have been discouraging me of late. I am not easily discouraged. But don't mistake me; their intentions are kind. It is simply their way of helping people who aren't quite certain of what they intend to have happen to them next. And I never am, you know. (I don't mind saying to you that that's the thing about myself and life that I admire most. But you must not tell them. They would never share with us this sense of approval.) It is really my characteristic indefiniteness of which they speak in such grave reproach. And being not quite clear as to the particulars of next year or the sixtieth year after that, I do not answer them. (Secretly, I have schooled myself to patient intolerance. They are so handicapped with wisdom.)

But they have uneased me in spite of this. So that, of late, I find myself given to wondering about what I should want to have become when I am wise in thoughts that have needled my hair with silver threads. It is the part of me which will take count of the years some day that feels this wonder, not myself that runs with long steps out into the future, thinking it to be a most unusual and delightful time, filled with startling interests, strangers and aliens to this minute that has seemed long in its passing.

They tell me I am different, and I have felt in odd seconds that it is perhaps only their kindness which has made them avoid naming me queer. Naming me so, in their speech with me, I mean. No doubt they have said it to each other, but not being certain of this, I do not mind. Although I would prefer their liking and laughing with me, I think, to their having thoughts about me.

I have told you that I do not answer them because of my patient tolerance with them, but that is not quite true. It is because, in part, of my shame at the words I should have to use in making them understand. One of them who fears for me offers coffee percolators in exchange for money, and is very rich from having done so these twenty years. (His hair is not yet grey.) Another is the builder of musical instruments which sound without the need for human urge or touch. (Neither is his hair grey, but you would believe it so, if you only knew his thoughts.) My shame is for these two, and not for another who is

older and quieter, and who tells me, when there is no need for whispering, that she speaks to me so, for the reason that she wants me never to be old and quiet and gravely tired. I should like to think of tomorrow and the day after as being built around the things I have known today, for her sake. And I do, somewhat. But she does not know. I have found it strangely hard to tell her.

You see, there are so many differences. I have known a city street, paved and smooth and crisscrossed by a million faces, to turn into a rough country road that smelled to the sea of plowed clover fields and thickets of blackhaw flowers, their petals blown to the four winds, the air about them bitter sweet with perfumed berry sap. It would hurt to be chained to a city street, seeing through the stirring moments of a half-century, a million straining faces, when there was the uncertainty of scattered blackhaw blooms, somewhere, and berry-sap, bitter sweet, with which to drench the senses. I should not stay, no matter the weight of chains. And having this one certainty, it is best, you will agree, not to discover their approval in hurried promises.

Later than midnight, when the ashes pile themselves into grey coals, I sit without moving, so as not to disturb my uneasy thoughts, and study about the words she has said to me. And I wonder why in some hour I should not find myself old and grave, and almost tired. That would be a time for low rich fires and soft light, the depths of great chairs, and quiet memories of the finished outline of years fulfilled. (I hope that I shall not have learned to read poems of many words by that time. Days are so untranquil, so uncertain that this shadow may have come to haunt my last desires. Prose should be better than longer tales. And there is an exquisite completeness about two lines, that leaves you space for walking on country roads, besides — for the moment I had forgot. I shall not want walking when I am grown old and tired.)

All this is too much to put in words for my friend who sells coffee percolators. Or to the other with grey thoughts. You know. But I should like to tell her some day, when it has become, strangely, not too hard, that my silence with her has been for no reason of self-riches or shame. Although I think, sometimes, she understands. Once, not a week ago, for a moment, a moment that hurried by too soon for certainty, I seemed to catch a drifting wonder in her eyes. But it was gone, and she was gravely smiling at me when I looked again. It left me feeling friendless in the instant. Since, she has looked at me — when the others do not see her — without reproach. And I have thought that maybe she reads short poems, sometimes, at midnight,

and that she knows a great hunger for the drunk fragrance of scattered blackhaw petals — then, remembers quickly that very long ago she made hurried promises for the sake of others.

Some day, I shall speak to her casually of city streets that end in unplowed clover. I hope it will not seem unkind. And I shall be glad to have someone to tell this to.



Let Me But See Today

MARGUERITE HALLAM, '23

How glad I am I cannot see
What Destiny holds for us.
Am I a shirker?
Am I afraid?
Why I shudder
When imagination glimpses the Future for me,
I know not.
But it is enough simply to know what Today may be.
Rather had I live with my memories,
Contented, come what may,
Than to know the anguish-swept years
That Destiny might bring to me. . . .
And yet. . . .

Nights Without Stars

FERN M. SMITH, '24

These words are my thoughts.
Children of my mind,
Born of my heart,
And dressed in my soul's least radiance.
Are they a light to you
In the shadowed darkness?



Rhymes in Rhythm

(Expressions of appreciation for gifts not bought with minted coins.)

RUTH WEST, '23

TO JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Your songs come to me, listening here,
As the breath of a white, unblown flower,
Or the cry of a child in fear,
Or the sharp, stacatto note
From out a bird's throat,
Swaying against a sky of old, thin blue.
With the sun glimpsing through,
Or the wind of night waking the stars to gold.

God did not make my heart His fastness-hold,
But I am happier now that He
Sent you, a message-bearer, unto me.

TO EDGAR LEE MASTERS

You struck me with Spoon River, Mr. Masters,
And rubbed its salt tears deep into the smart,
Nor could I salve the wound with worded plasters,
For you had laid your Silence on my heart.

PAGE —, "BLUE SMOKE" (KARLE WILSON BAKER)

I found it there: one single, pulsing beat
From out the tortured, hidden heart of me
That all who thumb the pages, carelessly,
May read my secret on that printed sheet.

Did Hester know such shamed indecency
In Massachusetts' street?

(Amidst her betters

Who kept for private use their scarlet letters.)

Admitting that I squirmed, it's no less odd
How any one could know — excepting God.

TO SARA TEASDALE

“Flame and Shadow” and “Rivers to the Sea”
Remind me of old gardens, where one hears
Sounds grown intimate with ecstasy
And where young lovers smile through hidden tears.

TO MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I have grown nervously impatient of poets with silk thoughts:
They make me feel so usual — and inadequate.

Light and Shadow

RUTH CARMICHEL, '26

ADELE BOYKIN, '26

Whene'er the sky is a cloudless blue,
And new-blown grasses, green of hue,
Invite repose to the weary soul,
Fresh hopes arise.

The shadows, deepening and cool
Are nature's tool
To quicken life and to inspire
And make hearts glad.

Moon-Flower

CHRISTINE NORMAN, '24

O trail of tingling sweetness,
You greet my senses
In the hushed pale night.
I go about seeking you.
Suddenly the moon escapes
From a billowing, low cloud.
I am blinded by the silver-white
Revelation: so white and gleaming
Are you, I am caught in the net
Of your spell. Sagillate leaves
Protect you and frame themselves
About your virgin face.
You float upon the clustered leaves
As flake-white swans
Upon an emerald lake.
So startling is your opening
You proclaim in fragrant whispers
Your coming. Constant to the moon,
You open only to its wooing.
Preening yourself before the mirror
Of the sky, thinking
You see your image there,
O Moon-flower!

April Knows Remembrance

RUTH WEST, '23

April has come by me with not a word of greeting,
April walked the path beside and turned her face away,
I knew she well remembered another day of meeting,
She knew that I remembered, too, that other meeting day.

April has come by me and left me numb with coldness,
But I was glad she did not speak, herself could not be gay
For other lips and other hearts and eyes alight with boldness
If she had heard the bitter word, the word you hear me say.

April has come by me with not a word of greeting,
April's robe has lost its sheen, at hem it wears a fray,
April walked beside me, she heard my heart's full beating,
She passed more quickly in her fear that I should bid her stay.

But if perchance you meet her, bring out your mask of gladness,
And if she wear a smiling mien, give back with jest and play,
(For April pledged a friendship in days of youthful madness,
And in a later, careful age, she did that pledge betray.)

April walks in quietness, her foolish heart is broken,
Broken, too, the strands of singing gold and knit with grey;
I would she could forget with me the foolish word was spoken!
I would I could forget with her that other meeting day!



THE DÆDALIAN MONTHLY STAFF

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1923-24 STAFF

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LOOKING FORWARD

Prior to assuming its duties for the coming year, the *Dædalian* Staff for 1924 expresses the wish that the work of its predecessors will be in a small way rewarded by earnest application on our part and on the part of every College student.

In this, our initial effort, it is fitting that we express our appreciation for the untiring and peculiarly successful work of this year's staff. The *Dædalian Monthly* at its beginning was an indefinite ideal. The concrete and stable foundation for a great purpose has been build-ed. It is a beginning, solely. But it is a beginning out of which a structure of literary accomplishment may be realized for C. I. A.

Our message to you, fellow-student, carries with it a plea for co-

operation. And we hope that in our working together, the *Dædalian Monthly* may become more truly and more representatively, the literary spokesman for the young womanhood of Texas and of a greater C. I. A.—H. H. S.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The September-October, 1923, *Dædalian* will reach the subscribers September 30. Contributions for that number should be brought to the Publication Office, Room 117, Administration Building, before 12 o'clock, Saturday, June 2. They may be mailed to Helen Stafford, Ranger, Texas, after that date and until Tuesday, September 18.—The Editors.

Note: The Section devoted to the month's reviews is not included in the May number for lack of space. It will be a part of the September, 1923, *Monthly*, and will be continued thereafter. We announce the election of Miss Roberta Blewett as Staff Poet for next year.

1922-23 SPEAKS ADIEU

Longfellow said it for us in prosaic verse,

"And departing, leave behind us,"
Magazine pages, prose and rhyme.

But the meaning of our message to the new editors has its best interpretation in the frontispiece our art editor is giving to you this month.

"To you, from failing hands, we throw the torch;
Be yours to hold it high!"

In closing, we speak our gratitude to our fellow-students, and especially to our contributors. We urge your assistance for the new staff. It is through you and your efforts, alone, that a greater *Dædalian Monthly* may come to be.

As for us,

"We follow you who went before,
You who have led the way,
We carry, burning in our hearts,
The flame of C. I. A."

—R. W.