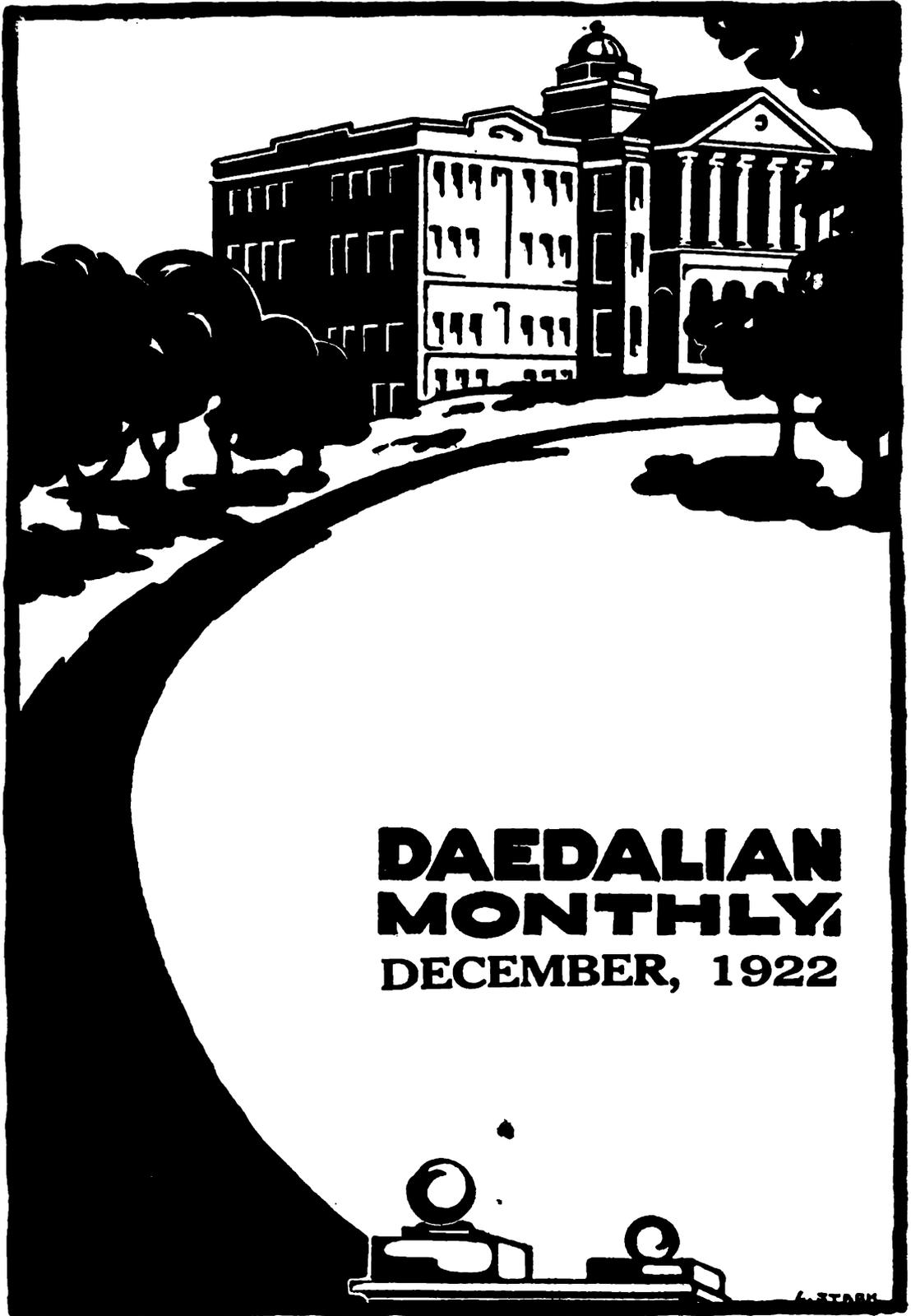


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The Madonna

To some you are our lady - the mother of Christ
To Bellini, the Queen of heaven, the loving mother
enthroned & To Murillo,
the Virgin sorrowing.

As la Pieta you come to us
as the Virgin of complete
sacrifice.

Correggio showed in you the tender love of
the Virgin

To all you are the glorification
of divine unselfishness
The symbol of conse-
crated maternal

love of the softness
tenderness and the
beauty of motherhood.

Silken Wings

EVELYN GOODRICH, '23

SILENCE reigned in the palace of the King and Queen, for a great sadness had fallen upon the Kingdom of Dreams Come True. Dawn, the eldest daughter of the court and the wife of the Great Sun God, was fleeing to the land of Things As They Are, lured on by the attentions of the Prince of Disillusion, an influential man and wise — in his own country. And so the court mourned.

In the quiet of her garden, protected by a nodding aster from the cold rain of the autumn evening, the little sister of the princess sat in brooding stillness. Her hair was the gold of the summer sunset; her eyes, the darkness of dew-steeped violets; and her wings — her wings were gossamer spun from lake-reflected star-shine. They called her Silken Wings at court, and they always said it softly.

Her tiny mouth twitched now, and a spasm of pain contracted the elfin curve of her brows. The shadow of a moan escaped her lips, and she rose uncertainly to her feet. If she "could only reach the Prince in time, that Dawn might see her," her thoughts ran, "if she could only reach him first, then the burnished gold head of the great Sun God need no longer be bowed in grief, and Dawn, precious, lovable, reckless Dawn would be spared the suffering she had forgotten to consider." And then her thoughts played truant, and the face of North Wind rose before her, North Wind, the huge, brusque warrior, of the laughing mouth and tender eyes.

"Oh! no, no!" she breathed softly and stepped out into the chill rain, paused a moment, then ran with all her might toward the wood that separated the Kingdom of Things As They Are and Dreams Come True. Briars tore at the filigree of her silken wings and broke the fragile threads of starshine, but she heeded not at all. On and on she ran, though the rain beat in her face, and drenched the fairy gossamer; ran until the lights gleamed out from the palace of the Prince, noble and influential.

After she had seen him, had heard his contemptuous ridicule of her presence and of Dawn, she staggered out again. It didn't matter. Dawn knew, too. One always knows everything in the Land of Dreams Come True; and so her father and mother could be happy again — and their subjects as they had always been before — and the Great Sun

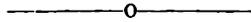
God — and North Wind — her thoughts drooped off, sodden and dull as her broken wings —.

He, it was, who found her, he of the tender mouth and laughing eyes, and lifted her where she had fallen in her weariness, her head pressed against a mushroom tree.

“My Silken Wings,” he crooned softly, “my poor little broken Silken Wings.”

She stirred in his arms and smiled. “Promise me that you will never allow Dawn to forget,” she whispered — and he promised.

Perhaps that is the reason the Princess of Dreams Come True found upon awakening the next morning, wings, broken, silvered wings, traced over Jack Frost’s whole white world. And mayhap she still forgets sometimes — but North Wind promised.



Star Silence

RUTH WEST, '23

I think it must have been a quiet night
 Of fallen snow, that night in Bethlehem;
 So still to make a wise man note a star
 As something strange in moon- and star-light dim;
 A stillness that would rouse a king from slumber
 To draw his kingly counsellors near to him.

A trembling stillness born of fear and pain,
 A stillness that gave birth to grave surmise,
 And yet, I think it came to be when Joseph
 Watching the magi’s worshipful surprise
 Saw Mary touch the gifts of myrrh and frankincense
 And glimpsed the wonder in her tired eyes.

Sand

....., '23



HERE is a section of land in East Texas, just four miles off of the Dixie Highway, which colloquial custom has given the name of the "California Fields," pronounced "Californy Fields." The reason for this misnomer has never been explained — nor questioned. Characteristically, the people, most of them farm renters on "the third and fourth," give no time to reasoning out things not evident. Acceptance is easier, they believe. So that these worn-out fields, made up entirely of clay rock and dry, lifeless sand, bounded by straggling and broken barb-wire fences, came by some manner to be named for one of the world's richest garden spots, California. As has been said, they are only four or five miles off of a trans-continental highway, but the adjoining road, for the greater part of the year, is impassable. So that, except to a few, this section is unknown.

It was four o'clock on the morning of December the twenty-fourth, and bitterly cold. A steady frozen norther had blown since midnight, so that banks of sand completely covered the fences, and stood to the windows against the unpainted boxed house, sifting in gritty powder through the crevices, covering the floors and furniture, and painting the bed "counterpanes" a dull brown.

A man in one of the little side rooms hitched a "gallus" over his left shoulder, and stepping into his boots, stood up. He seemed five feet and six or seven inches tall, but his shoulders drooped, which may have detracted from his height. He was thin, narrowed and sunken of chest, probably because he breathed through his mouth, the consequence of adenoids from his birth thirty-three years before. He did not know that this was the cause. In fact, he was not conscious of his breathing at all. And if you had spoken of adenoids to him, he would not have known what you meant. His life, from four in the morning until eight at night, was concerned with the breaking of fields, the care of stock, and the accomplishment of endless chores. During the other hours, he slept. This routine had been his since his adoption at seven by the Castleberry family, when his mother's death and his father's desertion occurred almost simultaneously. For twenty of these years, he had been known as Hiram Castleberry's hired hand,

and this was his status and occupation on the frozen gritty morning of Christmas Eve, a day of driving sand and cold.

To this hour of his life, he had never known a moment of eagerness. But as he stood up, he peered anxiously through the windows to ascertain what damage the wind might have done, and so noted instantly the drifts of earth swept from the fields into the bare yard.

“Grit! In the sheets, and on the floor. I guess it’s come down the chimney and the fireplace is full of it. It’s got to whur I grind it in my teeth when I chew. It peers like the world is full of it jest fer pure aggravation.” Drawing one hand across his eyes, and stretching himself, he walked into the adjoining “fireplace” room. The grate was as he had thought it would be, the charred logs covered in smutty sand.

“Full of it. Here it is Christmas, and me with all of these leavin’s to clear up afore I kin even see to the stock.” He stooped to clear a space for the fire, mumbling as he worked. “If ever I git a dollar ahead, I’m quittin’ here, ’n quittin’ fast. Goin’ some’eres whur they never heard tell of sand. Whur ever’ bite you eat ain’t full of the grindin’ stuff, and whur you kin look some’eres ’thout gittin’ yer eyes clawed out with it.” He paused a moment thoughtfully before adding shavings to the coals. “Yep, I’d kinder like to try my hand at raisin’ cotton on black land. Clay and sand never wuz made fer nothin’ ’cept pasture — and a starvin’ pasture at that. God knows why He ever made sich makeshift dirt. It don’t grow nothin’”

Even as the flame spread, he glanced up to see Mrs. Castleberry enter the door. Except for the two little girls of the family they were alone in the house for the day. This was to be an unusual occasion, because her two married children were coming home to spend the holidays for the first Christmas in five years, and plans had been made accordingly. The kitchen was filled with spiced foods, and the meats were done to a last turn. Mr. Castleberry with the three older boys who remained with the family had taken the last bale of cotton to town the evening before, so as to return with the “Santa Claus” gifts for the next day.

Mrs. Castleberry had cautioned them before leaving. “Be keerful with the money, Hiram. Git the children somethin’, but don’t mind me. We’ll be needin’ shoes and things fer the babies soon — and you know how it is.”

He knew — knew with bitterness. This was the third year of crop misfortune; the first, excessively wet; the second, a drouth; and the third, infested with boll and leaf worms. So that in all of the three

harvests, off of four hundred acres of land, only twenty-six bales of cotton had been gathered.

"All right, Ma," he had said. "Pick the turkey, and hang the pig high. We'll come back with somethin'." Here his eyes noted the hired hand standing near the lot gate. "Dogged if I don't git Johnny a present. He ain't had one 's fur back as I kin remember." Raising his voice, he called to the watching man. "Oh, Johnny! Fix that back fence, and turn in the stock, and see that Jersey is rubbed. . . . help Ma about the water and fires, and I'll see if I can't find a little Santy fer you." Suddenly he sobered. "Don't let the troughs git stoped up with sand. The stock has been purty near dry these windy days, and cows'll be our salvation this spring."

Johnny had heard this last order, but in a daze. It was the statement concerning a gift for him that had brought a light to his pale eyes, reddened from the constant exposure to the dust-filled wind and dry cold; the thought of a Christmas present that set him to whispering to himself as he turned from watching the wagon to open the stalls.

He had talked of it all during supper, mentioning it carelessly at first as though it was of no great moment to him, but dwelling upon it with the excited interest of a child.

"Kinder funny, 'bout Mr. Hiram"—this had been his name for the employer since his first coming to the house—" 'bout Mr. Hiram sayin' somethin' 'bout Santy fer me. Me! Goin' on forty—'bout. Wunder what he thought I'd be wantin'"

One of the children, catching the magic word, "Santy," spoke up quickly.

"What'd you say, Johnny, 'bout Santy? Don't he come to see folks 'bout forty, Ma?"

"Yes, Honey, he wuz jest foolin'. Hurry on with your milk, so's you kin git to bed early. They'll be a lot fer us to do, gittin' ready fer him tomorrer."

The child gulped her food down, but Johnny, listening intently, ate more slowly than usual. He waited until the little girls had been put to bed, and Mrs. Castleberry was again back in the room that served as both kitchen and dining room, before he leaned his chair back from the table.

"Cute little tads, ain't they, Miss Jennie? They'll be mighty tickied come Christmas day. . . . Kinder like to whittle 'em somethin' myself, but this blasted wind won't give me time fer nothin' but puttin' up what it drags down, and draggin' down what it puts

up. . . . Never did see sich 'fore March other years.
 Might whittle 'em a doll, if you could find some rag of a dress fer it." He got out of his chair, and walking over to Mrs. Castleberry, tried to take the drying cloth from her hands. He was awkward with embarrassment; his duties had never been concerned with kitchen details before.

"Lemme help you, Miss Jennie. I'd like to, shore nuf. Jest the yard work don't wear me out none. . . . 'S Christmas, you know hee, hee, hee."

Mrs. Castleberry handed him the towel.

"Go right ahead, Johnny. And we'll make short order of this. Then you can whittle the doll, while I fix it a dress. They'd love it — the children would."

The evening was spent in this way, until the clock struck eight.

"Gittin' kinder late, Miss Jennie. Better crawl in, I reckon. Ho hum. . . . Ain't used to bein' up like this — but it's Christmas, you know. Wunder whut Mr. Hiram raely meant by his foolin'. You don't suppose he thought I ackshully wanted him to waste money on me these hard times, do you, Miss Jennie?"

Mrs. Castleberry turned to look at him, hearing an unusual note of eager intensity in his voice, rather wondering as to the reason for it. She hesitated and then smiled, quickly.

"Now, Johnny, you mustn't be curious about Santy. . . . He fergits them that finds out things about him."

"Yes'm, I know. . . . Hee, hee, hee. . . . I jest kinder thought. You know." His voice shook with excitement. "You know, I bet it's a Winchester. Mr. Hiram knows I've allus had a hankerin' fer one. . . . And twouldn't be foolishness — the blackbirds and rabbits is so bad in the corn — come Spring. I bet it is — and shells. What do you bet, Miss Jennie?"

She looked anxious for a moment, anxious and worried. And then, turning again to the man who waited for her comforting assurance, she said, "Now run along to bed, Johnny, I'll declare you're worse'n the babies. And don't you be thinkin' too hard about Santy. You jest wait. He'll come 'thout you worrin, none." She smiled up at him. "It'll be somethin' nice, I know."

She watched him leave the room. "Pore Johnny. I hope Pa don't fergit. He's so scatterbrained. Never had a Christmas stocking. Well, he'll have one this time if we go 'thout bread till summer. We ain't got money fer a Winchester, but it'll be somethin'."

On his bed in the little side room, Johnny stretched out under the blankets, trembling with cold and happiness. . . . "She didn't say — course she wouldn't, after promisin' him, but I'll bet — I'll jest bet it's a Winchester. . . . Jest think, shootin' all this winter. . . . Git some'eres away from this blasted grit whur a squirrel could raise a fair crop of nuts, and the killin' 'll be good. . . . I can beat Mr. Hiram — an' any o' the boys. We need a good gun on the place — come to think of it. . . . She didn't say." He was almost asleep. "She didn't say. . . . keepin' it fer Santy. . . . but I'll bet — I'll bet it's a Winchester. . . . I'll jest bet."

* * * * *

All the next day he worked, clearing the heaped up sand out of the stalls and troughs, raking the spring — and straightening the fence where it had broken the night before. He had been forced to use a plow in emptying the well gutter, the drift was so deep. The wind had blown at a terrific rate all morning so that he seemed to have accomplished very little when Mrs. Castleberry called him to dinner.

"Come on in out of the cold, Johnny. The stock can't suffer much more'n you do." She stood in the door, so that sand grains driven by the wind, stung her hands as the dust seemed gradually to fill the air of the room. "Hurry, man."

As they sat down at the table, she looked at him, startled.

"Why, Johnny, hev you been cryin'? What's yer eyes so red about?"

He puts his hands over the closed lids, and sat very still a moment before answering.

"It's the grit, Miss Jennie. Grindin' in 'em until it seems like they're most out. . . . God! When I roll 'em, I kin almost hear it crackin'. It's under my nails, and in my hair, and between my teeth, and gratin' in my ears. . . . My shoes are so full of it nights, that my toes fairly grate together. . . . Seems like the world's full of it — and I never seed it like it wuz today. Mr. Hiram'll be plum aggervated with the way it's stacked up — but I jest couldn't git it under way. . . . Ever'thing's so dry like."

Mid-afternoon, there was a sudden lull, and a drop of seven degrees in the temperature. This was freezing weather in earnest and Johnny worked fast to get the night work done, before dark. He wanted the men who would return from town with the visitors to have the evening free for the holiday enjoyment, and shivering from head to foot as he raked the ice from the barn trough to fill it with freshly drawn water, he laughed hoarsely.

"They'll be tickled — everything done, and nothin' but the feedin' in the mornin'. I'll have to git this done, and finish my whittlin', efen I kin ever git the grit and stiffness out of my fingers. . . . I'll use a piece of the mule's tail fer hair. Miss Jennie'll have to print the eyes. Hee, hee — I'll take the little tads huntin' sometime — after freezin' weather's over, and Miss Jennie thinks it won't hurt 'em."

He raised his head toward the darkening sky. The clouds hung too low to make visible the greying twilight or the sunset colors. He sniffed the cold air.

"Fine huntin' weather. Lots of quails and 'possums. We'll carry dinner, and stay out all day tomorrer — Miss Jennie'll be so taken up with the women folks. A new Winchester'll be mighty fine fer quails."

He heard the creak of wagon wheels down the road, and hurried toward the house, stopping by the woodpile to gather up another armload of logs. As he jerked the top one from the stack, he sifted a shelf of heaped sand into his face — and in fury for the moment, lost his sense of control.

"Damn — God damn — Christmas — when I'm hurryin' — and freezin' and workin' — and tired — it has to be grit — grit — grindin' ever'whur." A whimper crept into his voice. "Wore out and cold — and my eyes killin' me — and then to git my face and hair all full of sand — t'aint right. I hope — I hope some day — that I kin git some 'eres were the dirt's so black it looks like hell. I'd crawl out of my grave efen they buried me in this dry powder." And gathering up the wood, he hurried onto the porch, muttering hoarsely, "Unhitch the team — and finish the whittlin' jest as soon as I git my hands limbered up — and shut of some of this dirt."

* * * * *

After the supper dishes were cleared away, Mrs. Castleberry called her husband into the kitchen, where they held a whispered consultation. He told her what price the cotton had brought, where he had found the visitors, what gifts he had gotten for the babies — talking hurriedly so as to get back to the "forty-two" game which had been started in the big room. He was about to turn away when she stopped him.

But, Hiram — Hiram — didn't you git Johnny nothin'? Nothin' atall?"

He stared at her for a second of time, and then laughed loudly.

"Johnny? A present fer Johnny? Why, he must be goin' on forty years old. What'd he be wantin' with a present?"

"But you told him — and he'll be hurt."

"Aw, pshaw — nothin' wouldn't hurt Johnny. 'Sides, he knowed I wuz jest foolin' Money don't grow on cedar trees these days."

Mrs. Castleberry touched her husband's arm.

"Hiram," she said, "he's been with us nigh onto thirty years, and we ain't never done much extry fer him. I kinder wanted you to git him somethin' this Christmas — and effen you by any chance got a little somethin' fer me er the older boys — let's share with him. He kin have mine."

"Shore! He'd look well in a pink petticoat." He stopped short, and then, throwing his head back, laughed until the older boy heard him and came out to where his father and mother were standing.

"What's the matter, Pa? Why don't you come on in to the fire, you all?"

"Come 'ere, Sam, Ma thinks we had ought to got somethin' fer Jonny's stocking'. . . and I been thinking that we might give him some . . ." He whispered the remainder of the sentence into the younger man's ear. Immediately, they laughed together.

Mrs. Castleberry smiled an eager question. "Tell me, Pa. Let me help. . He's been awful good to me. . . ."

"Naw. Now run along, Ma. . . And don't you worry about Johnny bein' left out. We got plenty of Santy, plenty and to spare. . . We'll all enjoy it . . ."

And laughing loudly, he went into the table waiting by the fire.

* * * * *

At bedtime, Mr. Castleberry insisted that he and Sam be permitted to play "Santa Claus" alone, and so the others were hustled off to bed. Johnny had been sitting quietly watching the game, during the entire evening, so that it was two hours later than usual before he went to his room — but not to sleep. He lay there listening to the low laughter of the two men, busy with the filling of the stockings, hung along the mantle. His eyes hurt; he was sore from head to foot and very tired, but he had been glad that he could answer satisfactorily the many questions "Mr. Hiram" had asked him about the place. Since they had first come in from the wagon, he had ached to know the contents of the packages, and had looked anxiously at the shapes of the different bundles. There had been nothing satisfactorily apparent, but he kept assuring himself that they had guessed he would be looking and so had arranged that nothing could be discovered.

Sam had acted "sorter mysterious all evenin' though" . . . and he knew . . . they could not fool him. . . .

There was a moment of hearty laughter in the big room. He heard distinctly . . . "Johnny'll shore be surprised" and shivered. No, he wouldn't. . . They couldn't fool him. . . Almost now . . . he could feel the polished barrel between his fingers . . . almost.

Naw they they couldn't fool him.

* * * * *

In the grey light of the early dawn that Christmas morning, Johnny was the first to wake, and in the instant of his awakening, he was out of bed, and slipping into his clothes. In his eager haste the process seemed a tedious one, and the seconds, centuries, before he finally opened the door on the long array of bulging packages around the fireplace.

He could not see very well in the early light, and so moved carefully in order not to disturb the sleeping family. He shivered, in the chill air but would not make a fire, of course, until he had his "Santy." None of the bundles although he had gone carefully through the array — seemed to be his. They must have put it somewhere else.

Suddenly he remembered his stocking. What had been wrong with him? He'd bet they had left a note in the toe, telling him where they had hid it. He ran his hand along the mantle, until he came to a great rough sock, filled almost to bursting now, hung there by Mrs. Castleberry. There was a paper pinned to it which read, "For Johnny, Merry Christmas."

Eagerly, shakily, he lifted it from the hook, and hurried over to the window, so as to be able more clearly to see the contents. Lifting the toe he began to empty it upon the floor, and as it spilled out, quickly at first, then slowly, more slowly . . . his anxious wonder became a dazed numbness . . . which paralyzed his fingers and made his head feel queer . . . empty. Grains of sand spilling from the limp sock grew into a little white heap on the rough boards. He ran his fingers through it, touching another piece of paper which had dropped into the center of the pile. He lifted it with a shaking hand and read, "Good joke on you, Johnny — Santy Claus,"

He sat very still for a long while. Then straightening up, his feet moving unsteadily, he walked back to the fireplace, the empty sock still in his hand.

"Got to fix a fire the kids" He leaned his head

against the mantle shelf . . . "Good joke . . . Good" He laughed shrilly "Good . . . joke Every day in the year . . . and Christmas Eve . . . grit in my sock I wouldn't a minded not gittin' the Winchester . . . not needin' it . . . But gittin' grindin's." He laughed again, and reeled as he bent to the hearth. . . . "Santy Claus, oh, God! a pile o' sand."

December Gardens

SIGMA FORD, '25.

The clouds were banked in the northwest, and the wind had begun a little after noon. But my engine was running smoothly, and once beyond The Pass, I was sure to get through. To the right of the highway, the iron rails gleamed with frost. The endless snow fences stretched beyond the horizons. The distant hills stood out sharply. To the left the plains lay covered with dead grass. A lone coyote protested against the light of day.

The clouds began to spread, and the velocity of the wind to increase. One, two, three snow flakes, soft as down, fell on the hood and melted. The grass now lay close to the earth, as if for protection. The wind whistled and shrieked. The snow flakes came down more swiftly. Silently, they covered the hood of the car and crept through the crevices of the curtains. The engine became cold. The sky was a mass of angry grey. A mantle of white hid the brown earth and weed. The snow fences marshalled their forces against the coming onslaught. All was white.

Where once the bed of the railroad had been was only a mass of drifts. The fences had disappeared now. The windshield was opaque. Once, twice, I cleared away the frost and ice. My hands were growing stiff. I hit them against the steering wheel. My eyes could not pierce the seemingly solid air. The silhouette of The Pass was a hazy mirage, rather than an actual fact. The snow no longer fell in flakes, but in sheets.

The wheels sunk to the hubs. The torrent of air rushed madly through the break in the mountain. The car crept. The engine sputtered, coughed, died. I crept out. My face was cut by particles of ice. I stumbled. I fell. I could not rise, because of the wind's force. I crawled within the car for protection. The car was becoming a

mound. A side curtain joined the forces of nature in their terrible journey.

My eyelashes were beads of ice. Tiny needles pricked me. Excruciating pains darted up my body and through my eyes. A blanket of feathers sifted over me. I pushed the snow away, but one time they had said — they had said snow is something. Oh, yes — warm. That was it — warm. I let it remain. The storm could not last long. Its fury would soon be spent.

Meantime, my lids began to droop, my limbs to relax. My mind was at peace, but my lips were chanting, "Mustn't sleep, mustn't sleep, mustn't . . ." Taking my scarf pin I gently pressed it against my wrist. There was no feeling. I jabbed. With a start, I sat up. Another jab, another, and another. The pin fell.

I was so warm, so warm. Pleasant thoughts came through my half daze. The sunlight ran in little threads of light over my bit of garden. Next year, I must transplant my sweetpeas, and violets, and mignonette, and — and — what was the other? — — Oh, yes, and snow flakes, beds of them, to come out in the chill rains of April and melt into beauty under an August sun; to melt into the white drifting beauty of a December snow.



The Spirit of Pueblo Indian's Art

EFFIE HARMON, '24.

OUR friend from America, tell us another story." And the youths of a foreign country seated themselves around the famous old artist. "We have heard of the red men," they continued. "Can you tell us of them — their bright feathers, their war dances, their wars? Were they really so interesting?"

The old man looked at them kindly. "I can tell you of the Red Men," he said slowly, "but I do not like to talk of their wars and their savagery. All Red Men were not alike. The stories that were told about them were not altogether true — it was wrong to tell such stories. Perhaps some of the Indians of the North were like that; but far away to the Southwest lived a different tribe, the Pueblos. The world was slow, very slow, to admire the poetic simplicity of their lives and the wonder of their art.

"It was probably the American's love of spectacular scenes that caused him to think of the Pueblo Indian as a warrior, when he should have thought of him as a poet; that caused him to think of the Indian as makers of crude pots when he should have thought of him as a creator of artistic designs. I do not know. But after many years the Americans grew tired of thinking of the Indians as warriors, and about the same time a great discovery was made.

"It was found that the Pueblo Indians used spontaneously in their art all the principles of art as they were taught in the modern universities of America and in the art centers of the world. Of course, after that, the Americans wanted to learn about these natural artists. It was then that they realized the great difference in the white men and the Indians.

"But the Indians thought the white men wanted to satisfy their curiosity, and so they would not speak of the things that meant so much to the tribe. Finally, after much observation, the white men learned a great deal about the Indians. It was a great lesson they learned. They will never again judge a race by its ability to fight and give no thought of its culture.

"When the Americans had learned something of the Indian's life and philosophy, they found it easier to understand the Indian's art. The Pueblo Indian, they found, is essentially a poet. He believes that there is a great good spirit which permeates everything, the trees, the rivers, the rocks, even the pottery which he makes. The Indian himself

is a part of the great cosmos, his spirit is a part of the great spirit.

"The Pueblo's belief concerning the universe is a part of his daily life. It is expressed in the pottery he makes, in the baskets which hold his fruits, and in the rugs on his floors. Because every part of nature is permeated by this great spirit of good, the Indian feels that he must establish his philosophy upon a basis that will make him considerate of all things. He wishes his life to be in perfect harmony with every phase of nature. He tries to fit into the whole scheme of things, to be in no way obnoxious to any of its elements. In nature he has recognized beauty and harmony. His religion, founded upon such a basis, is necessarily a happy one.

"To the Indian, all common things of life have a great significance. It is a part of his philosophy. The planting of corn is the subject of a great ceremonial dance; a dance which is an expression of his appreciation of the spirit of good, that spirit which will take the small grain of corn and develop it into a plant. The dance is highly artistic. The Indian does not dance for recreation. The dance is an expression of his emotions, of his philosophy, of his religion, and of his life.

"Because of this unusual belief in what is commonplace to the American, the Indian beholds a consecrated mystery. The pottery in which the Pueblo cooks, has a spirit; it is beautiful. To his belt is attached a string from each rug he has sold, not alone because he believes these strings will protect him from evil, but because each rug was his own creation, a thing with a spirit. The Indian's art is founded in his every-day life, and it is life founded in an unusual philosophy. When the American learned of this he could better understand why the Indian has created an art with a character differing greatly from that of any other art in the world."

"And when the Americans understood — did they become great friends of the Indians?" questioned the youths.

"Ah, no," said the old man regretfully. "That is the sad part about it. The Indian makes his beautiful things to use. The white man takes his beautiful things and puts them away to keep, or place them on a shelf to look at; while the things he uses every day, the things which make up his environment are the less beautiful, the commonplace. The Indian cannot understand this.

"The American has tried to fathom the poetic mystery of the Indian's personality, he has tried to grasp the background of the Indian's spontaneous art, and even though he was slow in his appreciation, his sympathy with Indian life is great."

"Surely such an artistic people could not be stingy?" questioned the youths.

"No, you may watch his dance if you choose, you may admire his art, but about it all the Indian is silent," said the old man thoughtfully. "You see, it is probably because he thinks the white man would not understand."

The Redemption

MARGARET THRASH, '25

THE rough mining camp of Le Haugain was situated in the basin of Tierwell gulch. The flat rolling plains swept away to the foot of the surrounding mountains, and ended there as water stops at the side of a bowl. The rise of the mountains was abrupt, and their rocky surface defied all exploration.

Protected as it was, Le Haugain was free from the merciless blizzards of winter and the scorching winds of summer. This fostered the prosperity of the camp, and the men, for there were no women, were content to remain and reap the reward that nature and time had planted in this wilderness.

The men of the camp were rough, coarse, and carefree. Their law was the law of the gun — the quick draw and the steady hand. The destruction of a life did not mean as much to them as the destruction of a bottle of whiskey. Whiskey had to be carried over the treacherous mountain passes, while men came and went in a drifting current.

The coarsest man in the camp was Raymond Le Roux. Due to his bullying nature, he was generally known as "Bull." He was the recognized leader of the camp, and out of respect for his coöperation in enforcing the common law of the camp, his decisions were accepted without question. The first and only man who had ever defied Bull was given a deed the following day to a plot of earth about ten feet long and four feet wide.

For the past week, the camp had been restless and uncertain. A rumor had reached them through the agency of the driver of the monthly supply wagon that a young minister was coming to Le Haugain. He was expected to arrive some time Wednesday.

If the plans of Bull Le Roux had been successful, the stranger

would have departed for the mountains or the Great Beyond shortly after his arrival. Work had been suspended for the day. The men had made the most of this unexpected holiday by spending the time in the Red Saloon, gambling and drinking.

Ralph Frazier's knowledge of a mining camp caused him to go directly to the saloon. He took in the interior of the barroom at one glance, and passed from the open door to the bar.

"A glass of beer, please."

The barkeeper was surprised into sudden activity by the low, calm voice. The silence which followed Ralph's entrance was broken only by the sound of heavy breathing. The stranger had a premonition that something was going to happen. It had been one of Bull's plans that something should happen, but the appearance of the minister did not correspond with Bull's idea of what that individual should be.

"Good morning, friends. My journey has been long and tiresome. This good drink was needed before I could continue the business which brought me here. Next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, I shall hold service in the Fullerton pasture. It will be a pleasure to see each of you there," and with these words, Ralph Frazier left the room.

"My Gawd! So that's the sky pilot," muttered the barkeeper, and the terrible silence was broken.

Men reached for glasses and cards; their bodies relaxed from the strained tension of the past few minutes. The murmur of many voices mingled with the clink of bottle against glass and coin against poker chip. Bull Le Roux moved carelessly to the bar, spoke to the barkeeper, and passed into the street. The men read through his departure the silent acknowledgment of the defeat of his plans.

Sunday morning, Ralph delivered his sermon to a herd of stray cattie and a cawing blackbird. He kept steadily to his text, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend," and the sermon closed with the congregation standing and singing "Rock of Ages." As he shut his Bible, a sickening sense of disappointment and discouragement passed over him. He turned wearily toward the mountains to seek solace there. As he disappeared behind a low hill, a man arose from behind a clump of bushes, and walked quickly to camp. The men of the camp supposed that Raymond Le Roux had spent his morning in the mountains.

Ralph occupied his time during the following week in trying to make friends among the men. He realized that when he had won Bull

over to his side, the rest of the camp would follow. Bull evaded every advance of the preacher, but sent word by one of the men that the Red Saloon would be open for the services on the following Sunday.

This offer was accepted, and when Ralph entered the saloon on Sunday morning, he was met with shy greetings from a dozen eager, curious men. He was happy at this apparent interest, but he was disappointed because Bull was not there. Five minutes after the sermon had closed, and the men had left the saloon, Bull entered from the small room, designated "office." He was still pondering over the truths of the sermon.

Whether encouraged by some unknown leader or out of curiosity, the men continued to attend Ralph's meetings, but Bull was never seen among the members of the congregation. These members had become cleaner, both morally and physically. Ralph could not understand the situation, but he was happy over his success that he did not stop to question. Things continued in this way for three months.

Ralph had never repeated the sermon he had delivered the first Sunday morning of his stay in Le Haugain. He felt that the men would profit by the sermon at that time. He studied it for a week, strengthening and bettering it.

The morning he was to deliver it, he rose early, and went for a long walk toward the mountains to visit the scene of an enormous landslide that had occurred the day before. When he came within sight of the great pile of loose earth and rock, he saw the figure of a man walking about and examining it. He started forward with the intention of overtaking the man and discussing the accident with him. When Ralph was still several yards below the man, he heard a low rumbling noise. Looking up he saw the loose rock and earth left by the previous slide, start down the mountain directly toward the lone figure. He tried to attract the stranger by calling, but the man was so engrossed with his thoughts that he heard neither Ralph's call nor the rumble of the approaching slide. The only thing left for Ralph to do was to run against time and the slide. He realized that it would probably mean instant death for him, but he did not falter.

"Hallo! Hallo! Run, man! The slide is starting," yelled Ralph, then stumbled and fell. He raised himself instantly, and saw that the man was running swiftly to safety. He staggered to his feet, and made an unsuccessful attempt to follow. His ankle had been twisted in the fall, and he could only hop along on one foot. He turned his face to the camp, and the slide was upon him.

When he opened his eyes, he looked in the face of Raymond Le Roux.

A beautiful smile came to Ralph's face as he whispered "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Bull picked up the body as though it were that of a child, and stumbled blindly down the mountain. When he reached Ralph's cabin, he kicked open the door; entered the room, and tenderly placed his burden on the bed. Without a glance about the room, he left it, and closed the door quietly behind him.

When Bull reached the saloon, he found a group of inquisitive men. The look on his face silenced their questions before they were formed. Quietly, they filed into the room after him, and took their places on the rough pine benches. Bull took his stand at the end of the bar, and faced the men.

"Boys, Ralph Frazier has gone to meet his Lord like a white man, and I am going to try to fill his place. My text today is "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."



Whistler's Interpretation of Art

MARGARET LUSK, '23.



WHILE the old foundations of spirituality in art were being swept away by the materialism of both the Academic and Realistic Schools, each of which magnified the importance of form and matter, here and there appeared an artist to whom the representation of material was of less importance than the expression of the spiritual and the universal in art. One of these was James MacNeill Whistler.

Whistler's work has in it a note of idealism. It is the result of an artist who has attempted to free himself from the material, as such, by giving expression to the spirit in matter. This element of spirituality and mystery does not in any manner detract from the virility of his paintings.

Whistler did not ignore form; it was the effect of form, in its relation to the character of the subject and in its relation to considerations of abstract beauty, that seemed to him to be worth interpretation. He made his artistic protest against the axiom of the materialistic age that "seeing is believing." He taught in his art that it is not what the average man sees that counts for much in art, but what he does not see.

So, in that masterpiece, "The Portrait of the Artist's Mother," Whistler pictured a lady not as she would appear to a stranger, but as she was known to her son through the spiritual communion of their love. As a result, the picture is the noblest tribute to motherhood that could be paid by the artistic world.

If one has come under the spell of the actual presence of nature, he recognizes it instantly in the "Nocturne in Blue and Gold," a spirit picture which is steeped in that quality of exclusiveness so often found in Whistler's work. Phantom shapes, appearing in dim light, contrive to bring about an effect of mystery. The artist has given not the material objects in nature, but the effect of these upon the intangible spirit.

It has been said that Whistler created no school. Such a creation for him was not possible. The qualities of his genius were inherent to his nature and wholly personal; they were incapable of being transferred. Nevertheless, he influenced his world of colorful beauty. His ideas and ideals are distinctly present, and his genius permeates the character of modern artistic thought.

A Pinch of College Dust

MARY LOUISE ISRAEL, '25

For too soon comes the day
For soon the day —.

HE artist's voice died softly away and with the last note of "Barcarolle," there came to me the thought: What a world of melody I live in! Each has his life song. How can I be so unresponsive! Always now I will listen for true harmony, in sympathy with him who sings.

Through this short moment I sat collecting my thoughts as my friends donned their wraps. Suddenly, I was rudely awakened to full consciousness by, "Say, kid, I'm hungry. Hurry up and we'll have time to go by Charlie's and get something to eat. You coming?"

I sighed and started with them toward the store when a gleam of light from the "practice shacks" caught my eye. "Here," thought I, "will be the true artists of C. I. A. Here will I find the most beautiful of melodies perfected by diligent practice." I motioned to my comrades to go ahead without me and turned to the beckoning light.

The muffled tones of a soft voice came from the first building. I paused expectantly beneath the window. The notes became clearer and I recognized the "C" scale sung in the unmistakable style of the beginner. My heart sank. Then I realized that this girl could sing her song only after practice, and practice must necessarily include "C" scale. With an amateurish word of encouragement which was drowned by a break on high "A," I passed on to another shack.

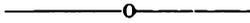
There, silhouetted against the light of the window, I saw the figure of a girl, seated at the piano. Her head was bent low, her body swayed with the rhythm, her fingers moved quickly and lightly over the keyboard. The notes came faster and faster. "Oh! She plays her song of happiness!" I moved closer that I might hear more easily but I did not stop. I hurried past and my only sign to the player was a nod. I had recognized "Ain't We Got Fun!"

I had almost lost heart and given up in despair when other strains of music came to my ear. In a third shack a girl was playing a violin. As she drew the bow across the trembling strings the bitter-sweet melody brought tears to my eyes. "Here is a true artist. Truly, a musician of such feeling must some day be famous." I stepped closer that I might tell her my thoughts. But again I stopped and the words

died on my lips. She was playing "Home, Sweet Home"—at C. I. A.!

I turned away and almost ran to "Charlie's." As I entered I was again greeted with music. It pounded upon my eardrums. My friends were chanting, á la barbershop, "When Frances Dances With Me." Could that time come too soon? I gave up my melodious search and dropped a nickel of encouragement in the piano. As I listened to the more soothing strains of "Ma," the words of Alice Corbin came to me:

The old songs die
And the lips that sang them
Are only a pinch of dust.



The Artist in Byron

EPSIE MANNING, '23.

BYRON, the poet, commanded me to follow him. He stopped short upon beholding Cintra, her dazzling variegated maze, and doffing his cap, he bent forward in a sweeping bow.

"Who to the awe struck world unlocked Elysium's gates?"

he cried.

His quick eye eagerly took in the beauty of the scene surrounding him. He pointed to the crags which crowned the nearby convent, and he listened, finger pressed to lip, to the rumbling roar of the torrent as it leaped from cliff to cliff.

He was quick to tire of the most beautiful spots on our journey. We made our way down the crooked paths, lingering as we went. He loved the hills — romantic hills, he called them. He often raised his head to drink in the mountain air; then he would smile scornfully at me — a reproach for my curious gaze. He gazed, at the immense, horizon-bounded plains. He liked them better than he did the more luxuriant vales. He muttered something about bleak, barren lives, and as I, apologizing for my inattention, questioned him eagerly, he rose from the crag on which we had been sitting, and strode forward impatiently — restlessly. I meekly followed.

* * * * *

I loved to share the nights with him on the ship's deck. It was when we were going through the Calpe Straits that he stood, motionless, on deck all night, watching the waves as they dashed furiously against the prow. A gale held the ship swaying in its encompassed

power. His collar was buttoned tightly under his chin; his coat flapped in the wind. He stood firmly by the mast, gazing out on the disturbed waters, moody and meditative.

The next evening his mood had softened. The moonlight streams dancing on the waves brought a wistful, boyish smile to his lips. He pointed out the myriad lights in the waters to me. I held my breath, fearful lest this mood — rare indeed — should pass too quickly. But no, he detected a spray in the sky, caused by the mist from the water, and he cried out in childlike delight. He called the sea a silver sheet.

He was eager to reach Muretania and the mountainous regions of Tagant and Adrar. He wanted the low-lying, sandy plains, and dunes, the few streams, the palm-tending groups of nomads, the gayly-decked caravans. And we lingered there hours — days —

The poet would sit for hours on Tagant's rocks, and brood in silent vagaries. With narrowed eyes, he would look out to where the forest's shady scene ended, and would wonder vaguely what one would find beyond.

Once I startled him, as I climbed the trackless mountain, unseen by him, and discovered him sitting alone.

"Does not solitude make you sad?" I asked, catching the fleeting sorrow in his dark eyes.

"Solitude?" he asked, absently, "I was only conversing with nature's charms, and viewing her stores unrolled."

* * * * *

He would rise early for the dawn. He loved it half robed in mist — where mauve and purple streaks were diffused, he confided to me. Then he laughed derisively at his own sentiment. Once he eagerly pointed out magic charms in the rainbow. My gaze followed his finger, enrapt. The mood lasted only a brief moment. He turned and scoffed.

Mountains, cataracts, hanging rocks, lofty hills, the tempest-tossed ocean always caught his eye. He loved them in their wild, fierce splendor. They were in tune with his moods. The calm, serenity of the sea he loved only during passive moments. Those days his moods were turbulent like swollen rivers and surging streams, which, when released, swept everything in their tracks. He cared little for nature in her unpretentious aspects. He had no eye for the flowers sparsely scattered on the hillside, but he loved the hills. The vines that covered the slope downward to the seashore only furnished an emerald carpet for the broad, sweeping slopes — and he loved emerald. Once I detec-

ted the familiar notes of a nightingale sounding through the hushed stillness of early dusk. I thrilled with pleasure, and I beckoned to the poet to listen. He shook his head.

“The hissing waters of the gulf yielding to chasms in endless torture are the turbulent cry of humanity,” he said, gazing unseeingly into space.

The notes of the nightingale’s song still sounded, but I did not hear.

Those thoughts over which he often brooded — life’s disenchantment produced by limitations of human existence — never left him. He motioned me to the edge of the wave-worn precipice, looking out on the waters of Thrasimene’s lake, and I looked down to where his finger pointed. I knew that the flashing mass of foam, caused by the endless clashing of the water into the shaking abyss was symbolic of life to the poet. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the passion which the horrible, beautiful turmoil of the distracted waters evoked in the poet.

* * * * *

Then he bade me leave him. It was the rich, varied hues of the sunset, falling slowly into the sea, on whose placid bosom they were reflected in greater radiance, that we watched together last. We watched until the last color had faded into pale colors of gray. I crept away silently. I looked back as I descended the hill. The poet, his face buried in his hands, was sitting motionless in the colorless dusk.





THE DÆDALIAN MONTHLY STAFF

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“ARE THE ARTISTS GOING MAD?”

Modern artists, like modern poets and, in fact, almost everything modern, have called down upon themselves harsh criticism. Leading magazines, such as the CENTURY and the INDEPENDENT, contain articles which carry as their principal themes the treatment of contemporary artistic and literary trends; and their position is that modern artists and authors are, in a sense, “going mad.” To just what extent this view may be justified is largely dependent upon personal opinion. The chief arguments, however, which substantiate it may be summed up as follows:

Modern art, as it is expressed by the Verticist, the Futurist, and the Cubist Schools, seem to be tending toward a new cult which might be called the Camouflaged School. The conception of the next step in æsthetic progress as that of being an invisible art is very much in line with the others. A vortex is in its nature the empty center of something tending to vanish; and if, as humanity in its simplicity has hitherto supposed, the future is hidden from us, the thing after the future is presumably more hidden still. And as for cubism, there

is nothing beyond the cube unless there be a fourth dimension; and pictures in the fourth dimension would be happily beyond our vision.

The Greeks, who are our models of perfection in plastic art, would be horrified if they could see the work of the cubist school which started from the assumption that strength is beauty, and that a straight line is stronger than a curved line, inferring from these premises that a painting exclusively composed of straight lines is stronger and consequently more beautiful than a painting in curved lines. Some of the cubists have become slaves to this theory and discover at its bidding, straight-lined strength in the beauty of so delicate a thing as a summer rose!

The mediævals united all men in the spirit of wonder; from the most cunning craftsman who wondered at the carved beauty of a work, to the most ignorant rustic who wondered at its being carved at all. This spirit of wonder is the thing that gave to the primitives their strange poetry, creating in them a sane mood in which even the elementals could be appreciated. In that sense one can marvel at even bad work. And we may say in all fairness, that the modernists are now trying to do bad work, in order to have something at which to marvel.

The real solution, however, "does not lie in increasing the number of artist who can startle us with the complex things, but in increasing the number of people who can be startled by common things; in restoring relish and receptivity to human society; in educating the artists in the popular virtues of astonishment and enjoyment. It is not to be achieved by the artist's leaving the crowd further and further behind in the wild-goose chase, nor even by the crowd's running hard enough to keep up with the artist; but rather, by the artist's turning around and looking at the crowd, realizing that it is in some ways, a trifle more interesting than a flock of wild geese."— N. M.

THE PASSING OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Josephine Preston Peabody, poet, dramatist, and dreamer, who had a vaster dream to contemplate than that which springs from the personal impulse and human feelings — a dreamer, who oblivious to the hurly-burly of American life, gave, in a poet's mysticism, a beautiful and an ideal art.

Miss Peabody's art is a well-visionsed image of the more elusive hopes and fancies which dwell around the "moon caught in its creased web of storm mists" and "the pale moon flower growing in the stillness

of dreams"—a lovely art that submerges the material in the hearts of men under exquisite iris-flecked rainbow clouds of ideality. Conceived in fancy, there is in her work the quality of impalpability and airy unsubstantiality that makes analysis difficult; but always there are found truths of life and of human nature enveloped in her mysticism.

The young poet passes without having reached her revealing crisis — without having found her own identity. In passing, she leaves an art — an exquisite art of ideality, which leaves one spiritually farther on one's way than it found him; she leaves a work distinguished by a subtle and spiritual sympathy, which will live in the hearts of men. — E. M.





The Christmas
er
poetry. The magazines, for this month, were given to the explaining
of Santa Claus, and to the discussion of the "very latest of modern
tendencies," so that "snow on fir-trees" had no space between the
covers. Only the editors of SCRIBNER'S seemed to realize how great a
part, song and poetry play in the season of happiness and friendliness.
So that the review for December contains selections from this one
magazine, which are offered without comment, and with no arrange-
ment as to comparative value.

INTERPRETER

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

There is a subtle language —
Beside it words are vain —
The haunting tones of moonlight
The silver glint of rain;

The end

And for a glad
 I thought
 Where the blue
 A dream,

. Glorious remembrance in that hot, crowded street.
 "Buy my sweet lavender!" Oh, I was happy hearted,
 For the flowers and the fragrance and the voice were piercing
 sweet!

HOME

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Never a sound of church bells chiming the hour,
 Over the settled calm of a village place,
 Only a perfect love in its rarest flower,
 That — and your face.

Never the ease of a damask covered table,
 Never the laughter of neighbors coming to tea
 Only a climb for so long as we are able,
 Only dim heights that our eyes alone can see.

Never a book of verse in garden corner,
 When a sun-dial catches the western sky's warm shine,
 Only a prayer for the weak and a laugh for the scorner
 Those — and your hand in mine.

Never an oaken door, when the dark comes creeping,
 Stoutly barred to shut out the furtive night —
 Only the stars to smile on our dreamless sleeping,
 And the bow of the moon to give us a silver light;

Never a hearth, perhaps, with its soft light falling
 Over the velvet depths of a cosy chair.
 Only the voice of romance ever calling,
 Only the rainbow's end, and the treasure there!
