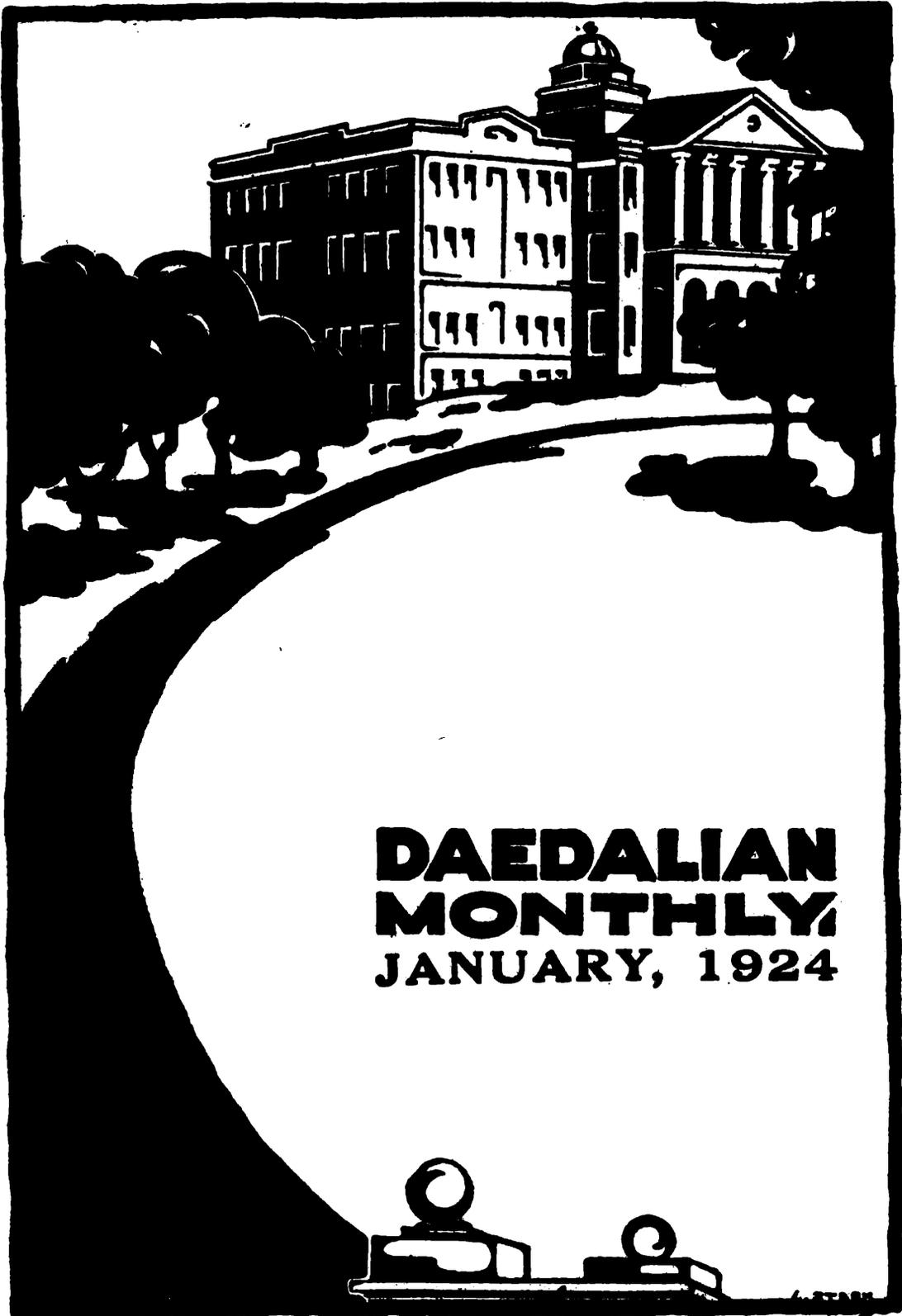


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Kisloff, the Wood Carver

LOUISE KEITH, '26

Back of an old curio shop on a quiet street in Paris, was the workroom of old Kisloff, the wood carver. Such an humble place it was, that only by chance did I ever discover it at all.

One sunny afternoon, free for a few hours from my work as a newspaper reporter, I strolled into the semi-darkness of the curio shop in search of a gift for my aunt, who is a musician. Finding nothing which pleased me, I was about to leave, when the clerk addressed me.

“Monsieur, perhaps Kisloff can serve you?”

“Kisloff?” I inquired.

He pointed to the back of the shop. There, down a short flight of stairs, was a door bearing the sign:

KISLOFF, WOOD CARVER

As I looked at it, it seemed to shrink into the very wall from excess of modesty, so that I was forced to advance to see it. The afternoon was mine, and I was most eager to test the ability of this Russian — his name proclaimed his nationality. With these thoughts to excuse the seeming uselessness of my visit, I went down the steps, which offered no helping banister, and knocked upon the door.

It seemed that I waited long for an answer before I was admitted. The room, which though it admitted no sunshine, was somewhat lighter than the shop, contained only the scantiest furniture and a few handsome pieces of bric-a-brac. The master of this small earthly kingdom was a typical Russian of about sixty years. But can I say he was of a type? Surely there were never such shifting eyes, such long, nervous hands, such a tremulous voice. And he tried so bravely to keep that voice steady!

I told him what I wanted, a unique paper weight. He knew what would please me, he said, and fell hurriedly to sketching. As I came back up those uncertain stairs some half-hour later, I did not mentally note the absence of a nail; I was thinking of the great talent and skill of Kisloff. And when I sat down with a companionable cigar before my cheery autumn fire that evening, I took from my pocket the drawing he had given me, the plan he was to follow. It was of a violin and bow resting in the soft folds of draped velvet.

Twice within the next month I sought out the shop of Kisloff.

And by my interest he was encouraged to talk while I watched him work. Long tales he told me, tales of life among Russian peasantry. Once, as he talked, my eye wandered to an old violin case which lay under the bed — if so lowly a thing may be called a bed. I could hardly wait for the story to be finished.

“Kisloff!” I pounced upon him, “Play your violin for me,” and I started toward it. Halfway across the room I was arrested by a hoarse startled cry, “Stop! No! Stop, I say!” Kisloff’s voice was terrible in its harshness, and was made all the more harsh by its unsteadiness.

I turned in dismay. “Why, Kisloff,” I began, but the sight of the man frightened me; he was standing as if ready to spring upon me, his sharp knife grasped convulsively in his shaking hand, his eyes glaring wildly.

Here — “Oh, Leviska!” he muttered. The paper weight lay neglected on the floor where it had fallen at his sudden movement.

“Kisloff,” I said, returning to my chair, “you have dropped my paperweight.” Trembling, he sat down, and slowly picking it up, fell to work upon it again. I saw on one of the corners a minute splintered place.

A little later we still sat in that uncomfortable silence, he absorbed in his carving, I longing wildly to ask about the violin and Leviska — but not daring. The afternoon sun had shifted with the season and, shining obliquely through the high, barred window, fell across the floor and upon the door. The street was as calm and quiet as the very sunshine. Only one step was heard coming nearer, steadily, steadily: a gendarme on his beat. I looked up to watch him pass. Kisloff, silently laying his knife upon his work table, looked up, too. But his eye, I noticed, was upon the door, not the window. And as the figure in the street slowly passed, its shadow fell upon the door with a fatalistic appearance, moved slowly across, and melted away from the light. I felt the hand of Kisloff on my arm

“Did you not see it, Monsieur? The shadow — like a sentinel; the bars — like a prison!”

Late in November I went again to the wood carver, this time to receive my finished article. According to my custom, I looked for the hide-and-seek sign on the door as I stepped into the shop. It was not there. Pondering upon its absence, I decended to the door and knocked. No sound of unsteady steps followed. I rapped briskly, thinking the old man had dozed over his work. Impatient,

I opened the door; desolute emptiness met me. As I stood in bewilderment, a shadow fell upon my face; a gendarme was passing the window — slowly, heavily. Those bars — like a prison window!

Shuddering, I ran back to the proprietor to make inquiries. And a few minutes later I was in a cab, a paper bearing the address of an insane asylum fluttering between my fingers, and in my pocket a small package that Kisloff had left for me.

That evening I sat again before my fire, fingering a bunch of papers, living over again the events of the afternoon. The manager of the asylum, a friend of mine who often furnished me, at a small commission, with stories for my paper, handed me that manuscript when I had questioned him about Kisloff.

“We gleaned all that from his delirious talk,” he had said. “It bears every stamp of accuracy.” And he had taken me to see the poor Russian where he lay on the floor of his cell. The mad man sprung up on our approach and had cried, shrieked, rather—“Monsieur! Do you not see? The sentinel!” And then he had fallen upon his knees moaning, “The work of a woman’s fingers, Monsieur, of a woman’s fingers.” To explain this the attendant had pointed to the packet of papers I carried in my hand.

And now I sat alone, anxious to understand, yet dreading to rush in upon the secrets of Kisloff’s life. I glanced at the paperweight he had made for me, where it stood upon the table near my elbow — an exquisite thing, skillfully made. The very sight of it drove away my hesitance. This story, briefly, is what I read.

Kisloff was born in a small Russian village, the son of a cabinet maker. Early in childhood, he displayed, along with his natural tendencies toward manual arts, an unusual musical talent. In early manhood he became a wood carver, making only delicate things which required much skill. To satisfy his musical cravings he tried to make a violin. His failure was the first bitter disappointment of his life.

Soon after this attempt, he married Leviska, a girl as musical as he was. Together they worked on a new violin, Kisloff teaching his wife the art of carving from wood. In the evenings they bent together over their task, breathlessly fashioning a thing of shape — of life, it seemed to them — from their precious wood. When it was finished, it was the joy of their lives, the one hand which drew their souls to God, and which made a life of poverty bearable.

Only the watchman who guarded the mayor’s home at night

had any true conception of the value of the instrument. He delighted to come into the work-shop and play upon the violin, stretching his long hands over the finger-board. It was rumored in the village that the guard once played before the Czar. Only the guard knew how true that was.

One day a shadow fell upon the home of Kisloff: the violin was taken by the mayor to pay a debt. The guard came with his master and greedily siezing the violin, carried it to the big house on the hill. From that day Leviska was not the same. And in the winter she died.

Vengeance burned in the heart of Kisloff — and a great longing for his violin. Finally he disappeared from the village, the violin with him. Kisloff fled with it to Paris where he set up his little shop. On gloomy evenings he would take his violin from its case and play upon it in the twilight — weird strains which came from his soul, untouched by any master's training. And when he was tired, he would lay it upon his knees and feel of its curves, and whisper to himself, "The work of a woman's hands — the gentle force of my Leviska's fingers."

But one day a new gendarme passed his window — a man who stretched his long fingers over the butt of his musket much as a violinist holds his instrument. Kisloff knew those fingers; often had he seen them moving hungrily over the neck of his precious violin, while he and Leviska had watched, entranced by the man's playing, yet frightened by his air of ownership. From that time forth, Kisloff knew no peace; his voice became unsteady and his eyes restless. He dared play no more in the twilight. One evening he heard the step of the man he feared descending his stairs. And thereafter the curio shop no longer contained the humble work-room of a wood carver.

Slowly I folded up the papers; and taking the little wooden violin on my palm, I looked at it long and thoughtfully, feeling with the tip of my finger the splintered corner. It seemed to say to me, "a woman's fingers, Monsieur."

The ornament still stands on my table. My aunt's desk is graced by a tiny iron statuette. The papers which tell the story of poor Kisloff are laid away in the corner of my safe. I have never published them.



Pierrette and Pierrot

MARY LOUISE ISRAEL, '25

FOREWORD

I offer you a new Pierrette and the same old Pierrot.

My Pierrette is a modern girl who has her modern temptations and complexes, as well as plucked eyebrows and bobbed hair. Like all other human beings, she is dissatisfied and unhappy, and like them, she is always seeing her happiness just ahead, only to arrive there and find it a mirage. She does not dream of the real cause of her restlessness; she would laugh if anyone should attempt to tell her. She attributes it to everything but the right thing, and this Right Thing is left entirely from her thoughts until it is almost too late. It is the final knowing, however, that saves her life from being a failure and her play, a tragedy. It is this knowing that saves *our* Life, *our* Play, from being the Great Tragedy.

This old Pierrot is always the same. He may make many different appearances, but he never really changes. My Pierrot has not even disguised his real appearance; the black of his dress is still black — the white, white. It is only in this way that he can bring Pierrette the truest happiness, and this must be the happiest of plays.

[The parting of the curtains discloses a grey stage. The piercing points of fire-color from Pierrette's hearth glance across the polished surface of a large easy-chair and bury themselves in the heavy velvet of its cushions. By straining the eyes, one may see Pierrot seated on a footstool placed at the side of the chair. He is leaning disconsolately against the hard wooden side of the chair. He remains motionless until he hears Pierrette's voice calling, off stage: "Well, goodnight and I'll see you tomorrow!" On hearing her voice, he jumps quickly to his feet and prepares to receive her.

She enters attired in a business-like knicker suit. She seems weary, and Pierrot anxiously arranges things for her comfort.]

She: So! You're still here.

He: I am always here.

She: Poor Pierrot! You make my mind wander back to the quotation: "But the poor we have with us always." [She laughs softly.]

He: Yes, I guess I am too poor for your considerations, and yet tonight — well, tonight marks the height of my life.

She: Oh, my goodness! Another "greatest moment." I've

long ago quit being frightened by these crises in your life. What is it this time — a conversation with Old Man Moon, or a new bird cage that will revolutionize the world?

He: I have never caged anything, Pierrette. I could never take the joy of living from a bird. How I envy those birds who fly, free, through the sky.

She: You're quite flighty enough now, Pierrot. I am surprised, though, that you do not have another scheme to bring you great wealth.

He: My poverty seems to be bothering you this evening. Perhaps you do not need me, after all, and I had better be gone. Shall I leave you?

She: No! You don't have to go. You do make me comfortable.

He: A moment of discomfort for you would mean years of agony for me.

She: You aren't bad looking, either.

He: You can see something pleasing in this old mask of mine? Then you should see the beauty in my heart.

She: Then, too, you talk awfully well, and I love your songs.

He: You don't find my words hard to listen to? Ah, you like them! Then perhaps you are ready for me and my life has not been in vain. How could I talk other than well to you, my Pierrette, when all my life has been lived for what it should mean to you. From the first, my ear has been tuned to hear all the songs that Love has breathed. My memory has stored them away, and well have they been kept. They are my Heart Treasure. Carefully I have learned them, and for each song that I have sung to you, countless others have come to fill its place and grow for you in my heart. And how they do grow, those songs, Pierrette! Sometimes it seems the growing of their great harmony will fairly break my heart into a million melodies, and each melody will tear itself from my body and go to sing itself to you. And each will beg that you take it into your heart and give it care or it will die. Then if it shall die, my lips will be dumb, for an empty heart can give no song. Here is one that came today. Listen Pierrette!

[He sings tenderly of deathless love.]

Won't you take it from my lips? Ah, Pierrette! Don't let it die. Keep it alive and singing in your heart.

[Pierrette has been listening eagerly, hungrily, and has moved nearer to him in her enchantment. For a moment after he has

ceased singing, she does not move, but suddenly her worldly consciousness returns, and she springs up quickly.]

She: [Speaking sharply]: Don't! You must not take advantage of me. You seem to feel as I do — that tonight things must be settled. I can no longer find peace in this state of affairs. I had to make a choice tonight, and it is made. I must tell you of my decision.

Did I ever tell you of a millionaire, Henri Le Roi? For a long time I have resisted him, but now I am going to marry him.

[Pierrot had been listening hopefully until the name is mentioned. At her announcement he buries his face in his arms.]

She: He has offered me everything. His money can obtain anything in this world I can wish for, and he will never deny me anything. I could not help but find satisfaction there. [She turns and sees Pierrot. She puts her hand out to touch him, but draws it back. She now speaks more tenderly, not so hurriedly.]

Pierrot, my friend, I have hurt you! But it had to be! We cannot afford to be foolish children any longer. We are both old enough to realize that youth and dreams must some day be laid aside and actual reality must be faced. Surely you did not dream that I could marry you! I love your songs, and you are very dear to me, but I could not dream of being your wife. Why, you have no money! You would have nothing for us to live on — no home for us to live in. And I cannot bear the thought of greasy dish-water, dusty furniture, and dirty floors. Oh, the drabness of such a life! No theatres! No music — grand opera! No motors! No beautiful home! Oh, Pierrot, you could not be so selfish and ask me to give all that up. I can't! Oh, Pierrot! I can't even dream of it. Don't make me!

[Pierrot has risen and is walking dejectedly away, his face turned from Pierrette.]

Where are you going? Do not leave me — I cannot bear the thought of your being gone! You must stay!

[He turns back to her with a wistful smile on his sorrowful face.]

Why, you've been crying, Pierrot!

He: Yes, I have been crying, for I thought my life had been ended by your going to another, but, you see, I cry no longer! My life never ends, for I am Love, and Love lives forever! True, you shall never see your Pierrot again, but some time, when you have grown weary of gold, you will be alone — awake. Then down the path that Mr. Moon has had his little beams make for me, I shall come — Memory disguised as Love. How eagerly you will greet me, and together

we will look into the dim past. But, Pierrette, you must know that the past will ever be dim for you then, for, when you reach to brush away the veil of the present, you will find it too much a task. The veil that will seem to you as light as star-dust, you will find to be much too heavy. The meshes will be of that heavy gold, and hands as weak as yours will not be able to move it. And when you turn to me for comfort and seek to ease your aching heart by coming to my arms, you will find the arms of Memory, only the arms of a phantom, while you will be yearning for the arms of the Long-ago Love.

But — now I must go —

She [Catching his arm and holding him]: You can't go! You have made me afraid. Is there nothing you have to say for yourself? Have you nothing at all that you can offer me? Quick, Pierrot, speak while I can yet listen!

[As he turns to her, the intense happiness of his eyes makes her draw back a step from him.]

He: Then it isn't too late? How I have prayed that it should not be! Have I nothing to say? I have everything to say if you will but listen. Listen to what I have to offer you:

I have no gold to offer you. I can give you no great mansion. I can take you to only a small cottage, but that cottage is loved of Mother Nature, and she will be our housekeeper. The floors will never be dirty, for she will send Old Man Rain to scrub them. The furniture will always be clean, for she will have Porter Wind to dust it. The dishwater will never be greasy, for Mother Nature says that the least pinch of star-dust will make such wonderful bubbles that with each bubble will come a dream, and, when all the bubbles have been dreamed away, the dishes will have been washed, and Little Girl Sunshine will be drying them.

My music will be finer than grand opera, for it is Moon-Music and Star-Songs. My theatre will be the most magnificent, for each player in every cast will be a star. And when we tire of staying at home, our Motor Car of Dreams will take us away.

And your children, my dear, what of them? The same heavy Rugs that will muffle your heart's love song will quiet the lovely patter of their tiny feet. Poor, lonely, little, rich children! Our children will be free and happy, and they will never be lonely, for our friends, The Seasons, have many, many little children who will be their play-mates. And when they are old enough — Mother Nature will also be their governess.

Oh, Pierrette, this man would be King of your Life, while I ask only to be Servant of your Heart.

Now, Pierrette, you have heard me. Will you have me go, or will you have me come to you?

[Pierrette, who has remained at a short distance from him, draws still farther away from his outstretched arms.]

She: Neither! [She laughs happily at his look of dismay.] For I am coming to you.

[CURTAIN]

Beaux and Errors

NATALIE FORSYTH, '26

"Propinquity," says O. W. Holmes, "is the cause of most love affairs." Rather, we think not! To propinquity during the Christmas holidays we attribute the conspicuous absence of frat pins over the campus. Young ladies who on December the twentieth left school in all the golden and bediamonded glory of their Beta and Phi and Sigma combinations returned in January silent on several subjects and quite "unpinned" while the freshly laundered blouses retain not even the divorced thread traces of where the frat pin gleamed before. Popular music is more exactly popular sentiment. Time was when "Yours truly is true, dear," harmonized by groups about the living room piano, carried with its melody the ring of sincerity. Lately, however, the same expressive voices tell the world, "Every road has its turning." Those who have never loved and, consequently, never lost, stand 'round, too — and wonder.

But there have been few casualties resultant from the little god's blindness. For the most part, girls whose former philosophy concerned a silver moon and shimmering beams actually grin over their discovering a green cheese satellite. One enamoured lady we knew, in 1923 specialized in Mrs. Browning's poetry, solitary strolls, special deliveries, and meaningful positions of postage stamps. Now she reads only the "Dallas News" and openly drinks "Cokes"; we have heard she has taken up shorthand. Another case cites shining tresses long retained for masculine reasons now replaced by the most impudent of shingled bobs. And another — the bravest of all! — who once was the recipient of countless pounds of "Johnson's, Made-Last Night", breezed into the office yesterday just to inquire, "Has my

garden implement catalogue come?" Surely, woman can be firm!

Anyway, we take this occasion of formally congratulating the loved and the lovers in what ever direction pleases them, and we delight that smiles accompany the frat pin's flying. Hurray for Pepsodent!

Unwritten Things

A day or two ago I emptied my waste-paper basket. For the revelations that followed I was totally unprepared, for I had not realized how hard, during the preceding days, I had tried to mark my name in imperishable ink on a good piece of literature. There, covered over with several days' accumulation of dust, lay scattered bits of paper, in varied degrees of tatters and ruins, scrawled over with attempted beginnings of verses, synopses of plots, titles for essays, suggestions for short stories; a mass of newspaper clippings in which my too vivid imagination had seen the suggestions for short stories, but from which all meaning had now fled. Indeed, as one closely-scrawled sheet of paper testified, I had already begun to map my masterpiece. These scraps of paper now presented themselves to me as unfilled promises; promises which I had hoped to fulfil in rich and rare moments of intense literary inspiration, but that had now to be ignored.

Yet, as I looked upon these almost-written poems, essays, and masterpieces, I seemed to be without regret for that dead past, or rather for that future which would never come, for these dreams against which need and the death of inspiration and faith had so successfully conspired. I began to wonder if these overdrawn ambitions, as I now regard them, had stood in the way of a good story or essay.

The sight of these bits of paper led to the reflections which soothed me, though they did not flatter me. I realized my utter inability to do literary work. I noticed that teachers were pleased with the promptness with which I submitted my work, but far between were those comments which noted my brilliance or my literary charm — qualities which I was absolutely sure I possessed. I recognize now that I must write out of need, rather than out of inspiration. I have classmates whom I envy because in their work I perceive success which I had once dreamed of having. The beautiful thrill of achievement is denied to me. It is given to them. But this consolation is cheap and unsatisfying, and I think of a passage from Stevenson:

“Justice is not done to the versatility and unplumbed childishness of man’s imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it in which he dwells delighted.”

And that golden chamber is the work of my classmates, in which I see my own dreams take form and color.

Flames and Fancies

RUTH HENDERSON, '27

Twilight on a winter evening — twilight and the dancing flames of a woodfire throwing their flickering shadows into the deep gloom beyond the circle of light. Without, the cold; within, the warmth and cheer of a fire-lighted room; curled on the rug before the fire, with my head against the arm of an old cushioned chair and eyes lost in the heart of the fire, I am off to the Land of Fancy that lies just beyond the flames.

The big gold flame that leaps high above the others is a golden castle surrounded by a high wall; and down the wide hall, through an aisle of bowed heads, I walk, the Princess Beautiful, my gorgeous train sweeping the carpet behind me. With stately tread I pass through a magnificent room and ascend my jewelled throne, there to mete, to high and low, the justice for which I am famed.

In the leaping white flame that curls around the huge back log, I see a sad-eyed young maiden, clad in rags. And down the wide road, resplendent in shining armor, comes my Prince, riding a milk-white charger. He sings as he rides, and when he sees the poor but beautiful maiden, he comes close, and, catching her up before him, he carries her away to his magnificent castle seen in the distance.

In one smoke-edged flame, I see a dim old stone castle in Spain with a maiden in white sitting behind a barred, moonlighted window, gazing into the court below where her lover sings to the soft accompaniment of his guitar. In another snapping, sparkling flame I see a brightly-lighted room crowded with foreign-looking bearded men, while slim dark-eyed girls, briefly clad and bare of feet, sway and glide and whirl in wild dancing.

And there are ships that dance across the sun-tipped waves, ships, like dreams whose white sails glance and disappear over the

horizon. And my ships, flying like phantoms before the dawn, are bound for unknown ports where love and life and adventure wait for all the eager passengers; but only those may go who know the way through the leaping flames into the Land of Fancy.

There are faces in the twisting, ever-changing flames, faces that frighten, mystify, and haunt me. There are grotesque, horrible faces that glow and sparkle; faces that dream and droop and brood like the face of a mother bending over her child; faces that twinkle and laugh and wink like a mischievous boy; and faces that haunt, that unlock the doors of Memory, and bring up pictures of those who have slipped away into the Great Dark and have never returned.

There is a little white baby face lying quiet and still in the white heart of a glowing coal, and again I feel the aching void that has never been quite filled since a tiny sister was carried away with her baby hands lying like crumpled white rose leaves on her dainty little white dress. In a dancing flame I see the merry twinkle of an old soldier's blue eyes, and see them blaze again as my grandfather tells me of the days when he followed "Jeb Stuart" and "Stonewall" Jackson through their brilliant campaigns. I see the strong face and fearless gray eyes, half-wistful, half-defiant, of an uncle who lost the girl he loved because he had to care for his invalid mother in her old age, and who, for years, has been out West supporting the family of his brother.

From a snapping orange flame the merry, careless, whimsical face of an adored young uncle laughs up at me, his teasing eyes filled with amusement at the world in general and himself in particular, and fades again into the ashes of an early grave; but as the last flicker dies away, there is a jaunty shrug of the shoulders and the amused, careless smile with which he faced the inevitable as gayly as he faced life. Through a glowing black coal the broad, humorous, kindly black face of Aunt Dinah nods at me, and again I hear her humming old tunes as she rocks me to sleep, or good-naturedly scolding when I interfere with her work.

Increasingly, in later years, Memory has aided Fancy in exploring the Land Beyond the Flames. The flames that held fairy palaces in early years have changed to adventure, romance, and the coming of the Prince. And always they have been real to me, a part of myself, these hours spent with the flames. Fanciful? Perhaps. But some time, I know, I shall slip through the flames into the Land of Fancy, so close to the Land of Memory, and there find all my dreams are true.

Robin Hood in Song, Story, and Play

WILLIE HAMILTON HERBERT, '24

The recent much-talked-of motion picture, "Robin Hood," most happily brought into our thoughts the favorite old hero of the greenwood. Douglas Fairbanks undoubtedly plays a part that is more Douglas Fairbanks than Robin Hood, but even then the story does not fail in its appeal. Who has not heard of Robin Hood? So many adaptations have been made of this hero and his deeds that we wonder just what the story was in the beginning and where it came from.

The name Robin is first found in the French "pastourelles." In these, Robin and Marian are shepherd and shepherdess lovers. Mr. Chambers thinks it probable that the legend of Robin Hood grew up independently in England, and that he was confused with the French Robin, who was the lover of Marian, and hence Marian crept into the Robin Hood story.

Perhaps the earliest songs in England on this subject were those composed by the mediæval minstrels about the picturesque rebel, Robin Hood, and sung in the halls of castles in the early evenings. These songs were known by heart among the crowd. The oldest written forms are the Robin Hood ballads. Most of them were written in the sixteenth century, but a few are of an earlier date. That Robin Hood was popular in the fourteenth century is shown by a line in "Piers Plowman." He was mentioned again in the fifteenth century by a Scot. There were at one time two cycles of Robin Hood ballads, the Barnesdale cycle and the Sherwood cycle. According to Professor Childs, of the thirty-six ballads about Robin Hood, four are of quite ancient origin: "Robin Hood and the Monk," "Robin Hood and the Potter," "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," and "Robin Hood's Death." Another ballad that is quite old is "The Geste of Robin Hood."

These ballads may be taken as the first portrayal of Robin Hood in our literature. All four express a love for the wild, free life of the forest, and picture Robin Hood as constantly getting the best in conflicts with dignitaries of church and state. In "Robin Hood and the Monk" is told the story of how Little John and Much rescue Robin Hood from prison. "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne" relates Robin Hood's rescuing Little John from the sheriff of Nottingham. A strange mixture of barbarous and Christian ideas is found in this ballad. Robin Hood and Little John pray devoutly to Our Lady Mary

while they fight and kill. The old pagan delight in the awesome and terrible is evident in the incident of Robin's cutting Sir Guy's head off, disfiguring it, and wearing it on his girdle to Nottingham.

The original Robin Hood, who became the hero of these ballads, lived in the twelfth century if he ever lived at all. There were in England in the middle ages vast forests which were not well-policed. Robbers, bandits, poachers, and knights in trouble found refuge here and lived in the greenwood as comrades in misfortune. Brave men dwelling here were supposed to have struggled for public liberties. Robin Hood's name later came to be associated with these, and he became a great favorite with the common people. He represented them in early literature.

The Robin Hood legend was also used in connection with the May games of the people of England. At these festivals people danced and sang to the accompaniment of Robin Hood songs. The names of Robin and Marian came to be given to the principal characters in these games. It is said that a bishop once visited a church to preach a sermon, and when he reached the place, he found the church building locked and the people absent. When he inquired the cause of this strange state of affairs, some villagers told him that it was Robin Hood's day. The bishop was extremely disgusted that the people preferred Robin Hood games to sermons.

The early Robin Hood folk plays are a dramatic offshoot of the May games. The stories themselves were essentially dramatic, and the incidents of the May games were easily developed into plays. Manly includes several Robin Hood plays in his collection of Pre-Shakespearian folk drama. These plays present the gay, audacious, lovable Robin Hood of the ballads in some interesting situations.

Besides the enchanting tales for children written on this theme, there are works of fiction which embody the Robin Hood legend. The daring forester and his merry crew play an important part in Scott's "Ivanhoe." They fit into the atmosphere of the story admirably. Robin Hood attends the tournament under the guise of a yeoman named Locksley. The prince's attention is called to him when he applauds Cedric for resisting the insolence of the prince's men. Prince John indignantly demands the reason for his clamoring.

"I always add my hollo," says the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"We will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others," answers the Prince. Locksley enters a shooting

contest with the Prince's archer, Hubert, and displays such extraordinary skill that he astonishes the multitude.

At another time Locksley's men capture Gurth, squire to Ivanhoe, as he is travelling through the forest with a bag of money. But when the outlaws ascertain that the money belongs to a brave, but unfortunate, knight called "The Disinherited," and when Gurth defeats one of their number in a game of quarter-staff, they return the money, release him, and send an escort with him through the remainder of the wood.

Locksley, in "Ivanhoe," is Saxon himself, and he and his men, as well as the "Black Knight," King Richard, gallantly come to the rescue of the Saxons imprisoned in the Castle of Front-de-Boeuf. The Robin Hood of "Ivanhoe" is true to the old ballads — a jolly, fearless, fellow, beloved by his followers.

In Scott's "The Talisman," Robin Hood and Little John are spoken of by Sir Kenneth of Scotland. Robin Hood is called "a most stout archer" and the head of a group of outlawed yeomen living in York and Nottingham.

The stories of Robin Hood have captured the imagination of the musical world also. This fascinating outlaw and his forest companions enter into numbers of songs. A light opera called "Robin Hood," with text by Harry B. Smith, has recently been played in many sections of America. The marked success with which it met indicates that the people are, as ever, responsive to the appeal of Robin Hood.

In the opera Robin Hood is a tenor. On May-day Robin Hood, who is just of age, appears, dashing and handsome, to claim his title. But the Sheriff of Nottingham strives to give the title to his ward, Guy of Grisbone. An engagement has been arranged between the fair Maid Marian and Guy. Marian, however, is in love with Robin Hood. Robin Hood joins the Sherwood outlaws because of the freedom and aid they promise him, and leads them until King Richard's return. He and Maid Marian look forward eagerly to the king's homecoming when they think he will right their wrongs. In the last act Robin arrives at the church just in time to save Marian from a marriage with Guy, by showing a message which he has secured from the king. And they rejoice that

Though clouds were dark and drear,
The sky is now so blue above.

The Robin Hood of opera is a better lover than an outlaw. Though he makes love capitally, much of the glory of the old Robin Hood is

gone from him. He does no kind deeds and proves very little valor.

One notices that Robin Hood in the opera is the Earl of Huntington. He was first called Earl of Huntington by Anthony Monday in a play written in 1598. The knight, Sir Guy of Grisbone, whom Robin kills in an old ballad, is here made his rival for the title of earl and for the hand of Marian. The Sheriff of Nottingham and Robin's old companions, Little John, Friar Tuck, and Allan-a-Dale, are foresters in the opera.

Robin Hood appears in song literature in several different rôles. In "Oberon in Fairy Land" he is a servant. A delightful characterization of him is given in Sterndale Bennett's well-known cantata, "The May Queen." He sings a song called "I Am a Forester," beginning,

I am the king of the forest glades,

which portrays him as a jolly, care-free fellow who laughs at death.

Probably the most recent play with the Robin Hood motif is Alfred Noyes's "Sherwood." The poet tells the glowing story well. Lightly sketched fairy folk mingle with the real in such a way as to impart to us the witchery, poetry, and loveliness of the greenwood and its merry yeomen. The charm of the great rustling forest and the colorful old legend of Robin Hood is in the play. A love of the forest seems to permeate "Sherwood." Shadow-of-a-Leaf says that if the Conqueror had

Turned the whole wide world into a forest,
Drenched it with May, we might be happy then.

Robin feels that the forest belongs to him and his men, for when he is outlawed and banished by the Sheriff of Nottingham, he laughs:

. banished? No! that is beyond their power
While I have power to breathe, unless they banish
The kind old oaks of Sherwood. They may call it
"Outlawed," perhaps.

He extols the delights of their mode of living to Maid Marian when she comes to the forest:

Come, you shall see how what ye lack in halls
We gain in bowers. Look how from every branch
Such tapestries as kings could never buy
Wave in the starlight. You'll be waked at dawn
By feathered choirs whose notes were taught in heaven.

In "Sherwood" Robin Hood and Marian are married when the

King is home from the Crusade, and live at the court for awhile, but are forced to flee to the forest again when Richard leaves England. Robin meets his death as he did in one of the early ballads, except it is Elinor, mother of Prince John, who kills him. She also kills Maid Marian, and the lovers die together. Robin's last words are:

Give me my bow
 And I must shoot one last shaft on the trail
 Of yonder setting sun, never to reach it!
 But where this last, last bolt of all my strength,
 My hope, my love, shall fall, there bury us both,
 Together, and tread the green turf over us!
 The bow!

He shoots an arrow and falls into the arms of Little John who cries,

Weep, England, for thine outlawed lover,
 Dear Robin Hood, the poor man's friend, is dead.

The Robin Hood of "Sherwood" is highly idealized. He is a bold-spirited, great-hearted man who adopts desperate measures to combat injustice and cruelty. His justification to Fitzwalter for the life he leads is:

Then we made our forest laws,
 And he that dared to hunt, even for food,
 Even on the ground where we had burned his hut,
 The ground we had drenched with his own kindred's blood,
 Poor foolish churl, why we put out his eyes,
 How can I help but fight against it all?

One of the rules of the outlaw band was,

You shall take the waste wealth of the rich to help the poor,
 The baron's gold to stock the widow's cupboard,
 The naked ye shall clothe, the hungry feed,
 And lastly shall defend with all your power
 All that are trampled under by the world,
 The old, the sick, and all men in distress.

Another characteristic of Robin Hood of "Sherwood" is devotion to his King. He has a whimsical custom of toasting the King and his return from the Crusade before each meal, because their food was borrowed from the King.

Gummere says that, "Maid Marian is an impertinence, the mere Marian of the French Robin, and no fit mate to our outlaw." But if an impertinence, she is a most delightful impertinence, and we are glad she made her intrusion into the story, even if she does not right-

fully belong there. Her loveliness is only surpassed by her courage. When Prince John, who is married already, makes love to her and pleads,

Ah, Marian,
You'd be more merciful if you knew all!
D'you think that princes wed to please themselves?

she saucily replies,

Sir, English maidens do; I am plighted
Not to a prince, but to an outlawed man.
Sir, let me pass.

Maid Marian seems to catch the spirit of the forest. She is called,

A sweet slim page in Lincoln green who comes,
Wood-knife on hip and wild rose in her face.

One person says of her, "I think she seems a greenwood spirit that has strayed by accident into our courtly world."

The latest adaptation of the Robin Hood legend, the motion picture, "Robin Hood," follows the "Ivanhoe" version of the story to a great extent. Robin Hood starts out on the Crusade with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, but hearing of plots in England against the King, he leaves the Crusaders and hastens home. Here, as leader of a band of outlaws, he protects the King's interest by many daring escapades. At every turn he thwarts Prince John's evil schemes to usurp the throne of England. At one time he even steals the Prince's gold and saves it for King Richard. Maid Marian plays a pleasing part in the motion picture. The King has thought Robin Hood a deserter from the Crusade, but when he returns to England, he finds that his old follower has been loyal to him.

Robin Hood has also been a favorite with poets, and many have written poems about him. In Keats's "Robin Hood" he voices a feeling of regret that Robin Hood and his gay band no longer inhabit the green forest, that the woods no more resound with their glad songs and bugle calls. Keats aptly expresses the love of the people for Robin Hood, king of the greenwood, in the last stanza of the poem:

Honour to the old bow string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!

Honour to bold Robin Hood!
 Sleeping in the underwood!
 Honour to Maid Marian,
 And to all the Sherwood-clan!

Settled Out of Court

MARTHA BARNETT, '26

A new neighbor! The Reverend George Washington Ulysses Grant, from his séat in the side yard of his home place, where he had been reading his Bible, watched a rickety job wagon drive away from the house next door, and thoughtfully mused, "Well, I hopes dey is of a friendlier sort than the last occupantses wuz." At this moment a tall, portly negro woman emerged from the back door. She was followed by a little pickaninny as black as tar, who bestowed a wide grin at Reverend Grant across the way, displaying two rows of gleaming white teeth.

Mrs. Mahala Margarina Johnson, noting this sign of familiarity by little Magnolia, admonished her, "Magnolia, chile, quit dat grin-nin'. Dat nigger may jes' be po' black trash, and 'sides you do' know him. Mine own biz'ness now. You heahs me?" With that Mrs. Johnson began uncrating her few chickens which had been among the last of her possessions to arrive. This task finished, she proceeded to feed them and started to the house.

Reverend Grant, who had been eyeing her admiringly all this time, now stepped to the sagging wire fence and spoke. "Good even-in'. Is you frum dis part of the state?"

"Yes," snapped Mrs. Johnson, "I is," and proceeded to go into the house. "Suttinly is a prissy pahson," she mumbled as she went about straightening up her house. "Just like all of 'em, Ephraim, specially." Ephraim was her last husband, now deceased.

The next morning, as Mrs. Johnson was raking and cleaning her yard, the parson again appeared and endeavored to become friendly. But aside from a cool greeting and short answers, he gained nothing, for Mrs. Johnson was, as she thought, through with "no-count niggers."

In about a week, however, after she had learned who and what he was from the neighbors, she gradually began to thaw. But she was not yet quite on friendly terms with him, on account of one thing. She had no faith or patience with the Shoo-Fly church of which Rever-

end Grant was pastor. But when he came over one evening after supper and invited her to go to church with him, she accepted, reasoning to herself that as it was to church they were going, no harm would come of it, especially a revival meeting. As a result, she went with him several nights thereafter, and so their friendship progressed.

But, as true friendship, as well as true love, never runs smooth, a cloud arose in the form of a fence. Mrs. Johnson desired a new fence between the two houses, so bright and early one morning, Reverend Grant was surprised to see a workman digging post-holes along the dividing line. Closely watching the progress was little Magnolia, perched on a bench nearby. Reverend Grant sauntered into the yard, but as he neared the work, he paused, frowned deeply, and scratched his head. "Er-uh, dat fence is gwine be too fer over on my land 'cordin' to dem postholes."

"Dese am Mrs. Johnson's directions, suh," replied the workman.

"Well, dey ain't gwine be no infringement on my property as long as I knows it," and a heated argument ensued.

Magnolia, unnoticed, slipped down and ran to the house to inform her mother of the quarrel. Mrs. Johnson immediately went to the scene of the argument and began to assert her rights. "Brudder Grant, accordin' to my abstrack, dis is my line, and I proposes to build my fence on it," she declared, her eyes snapping.

"Is you got a deed handy?" inquired Reverend Grant.

"*Indeed* I is, and I'll teach you to get smart, suh!" After due explanations and arguments to no avail, Mrs. Johnson, still firm in her belief, stormed, "If you doesn't let my fence alone, I'll have de law on you, suh, sho' an' I will." And with that, she turned on her heel, and started for the house.

But the Reverend Grant called, "Stop, Sister Johnson, dis is my land, and I will most sholy go to court to uphold my lawful rights, so dah!"

The workman was dismissed, and after things remained in this state for several days, the morning set for the hearing dawned. Promptly at nine o'clock, Mrs. Johnson and Magnolia, neatly dressed and polished, departed for the courthouse. At precisely the same time the Reverend Grant emerged from his house. A meeting was inevitable. Confident of winning the case, he smiled, with a "Good mawn-in'." A curt nod was her only answer, and with ignoring majesty and head held high, Mrs. Johnson continued down the street.

But Reverend Grant was not satisfied. He admired his new neigh-

bor and wished to settle this disagreement peacefully. So, after repeated overtures and rebuffs, he exclaimed, "I'll tell you, Mrs. Johnson, let's jes' not have no fence a'tall." But she heeded him not. He was now desperate, and stepping up beside her, he spoke in a gentle voice, "Mrs. Johnson, I'se a lonely ole preacher. All mos' niggers thinks about dese hard times is meat a'fryin' and money a'rattlin' — but I'se thought a lot, and I wants you. I has a good home, and I tries to be a good, faithful pahson, so les' jes' unite our hearts and proputy, to share together. Is you willin'?"

She stared at him for a moment, amazed, but finally her face broke into smiles. "Why, Brudder Grant, dat's de very thing to do. Sholy I will. Praise de Lawd! De Shoo-Fly church is a gran' religion."

At this moment Magnolia walled her eyes, and with a stifled "tee-hee" scampered down the street.

So, instead of sitting as judge in a suit at law, the Justice of the Peace at Linden, Alabama, pronounced the verdict of man and wife upon the Reverend and Mrs. George Washington Ulysses Grant.

On Wings

ROBERTA BLEWETT, '26

O, that I had wings to fly,
 To soar to heights above;
 And watch the heaven's teardrops
 And warming beams of love.

I'd fly to see the cherries bloom
 In far-away Japan,
 I'd dip my feet in dragon seas
 Beneath a silken fan.

I'd bask in sunny Italy,
 I'd bathe in southern streams;
 And laugh, and love, and live anew,
 In alien spheres of dreams!



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T. I. P. A.

Our record in the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association for 1923 was a very gratifying one. Three first prizes, three second prizes, and two third prizes went to C. I. A. It was a record unsurpassed in College history and a record unequalled by any other college in the Association.

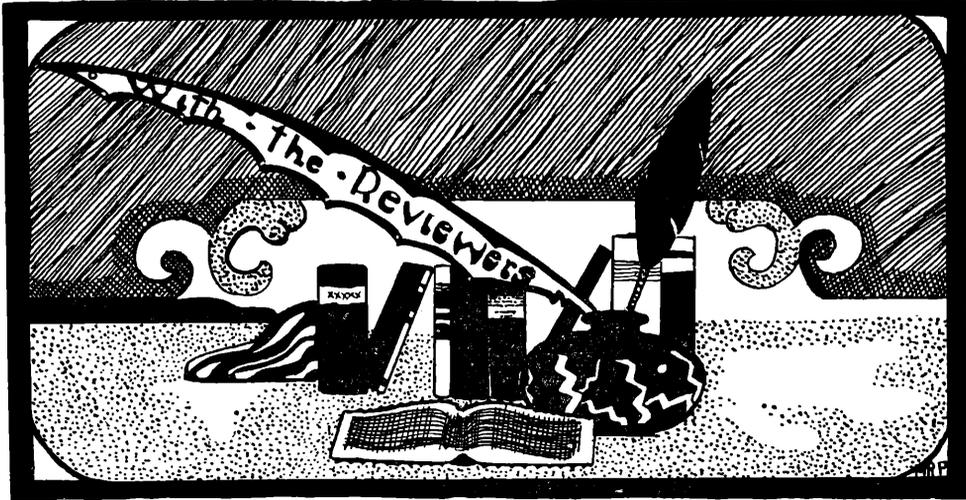
For 1924 this record must not be lowered. There must be no retrogression. The same spirit that won in 1923 will win in 1924. But the '24 victory can be achieved only through the loyal efforts on the part of each of us. The loyal student is that student who can do her utmost when C. I. A. pits its power against other institutions in the State.

T. I. P. A. is composed of the press clubs of the various colleges and universities in Texas. Each year in the contest which is held by the Association, literary contributions, consisting of short story,

both humorous and serious, essay, formal and informal, one-act play, poem, news-story, editorial, newspaper, and college annual, are made by each college comprising the personnel of the Association. A jury of award composed of prominent men and women in the literary circles of the entire country judges the merits of these literary contributions. This year the Association will meet at Southern Methodist University, Dallas.

C. I. A. has always distinguished herself in this intercollegiate contest, and whether she brings home the honors again this year depends upon you.





The Poets' Rendezvous

SELECTED BY THE EDITORS

The poems in the current magazines have had such varied and unusual themes that it would be hard to comment upon them collectively. Because of this we found them unusually entertaining and appealing.

The spirit of the tropics is vividly portrayed in Carol Haynes' poem, "Afternoon in Haiti," taken from HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

Silence — the mango trees are motionless;
In the red heart of an Hibiscus flower,
A humming-bird hangs with his quick wings hushed,
The hills are watching, and the empty road,
A scar of blinding white between the green,
Winds past the shuttered houses to the sea.

What are we waiting for? The palm trees know
Dumb sentinels against the sapphire sky,
The wind will touch them first, breaking the spell.

"The Idol," by Louise Driscoll, is charming. We use it as quoted in the review of poems by the BOOKMAN:

If you had asked of me
All that I had,
I would have given it
And been glad.

But you made of me
 A dream thing
 That you pleased yourself
 By worshipping.

You looked at my face
 And never knew
 What in my heart
 I asked of you.

And so I said
 "It is only a game
 To give to a dream
 A face and a name,

While the woman I am
 And the man you are
 Are as far apart
 As star and star."

"King David's Harp," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, in POET LORE, has pictorial merit. It reminds us somewhat of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast":

David the King he had a harp
 That once on Lebanon
 The top bough of a cedar tree,
 The stars had strummed upon.
 'Twas a joy to play thereon!
 Silver notes went up the strings
 Like the bells that hang along
 The lily-of-the-valley spray,
 When he turned himself to song
 With fingers white and strong.

One song his god-heart made of spears
 That walled in half the sky
 And a mountain of a hairy man
 Meek at last to lie
 Before his host to die;
 While brass and silver helmets lit

The sky like sunsets low
 Below wild clouds, but not for him
 War gleams and spears and show
 Dust only his to know.

One song he let a king's heart play;
 His throne grew white with snows
 Of whitefoot dancing girls who brought
 A crown like Sharon's rose
 That years may never close.
 Golden dames and purple queens
 Like cedars in slim grace
 Wound their arms about his knees;
 And shame and Sin had place . . .
 And the King would hide his face.

But the best song that he played of all
 He let a man's heart play;
 And all the world turned lambs again;
 A roselipt lad he lay.
 King of a boy's long day,
 Far off, when hills were friends of his
 And sheep were his to keep,
 And a lone lad's wide blue eyes were like
 Well springs cool and deep —
 Then he would bow and weep.

The foreword in POET LORE explains Narikin as "a spicy little nickname for the newly-rich." Though the atmosphere is Chinese, perhaps few will fail to recognize the application:

NARIKIN

The narikin sits in the tea-house,
 The rice-profiteer.
 He commands the costliest geishas
 To amuse his narikin friends.
 All night long they feast and joke;
 Interminable dishes of delicate foods
 Are cooked and placed before them.
 I catch a glimpse thro' the sliding shop
 Of the dancers' priceless and intricate-patterned silks;

And odors of frying tid-bits are wafted out.
 But smells, however delicious,
 Won't fatten me.

For I am lean with the leanness of long hunger —
 The hunger of work-filled days and worry-filled nights
 That my children may have a mouthful more rice.
 They say that the meshes of Heaven's net
 Only appear to be coarse —
 That at last they gather the guilty in.
 I wonder!

"Revelation," by David P. Berenberg, is found in POET LORE for January. Its bitterness and self-condemnation will make you sober:

When you grow weary of me — when my ways
 My words, my gestures pall, and in my eyes
 You read dark secret things; then no bond ties
 Nor you nor anyone to me! Who stays

Stays of his will, and staying knows he pays
 In sorrow for his kindness. He is wise
 Who reads me at such times, and purring lies,
 Leaves me to brood alone and spoil my days.

But I am bound to me; no darkened mood,
 No awful precipice down which I peer
 May I escape, no agony elude,
 Nor for a moment free myself from fear
 Of that dark loneliness that shuts me in
 And holds me as with fingers long and thin.

John Jay Chapman in the January ATLANTIC MONTHLY takes an entirely different theme for his poem. Who would think of a barn-yard romance? But Mr. Chapman's poem, "Well-Bred Piglets," shows a signal success in the creation of an unusual "poetic atmosphere":

Dainty princelings, proud and wise,
 Turn not your suspicious eyes
 On a peeping stranger.
 Cock no bristly, rose-leaf ear;

Huddle not; there's none to fear:
Sweetings, there's no danger.

Lift of neck and heave of thigh,—
Olympian bulls in majesty,—
Ye'll daze me into fable .
Are ye true things in nature's line,
Or some Greek jeweler's design
For Venus' dressing-table?

Now like knights at bay they stand,
Paladins on either hand,
To guard the lady's bower,
Seeming to say with moveless eyes:
"The snake is entering paradise;
We feel his evil power."

Galahad begins to tremble,
Roland can no more dissemble;
Turning half about,
He whispers: "Percy, mark his eye!"
They break, they scamper, plunge, and fly —
O Cupid, what a rout!

A delightful herald of spring is this lovely little poem of Robert Frost's, taken from the YALE REVIEW :

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY
Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

David Morton uses a metaphorical means of making his poem, "Exit," in the January BOOKMAN, both vivid and delightful. You will understand why we particularly enjoy it:

The day goes faltering toward the tumbled west,
Ragged and old and muttering, in his thought,
Of grievous wrongs, and crippled and oppressed,

He wears the ruin the storm has wrought.
 The prowling wind will never let him be,
 The blinking stars lean out to stare at him;
 The old man is too bitter-blind to see:
 His wits are wandering and his eyes are dim.

The hills have opened for his going out,
 Where gaunt trees mock him with grotesque good-byes,
 In a great wind that gathers to a shout
 And sends him tottering down the angry skies —
 Gone, with his mumbling and his tattered pack,
 And none cares whither . . .
 He will not come back.

And last. — Another tropical atmosphere is that in D. H. Lawrence's "Humming-Bird." We do not like to think of the bird's probable forefathers and are content to stop before the poem is ended. THE BOOKMAN quotes:

I can imagine in some world
 Primeval-dumb, far back
 In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,
 Humming-birds raced down the avenues.
 Before anything had a soul,
 While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,
 This little bit chipped off in brilliance
 And went whizzing through the slow,
 Vast, succulent stems.

I believe there were no flowers, then,
 In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead of
 creation.
 I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long
 beak.

Probably he was big
 As mosses, and little lizards, they say were once big —
 Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the telescope of
 Time, luckily for us.