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CONTENTS

ADVENTURING SAILS

NANCY BYRD TURNER

All the winds of the past and all the winds of tomorrow
Swell in adventuring sails. Men know not where they go,
Whether to fame and peace, or to failure and loss and sorrow,
But the hour has come for daring—that much their spirits know.

A long wind from the old year, a strong wind from the new,
Move and make in the canvas; the tides run swift and rough.
Somewhere, in some strange country, their prows are overdue:
So much they know past doubting, and that, and that is enough!

Thus, with faith for a pilot, for compass a brave, bright star,
They move to the will of the ages, to an old, safe wind they stand,
Till deep in some desperate midnight, or with dawn breaking afar
They hear, as their hearts had promised: *Land! Land!*

LITTLE ROOM

NANCY BYRD TURNER

My little room has windows three:
One looks into an apple tree,

One has flowers upon the sill,
One gives out toward a tall blue hill.

There's a chimney deep, with a fire all built,
A little low bed with a patchwork quilt,

A vine on the lattice, tendril-curled.
Even after I've left this world

I'll come back softly,—at dawn, I think,
When one of the windows is sunrise pink,

And one frames an apple, and one a rose;
And nobody cares, for nobody knows,

And nobody sees, for nobody's there
Except myself, in the rocking-chair.

Don't feel afraid, you little room,—
I'll just be a heart coming home!

THE NEGRO AND THE NEW WHITE MAN

FRANCIS BUTLER SIMKINS

I

THE traditional complaint of the North against the South is the white man's denial of equal rights to the Negro. Before 1865 this complaint was against the many inequalities inherent in the slave system. Since that date it has been against peonage, low earnings, the denial of political rights, and the other inequalities characteristic of the South's post-bellum caste system. Cherishing the equalitarian dreams of eighteenth century social philosophy, the critics of the South have stigmatized that section of the nation for its steadfast determination to apply, in practical detail, its conviction that the black race is inherently inferior to the white race. But, since 1865, the South in most particulars has been as able to enforce its position as effectively as it did before the abolition of slavery. Despite the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and other equalitarian pronouncements of the stronger section of the nation, the blacks are kept in the position of an inferior caste. This has meant separate and inferior schools for the blacks, rigid social segregation, almost complete political disfranchisement, and a multitude of economic handicaps. The Negroes have generally acquiesced in their fate. Social custom and law are usually sufficient to maintain the caste system, but when these forces are not effective, the white South does not hestitate to discipline the blacks by actual or potential mob violence.

The white South justifies its attitude on two grounds. One is the belief that the Negro is innately inferior and is therefore not to be entrusted with the liberties and privileges of the higher aspects of civilization. The other justification is that the social status of the Negro could be worse than it actually is. Conceivably no schools whatever could take the place of the inferior schools actually provided for the lower caste. The prohibitions against Negroes' riding in the same public conveyances, and living in the same sections of towns with whites, might be supplemented by prohibitions against walking on the white man's sidewalks and patronizing his stores. The wellnigh absolute denial of political rights to the blacks might be supplemented by denying them all civil rights. It is certainly true that the traditional restrictions of the caste system have not been sufficiently harsh to have made life in the South intolerable to several million Negroes. Indeed the Negro has been able to exact a considerable degree of happiness out of the type of existence the white South has allowed him.

Of late years, however, there has developed a tendency in Southern life which threatens to alter radically the status of the black man. This tendency has a sinister significance to the lower caste. It is a development which merits serious attention from all patriotic Southerners with sympathies for the weaker race. I refer to the tendency of the New White Man to treat the black man, not as a slave, not as a peon or a servant, but as a pariah, as one who has neither place nor function in the present and future life of the South, as one who is denied the right to earn an honest living.

This development shows itself in the gradual exclusion of the blacks from various callings. Some forty years ago all Southern barbers catering to white trade were Negroes; now such barbers are few, and if the white barbers' union has its way, laws will be passed eliminating the blacks entirely from ministering to the tonsorial needs of the master race. The professional nursing of the sick was once almost the exclusive function of Negroes; now that calling is monopolized almost exclusively by white women trained nurses. In some Southern hospitals Negro trained nurses are not allowed to minister to the ill of their own race. In many cities white men have taken from blacks the humble profession of sweeping the streets, and in hundreds of restaurants Negro waiters have been supplanted by white waitresses. Some of the more progressive hotels employ white bellboys exclusively, and it is likely that in the near future many other hotels will follow this example. In recent years large numbers of Negroes have been eliminated from such skilled trades as carpentry, plastering, and masonry. In such very modern professions as those of "soda jerker," garage mechanic, and truck driver, the problem of eliminating blacks has not arisen; unconsciously catching the trend in Southern labor conditions, the employers of this type of labor have seldom hired members of the less fortunate race except as poorly paid helpers.

An anecdote told by a professor in a Negro college in a large Southern city illustrates in a startling manner the prevailing trend in the interracial labor problem. Above the rattle of the truck, come to remove the garbage from the Negro college, the professor heard the driver whistling. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that the driver was a white man. "What is going to become of the Negro laborer," he sadly mused, "if contented white men can be found to perform the menial service of removing refuse from a Negro institution?"

Of course there are many occupations in the South still open to the Negro. There are the fields of domestic servants, agricultural

laborers, waiters in dining cars, Pullman porters, and so on. But if present tendencies continue, the black man may be eliminated from these callings. In more than one Southern city white nursemaids have appeared on the streets. Would Southern public opinion be shocked if Negroes were driven out of the Pullman and dining cars? Does not the reduction of acreage and the increase in the use of agricultural machinery tend to throw thousands of Negro farm laborers out of work?

II

The sinister significance of this throwing of the Negro out of work is more manifest when one realizes that its causes are deeply rooted in developments which the forward-looking and progressive Southerner usually regards as desirable. These causes are the tendency of the contemporary South to extol the dignity of labor, its tendency to foster social democracy and fraternity, and its glorification of efficiency and vocational education. Perhaps it sounds paradoxical to say that these earmarks of progress may cause the extermination or expulsion of a minority race. We usually associate such a result with the clerical and monarchial ideas of fifteenth century Spain and seventeenth century France when the Moors, Jews, and Huguenots were proscribed. But let me explain.

Traditionally the Southern Negro has been protected in the humbler and more menial occupations by aristocratic prejudices shared by all classes of whites against such callings. But more recently the abjurations of innumerable editors, schoolmasters, and other social moralists have developed labor attitudes among white Southerners approximating those of the North. They have been told that the main reason why the South has not been as prosperous as the North is because the dominant race of the South has not been willing to work as hard as the Northerners. Blessed with a land rich in natural resources, the Southerner is told that all that stands between him and an unexampled prosperity is his inherited prejudices against honest toil. To achieve this aim he is urged to follow with energy all practical forms of manual and industrial labor as well as the so-called genteel professions approved by tradition. The response of a growing number of Southerners to this appeal has meant the achievement of much that is promised; and it has meant the gradual elimination of the Negro from callings once considered beneath the dignity of the white man.

The material prosperity which, since Reconstruction, the South has shared with the rest of the nation in an ever-increasing degree, has likewise tended to drive the blacks out of many of the humbler

callings. The previous poverty and industrial stagnation kept wages low, and low wages secured the Negro in his position and protected him against white competition. Prosperity and industrial progress, on the other hand, make wages high, and high wages lead the white man to desire the position held by the Negro. The white man usually is able to effect this desire, for it has always been true that the Southern white man is able to take a position away from a Negro, provided the white applicant can prove that he is as well suited for the position as the black incumbent.

For decades the white South has been waging a successful battle against inherited prejudices of a social character. Genial and warm-hearted by nature, the Southern white has responded readily to the democratic platitude that one white man or white woman is as good as another white man or woman. The general tendency to accept this attitude has made it possible for a self-respecting white man to follow a wide variety of humble occupations without losing what the Southerner regards as his most precious social possession, membership in the ruling caste. He can be a barber without his patrons regarding him as a servant; he can be a clerk in a dry goods store and without humiliation sit at dinner across the table from the gentleman to whom he has sold a collar button the afternoon before; he can serve tables at a soda fountain without his patrons thinking of him as a waiter. The Southern woman can be a trained nurse without sacrificing her position in even the very highest social circle. Of course there is a lingering tendency among old-fashioned Southerners to want persons with the attitudes of servants to perform services which in other countries are regarded as menial; when this is true a Negro is in demand as a barber, a waiter, or a nurse, for a Southern white has never learned to be a satisfactory menial. But the white man of the younger generation has learned to be such a democrat socially that he wants a comrade rather than a servant to wait upon him at the soda fountain and in the barber shop, store, and hospital. In the restaurant he wants a waitress with whom he can be familiar without losing his self-respect.

The Negro is of course excluded from this new social democracy. The softening of class lines within the white race has been accompanied by the hardening of the caste lines between the races. Whites today are less familiar with Negroes than they were twenty, fifty, or a hundred years ago. Obviously, then, the Negro is not suited for the new familiarities which are qualifications for callings considered natural to him in a more aristocratic age.

III

The great educational progress which the South has experienced in the last fifty years is another circumstance which tends to restrict the industrial opportunities of the Negro. For he is not allowed educational advantages in any sense comparable to those of the whites. At present, no Southern state spends as large a proportion of its educational funds for Negro education as it did in 1900. In one Southern state, this proportion, since that date, has declined from one-third to one-eighth. This disparity is most glaring in the field of vocational education, the very type of education which would fit the Negro for practical employment in a progressive modern world. Obviously, the uneducated or poorly educated Negro of the present day is less capable of competing with his educated white contemporary than was his uneducated grandfather with the uneducated white man of the time when few Southerners of either race had educational advantages.

Moreover, it is probable that those Negroes fortunate enough to have extensive schooling are less well equipped for their actual vocational opportunities than were their slave ancestors. Slavery, despite all its faults, gave its so-called victims a sound schooling in those humble callings which the master class assigned to them. The newer type of Negro education equips its so-called beneficiaries for literary and social callings which it is impossible, under Southern restrictions, for Negroes to fill. This emphasis is made at the expense of more acceptable manual and industrial skills.

The growing insistence of twentieth century Southern society on cleanliness, efficiency and health, militates against occupational opportunities of the blacks. Although the race is making progress in these respects, this progress has not been as great as that of its white competitors. This is due to the inherited poverty and slovenliness of the blacks and to the refusal of the whites to allow the blacks a just proportion of the benefits of social agencies under the control of the ruling caste.

IV

Another link in the chain of paradoxical circumstances which restricts the occupational opportunities of the blacks is the ability of the inferior race to win a greater and greater freedom from the control of white masters. As long as the Negro was subject to slavery, peonage, and other forms of personal control, a wide variety of occupations was open to him. This was because his master, profiting by the activities of his black bondsman, used the influence of his

superior wealth and social position to get employment for his bondsman against the competition of the white workman. This is why the humbler white man learned to hate both the slave-master and the slave. This is why the humbler white man has unconsciously approved the winning of more and more freedom by the blacks. For has not the last-mentioned development removed one of the most important occupational protections of the black man? With this protection removed, is not the white workingman at liberty to drive the Negro away from work? Is there not much truth in the assertion that the abolition of Negro slavery freed the lower classes of whites to a greater degree than it did the slaves? It gave the white man freedom to follow callings once monopolized by Negroes, and it gave the Negro freedom to suffer or starve under the blight of unemployment.

From slavery and other older forms of oppression, the Negro could flee to the North. But he cannot do this as a refuge from the oppression of unemployment. This is because this form of oppression, unlike slavery, is Northern in genesis and has been practiced there more intensely than in the traditionally more languorous section of the nation. A land where the dignity of labor is held to be axiomatic has little room in normal or depressed times for the alien race. A land used to energy and efficiency has little use for the slipshod descendant of the slave. In most sections of the North the Negro is denied his most widely accorded Southern vocational opportunity, the right to labor on the farm; he is not wanted in factories able to employ the sturdy and skilled sons of European immigrants. His presence revolts the progressive social consciousness of the North. He runs up the crime, disease, and illiteracy rates of Northern cities; he lowers the living standards of laborers. The immigrant masses fear and hate his competition. They have been known to mob him.

No group of Americans in either the North or the South has a deliberate desire to bring the disaster upon the blacks which would be the inevitable result of their widespread exclusion from profitable employment. Against his right to employment, there will be no formal decrees of the type of Louis XIV's against the Huguenots or Hitler's against the Jews. Were such tactics attempted by some American tyrant or demagogue, the social consciousness of the nation would revolt against them. The difficulty is more subtle, carrying with it no obvious remedy. It is the desire of the individual white to better his condition in a hard world. He often finds that this can be most easily accomplished by taking the job of a member of our weakest racial minority group. Is it not natural that he should do this? Is there a remedy for this tendency?

DO YOU REMEMBER?

THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

In Life's late autumn soberness
There's little I can praise or prize.
Old age is but a shabby dress,
Gray cheeks, thin hair and faded eyes,
'Neath which a shaméd spirit lies
And dreams of Maytime in November,—
But lyric youth and loveliness,
Sweetheart, do you remember?

Oh, 'tis a lorn and cheerless thing,
This faded age that I lament;
A winter with no hope of spring,
With spring's green, glamorous blandishment.
I know not where the bluebirds went—
Birds bill and coo not in November—
But mating song and brooding wing,
Sweetheart, do you remember?

Love in old age is most forlorn,
A groundless hope, a vain desire;
An evening that expects no morn;
The ashes of a burned-out fire.
Stilled are the notes of lute and lyre—
May music is not for November—
But that mad hour when love was born,
Sweetheart, do you remember?

L'envoi

And now the ashen even closes,
With somber twilight and burnt ember—
But fire and song and crimson roses,
Sweetheart, do you remember?

IN A HURRY

MARY E. ROBESON, '36

JIMMY SNAIL and his father were strolling along the path one morning, discussing matters of interest to boys and their fathers, when suddenly their conversation was rudely interrupted by the rapid approach of a terrifyingly large pair of shoes. The wearer of the shoes was apparently unaware of the presence of the snails, and seemed to have his thoughts completely centered on the fact that he was going somewhere in a hurry. "I'm in a hurry," the snails heard him say to someone whom he passed; and then the shoes and their wearer were gone.

"Daddy," gulped Jimmy, as soon as he had recovered from his fright enough to speak, "what in the world was wrong with that fellow, and what, pray tell, is a hurry? He said he was in a hurry, but I couldn't see that he was in anything but his clothes and those terrible shoes."

"A hurry, my son," answered Father Snail wisely, "is something invisible. At least I think it must be invisible, because I have seen many people who said they were in a hurry, but I have never seen the hurry. They are really very degrading vehicles. People get into one, and once they are inside, they are practically at the mercy of the contraption. They don't know where the hurry is going to take them, or in what condition they will be at the end of their journey. So they often do things recklessly, and repent afterward, when it is too late. Unfortunately, hurries are plentiful. Everyone seems to have one, and few people have enough sense not to get into one. I really think a law should be passed prohibiting the use of hurries unless the owner has a license; and licenses should be made to cost such an outrageous sum that no one will be able to purchase one. I saw a person the other day who had just come out of a hurry, and if anyone was ever a wreck, that person was. His hair and clothes were rumpled, his shoes were dusty, he was panting in an alarming way, and his fingers were shaking as though he had been terribly frightened. I really believe the hurry had completely unnerved the poor chap.

"To my mind, hurries are a public menace. People not only hurt themselves by getting into them, but they endanger the lives of all whom they encounter. Didn't you see how close that person who just passed, came to stepping right on top of us? I tell you, my son, they are dangerous things."

"Were you ever in a hurry, Daddy?" interrogated the small mollusca innocently.

"Why son," exploded Mr. Snail indignantly, "how could you ask such a question? I am proud to say that neither I nor any of my ancestors were ever in or near one of the things, and let me tell you this, my boy, no true child of mine will ever degrade his family name by committing such an offense."

. . . . . .

There's a moral, Sophomores,
To this stupid flurry:
Never try to write a theme
When you're "in a hurry."

TO A THIEF

LENA MAC GARDNER, '35

All that you could
You've taken from me,
And of shame
You seem quite free.
Yet, old chap,
You're not so smart;
For you left
Unharmed the important part,
My pride, which you left,
Is worth two of my heart.

THE SPIRIT OF JOAN OF ARC

MARGARET POLLARD, '36

"FORWARD with God!" Spoken by Joan of Arc herself these words seem to signify better than all others the true spirit of that unique character. It takes great courage, unselfish love, and unfaltering faith to utter such words. Even more than this, it takes willingness to give up home and friends and to suffer the scorn of non-believers—even willingness to die for a cause.

Mark Twain characterizes Joan thus: "The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is still flawless, it is still ideally perfect; it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any one mere mortal."

What made Joan so great? What spirit so filled, so possessed this peasant girl of Domremy? What led her to leave home, friends, and her native village to save France from the English, to secure a crown for a reluctant king? Why did she leave the quiet, the safety, the religious inspiration of the hills and forests of her Lorraine for a station in that "van of armies" and a "more perilous station at the right hand of kings"?

Why? Because from childhood Joan saw visions and heard voices. Later these voices urged her to save her country—challenged her—called her to service. She did not close her heart to the voices! She listened! They bade her leave her home, her friends, and the quiet life in the hills to perform a task that no man had ever done. No doubt, she wanted to choose an easier path; perhaps, she begged to continue as a shepherd girl or even to become a nun. But she realized that it was not for her to question voices sent by God. Those amazing messages meant nothing less than for her to save France from the clutches of England. Not only, did Joan listen, but she *obeyed* her voices. And in this lies the secret of her greatness.

Obedient to her voices, this peasant girl, a mere child in years, unlettered and ignorant of war, found France helpless, the king uncrowned, and courage dead in the hearts of the people. She laid her hand upon the heart of this dead nation; the corpse, marvelous as it seems, rose and followed her. Though only seventeen years old, she led her country to victory, and thus won the title of "Deliverer of France." But in spite of it all, the king, whom she

loved and whom she had caused to be crowned in the Cathedral at Rheims, allowed her, the most noble, most innocent, most lovely, and most courageous mortal of the ages, to be burned at the stake.

Yet through it all, she stood firm to God and the ideals that she cherished, and she asked no rewards! Even "in the moment of victory, she remained inaccessible to vanity and hate"; "in the midst of popular enthusiasm" she lived "in humility and prayer"; "in the universal crush of ambition" she cared "neither for profits nor honours." She remained always in love with France, humanity, and religion—not with herself. She remained always a "pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl!" or, as another writer has expressed it, "the girl with the soldier spirit shrined in the angel mould."

Her unselfish spirit stands next to that of Christ. No vestige of self-seeking for honor, pleasure, or wealth can be found in any word or deed of hers. When she had rescued her king and set the crown upon his head, he offered her rewards and honours; but she would have none. What she took of the gifts showered upon her, she gave to the poor. She only asked that Domremy be freed from taxes and that she be allowed to go home to her mother who was old and needed her. Just before she was to be burned, she knelt and prayed. For herself? No! for the king of France! She had forgotten all of his treacheries and prayed that the people would be just to him.

For days in a dark prison without the sympathy of even one human being, she suffered torture almost unendurable. For three months she was examined by the Court of Inquisition, who harassed her with grilling questions; but she was far wiser than the learned judges. Not once would she answer questions about her voices except when the voices gave her permission to do so. Finally, ignorant of what she was doing, she was enticed into signing a paper that meant her death. She had suffered the loss of Rome and of her church! She had endured the names of Heretic, Idolator, Sorceress. But she had done what her voices had told her to do! The rest was not her affair. "Fidelity to principle, fidelity to truth, fidelity to her word—all were in her bone and flesh—they were parts of her." Therefore, while in prison, she uttered serenely these words: "I am a good Christian, born and baptized, and a good Christian will I die." Likewise, when red flames hid her from sight as she hung fastened to the stake, her voice rose strong and eloquent in prayer.

Her death was a sublime one. Steadfast and true unto the end, she marched "Forward with God."

Mark Twain gives us her true qualities and spirit when he says: "I have finished my story of Joan of Arc, that wonderful child, that sublime personality, that spirit which in one regard has had no peer and will have none—this: its purity from all glory of self-seeking, self-interest, personal ambition. In it no trace of these motives can be found, search as you may."

NATURE

ISABEL PLUMMER, '38

From out of the damp the bullfrogs call,
And the crickets chant from the reeds so tall,
In the dark the glow-worm flickers his light,
While up in the sky the moon shines bright.

Out of the night so tranquil and still,
While the lilies rest in the pond by the mill
The katydids trill their plaintive song,
And the bugs on the water skim along.

It fills my soul with silent awe,
Trying to fathom nature's law.
I'm thankful to God for each little creature
That makes this world a wonderful teacher.

BARE FEET

KATHERINE S. ROBERTS, '39

I love to feel the cool bare earth
Right next to my bare feet,
And wade through pools and puddles
With mud that sinks down deep,
And squshes up between my toes
And cools away the heat.

I like to walk in warm, dry dust,
And kick it all around,
And make it spat beneath my feet;
It's a happy little sound.

When grasses tickle over them,
And little flower faces,
It makes me laugh away inside
When I'm in grassy places.
Then, when things are full of dew,
It feels all wet and sweet;
You don't know fields and pools and grasses
Till you've felt them with your feet.

THE CHILD SAINT

MARY JANE PENDLETON, '38

"After my death a shower of roses shall fall
from the heavens upon man."

THE flame of a lone candle flickered with the gentle breeze, casting weird shadows on the walls of the Chapel. It illuminated the half-open door of the Tabernacle where the Body of Christ reposed for the night. His Presence filled the Chapel with a feeling of serenity and holy peace.

Slowly the Chapel door opened, and the silhouetted figure of a tiny child entered and knelt before the altar. Stray beams of light from the candle played upon her countenance, beautiful in its childish innocence. So intent was little Theresa on her prayers that she did not hear the rustling of Sister Reta's habit, as the old nun moved slowly to the heavy black curtain which separated the chapel from the sister's choir.

"How sad it is," mused Sister Reta, "that Theresa cannot partake First Communion tomorrow with the other little girls in her class, especially as it will be her patron saint's Feast Day. It isn't that she doesn't know her catechism, because there isn't a smarter child in the convent, but Father Pat says she is too young to understand the sacredness of receiving the Body of Christ for the first time. I do wish I had the courage to tell him differently, but it is my duty to listen and obey! Why! The child is crying. What can be the trouble?"

Quickly, but silently, she slipped through the opening into the chapel, and went down the center aisle. In front of the altar she genuflected, then knelt beside the crying child. Putting her arm about the little girl, the kind old nun drew the sobbing figure to her and said, "Dear child, do not cry. Tell Sister what has happened. Did one of the little girls hurt your feelings?"

Resting her tear-stained cheek on the wrinkled one of the sympathetic nun, Theresa sobbed, "Why can't I receive the Child Jesus tomorrow, Sister? I always know my catechism, and Father Pat said I did very well for a little girl! I'll be seven in two months; then I will have to wait another year before I can make my First Communion on St. Theresa's Day. Please do let me, Sister, please!"

"Come, child, I will carry you to the dormitory and tuck you in bed. There we can talk the matter over."

As Sister Reta finished her story, she looked down at the little figure lying in the big, white bed. By her deep breathing Sister knew that the child had fallen asleep. She drew the bed covers up closely about Theresa's shoulders, placed her crucifix in the chubby hand, and quietly left the big dormitory.

In her own little cell the Sister prepared herself for bed. Then she knelt by her cot and prayed.

"Dearest Heavenly Father, how I hated to say 'no' to the plea that came so ardently from the heart of Thy little child. Is there no possible way that she may receive the Body of Thy Son on the feast of the Little Flower? May Thy will be done, through Christ, Our Lord, Amen."

Closing her eyes, Sister Reta drifted into a troubled, restless sleep. And to her there came a vision, a lovely vision that answered her evening prayer.

A holy light pervaded the nun's cell, and a heavy scent of roses filled the air. As her eyes grew accustomed to the apparition, she distinguished the little figure of Theresa kneeling before the altar rail. The child was clothed in pure white, and a full lacy veil was draped over her head and shoulders. The child's hands were tightly clasped, and her lips slightly parted as if ready to receive Communion. Before her little namesake stood St. Theresa, the Little Flower, bearing in her hand the Bread of Life. Smiling, she slowly bent forward and placed the Body of Christ on the tip of Theresa's tongue.

The vision faded, and darkness settled in the room. In her heart Sister Reta knew that it was the will of the Father that Theresa should make her First Communion on the morrow.

. . . . . .

Slowly down the aisle walked seven little girls. The seventh child was radiant with happiness and love. It was Theresa. No one looking at her would have failed to murmur "a child saint."

All the children knelt close to the altar rail, giving thanks to Jesus, as Father Pat blessed them and gave them Communion. When he came to Theresa, a look of amazement and wonder spread over his face. He hesitated, then bent forward and placed the Blessed Bread on the communicant's tongue.

After the services were over, Father Pat called Sister Reta and Theresa into the convent parlor. He was very stern in his demand to know the reason for Sister Reta's disobedience.

"Oh, Father," said the nun, "pray do not think me wicked. Last night I had a vision. It was the will of our Holy Father that our little child should make her communion. I will tell you what appeared before my very eyes."

As she told Father Pat of her dream, his eyes were not stirred by mistrust, but were lighted by kindness and forgiveness.

"You and Theresa," he said, "have my blessing. Please forgive my doubt of your goodness and obedience."

With tears in her big bright eyes, Theresa smiled at the nun and whispered, "Oh, Sister, I have never been so happy!"

Nor was there a happier child in the convent the entire day. Between games and play with her chums, she went to the chapel for a little visit with Jesus.

After supper, all the small children congregated in the big yard in front of the convent to play a game of dodge ball before evening prayers. Theresa and the other little communicants, still in their white dresses, joined in the frolic. Sister Reta sat nearby in a swing watching the fun. Closing her eyes, she recalled her childhood days in the same convent. Things had changed very little; only now she was watching little children at play and work, instead of being watched.

Suddenly she heard a scream, then the screeching sound of car brakes. She opened her eyes in time to see the figure of a tiny child in white fall before a moving car. Disregarding her heavy and cumbersome habit, she ran to the sidewalk, as a tall, dark young man jumped from the car and picked up the unconscious child.

Sister Reta hurried forward and knelt beside the man bearing the child in his arms. She looked at the little face resting against his shoulder. Tears blinded the nun when she realized that it was little Theresa who now stirred in the stranger's arms.

"Sister," whispered a weak, but happy voice, "why are you crying? I do not want you to be unhappy, for I'm going home to Jesus now. Saint Theresa granted my 'special intention.' See, there, reaching out her arms as if to greet some one, she comes, my guardian angel to take me."

With a smile of contentment, the child closed her eyes forever on the world.

Sister Reta looked up, seemingly trying to follow the flight of Theresa's pure soul to heaven. Then closing her weary eyes, she whispered, "Thy will be done, O Heavenly Father."

ATTIC-ITIS

CARRIE HUNTER WILLIS, '11

CAROLINE HARRISON sat on the largest and newest trunk in the attic and glared resentfully at the scene before her. She was still breathless from the climb up the two flights of stairs, and her face was rosy—though not entirely from the exercise—for Caroline was upset! Her heels beat a sharp tattoo against the sides of the trunk, and her brown eyes snapped as she looked at the twelve other trunks of various ages and sizes which had been carelessly pulled from their usual places under the sloping roof. Indeed, Caroline was not thinking of the trunk on which she sat, nor was she remembering that it had carried her clothes to boarding school twenty-five years ago, and had, five years later, brought her trousseau here to "Sherwood."

"They did not even fasten the lids down," Caroline spoke aloud to herself, "much less put the clothes back neatly. The whole attic looks as though a whirlwind had struck it—not a thing left in place!"

Caroline's brown eyes grew black with anger as she glanced from the bulging trunks to a chest, which had two gaping drawers—one, entirely out and down upon the floor. Near by were four Hitchcock chairs piled on top of four larger ones of no period at all. Caroline's eyes grew accustomed to the dimly lighted room. Her orderly soul was still further shocked when she saw two feather beds tumbled down upon the dusty floor, while the springs on which they were wont to rest, were carelessly balanced, one end on a frail spool table, the other on a mahogany washstand.

"The only thing which still seems to be in its proper place is that old sidesaddle." A sunny smile spread over Caroline's face. "Of all places to keep a saddle for forty years or more—just gathering cobwebs and dust. How I have wanted to get rid of you for twenty years!"

"For twenty years," Caroline whispered the words softly to herself. Her thoughts swept back into the past to the girl who had been herself. What a happy childhood had been hers. The only girl, in a large family of brothers and first cousins, had had a jolly time! The years spent in boarding school had been happy ones, too. Then she had met Edward Harrison, Jr.—a whirl-wind courtship. She remembered how the boys had teased her when she had told them of her engagement and that she was going to live with Edward's father and Cousin Sarah in the old Harrison home, "Sherwood," near Richmond.

"Now Caroline," her older brother had teased, "don't you know your hair is too red to live under the same rooftree with your in-laws?"

How Caroline had hated that word "in-law" even then! Her face burned again. It was that word which had sent her flying into the attic to keep from saying harsh words to her sister-in-law.

Like an old poem, which one half-way remembers, the words of her reply to her brother's teasing came back to her, "I haven't lived with you boys all these years for nothing, Bob Wood. I have had hard training, and I can live in peace with anybody!" She remembered, too, what old Aunt Mandy, the colored maid had said, "Dis libing wif folks, Miss Car'line, is des a game ob give and take, mos'ly take." Old Aunt Mandy had kept on with her dusting as she continued her advice. "Effen you ken jes 'member to take, you'll git erlong good wid any ob dem. Des 'member to do lak you does hyar at home and you won't hab no trouble."

"I am not going to have any trouble, Aunt Mandy." Caroline had spoken confidently. "I love Mr. Edward and I like his father and his cousin, Miss Sarah. You know his only sister, Miss Margaret lives down in Charleston, S. C. Mr. Edward's people are going to be my people, and I refuse to have a single in-law, and I shan't be one either!"

"And now I have just been called one—an in-law." Caroline's face grew sober again. "But I have tried," she said defiantly to herself, "and I know there was no 'in-law spirit' between Father and me."

Again her thoughts went back to the young bride who had been herself. How eager she had been to bring only happiness into this old home. How she had wanted to do her part. Caroline looked at the white frame of her first baby's bassinet, which leaned against the wall nearby. Her heart thrilled with pride as she thought of Edward, III, now eighteen years old, and six feet two. What a joy he was to her—and so like his father! Caroline's eyes searched the dim shadows until they rested on a child's safety crib. That had been bought for baby Caroline who was four years younger than her brother. Caroline knew that in her baby she saw herself as she had been as a child—fun-loving, affectionate, caring little for things which kept one still.

"Only eight short years of happiness," Caroline whispered. Her eyes were dimmed with quick, hot tears—a choking sensation crowded out any other words—for Caroline had lost her young husband during the terrible flu epidemic in 1919. She sat for moments, still with her sorrow.

"And now Father has gone, too," she spoke softly. "How glad I am that it is all over and he will not suffer any more. Eighty-six

years is a long time to live. How glad I am that I decided to live on here with him and make a home for him. It is a comfort to know that the children and I did make him happy during his old age."

From far below came the voice of a man, "Wrap and pack that Chippendale sofa carefully, men. Do the same with those Heppelwhite chairs."

Caroline's thoughts came back to the present. Her sister-in-law was packing up the furniture, portraits, and silver which she was going to carry to her home in Charleston.

"Life must be faced," Caroline spoke aloud. "I must remember, Sister is the one to divide the family heirlooms. Father said so. Besides, he left this home to the children and to me—with an ample income to run it. Sister will have all those things sent back to the children, too, after her death.

Again Caroline thought of the morning. She had offered to help her sister-in-law pack the silver, glassware, and china. Margaret had replied, "No thank you, Caroline. I want to do it. You do not realize how hard it is for me to do this. These things mean so much more to me than they can mean to you—an in-law!"

"But she doesn't know how I do love them," Caroline spoke hotly to herself. "I can't bear to see those dear old familiar things being packed up. Each piece holds memories all its own. How quickly one's roots of affection are interwoven where one lives happily. How one's affection grows during twenty years, for things, as well as for people!"

"Dear Lord," prayed Caroline, "make me bigger than things." This was no new prayer to Caroline. She had prayed it daily for twenty years. She leaned over and picked up an old dusty horned conch shell.

"Here I am, still praying the same old prayers," she spoke to the shell. It is still about the same old things too—only, now it is because I love them and hate to see them go away—when it used to be because I hated them and couldn't bear to look at them!" Caroline was quiet for a moment. Then she looked down at the old shell and spoke again, "And you, Old Conch Shell, you are what caused that first prayer!"

Caroline's thoughts were again in the past. She remembered how she had cleaned and dusted when her mother had come, on her first visit to "Sherwood." How she had hated for her mother to see the old rosewood sofa and chairs with their carved grape and flowered backs—the worn and faded tapestry which covered them. For

antiques had not been fashionable then! She had been equally ashamed, too, of the old faded carpet with its huge baskets of gay roses.

"It was when Mother came that I took you, Old Conch Shell, and your brother from the hearth in the parlor. And what a sensation it caused in the family. How stern Father looked when he came in that night and missed you. 'Caroline,' he asked sternly, 'where are the conch shells which belong here on the hearth?' "

"I remember how embarrassed I was," Caroline admitted to the shell, "yes, and how I resented his asking me about them — even though I told myself that it was his home and that he had the right to have what he wanted in it!' How his voice softened when I got them from the closet in his room, where I had put them, and brought them back into the parlor! 'They belonged to Edward Junior's mother,' he said simply; 'they were brought to her from India by her favorite uncle!' "

Yes, she had been bigger than shells but Caroline admitted to herself that it had not always been easy. She remembered when her maid of honor, Mary Edgerton, had come to visit her. She had given her a reception.

"Let's move this old cellarret out of the dining room," Caroline had suggested to Cousin Sarah. "It is just where I want the punch table to go."

"Why, I am not sure you can, Caroline," the old lady had replied. "I do not think it is wise to move anything which has stood in the same place for thirty years!"

But she had moved it. "And I had to bring it back the very next morning," Caroline laughed.

And so it had been—every time she had wanted to move anything she had had to put it back—because it had been put there thirty years ago! How she had wanted to pull things out from their staid positions against the walls. How she had grown tired of looking at the pictures and portraits always in the same places. But when she had changed them—she had had to put them back because the wall paper had faded unevenly! And she had not been able to have new paper put on the walls either — because Edward's mother had selected it!

"Lord make me bigger than things," Caroline prayed once more. "Make me bigger than things and make me bigger than people and Oh, make me bigger than myself!"

"Mother, Mother," the voice of Edward, III, called, "where are you?"

"And, O Lord," Caroline prayed earnestly, "give me strength to go down!"

"*Mother! Mother!*" Edward's voice grew louder, "lunch is ready."

"I am coming, Son," Caroline called calmly as she went down the attic steps.

"What are you doing up there, Mother?" Edward asked as he met her on the landing. "Are you starting the spring cleaning?"

"No, not yet," she smiled as he kissed her forehead. "I can wait a week or two, now that I have had a spell of *Attic-itis.*"

"Attic-itis?" Edward asked, puzzled over her reply, "what is that Mother?"

"Oh," laughed his mother, "it is just what every woman has occasionally. Attic-itis—an attack of sentiment."

SUSIE

HELEN WILKINS, '39

"Susie has no beauty," they said,
And I agreed. "Poor cheated thing!"
I thought, "It is a shame
To be so. Is she suffering?"

Then Susie smiled. What lovliness
Surrounded her the while!
And then I thought, "Poor cheated things:
They've not seen Susie smile."

SILVER RIBBON

HELEN WILKINS, '39

All around my garden
There's a silver trail.
Did a fairy lose a ribbon?
No! It was a snail.

"AS YE SOW—"

ELIZABETH WATTERSON, '38

"NOW, Jenny, they ain't no use of you a goin' on so. Thet gal ain't no count no way. Fergit her and her sorry man and git about yer washin'."

In a smoky mining camp a haggard middle aged woman lay on a dirty bed surrounded by eight ragged, tanned children. A half-drunken man sat by the stove spitting tobacco juice into the ashes. To escape the fretting of the hungry baby he arose and ambled out to a nearby bootleg den.

. . . . . .

For the beginning of the story we must go back twenty years into the mountains of Virginia. The last rosy glow of twilight slowly slipped away leaving the little valley robed in hazy shadows. Here and there lazy curls of gray smoke left red chimneys to mingle with the towering Fort Lewis Mountains. A pale glow began to flicker from the scattered windows as lamps were lit to cheer the weary farmers coming in for the evening meal. The contented grunts of the pigs, mingled with the low moo of the red heifer, gave evidence that the nightly chores had been completed at the barn and that all was in readiness for the night. Having finished his rounds at the barn, the "handy" man plodded down the lane to his cabin, thankful that night once more had brought quiet and rest.

A big black buggy, drawn by a young gray mare, came into the barnyard, and Silas Perdue, clean, neatly dressed, stepped from the buggy, turned the horse loose to graze and started up the winding path to his small, frame home.

"Well, I certainly hope Sara's got a good supper hot for me," he muttered half to himself and half to the blue Maltese cat that played about his feet as he approached the kitchen door. "I've had a mighty hard day a' arguin' with them know-it-alls in town today." As he entered the kitchen, he saw a long black frying pan sitting empty on the cold stove. On a nearby table, a pan of peeled potatoes waited to be put into the fryer. Unable to understand the situation, Silas set the bag of groceries on the table and hurried through the dining room into the adjoining bedroom.

"Sara! Are you sick? Where's Jenny? Why didn't she git the doctor? Have you got one o' them heart spells agin?"

"Oh Silas, she's gone! My baby's gone, oh-oo," Sara's weak voice trailed into broken sobs.

"Gone! Gone where? Why ain't she here a takin' keer of ye and a-gittin' supper like she had some sense?"

"I didn't call her this morning, because you had to have yer breakfast so early," she went on while her husband stared in anxiety. "When she didn't come down by sun-up, I went upstairs to tell her to git up, we had a big day's work ahead of us. I found her bed hadn't been teched. Not a sign of her anywhere! At first I was skeered out of my mind, but then I got to thinkin' that maybe she stayed with Jane Smith instid of a comin' home after the frolic last night. I kinda rested easy, a-thinkin' she'd come home any minute. Then that Lizzie Reese come in afore I'd had time to more'n git the dishes washed."

"What did she say?" Silas interrupted impatiently. "What's happened to Jenny? What'd Lizzie want at that time o' day?"

"Fer a while," Sara continued, "she talked about how Eldridge Long's new wife was a beatin' his younguns. Then she says, 'Sara, where's Jenny? I looked her square in the face and says, 'Lizzie Reese, you come over here afore you'd got yer breakfast dishes washed to tell me somethin'. Now what do you know about my Jenny?' 'Now Sara,' she whined, 'me and you's allus been neighbors, and I felt it my boundin' duty to tell you that last night my Les saw your Jenny and thet Jim Hinkle leave Sam Garmen's frolic and ketch thet nine o'clock train thet goes west.' Silas, why did she go? My poor little girl run off with thet no-count Jim Hinkle; she's not hardly sixteen."

The Hinkle family had, for generations, been a problem and a menace to the entire neighborhood. The men were shiftless and spent their time making and drinking "bootleg" whiskey. The children begged and stole while the mother took in washing in order to keep them from starving.

"Sara," Silas said, at last, "no gal o' mine thet runs off in the dead o' night like trash with one of them sorry Hinkles ain't never goin' to set foot inside of my house agin as long as there's breath in my body." Silas stood up, and, attempting to conceal his anger, kicked the Maltese cat.

"Now Silas, thet ain't no way to take it! She's still your flesh and blood, no matter what she does." Sara sank back among the pillows exhausted. "Silas, you'd better call Cora to come and fix your supper. I tried to git up, but I couldn't. I can't git my breath."

"Thet's all right, Sara; I'll git Doc Walters; he'll fix you up all right. Cora'll come and do the work. You just rest and try to fergit

it all." Straightening the pillows beneath his wife's head, Silas started toward the door to call Cora to come and help with the work . . .

One by one the years slipped by, but Silas and Sara Perdue never heard another word about Jenny. Sara spent her time trying to imagine what had happened to her only child, whom, in her heart, she could not blame. On the days when her breath came in short gasps, and she had to be propped up high among the pillows, she would believe that her Jenny had been forced from her home and that, somewhere out in the world, she was calling for her father and mother. Sara lingered five years; Silas followed her to the grave three years later, a pathetic shadow of the man he had once been.

. . . . . .

Jenny Hinkle, once the carefree, gay Jenny Perdue, hugged the crying baby to her breast and sighed, remembering an August night twenty years before. She now felt very close to her mother—the mother she'd left shamelessly that night so long ago. Now she knew what it meant.

"Well, I only hope the child never lives to see one of her own children run off and bring all this sufferin' to her mother, but as ole Brother Alsop uster say back in Virginia, 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap'."

THE HALO 'ROUND THE MOON

KATHERINE S. ROBERTS, '39

BLUE-SMOCKED and paint-smeared, Honor Caraway looked up from the canvas on her easel, and out across the ebbing tide and the marsh, green with the soft new tinge of spring things. Sea gulls wheeled among drifts of white clouds and blue sky and veering downward, skimmed the blue water lightly. Honor's thoughts flew with them as she listened to their cries, that can seem either sad or happy. Into her day dream came the sudden splash of oars; and around the bend of the creek bordered with woods glided a small rowboat. In it was Gregory Holstead, tall, dark, and strong, in his shirt sleeves. Holstead spent most of his time at the old home across the creek from the Caraway farm, managing the trucking business and the harvesting of the potato crop. He spent his leisure fishing or riding his thoroughbred horses. Much of his life had been spent in travel. He knew the world, and looked life squarely in the face, taking what he wanted and ignoring the rest. As he rowed nearer, he looked hard in Honor's direction and waved.

"Meditating or doing a masterpiece?" he called.

"Meditating."

"Don't! It brings on brainstorms. May I see your picture?"

"It isn't finished."

"Oh that's all right. If it's not good, there'll be that much less of it to shock my artistic taste," he said. Pulling close to the shore, he jumped from the boat, and came to look over her shoulder at the canvas. "Say! You *can* paint!"

"Thanks."

"I've never seen any of your work before. Gosh! kid, you're good! I'm no artist, but I do know something about good art. You'll make good some of these days."

"I've *got* to make good!" she answered, and laid down her brush, wiping her hand across her forehead and leaving it streaked with cobalt. "That's what I was thinking about when I saw you coming down the creek. Meditating doesn't bring on brainstorms, either; it keeps you from *making* one—of your life."

"Oh, is that what you've been doing—sitting here planning out your life?" His eyes twinkled, and he broke into a laugh.

"Yes, that's what I've been doing, Mr. Holstead. And it isn't so funny, even if you do think so!" she said, standing and facing him. "To dream and plan is not funny; it's beautiful."

"Now wait—you don't understand me," he broke in. "I have the utmost respect for dreaming, but you are so young, and you do look so funny sitting there all smeared up with paint. But go on and tell me. I really want to know. What is your dream?"

"Some day—soon," she said, "I'm going away to New York, or to some place where I can get a start. I'm going to paint landscapes—landscapes that people will want to look at and want to buy because they have a soul in them. And then I'm going to help pay the debt that is against this land. My mother and father love it so much that they have worn themselves out trying to save it. I'm going to pay back the money that my brother sent me to school with, and maybe help him to go to the university to study medicine. He's always wanted to. But Dan's such a good scout, he seldom speaks of it. I know what's in his heart, and I'm going to help him follow his dream, as I follow mine."

She was so slim, and straight and gallant, that looking at her, Greg did not laugh. This kid that he had seen in overalls or shorts as often as in dresses, tramping through the fields and woods with paints and brushes, or fishing or digging in the mud for clams—maybe she wasn't such a kid after all. He had seen her and talked with her often. Once she had borrowed one of his horses.

"And what will you do then?" he asked.

"Keep on painting—glad things, joyful things that will make people happy. I like to make people happy," she replied smiling.

Greg stepped toward her, and put his hands on her shoulders. She had never noticed before what really strong and steady hands his were.

"Listen, kid, don't take things too seriously. That's an awful lot for one youngster to undertake. Not many people ever live their lives as they have planned them. How do you know what you'll be wanting five years from now, or even three? But I want you to know—I'm all for you, and if I can ever help, let me know. You've told me what you want. Maybe sometime I'll want to tell you about myself. Are we pals, Honor?"

"Pals, Greg."

Honor folded her easel and gathered up her paints and brushes.

"Heavens! I've got to scrub up and get presentable! I promised Johnny Davidson I'd go to the show with him this afternoon. So long!"

Off she ran, like a young Indian, and Greg Holstead, with an expression half quizzical, half smiling, stood staring into space.

II.

It was more than a month since Greg had stopped along the creek shore to talk to Honor. Twilight was slipping over the world. The supper dishes had been washed, and Mrs. Caraway was putting them on the shelf and arranging the silver neatly in the cabinet. Honor, hanging the dish towels on the line in the back porch, thought what a home-like little sound the dishes and the silver made. And how sweet her mother looked through the open kitchen door, with her soft brown hair, and her crisp white apron!

A little breeze, bringing the sweetness of the clematis and wistaria, flapped the dish towels gently. It was strange when things were so lovely and sweet that you should want so desperately to leave them . . . New York—it would be so different!

"Your Dad and I are going to drive over to Davidson's," said Mrs. Caraway, standing in the door. "I promised May I'd show her that new stitch, so she can have her sweater ready by next week. If you and Dan go out, don't forget to hook the screen door."

"All right, Mother." And Honor gave her a little hug and untied her apron.

Riding along the road to Davidson's, Mrs. Caraway looked at her husband and asked anxiously, "Stephen, have you noticed anything different about Honor?"

"I've noticed she and young Holstead have been seeing a lot of each other. I never knew him to be such a borrower before. He's been over to borrow everything on the farm. The rascal—asked for the poison sprayer the other night, and when he got ready to go, I asked him again what it was he wanted, and he said it was the cultivator."

Stephen Caraway pushed his hat back on his greying head and chuckled.

"Holstead's all right, a bit devilish, but fair and square as they make 'em. Old man Nat Holstead left him enough to get along on without his trying to carry on that farm over there. To my mind, Anne, if our girl's got notions in her head, she couldn't do better."

"Yes, Stephen, but I think there's something else. I don't think it's all Greg. Honor wants to go away to—well, to get a start with her painting. She loves it, Stephen, and she believes that she can make good."

"I know. She wants to help pay off the mortgage and make it easier for us. I wish there were some way we could manage. If the potatoes had only brought in something. We couldn't just let her go and live any kind of way. It takes time, money, and grit for a young artist to get anywhere. She's always been a game little tyke—ready to set out and conquer the whole world.

Stephen's mouth twitched into a funny little half-smile, the way it did when his heart was touched.

"Drat that chicken!" he muttered, honking the horn at a hen fluttering along the ditch bank. "Hey, make up your mind, there. Remind me of some people—don't know which way you're going!"

And back at home, Honor left Dan reading his book, and walked down to the creek. Frogs were peeping in the marsh. The last rays of lavender and rose were fading from the sky. The air was still and sweet and fresh with the odor of the marsh. If your eyes had been closed, you could have told it was twilight. Back of the trees on the opposite shore, a moon rose higher and higher, and spilled a golden path along the water. Then into its light came a rowboat. It drifted down the shining pathway toward the shore, and soon Greg was standing there. He didn't see Honor in the dusk, standing behind a big salt-water bush. Through a spot where the trees were thinnest, he looked up at the light that was shining from the house. Then he looked at the moon, and leaning against a tree, took out his pipe and smoked.

"Woof!" cried Honor, prancing out in front of him. "You aren't the only one who's looking at the moon tonight."

"Listen, lady, many more surprises like that, and you'll be minus a good friend. You oughtn't to go around scaring people. It's bad for the heart. Now suppose I'd fainted?"

"You faint! You with heart failure!—I can't imagine it." She laughed gaily.

"You never can tell. Hearts do such funny things, especially when one's looking at the moon," he laughed. "You've been looking at it, too? Tell me—what do you see in the moon?"

"Oh, a lot of dreams, and lovely things to paint, a life that's clean and true as I can make it, some good friends I never shall forget, and—oh so many things that I can't tell even you about, because I don't know what they are myself. But they're all there—in the halo 'round the moon."

"No man in the moon?" Greg asked, lifting an eyebrow in his old, quizzical way.

"Oh, he's there in the middle of it all, I guess—somewhere a long way off. What do *you* see in the moon, Greg?"

"I see a lot of dreams, too, and a girl,—a little crazy kind of girl with wind-blown curls and wide eyes shining deeply, a girl who thinks she knows life—and doesn't, a brave girl whose dreams I wouldn't destroy for the world, because she could never be satisfied without following them. And she has to succeed! And then, it may be just because it's what I want to see, or it may be just the halo round the moon; but I see her in a home, making it a lovely place, and with her some one she's made very happy." He turned quickly toward her.

"It's you I see in the moon, Honor. I love you. I'm not asking you to marry me. That wouldn't be fair. But I'll always think of you as the finest little pal I ever knew."

It happened almost before she knew it, and he was sending the little boat swiftly back over the creek, with long, even strokes.

Greg—he'd kissed her! And it felt like little tingly quivers round her heart when Dan pushed her high in the swing, and she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

III

The following day Mrs. Caraway heard a knock at the front door, and opened it to see a short, rather stocky old man with bushy eyebrows and hair.

"How do you do? You are Mrs. Caraway? I'm Mr. Karloff from New York—a friend of Mr. Holstead's. I've been spending a few days across the creek with him. I'm interested in art, being somewhat of a painter myself, on the side. Mr. Holstead has been telling me about your daughter. I should like very much to see some of her work, if I may."

"Why, of course, Mr. Karloff, come in. I'm sure my daughter will be delighted to show you her pictures."

And so—it all began to happen. Mr. Karloff thought that Honor was talented, and that with instruction she might really paint. The old gentleman grew more interested and offered the loan of enough money to get her started and to keep things going for a while. Before the week was over, her trunk was packed. Honor was going to New York. And in her heart, she knew who had made it possible by talking to Mr. Karloff, and she knew that Greg had known, that night on the shore, what was going to happen.

IV

It was January. Three years had passed since Honor had come to New York. She had worked hard. There had been the slow, wearing grind of work in the art league and later of going from one art critic to another to show her precious pieces. There were days when things had seemed dark and hopeless, with cold, hard criticism and indifferent refusals to see her work, and even advice to give up painting and try something else, if she wanted to get anywhere. At the end of such days she climbed back to her dingy room and ate sparingly a bun and some soup and threw her tired aching body across a hard, narrow bed to rest. Then with renewed, dogged energy, she painted and sketched for hours, trying to master a technique that would sell itself.

So cool and indifferent, so frank, these New York people were! Sometimes the hardness of this new life was almost more than she could bear. She had left her home brave and undaunted, and striving in New York day in and day out, often in need of a wholesome meal, and with a heart grown heavy, she still refused to be beaten. At last she got a job to paint covers for a small household magazine. Now and then a drawing to illustrate a story was accepted. Gradually, people began to take more notice of her work. And then she finished the landscape that was put on display in a little gift shop. It sold for seventy-five dollars. The lovely little lady who bought it had said that it reminded her of her girlhood home in Virginia. In the picture was a marsh, green with the soft new tinge of spring, and sea gulls wheeled among drifts of white clouds. The little lady had smiled softly and said, "It's lovely; there's a soul mixed in with the paint."

Mr. Karloff and a few other friends entertained at little dinner parties and teas in honor of the artist. There was even hope that if luck continued her way she might be able to send a small amount home to the farm. Things were beginning to look possible again.

It was one night after a party. The air was cold and thick with flying snow—the only silent thing in all that world of noise, skyscrapers, and bright lights. The heels of Honor's silver slippers sank deep in the white softness, and snow sifted in between the open work around her toes as she stepped from the big car with Robert Bentley, a wealthy boy who loved art but only played with the classes at the league. They walked inside the apartment building, and using a headache for an excuse, Honor said good night.

Up, up, up, three flights of steps. At last—she was in her own little room, and Tina McCarthy, the old landlady who had become Honor's true friend, came bustling in.

"Hello, Tina! I'm so glad you stopped by. I need to talk to somebody."

"Miss Caraway, you look tired," said Tina, finding a glass of milk and pouring it into a pan to heat over the little alcohol burner on the bookshelf. "Now where are your pajamas? I'm terribly proud of you, I am, and I know your folks are—your fine picture being sold, and all the magazine covers you've been painting, and then going to parties and things. What you need right now is to just lay yourself back and rest. You've been working too hard."

"I guess I have, Tina, I'm so sleepy. Tina, I'm awfully thankful for everything. I should be happy now, shouldn't I?—I *am* happy," she told herself, tucking her bare feet up under her robe, and pulling it tighter across her shoulders.

"Of course you're happy, child, you're just tired and worn out from working and going so much. You sleep just as late as you want to tomorrow, if that's all day. I'm sleeping in the room across the hall tonight, and if I hear this phone ring once, I'll throw it out the window. I almost wish, sometimes, that I'd never had 'em put in the house. A phone gets to be a nuisance, anyhow, and so does this Mr. Bently that's been popping up so much—coming around and calling up at all hours of the night."

So Honor went to bed. But the next day she returned to her work and the next day came, and the next. And finally, the sky became bluer, and the buds began to swell on the trees in the park, and she knew that there was something that she wanted terribly, but didn't know what it was. She painted furiously, but the brushes wouldn't work right. It couldn't be the brushes; they were new and the very finest kind.

"Think of all that's been done for you; think of the help you can be if you keep trying," she told herself. "And think of all the places to which you may yet go. Italy, France,—this is what you've always wanted. What's the matter with you inside?"

And then came a little box—special delivery. In the box were violets—lovely white and purple ones, all wet and fresh, with long, slender stems. Tucked away in a corner, in spite of Uncle Sam's postal laws, was a little note that read:

"The old marsh is green, and all dressed up around
the edges with violets, so I swiped some for you."

Greg.

She knew now what she wanted, what would make her want to paint and help her to do it. Her eyes were wet and shining as she hurried down stairs, found a Western Union blank at the desk and wrote:

"Mr. Gregory Holstead
Lanes End, Virginia
I'm coming home to find the halo round the moon."

Honor.

PYRRHA, THE FLIRT

ALICE HARRISON, '32

What slim youth is it now, Pyrrha,
Who caresses you in a nook
Hid beneath cascades of roses?
For whom do you smooth your bright hair
Almost plain in its simpleness?
Poor boy! How often he'll wonder
At your deceit, and at the gods
Who have all turned away from him.
He hasn't had experience,
And because he believes in you,
Is glad that you are so precious.
He does not know that engagements
Can ever be broken—or love.
Wretched and miserable ones
To whom you, untried, seem fair!

CINQUAINS

BELLE LOVELACE DUNBAR, '35

GOADED

"Wise men
Take what they want."
She laughed and ran away.
The tree shook softly in the wind,
Waiting.

MEASURING STICK

The stars
Looked down and saw
My fire burning brightly.
They twinkled on as its embers
Grew black.

ILLUSION

"Veni
Vidi, vici—"
The youth made it his own.
The old man looked down upon him
And smiled.

MEET MR. BIG DOME

A JUVENILE STORY

MARY ALICE GLASS, '36

THERE sat his Mummy playing the most exciting tunes on the piano while Dad Pete sketched at his easel. That's the way Mummy and Dad would do. Sometimes Mummy made up gay tripping tunes, and Dad sketched the most lovely pictures—maybe fairies, or butterflies, or bumble bees. But now Mummy was playing a shivery, scary tune, and Jack just knew that Dad Pete was sketching some ghosty picture with people that started at the ground and went gliding and fading off and up into the air. Oh, it was most deliciously scary to be sitting out in the sun like this listening to that funny, funny music. And Jack's shoulders gave a shiver—the tail end of one that had been chasing up and down his spine. The music chased the shiver up behind his jaws and around his ears, then back down his arms and out his finger tips. With that, big goose bumps and little goose bumps popped right out on his arms.

"Oops," thought Jack, "this is no time of year for you, old goose bumps. You belong with the winter time."

And just as he sat thinking that and looking at the hair standing straight up where the goose bumps had pushed it, he saw something move on his arms.

Yup, there it was again.

Then Jack almost yelled right out, for the goose bumps were moving, and they weren't just bumps; they were heads—with tiny bodies and long arms—and legs!

"Whew! Where'd you come from and who are you, and why couldn't I see you all the time?" gasped Jack all in one breath. Honestly, that boy was so excited and frightened all mixed up in one that he could only sit there with his arms stretched straight out and with those funny things popping upon all sides.

They were the queerest little things you ever saw. Why, they could stand on the sides of Jack's arms just like flies on a ceiling!

Now, all this happened in much less time than it takes to tell about it; in fact, it happened in about the same time that it would take for Jack's pet cricket to saw off a jig on his musical hind legs. That's the reason why Jack had hardly collected his wits when he heard a booming bass voice coming from one of the goose bump people. (Yes, that's who they were.) Surprise and more surprise!

We heard what you said about us," boomed the voice.

"Goodness," thought Jack, "I haven't said a word except to ask where you came from." And he began to apologize, in case he'd offended the little people.

"No, you haven't said it out loud, but that doesn't matter. We know just the same," continued Mr. Goose Bump.

"I'm very sorry, stammered Jack politely, "but if I'd known that goose bumps had feelings, I'd never have even thought such things. Won't you please forgive me and tell me just how you happen to be here? You do come more often in the winter, don't you?"

"Well, yes and no," said the little fellow. "First I'll tell you who I am; I'm Mr. Big Dome Goose Bump," he said importantly, and he made such a deep bow that Jack feared that the little man would surely lose his balance and tumble head over heels. When he straightened up, he began very politely to answer Jack's stream of questions.

"Yes," he began, "we do visit you oftener in winter. You see, in the summer time we frolic in the moss, and I might add," he continued, "we always make our home near music. It's the kind of music that your Mummy is playing that we like most for our frolics; we dance fast and furiously by that kind of music. In summer we dance for fun; in winter we dance to keep warm. We're a gay people. We like dancing and games better than anything."

"Do you ever work?" questioned Jack.

"Very seldom," laughed Mr. Big Dome Goose Bump. "Why should we work? We don't eat very often—only three times a year; in fact, when we feast, we feast enough to last till time to feast again. And we feast just three times a year. The rest of the time we play."

At first, Jack had thought that he would like to be a goose bump person, but just the thoughts of not having cake but three times a year made him change his mind in a hurry.

If you will look closely," continued Mr. B. D. Goose Bump, "you may see one of our frolics. This a very special occasion. You're one of the very few who have ever seen such a thing."

Jack readily agreed that it must be a special occasion, for never before had he seen such dancing. In the gayest manner imaginable the goose bump people went whirling and jumping to the weird music his Mummy was playing. Turning and jumping and running, they danced around and around and up and down. Finally, the dance drew to a close, and two lines formed, facing each other. All stood at attention, and then made a deep, deep bow. Slowly they bent from

their slim hips until they almost touched their feet with their heads; then with a snap they came up straight, and were gone! Laughing gaily, calling goodbye, and bowing very low, Mr. Big Dome also disappeared.

"Oh," gasped Jack, and he heard his Mummy's laugh. Why, of course the frolic must end, for the music had stopped.

And there was his Mummy laughing at the queer funny sketch Dad Pete had made. Jack must go see what it was this time. Yup, he must. Scrambling up, he ran to where Mummy was standing beside Dad Pete. Squeezing under her arm, Jack looked at the canvas. His eyes stretched wider and wider, for there, on the canvas stood a little man!

"Why, how'd you know? Who is that?" demanded Jack of his Dad. How in the world could Dad Pete have seen the little fellow that Jack had met, or how did he know about "little folk?"

"This," said Dad Pete, with a grin and a flourish of his brush, "is Jim Shivertickle. He's the jolly chap who tickles your spine until you shiver. See his long fingers and toes?"

"Yup, he does have mighty long fingers and toes, but he has only two hairs on his head, and he resembles Mr. Big Dome. Must be his first cousin," mumbled Jack as he strolled out into the sunshine.

"Um-m," mumbled Dad Pete, biting the end of his brush handle and staring at Jim Shivertickle. He didn't quite understand what Jack had said. But that was Jack's secret.

A FACE IN THE MIRROR

LOIS CHILDRESS BENNALLACK, '23

'Tis nae use to paint and powder,
'Twill na change it—dinna kin?
Bare y' heart to y' Maker
If ye wad ha' kind eyes again.

Bitter thoughts, heart unforgie'in'
Mar the face ye are wearin'
If ye dinna like y' image
Mould another fra within.

'Tis nae use to raise a moustache,
Lad or lassie—dinna kin?
If ye'd change the face ye're wearin'
Change the heart ye keep within.

SKETCHES

—ON A SLIM WHITE HORSE

MARGARET STALLARD, '39

HE rode away — that gay, confident, dark-skinned Mexican. Swinging along on his slim, white horse, Pedro's thoughts, Lolita knew, were touching expectantly on his future, his fortunes, his adventures, and tenderly, too, on his sweetheart, La Luz, and her father, old Jose whom he had just left standing by the gate of the old weather-beaten corral.

As Pedro reached the foot of the mountain which was a short distance from the squat adobe in which old Jose lived, he turned in his saddle and waved to the two small figures standing by the gate. For a moment it seemed to Lolita that he held a great desire to turn back to that slim, bare-legged girl dressed in a short dress of the scarlet cloth that so often attracts the color-seeking eye of the Mexican.

Across the way, the fat, ancient, neighborly Lolita, who knew human nature so well, went back into her adobe and taking two, huge, carved, wooden cups from the cupboard filled them with Cordovan wine, the best in all Mexico. She placed them on a table and went to the door to watch La Luz help Jose into the adobe.

For three years La Luz waited and watched for Pedro to come back to her, anxiously, at times, when her father seemed very near the end of his long life. Then old Jose did reach the end one spring morning while the birds sang merrily, and the freshly green trees swayed in the breeze.

Watching La Luz three months after Jose had been buried, Lolita thought to herself: "This is what those *grande* Americans call one *critical* time of one's life, *seguro Miguel!*" (*Seguro Miguel,* although some Mexicans do not often resort to slang is pretty fair Spanish for "Sure Mike"). Lolita was afraid that La Luz would give up her one hope of happiness by ceasing to look for Pedro.

One afternoon in autumn Lolita, going to the door of her adobe, saw La Luz, a still figure in a scarlet dress, lying on a dull grey boulder. She was struck by the contrasting shades of the scarlet dress and the scarlet throat of a small, grey, Mexican lizard crawling idly along the boulder. Suddenly the piercing whistle of an excited horse came clearly through the stillness of evening, and Lolita saw La Luz jump to her feet and stand erect, her straight black hair blowing

slightly in the breeze. In the instant, expectancy and happiness changed her once again into the gay girl that she had been three years ago. Down the mountain trail came Pedro, swinging along on his slim, white horse.

CUMULUS CLOUDS

ANN DUGGER, '39

"I am the daughter of earth and water
And the nursling of the sky,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change but I cannot die."

—*The Cloud*—SHELLEY

IT was a lovely afternoon in early June. I lay alone on the clean cool grass of an isolated hill. It seemed a far call from the busy hustle and bustle of college life. My eyes naturally turned upward to the clear sky, blue as a baby's eyes. Little white puffs of clouds played lazily far above my reach. As I watched dreamily, the clouds seemed to become living things. The wind blew gently, and one little cloud became a lamb skipping through the sky. As it passed, it lost some of its shape, and I saw the huge bulk of a white polar bear. The bear seemed to smile at me, quite friendly.

This lasted only a minute, however, for a small cloud floated into the mass, erasing the lines with an imaginary bang. The great balls of white drifted into the form of a jolly old man. His nose was large and round and his cheeks puffy, and his mouth looked as if he enjoyed life. His two eyes were not exactly alike, but few things are perfect. Although I couldn't see the rest of him, I imagined that he was short and fat and slow-moving.

On and on, the clouds slipped by. They rolled into waves, piled into snow drifts, like life ever changing, never still. The hours also flew by. Suddenly a bell rang out through the quiet afternoon. I ended my sky-gazing, climbed down the hill, and trudged back to the class room.

THE MYSTERY OF LUNG FU

ROSE SOMERS, '37

LUNG FU comes on Tuesday to get the washing and returns on Saturday to bring it back. In a population so numerous and a universe so extensive as ours, you might not consider the career of Lung Fu one of prime importance so impersonally and dispassionately does he view life with his smiling countenance.

Lung Fu loves to ask questions:

"How much does the master of the house earn? How old is the mistress? Where does she come from? What does she do with the yellow fish? Why does she have so many pictures?"

Lung Fu possseses a kind of feudal loyalty, and follows the family fortunes, good or bad, like an old retainer. He must know about vacations, both before and after one takes them. It would be not only morally impossible, but also physically impossible to give the wash to any one but Lung Fu. He may die out of his job or go back to China out of it, but he will not be fired out of it. Never will he join the army of the unemployed, nor stand humbly asking for work. He is a monopoly, an institution, a friend.

So far and no farther, one gets with Lung Fu. To lose him would be to lose a friend, prized and true. He belongs to us; he is a part of our every day; he is as simple, homely, and admirable as great uncle's picture on the wall.

But what does Lung Fu think about? A gulf separates us! How shall we penetrate his soul? How many transmigrations must we go through before we can know Lung Fu? He has been with us for years and years; yet we do not know him as well as we do the family who moved in from Georgia last week.

If we could answer these questions, we could solve the world's most vexing problem. But Lung Fu is remote—the East and West have not met.

THE CHANGING NOVEL*

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

Suppose you were asked to select a representative English or American novel of the past lustrum, what could you answer? The catch is in the word "representative." Different as they were, Scott or Jane Austen is a representative English novelist of the first quarter of the last century. Dickens or Thackeray, Meredith or Hardy can each stand for his decade. In general there was something about their novels that would be representative of any important British novelist of the same period. At the close of the nineteenth century the "well-made novel" had reached a seeming perfection of technique and form at the hands of Hardy and James and Stevenson. But a perfect apple must rot that a new tree grow from its seed and the new tree may revert to something that bears a very different fruit from the fragrant red sphere that enclosed the seed. Huxley said, "The nemesis of all reformers is finality," and destruction comes, too, to any form that spheres itself out into the ultimate fruit of a successive development. In the twentieth century the form of the English novel suddenly went to smash.

No single publishing season in America has illustrated the diversity of aim and method and form in the current novel better than the autumn of nineteen twenty-seven. Among the successes of that season were Thornton Wilder's poetic "Bridge of San Luis Rey," Willa Cather's blending of romance with representative realism, "Death Comes for the Archbishop," Julian Green's powerful and gloomy "Avarice House," James Branch Cabell's ironic "Something About Eve," John Erskine's amusing banter, "Adam and Eve," Robert Nathan's fantastic "Woodcutter's House," and Virginia Woolf's deft capture of human consciousness in a silken web, "To the Lighthouse." William Faulkner's nauseatingly effective novel of human parasites, "Mosquitoes," was banned in Boston that year, too, and there were such more or less popular successes as Rosamond Lehmann's "Dusty Answer," in which fine words are used to portray abnormal human relations, and C. E. Montague's pacifist tract, "Right Off the Map." Here are realistic novels as poetic in method as romances and romances as caustic in spirit as the starkest realism. Cabell's irony bites maliciously, Wilder's poetry has the tartness of a quince, Nathan' phantasy plays with a cynical philosophy and ends with a

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broken love-troth. There is nothing in common in the works of all important novelists today. H. G. Wells and Walter de la Mare, Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway, Cabell and Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and Joseph Hergesheimer, Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather, William Faulkner and John Dos Passos, Thornton Wilder and Julian Green, Galsworthy and Joyce: they have no one thing common to them all, not even the grammar—since Joyce's "Work in Progress" not even the words—of the English language. Psycho-analysis, poetic phantasy, introspective subtleties, ironic fable, realistic characterization and vivid story-telling, all these things come to the publishers' desk as novels. Were there one kind of novel at a time, the Lindbergh in the sky and the rest nowhere, the publishers could back that kind of novel and sleep comfortably with dreams of apple sauce and roast turkey all the year round. But they must buy as they guess and go out and make a market for their guesses. All these symptoms only go to show how vital a form of literature the modern novel is; it is no longer a literary form but just that, a form of literature—almost a compendium of all literature. There is scarcely an aim, a mood, or a method to which it may not give expression. It can be as intellectual as Emerson, as epigrammatic as Chesterton, as rapid and exciting as Dumas. It can find its material in the Garden of Eden and the poetry of Homer, or the history of Macaulay, or the philosophy of Hegel, or the science of Lamarck, or the psychological allegory of Freud and Adler. There is no longer anything necessarily in common between one novel and another except that they are both written in prose and present characters.

"Ah, but what you have said only shows how our novelists have run amuck," says a critic. "The novel began as a story-teller's art and a novel ceases to be a good novel when it ceases first of all to tell a good story." The objection is not necessarily valid even if it be true, but is it? The germ of anything is apt to have the potentialities of all its later developments, and the novel is no exception to prove the rule. It is enough to remember that a multitude of earlier forms contributed to the evolution of the earliest amorphous novel. Early fables, naughty Italian tales of the monasteries—those old *novelle*—verse romances of love and adventure and their prose translations, collections of letters, real and fabricated, lives and autobiographies, character sketches and dialogues, moral prose allegories and political tracts cast in narrative form; out of all these things the self-conscious novel developed. And once sure of itself as an independent form of expression, it immediately adapted itself to the moulding aims of a

series of widely divergent masters. For Defoe, amusement and a zest for discovery were enough to make "Robinson Crusoe" immortal. John Bunyan almost invented the first novel when he preached by the narrative method in "Pilgrim's Progress." Swift used fiction for ironic satire in "Gulliver's Travels." Samuel Richardson actually blundered upon the completely organized novel when he undertook to teach his generation perfect behavior in morals and manners. Laurence Sterne set his whimsical fancy loose to play intellectually with three or four characters and a few ideas, and surprised himself by writing a masterpiece; and Henry Fielding, enamoured of life itself, seized upon the new method to give with gusto a picture of human character and behavior as he saw it, and the result was "Tom Jones," the first great example of English realism since Chaucer. What has become of our critic's theory that the English novel began as pure story-telling—unless "Robinson Crusoe" is the one advance swallow that drew the line of flight for all the birds of summer? Walter Scott is nearest the pure story-teller of all the major English novelists. And even Scott gave to his amusement the justifications of easy history and travel readings.

The truth remains that though the English novel sent its imagination upon bewildering adventures, its conscience kept to a straight highway. It told a marching tale, constructed in good Aristotelian tradition with a beginning, a middle, and an end. It found its chief interests in the doings of normal human character and incident. It accepted the artistic philosophy of a God of sugar plums and sweetmeats—the phrase is appropriately half Anthony Trollope's—who presided at the close of all novels, so that even the tragic ending was ameliorated by poetic justice. And especially it accepted the conventional code of conduct and morality. Beautiful paradox: Voltaire admired English poetry for the energy and depth with which it treated moral ideas. Had he lived a century later he might have admired, for the same reason, the novel. Not even a Voltaire could admire the moral ideas of the composite English novel today.

How did the disintegration of the novel come about? I should say it has merely grown up. In that Garden of Eden of the early novel everything was fresh and simple and natural; but even its Adam, whether we call him Bunyan, Defoe, or Richardson, knew the price of apples. Then the knowledge of good and evil came in and a big corner of the garden was fenced off for a commercial apple orchard. And, moreover, strange concoctions were made from the fruits of the orchard that even the mother tree would not recognize. The change

in the novel began to appear about the beginning of the twentieth century, but there were influences reaching back to the 'seventies when Samuel Butler like a Devil's advocate began "The Way of All Flesh," which was not published till after the new century broke. Then the English novel sent its mind to school more daringly to modern science, the new psychology, and the Continental novel. Its soul became as adventurous as its imagination and jumped off the straight road to break new paths over wild ground and to pry into every odd corner in Heaven and Hell.

Chesterton sparkled an epigram in his life of Browning to the effect that every man, like the race, first discovers the universe, then humanity, and at last himself. The novel has repeated the experience of the race. It was first objective and incidental, then social and philosophical, and later psychological and introspective. Scott's heroes adventured into France and the Holy Land; George Eliot's, whether in Florence or England, worked out a philosophy of human conduct as it affected types and groups of men. The Odyssey of Mr. de la Mare's Miss M, the Midget, or of Mr. Joyce's Stephen in "Ulysses," is within the individual mind.

Wherever there has been an evolutionary process, there survive forms of all stages of the evolutionary development. So in the mutations of an expressional norm like the novel, there will remain all the earlier types and their influences. As in the most civilized society of men there are cave men and mediævalists garbed in the fashions of the year, so in the novel of the year there will be survivals of every manner and method known to the novel's history. The present is always an epitome of the past.

The shift from the objective, matter-of-fact, and conventional to the subjective, subtle, and experimental has not been confined to the novel, by any means, nor is it entirely explained by historical influences. There have been two types of experience, two kinds of mind at work. One sees life subjectively, in terms of experience; the other, objectively, in terms of observation. Call them introvert and extravert, if you will, but there were Plato and Aristotle before Jung. Always there has been the division of the pastoral sheep on the sunny hillside from the goat-satyrs of the wildwood; the followers of fact and convention from the pursuers of the phantoms of freedom. Perhaps the division started in a metaphorical garden when Eve objectively ate the apple and left Adam philosophically to spit out the seed. She took the fruit, he made up the tales about it. There are, in short, always those who are interested in

finding the facts and those who prefer to build something out of the facts. From the beginning the novel tended either to present facts or to interpret them, to be objectively compact of incidents or subjectively transfused by imaginative coloring. The objective method was more akin to the scientific mind and the subjective method to the poetic mind; and very soon the distinctions of realism and romance began to be phrased in terms of subject material and of spirit or aim. No better distinction between the two has been made than that of Hawthorne in his preface to "The House of the Seven Gables." The novel of incident, he thought, must be true to objective fact. The romance is free to represent objective fact to suit the author's imagination, but is no less than the other bound to be true to the principles of the human heart. But however the romanticists have phrased their conceptions, the division between realism and romance has always been the main one in the novel and it has represented the antithesis between the objective mind and the subjective mind, the scientific attitude and the poetic attitude, the extravert and the introvert; but nearly always there was a blending of the two. The simon pure article was unknown: and naturally, for life is never simon pure. And art, though it may make clear distinctions and nice choices, has a way when it is most real and closest to life of getting so entangled in the mesh of life that its distinctions too become less clear-cut and take on the complexities of life.

Robert Louis Stevenson felt but did not express completely the distinguishing traits of Romance. It is no less a matter of spirit than of material, nor of material than of method. The scientific method is the collecting of details of fact and the presenting of them in the cold spirit of logical investigation: and that is fundamentally the case with realism. But Romance selects its materials in a certain mood, and shapes, colors and arranges them to achieve a pre-imagined effect. The artist controls his medium; that has always been true of the highest art. Realism is the scientific method and spirit at work through the novel, and Romanticism is the artistic method and spirit. It was natural that as the scientific thought of the nineteenth century became more and more pervading, realism grew more and more grubby. Even Dickens, the most inventive literary genius of his century, a sentimentalist by training and a romanticist by nature, became frankly more realistic in the aim of each of his later novels; and Thomas Hardy, a melodramatic poet in feeling, with a strong tincture of sentimentalism, worked with the realistic method, though in the very control which his imagination kept over his structure and

material he showed himself by inheritance a romantic. So there came about a greater and greater confusion of the characteristics of realism and romance in the novel. Introverts were writing in the objective tradition and extraverts were influenced by their powerful examples to use the introspective and artistic patterns, which the others had evolved, as a compromise between their nature and their convictions, and so themselves became hybrids in their work, with all the resulting combinations of romantic method, material, and spirit. Realism of such a modified sort was in the saddle before George Moore's "A Modern Lover" and Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" began in England a period of franker realism, sometimes called naturalism. Naturalism brought the harsher reign of the scientific method in. Then only the wildest extravagances could get a public hearing for romance from the serious minded, and chiefly in the guise of fantastic prophecies like those of H. G. Wells. Lovely poetic romances like Hudson's "Green Mansions" and "The Purple Land," de la Mare's earlier prose works, and even Conrad's romantic masterpieces had to await a later recognition. At the beginning of the century a revival of romance in a spiritualized form by these men and others like Arthur Machen and Algernon Blackwood remained almost without appreciative notice and utterly without popular favor.

Early in this century the decentralization of authority in type and form began. The English novel let its imagination go on more and more bewildering escapades, and neither its conscience nor its intellect kept at all any longer to the straight road. Every tradition of style and manners and morals was challenged. Every convention of form was stampeded. Romance came back into favor, but realism remained as vigorous as before. The spirit of the times was partly responsible and the influence of the other arts, but chiefly the catholicity of taste and experiment was the result of Continental influence. The masters to whom writers looked now were rarely Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, but the Russian, German, Austrian, and French novelists; with the new science and especially the psychologists, Freud and Adler, suggesting not only ideas but even methods of treatment. And this situation gives the answer to one question of why, though the public consumes more novels than it ever did before, it finds so little that satisfies its taste. There is no longer any uniformity about what the novelist attempts. One buyer seeks something pleasant and sweet and he is given a dose of physic, one wishes something solid and sustaining and he gets a bon-bon, still another has need of medicine and he is surfeited with beefsteak. To change the way of

putting it, two novels today may be as different in kind as a poem of Tennyson is from an essay on psychology by William James or a treatise by Malthus on population. In this respect, reviewers are no wiser than buyers; and here is painted the picture of American criticism today.

There are few important writers among the younger novelists who have not completely broken with the traditional methods of the older English novel. Some of the ablest of the established authors in both England and America do use a modification of the older complication-plot novel of the straight-on-to-the-end story. Their subject matter and their philosophy, on the other hand, may be as radical as the youngest newcomer on the left. John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett usually, H. G. Wells at times, Hugh Walpole, and lesser writers as unconvential as Warwick Deeping in "Sorrell and Son," tell a dramatic story of character and plot such as has been used for the English novel from Jane Austen who established it to Thomas Hardy who perfected it. But Walpole uses in the midst of realistic circumstances symbols, slight as the spitting black cat in "The Captives" or all encompassing as the cathedral in the book of that name. Galsworthy combined methods too. His own preface makes clear that in "The Forsyte Saga" he has realistically preserved the Victorian middle classes in their own juices and romantically presented in Irene the symbol of Beauty impinged upon by an acquisitive world. Warwick Deeping and Charles Morgan mix Victorian sentimentalism with a favorable opinion of free-love, provided no one be sacrificed; and both Wells and Bennett often vary the simplest story forms that yet carry the most amazing ideas, with experiments in new methods of presentation.

In the field of the realists there has been the greatest variety of experimentation. The patterns of their books are almost as diverse as the incidents. Many of them use no plot-method in the sense of the complication of related incidents. Their method is nearer that of a scientist reporting a case than of an artist moulding a form; and yet often these novelists are very great artists, but they will not compromise with their convictions in adopting an art form that they consider untrue to life. They do not find life telling its stories with a beginning, a middle, and an end, with two conflicting interests struggling toward a climax, and a final outcome that completes a movement. They let their stories frame themselves according to the most appropriate arrangement of the material used. The most frequent devices are the use of a series of emotional crises in the life of

one person or the reaction of a group of people toward each other. The nature of the aim usually determines the method of the novel for realist and romanticist alike. Sometimes the unifying principle is one of time, as in Swinnerton's "Nocturne," sometimes it is one of the place, as the enforced proximity of a group on one boat as in Virginia Woolf's "The Voyage Out" or William Faulkner's "Mosquitoes" or A. J. Cronin's "Grand Canary." The so-called experimentalists are as concerned with mental states and with the physical reactions of some people upon other people as an experimental psychologist would be. Just as the historical novelist used the material of the historians for fiction, so they use the material of the psychologists; and, since it furnishes more striking incidents, they are most apt to use conditions of abnormal psychology. They gather, and they usually present, their material detail by detail; they work after the fashion of the scientific method because what they write is a sort of fictitious science. Whether we like this kind of fiction or not is a matter for us as readers with free choice to decide, but it would be as unintelligent to judge a novel of this kind by the standards of another kind as is would be to criticize "Paradise Lost" because it is not "Hamlet." Of the experimental realists we may say what Middleton Murry said of Joyce's "Ulysses": "It is the triumph of the desire to discover the truth over the desire to communicate that which is felt as truth." The test of their success, therefore, is not beauty nor the pleasure that they give but the truthfulness and importance of what they present. They are imaginative scientists, in theory, bringing an imaginatively reconstructed confession of what they have observed in terms of what they have experienced as an addition to the conclusions of experimental science.

Whether the novelist thinks of the novel primarily as for amusement, or as the vehicle of ideas, or as a form of art, he can always work with it as an artist. It is the poetic novel, and especially the novel of phantasy, that has been recently most creatively artistic. There has been as vivid a difference between one writer of romance and another as among the realists. Their disadvantage is that each novelist must create his method as well as his material, and once perfected the method cannot be repeated. Therefore James Stephens, Walter de la Mare, Arthur Machen, Algernon Blackwood, and W. H. Hudson could not repeat themselves. One "Green Mansions," one "Crock of Gold," one "Memoirs of a Midget," and then the mould must be broken. Even when the psychological experimenter or the "stream of consciousness" novelist uses the poetic method or makes

the symbol structural, as Virginia Woolf has done in "The Waves" and "To the Lighthouse," the pattern must be original and remain, in its application, unique. She has dramatized the consciousness of her people but she has cast the one book into the pattern of the lapping waves and the other into the form of an hour glass. When realistic art is so fused by a poetic sensibility as that, it lifts itself from the grounds of ordinary experience and once more the walls between realism and romance disappear; for the highest art seems always real, and the beautiful and adventurous things of reality are always romantic.

If neither the realist nor the romanticist acknowledges today standards for the measurement of their art, it may be well to remember that periods of the most rigid enforcement of moral regulation or artistic convention have rarely been eras of high spiritual adventure or of fine imaginative creation. Only no man need be discouraged if out of so many different kinds of books all called novels, he gets sometimes the ones not meant for him. The escape is, to have the courage to find the right novel: and the right novel for any man is the one that was written for his taste.

BOOK REVIEWS

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by *Sinclair Lewis*

(New York; Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1936, 458 pp. $2.50.)

The scene changes, but the actors are the same. Sinclair Lewis's mild contempt for all mere Americans and his berserker rage against those whose foibles are not his, mark this novel—a novel with a purpose more crudely obvious than the earlier caricatures of the Main Street American. Only twice in the story of Doremus Jessup and his struggle with American Fascism does Lewis have the time and the detachment to laugh at us in his best and most irritating manner. One of these occasions is the annual dinner of the Rotary Club before the tragic action begins, a dinner where all of Lewis's pet horrors, rotarians, D. A. R.'s, conventional religion, and militarism are on parade. The other is the brief interval following the election of Buzz Windrip as president of this country, the calm before the storm which is all too clearly an American edition of the Nazi government at its worst. Here, as is his wont, he paints us in deft strokes with a brush dipped in acid.

But there is growth, a happy growth, foreshadowed by Arrowsmith. His hero is no longer a Babbitt whom he despises nor an Elmer Gantry whom he hates but Doremus Jessup whom he loves, and whom we love, too. The best of Lewis's characters—and we accept Dorothy Thompson's judgment in this—is a newspaper man with courage and honor, a philosopher with balance and poise, a real American. Utterly unable to combat the red scare, unfitted to defeat a demagogues's campaign, Doremus Jessup goes through his fight, is beaten, imprisoned, tortured, but never weakened in his philosophy of life, nor deprived of his sanity of humor. One could wish that Lorinda, a real woman, were a little clearer on the canvas, and that Sissy, sophisticated and hard-working, could be the heroine of the next story; but then it would not be Sinclair Lewis's story.

Most delightful to Lewis's friends are his sly complaints: even his pet aversion has one virtue, "he never once used *contact* as a transitive verb." And—if you can "stick it"—his newspaper man did not walk the streets with a pendulous pipe because "he detested the slimy ooze of nicotine—soaked spittle."

The story of the mad violence of Fascism, the stifling of the press (was there a newspaper law in Louisiana?), the crushing of

opposition organizations like Liberty Leaguers, the emasculation of the Supreme Court, the last and the greatest Reign of Terror, seem sadly overdrawn and unreal, but in the midst of impossible scenes one starts and says "It can't happen here," but can it?

—RACONTEUR

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL, by *T. S. Eliot*

(Harcourt, 1935. $1.25.)

In this work, T. S. Eliot has dramatized the murder of the great English Archbishop, Thomas à Becket. This play was written for production at the Canterbury Festival in June, 1935.

The historic conflicts between the church and the state brought about the murder of the Archbishop. It was because of such conflicts with Henry II, the English king, that Thomas at one time gave up his position in the Church and fled to France. However, he dared to return to England and resume his duty as a church official. Further conflicts ensued, which finally led to his murder.

The action of the murder in the Cathedral at Canterbury was very quick and especially dramatic. Four of the king's knights heard Henry express the antagonism which he felt towards Thomas. Immediately, they proceeded down to the Cathedral and murdered the Archbishop while he was at vespers.

The life and acts of Thomas à Becket showed that he considered the calling of the church, which he had, to be most important; and he seemed to be perfectly willing to die for the cause of the Christian church. His devout life and sincerity proved him a great man. The circumstances of his death made him a martyr to the church and placed him high in the esteem of Christians even down to present times.

All of this story concerning Thomas à Becket is dramatized by Eliot in an interesting, quick-moving, but easy style. This drama shows that Eliot possesses great imaginative power. The author has well interpreted the nature of martyrdom and sainthood. He links the story with modern times by showing that the forces which made a martyr of Saint Thomas are still at work in the world today.

—RUBY BLANTON, '36

SPRING CAME ON FOREVER, by *Bess Streeter Aldrich*
(D. Appleton-Century Company, 1935. $2.00.)

Bess Streeter Aldrich, the author of *A Lantern in Her Hand,* has presented to the reading public a superb epic of America in the making. Beginning with the German-American element of the first settlers of the Middle West, Miss Aldrich describes the significant changes—drastic and otherwise—from one generation to the next.

Amalia Stoltz, the fair, blue-eyed, "Dresden-china" daughter of a harsh, irascible German father, first appears to the reader in Illinois in 1866. From her carefree girlhood to her ripe old age, she views the joys and sorrows of three generations. Of the earlier settlers, she alone remains to marvel at the ever-changing wonders of an ever-changing nation.

The younger members of that sturdy German clan, however, find amusement in the idiosyncrasies of old Amalia. The reader is made to feel, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, how irrational it is for youth to insist that it knows life better than those who have lived it through to the end. Amalia represents experience and wisdom. She has loved with the passion of youth, suffered from the heartbreak brought upon her by an uncompromising parent. Compelled to subordinate her only real love to the will of one whom she could never have chosen for herself, she has endured grief, sorrow, and pain which few would have survived. Yet Amalia is a queenly representative of that sturdy stock which is the back-bone of America.

The thwarted love of the stoic German woman's youth finds fulfillment when her great-grandson, Neal Holms, falls in love with Hazel Meier, the grand-daughter of Amalia's girlhood sweetheart, Matthias Meier.

The superiority and strength of the novel immediately impress the reader. These may be explained, to some degree, by the fact that the story is a vital part of America's gradual ascent to greatness, at the same time, the novel portrays the emotional experiences of those who have been responsible for whatever superiority America, as a nation, may claim today.

—FRANCES COLLIE, '38

WITHOUT ARMOR, by *James Hilton*
(William Morrow Company, N. Y. $2.50.)

James Hilton in his novel, *Without Armor,* creates an Englishman of the pre-war days who begins life without the armor of purpose. Lacking a well-thought-out philosophy and likewise a

deeply-instilled set of principles, the Englishman commits a foolish deed after which, to save his reputation, he leaves his native land.

After some aimless wandering, the Englishman, known as A. J., finds himself in Russia amid the storm of Revolution. There "All was such confusion, incoherence, chaos—just a game played in the dark with fate as a blind umpire."

In that mass revolt, A. J. finds a passivity, a lack of purpose, on the part of the Russian soldiers, that far surpasses his own aimlessness. "Mind you," a White soldier once told him, "I wouldn't do it if the Reds were as generous. I really prefer the Reds, really. But a soldier's job after all is to fight, and if he gets good food and pay, why should he bother which side he fights on?"

Sometimes, A. J. is a hero; on other occasions, a captured Red, and then again a despised White. But always, he remains passive in the storm until he is commissioned to escort the captured Countess Marie Alexandra Adraxine to Moscow for trial. Then the story takes a new and more thrilling turn.

But, from whatever point of view he paints the picture, James Hilton reproduces vividly the fact and atmosphere of the great Russian carnage.

—AGNES BONDURANT, '36

THE LONGEST YEARS, by *Sigrid Undset*

(Alfred A. Knopf, 1935. $2.50.)

The title of Mrs. Undset's latest novel, *The Longest Years,* is significantly suggestive of the reminiscent style employed by the author. The "longest years" are those miniature eternities spent by a small girl as she journeys through childhood. The appeal of the book is not lost in translation from the Norwegian into the English. Though placed geographically, the interest is universal. The little girl of the story is Ingvild of Norway. The almost imperceptible growth in the child herself changes the world for her from a place of bright fancies to one of harsher realities such as she sees at the death of her father.

There could be nothing more refreshing than the honesty and sympathy the reader encounters in each bit of narrative. Though the book is autobiographical, the main attraction lies, not in the story itself, but in the intimate and completely frank nature of the treatment. The reader finds himself dreaming of his own long-forgotten

childhood. The author has presented her recollections in such a way as to show clearly and to explain intellectually all that gave that small girl of Norway her alert and sensitive feelings.

—MARGARET ALSOP, '36

LIFE WITH FATHER, by *Clarence Day*
(Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.00.)

Because of its popularity, Clarence Day's *Life with Father,* which was first published in its entirety in August, 1935, has had already seven printings.

Often a popular book has no literary value. However, this biographical sketch of Mr. Day, Senior, and his relationship to his family circle is rich with down-to-earth humor, and it is amazingly true to life as we, the masses, know it and live it. And withal it is simply written. Its popularity attests the rising taste of the many who read for relaxation and enjoyment.

The author has drawn a lasting picture of life within a family where there were a dozen clashes a day. But after each clash the air was gloriously cleared. Peace, however, proved only a breathing spell, before the next war of opinions. After living with the author in his own home for two hundred and fifty-eight pages, we can readily see how he could be mentally suffocated in Johnny Clark's household, for Johnny Clark's professor-father "when he was annoyed wouldn't speak." "This seemed to me gruesome," he writes. "In our household, things got pretty rough at times, but at least we had no black gloom. Our home life was stormy, but spirited. It always had a tang. When Father was unhappy, he said so. He poured out his grief with such vigor that it soon cleared the air."

Father showed always a marked willingness to tell people whatever was in his mind. If windows were open and neighbors overheard his momentary explosions, he would say gruffly to his wife, "I don't give a damn what they think."

Mother tried to "manage" Father, but Father refused to be managed; he was a law unto himself. And as a result, we have one of the most charming and unpredictable characters that modern literature affords.

Clarence Day ends with a note of triumph when his father decided to buy a new plot in the cemetery. "And I'll buy one on a corner," he said proudly, "where I can get out!"

Mother, startled, as she often was at her totally unpredictable husband, turned to her son and said with real admiration in her voice, "I almost believe he could do it!"

Clarence Day in protraying his father has given us another of his life-like sketches, rich in wisdom, humor, and the understanding of human nature. It is a triumph for Clarence Day as well as for the Father.

—BELLE LOVELACE DUNBAR, '35

DESIRES

KATHLEEN RANSON, '36

I want to love each worthy thing
That comes my way each day;
I want to try to overcome
Temptations along the way.
I want to clearly understand
And help out—if I may;
I want to get my duties done
Faithfully, day by day.
I want the complete friendship of
Every living soul I meet;
I want to know the characters
Of the lovely and very sweet.
I want not to be impatient
In the tasks I have to do;
I want to really understand
The inmost thoughts of *you.*

THE CALL OF THE WORLD*

GERTRUDE REYNER LEVY, '38

TODAY the world is listening to many divergent voices calling—calling. The world is listening and blindly stumbling along toward the loudest voices in the confused turmoil. We preach the theory of men's equality. But do we live by it when we permit ourselves to become part of the bleating flock that mills behind each beckoning shepherd? We boast of our independence and become indignant when it is even hinted that our freedom may be endangered, but do we use our opportunities for free thinking? Do we know which of our leaders will lead into paths of pleasantness and which will prove pied pipers?

Because it is the easiest way, we choose some leader, idealize him, and approve of his every act. It is common knowledge that perfect men are rare indeed, that "to err is human," and that to no one, however wise or great, is it given to judge always with mind unclouded by prejudice or passion; yet with blissful confidence, we entrust our welfare and that of all posterity to ordinary men posed on shiny pedestals. The false feeling that one's leader must be upheld in all he chooses to do runs riot in the United States. We mask its laziness by terming it loyalty, and, stimulated by political propaganda, we shout "Traitor!" at those rare intellectuals who give indications of breaking from the fold. Few are the citizens with the courage and individualism required to face criticism and to judge in an unbiased manner the views of so-called authorities.

Among these few is Carter Glass, Senator from Virginia, who exemplifies the prudent judge of world problems in that he over-rides party distinctions and opposes or supports measures for what he deems their honest worth. Better the support on major measures of one discriminating friend with eyes alert than the blind adulation of the hundred per cent American who says, "My leader, may he be always right! But, right or wrong, my leader!"

Self-reliance and independent thinking all through the ages have influenced the course of events in no small measure.

America itself was discovered by a brave mariner who persevered independently at a time when European countries were just beginning to emerge from institutional domination. Recall in mind the

*An oration delivered at the South Atlantic Forensic Tournament at Lenoir Rhyne College, Hickory, N. C., March, 1935, and awarded first place in the South Atlantic Women's Oratorical Contest.

picture of the brave Genoese pleading his cause with a home-made globe, while wise churchmen significantly tapped their heads and smiled at the man who dared differ with ecclesiastical geography.

Who made the America that you and I love? Was it those who followed and accepted, or was it in every case those who said with Woodrow Wilson: "We die but once, and we die without distinction if we are not willing to die the death of sacrifice."

In February we celebrated the birthday of a man who renounced his allegiance to the crown of England in order to lead the revolt of the American colonists. It was he who has come to be known as the "Father of Our Country"; and he deserves that title, because, regardless of what friends and relatives of high social and official position believed, he thought for himself. And he continued to think for himself when discouragement came, when the starving, freezing patriots at Valley Forge grew faint, when Lafayette said, "Only the stubborn faith of the General keeps it going."

Soon we shall celebrate the birthday of the renowned framer of the Declaration of Independence. You and I use the words "Declaration" and "Independence" so familiarly that we utterly lose sight of the fact that in 1776 they were startlingly, dangerously revolutionary. To those steeped in the doctrine of Divine Rights, it came like an alarm bell in the night to hear all their views of the stability of human institutions challenged, to hear that people could alter and overthrow established governments for no other reason than that the minds of people were running in new grooves. And so—every upstanding man, every name that stands for service in our history blazons forth the need for leaders with independent minds, with courage, and insight in our times of trouble and perplexity.

We rightly esteem leaders—whether they be Woodrow Wilson or Franklin Roosevelt—who change their policies when they find new facts. No nobler epitaph was ever written than Lingley's description of Wilson: "He was accustomed to make up his mind on the basis of his own observations, and to change it without embarrassment when new facts presented themselves." But how were these new facts, new thoughts, new interpretations brought to the attention of those in power? The people who did not meekly follow, the non-conformists, the radicals if you will, voiced their intelligent beliefs until they were acted upon.

Looking back on the path which once our civilization trod, we see a brilliant bit of color outlined on the dull, drab uniformity of centuries of timid acquiescence. Well do we call it the Renaissance,

for it was a new birth, a mighty reawakening. Bold, unhampered spirits made momentous contributions to the arts, to science, to all that makes life brighter and better. Because in those spacious days men appreciated independence and dared the new, they built cathedrals that soared above anything in the past, Dante wrote of things untouched by human pen. Copernicus gave us a new heaven, and Luther taught us a new way to live on earth; sculpture and painting gave us new names, and geography gave us a new world.

Today, man seems timid and abashed before his own thoughts. Few of us can endure our own company for one short hour. We quote out-dated books and look for hoary precedents. We flee from a new thought and hide behind a new jazz tune. We are fabulously rich in books unread. We call ourselves observant, but we are blind to the wrongs before our very eyes. Could we read books for background and inspiration and not for memory and ready-made opinions, could we think with and not after others, could we use the powers granted us in the command, "Go forth and subdue the world," we, too, might have a splendid Reawakening.

The call of the world to us is now more urgent, more pressing than at any other time in the history of America. No more do we find an easy, well trod path by which the student passes from his cloistered life of theory into the same world of facts in which his forebears lived their life and did their mighty deeds. The paved road stops short, and many diverse routes appear with no certain guide posts. In vain, we ask of our elders. An ex-President calls us to rugged individualism and speaks of "The Challenge of Liberty"; a brilliant candidate for the presidency points to the shining path of Socialism and tells of the "Choice Before Us." A President in office loves us into agreement and says, "My Friends, we are 'On Our Way'." A successful dictator looks far down one road and tells us that "Democracy was good in its day, but the day of Democracy is past." The Communist gazes past any visible path and describes to us the hazy heaven "that never was on sea or land."

And we—are we fitted by any course of training to choose our own way, to carve out the steps by which we rise out of the depths to the heights, from dismal depression to confident success? Do the best of our schools give us what Harvard gave Theodore Roosevelt, and what the pine-knot gave Abraham Lincoln—that confident self-contained courage that enabled Roosevelt to master his own party and make it his tool in building real democracy, that clear eye and

tolerant magnanimity that enabled Lincoln to hold an even hand between contending factions?

For this the school exists. There the youth should learn to stand on his own feet. Alone must he tread the road to success, with his teacher pointing to the goal beyond, but not dictating each step as he struggles upward and grows stronger and finds his vision ever clearer. We can point to colleges and universities and can name teachers who do respect personality and encourage honest thinking. But too many apparently give their lives to making students' minds into carbon copies of professors' notebooks. Broad is the way and wide is the gate that leads to high grades and class honors. Tactful agreement with the professor's interpretation brings its own reward—honors to a student who is nevertheless lost now in the wide, wide world! Individuality is too often subordinated to regimentation. The student, if that is what we should call the one seeking grades, dreads the laughter of his classmates and the wry smile of his teacher if he gives the impression of being "different." With moving eloquence we are told by commencement orators that we should be grateful for the splendid education that has so thoroughly "prepared us for life." But what preparation for life is it to go through school relying on a kind nurse, whether that nurse be a modern pedagogue or an ancient sage?

This world that you and I face is not looking for weaklings. It throws into our faces a fog of doubt and despair. But it needs—oh, how it needs—the independent thinker who will bring to it a fresh, clear-eyed vision of a land beyond the fog. To him it promises the rich reward of ever greater tasks and ever greater rewards. We may not all be leaders. All can be discriminating followers. If our teachers will encourage us, even force us, to think our own thoughts, to live our own lives, then when the call of the world comes, as come it must, to each of us, we can stand four-square, look fate in the eyes, and say, "Here am I! Send me."

RUSSIA VERSUS HUMAN NATURE*

ELIZABETH JAMES WALTON, '36

TODAY the eyes of the whole world are turned towards the great sociological laboratory of the world—Russia, where theories which have penetrated only the text books of the rest of the world are being put into actual practice. Russia today is the haven for sociologists; it is the "City of Refuge" to which they may fly when their contemporaries arch their eyebrows and assume a "but-my-dear-fellow" attitude. To Russia they may point with justifiable pride as another and another of their text books theories become realities.

It would be trite to assert that in the present world one country cannot enter upon any activity or indulge in any experiment, the outcome of which will not affect the rest of the world. Yet hackneyed and prosaic as it may sound, this fact is brought to our attention more startlingly than ever in the case of new Russia. Despite the fact that the United States refused for sixteen years to grant the Soviet Union official recognition, it would be of little import to deny the influence of the Russian experiment upon every phase of our national life. The thousands of students, scientists, tourists, and newspaper and magazine correspondents who visited Russia brought back opinions and influences which were eagerly seized upon by the interested Americans. Every magazine carried at least one article per issue relating to Soviet Russia; every newspaper had special correspondents working in the vast interior of U. S. S. R. Americans read with fascination every book on the subject—it was no unusual experience in any of the sixteen years for a hurriedly written one-sided account of an author's impressions of Russian life as it is lived under the present system to find its way into the ranks of the best sellers. Everywhere the talk has been "Russia"—from the bridge table to the dinner table, from the woman's club to the university class room. Hollywood, ever alert for new interests, made the most of the situation and produced one of the most widely discussed pictures since the beginnings of the cinema industry, "Wild Boys of the Road" with an all-Russian cast.

America, then, has been watching Russia. She has been comparing her needs with Russia's and, unconsciously, she has absorbed some of

*Prize winning essay in a contest sponsored in 1934 by the local chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, national honor society for social sciences, for the best essay written by a selected group of sophomores on the subject, "Russia's Influences on the United States Either Socially, Politically, or Economically."

the remedies. In the field of sociology, America has watched the changes in family life, in the position of women, in the development of childhood and youth, in crime, in unemployment, in marriage and divorce—in every sociological phase, but especially in the changing of human nature to fit the needs and purposes of the Soviet state.

Let us undertake to see the likenesses and differences in the United States in regard to social life. Up to this time this is about all the United States has done. She has fearfully watched the experiment, compared and contrasted the two systems and is ready to receive the results. As the backbone of the old capitalism is supposedly breaking, and we see the imperfections of the system, the Russian experiment offers us at least an example of the search for improvement. We shall see a few direct influences which have already taken root, but for the most part, we shall confine ourselves to a study of what America can apply to her ills, whether she can change human nature, now that she has proven herself by official recognition receptive of remedy.

To appreciate fully what is really occurring in the great laboratory where two rival elements, science and human nature, are struggling, we must understand the aims and objectives of the scientists who are working there. On this subject Theodore Dreiser in "Dreiser Looks at Russia" says: "The aim of Russia is to change human nature, to root out the predatory in man. Their vision is of a classless society where all production will serve mankind. They see the unchaining of all creative forces of society by removing the three fears: fear of old age, fear of unemployment, fear of illness." One has only to turn to Tolstoi to find the deep roots of socialism, for although he is not recognized as such by Russia today, Tolstoi was the first great Russian social reformer. His philosophy may be discovered in the goal of modern Russian sociologists, even though they refuse to admit it. Miller expresses a Tolstoian view in the aims of Russia in "The Beginnings of Tomorrow": "Russia has a program based on pragmatic and theoretical principles. What we have in the Soviet Union is a *controlled* experiment."

Perhaps the most revolutionary of all transformations which have been accomplished is the change in the status of woman. Released from her shackles, she has an equality with man socially, economically, and politically. The changed aspects of sex have led to woman's development socially. A single standard of morals is the prime feature of the social life. Woman has the right to express her own personality. Sex relations are free and open. Lectures on the subject and sex instruction are always available. Special emphasis is laid on sex

hygiene. The position of woman in sex has been elevated to that of man. It is her privilege to choose with whom she shall mate. Nowhere in Russia is sex a tabooed subject. When a berth in a train is reserved one's fellow-passenger may be a man or a woman—no attention is given to the sex of the applicant. Scantily-clad men and women parade the streets with no show of emotion from the onlookers. Nudism is a fact rather than a fad in the U. S. S. R. The injection of sex lure into any form of amusement or commercial display has been banned. Woman is no longer looked upon as useful only for amusement or procreation. She is an individual. Her life is her own, and not that of the man who may call her body his. Women and their husbands seek pleasures according to their own tastes, and many of the most happily married couples seldom go out together because of personal or economic reasons. American women have noticed this elevation of the women of Russia with growing envy. Experiments in free love in America are still frowned upon by all respectable people. Attempts in the freedom of American women from the bondage of sex have been feeble ones such as companionate marriage, Bohemian farms, etc.

In the economic world, still greater strides have been made to equalize women with men. In trade unions, there is no distinction of sex. Women may enter any profession or trade that they desire. Many of the young Soviet girls have turned to electrical engineering, telegraphy, diplomacy, tractor-driving, even to the army. One young woman, the mother of two children, married to an officer has recently graduated from the military academy in Moscow with the rank of general. Contrary to American ways, women in Russia who are not self-supporting are looked down upon. The state encourages women to go into industry and does everything in its power to make their entrance into the economic world as inviting as possible. Community kitchens and laundries make it possible for them to be away from home all day. In order that maternity may not be a handicap, time is given off before and after the birth of a child—eight weeks before and eight weeks after for farm and factory workers and six weeks for clerical workers. Crèches and day nurseries are provided. A mother is given off certain hours to feed her child during the first few months of its life. Consider the difference here as you realize how married women are discouraged from entering the business world. Another difference is that to a Russian woman a profession is not just a stop-gap until she can get married. Imagine, if you can, a young woman of twenty-three in an Oklahoma oil-field with entire

charge of operation and installation of machinery! Yet there is a parallel case in the Baku oil-fields. Women in America long for executive and administrative positions, but that privilege is not nationally theirs yet. In regard to remuneration, women in the U. S. S. R. earn equal rates for service rendered. The only discrimination of sexes in labor is a protective legislation for women.

Politically, a woman has as much chance to become chief official as a man. A woman becomes a full citizen at eighteen and is equally eligible for every elective office. During the past five years, over three million women have entered governmental and industrial occupations in Soviet Russia. During the present year, 323,000* women will become party members; 1,500,000 girls will be added to the Komsols; 300,000 women will become members of the Soviets, the executive and controlling committees; 500,000 women will be engaged in government departments, while over 4,000,000 will be in unions.† There is no office from membership in a backwood's village Soviet to President of the Council of Peoples.

To sum up differences between Russian women and others, we note these essentials—equality of sex, no social stigma on unmarried mothers, unregistered marriages and divorces; motherhood is voluntary and a responsibility of the state; equal educational advantages and equal labor remunerations. If "woman is the lesser man" as the poet suggests, is Russia changing her nature?

Closely connected with the situation of women is the family. Family life in Russia today is practically non-existent. A Soviet educator speaks thus: "In the United States one thinks of a child in relation to his family. In Russia we stress his relation to society. The family is not such a vital educational influence as it once was, and we do not believe it should come first in our considerations." A child is a part of a community rather than a smaller unit. Family functions are being taken over by other agencies. There are numerous nursery schools, community laundries, kitchens, dining halls, etc. There is a decline in parental emotions—a feeling rather of brotherhood for the whole community is coming into existence. The Communist boys and girls all play and work together like brothers and sisters. Parental feelings are going to be led into other useful channels, say the leaders of the new movement. Russia is interested in the process of shattering family life. Skeptics doubt that human nature can be changed to this extent. Be that as it may, human nature is changing of its own

*Figures for 1934.

†Figures from "Soviet Women" by Lydia Nadejina in "The Nation," November 23, 1932.

accord. Russia sees this, and is helping it along with a firm hand. In America today, the family is no longer the compact unit that it once was. In place of community kitchens there is the delicatessen on the corner. The children of the upper classes are sent to kindergartens as they are weaned, and from there to boarding schools, vacationing at summer camps while mother does social service work. It is being pointed out by the Russians that human values are not declining—only, better methods of child and race welfare are being formulated.

The lax marriage and divorce laws of the new system have called forth bitter condemnations and excessive praise. The principle which is being followed is that it requires the consent of two people to get married, and one to get divorced. To be married legally in Russia two people simply go to the Zags, the Marriage and Divorce Bureau, and announce their intention. If neither is already married, all that is required is the signing of the names. Marriage in a church is not forbidden, but it has no legal sanction. The couple may take the name of either or keep their own names. What a Utopia for the Lucy Stone League! A divorce is just as easily secured. One or both members of the party goes to the Divorce Office and asks that the union be dissolved. One person doesn't even have to notify the other—the court will do that. At first there was no legislation about the length of time after marriage in which a divorce might be secured, but now a period of several weeks must elapse. Anna Karenina, Tolstoi's immortal heroine, might have been saved her tragic end under the present marriage and divorce laws. Supplementary legislations have been passed to check excesses. In case of divorce, parents must mutually support the children. Numerous divorces on the part of one person are regarded as disorderly conduct, and the offender is fined or given a jail sentence. Although unregistered unions are not frowned upon, registration is encouraged as it makes certain who is the father in cases of dispute of support of children in divorce cases. The provision that a man may be called upon to pay one-third of his income in support of his children, checks reckless marriages.

Birth control is encouraged and advocated in Russia. The bearing of a child is not forced upon any woman, nor the expense upon any couple. The state pays the cost of abortions, although these are discouraged for health reasons, except when the life of the mother is in danger. America seems almost primitive to the Russians when we realize that such action is here regarded as a crime, and the right to distribute birth control information was debated in the last Congress.

As further proof of the dissolving of family relations we have only to look at the property laws. Parents have no rights in the property of children, nor children in the property of parents. The laws of inheritance have been annulled. In Russia the estate of a deceased person becomes the property of the Republic with the exception of small estates that children or needy relatives may have. The needs and not the nearness of relatives is the determining factor in the division of property.

References have already been made to the youth of Russia. The new freedom which has enveloped the other institutions and classes of Russia has not evaded youth. It is the young people who are leading the way in Russia. They are very definitely answering the question of what will happen when the older revolutionists are gone. Youth, thinking with a clear-cut, concise mentality is dominated by a purpose: the Five-Year Plan—the first and now the second. They know what it is and are going after it. What is more, they will enjoy themselves in the pursuit. The question of the freedom of Soviet youth has raged in recent years, some critics holding that forced labor has bound youth hand and foot; but youth in America, as shown in "An American Tragedy," a classic novel of an under-privileged youth and the disastrous results of society's failure to make any contribution to his moral life, is far more coerced.

The youth of Russia is qualified to discuss art, literature, and philosophy more ably than the average American student. Illiteracy is rapidly being abolished—a striking example for America with her five millions of illiterates! In the schools under the Soviet régime, there is no punishment; there are devices for self-government. Initiative is encouraged, especially in public and political life. Young Russia reads extensively. The number of books published annually greatly exceeds that of Germany, the United States, or Great Britain. The 600,000,000 copies of 40,000 new books published in 1932 was a greater out-put than the combined publications of Great Britain and Germany together. "Paper starvation" is the only limit.

With Lenin's command "Learn, learn, learn!" still ringing in their ears the smallest communists read with fascination "How Sand Becomes Glass" and "How Rubber Becomes Overshoes."

In the Park of Culture and Rest, one sees brown-skinned youths rushing from a swim to a game of tennis—happy, exuberant, unafraid of life, secure in its new freedom; or one may visit a workman's club to find there bands of young men and women attending lectures, reading in the library, going to the theatre or the gymnasium. Special

emphasis is laid on hygiene and health in these youth centers. Many of the castles of old Russia have been turned into sanatoriums.

In connection with youth, mention should be made of the "beg prezarni"—the wild army of shelterless waifs who roamed through Russia after the hectic days of 1919 and who constituted one of the biggest problems of the Soviet government. However, the situation has been handled admirably. The boys were taken in a state of semi-barbarism off the streets and put in special children's homes and on collective farms. They were treated with kindness and respect. Russia did not despise them. No social stigma is placed on any child—illegitimate children are looked upon as the cares of the state. So these little savages were given an education, and today many of them hold responsible positions. They are not ashamed of their past—it was no fault of theirs that their parents were killed in the war, and they were left homeless. Mary Vorse in an article entitled "Do You Know These People?" which appears in a previous issue of the "McCalls" tells of her encounter with a young graduate electrical engineer who had been one of the "wild boys." He had wandered two years; then he had been picked up by the government, sent to school and through the university. Would this have been the result in America? I think not. He would have been sent to a reform school and probably would be serving a sentence in the penitentiary now. America does have this problem, and the Children's Aid Societies are doing all in their power to alleviate the situation. There are approximately 250,000 transient boys wandering the roads of America today. In 1933, 20,000 passed through the doors of the New York Children's Aid Society. In this instance, we must bow to Russia.

The Soviet means of dealing with crime have also commanded the attention of the world. Criminologists foresee a complete revolution in the penal codes of the world resulting from a study of Soviet penology. In the western world the so-called malice or the Roman *dolus,* the "bad-will" of the culprit and his responsibility for acts committed remain the foundations of the structure and classifications of crimes in the penal code. Penal codes have been based upon the belief that, as a rule, a human being is responsible for his own acts and must undergo privations and sufferings if he commits acts regarded as crimes. The Soviet penal code attempts to get away from this old idea. The Soviets hold the deterministic theory that all human actions are pre-destined, and talk about the free will of the individual is but the invention of the capitalist class. The idea of revenge is being swept away. The only foundation for permanent removal from

society is harm to the working classes and to the Soviet regime. The word punishment is omitted from the Soviet code; instead are these words "measures of social defense." A person who injures the Soviet organism is regarded as a diseased part and must be removed for the good of the whole, as an appendix would be removed. The "measures of social defense" include prisons, conventional labor camps, forced work without taking away actual freedom, banishment from U. S. S. R., and capital punishment. All crimes are divided into two classes: those directed against the foundation of Soviet rule—considered the most dangerous of all crimes, and those directed against society and individuals. Under the second class, first degree murder carries with it the penalty of ten years solitary confinement. Unpremeditated murder is punished by a maximum of five years deprivation of freedom or compulsory work—very mild measures in comparison with those exacted by American courts. In the first class are twenty state crimes for which capital punishment may be applied. Persons who have falsified the currency, or who have counterfeited treasury notes or other valuable papers may be subjected to the death penalty. Changing criminology, thus, with no mention of felonies, crimes, or misdemeanors has reached other countries where the theorists prefer to regard crime as "social danger." There is an ideal of social justice prevailing in Russia, a new penology involving humane treatment of criminals.

Sociologists have visited Russian prisons in flocks and droves. In most cases, they found that the prisons allowed their charges more freedom than those of America are allowed. In many cases, the prisoners are allowed to wear their own clothes which gives them a measure of self-respect. They are allowed vacations annually, and only a few have broken their parole. This plan is warily being tried out in America with some degree of success. However, prison investigation in Russia has not been entirely satisfactory as the Soviet government admits visitors to special prisons only, excluding them generally from the prisons for state criminals.

Another phase of sociology which America is watching in Russia is the race problem. This has confronted America since the Civil War, but seems to give no trouble in U. S. S. R. Russia's ideal is a classless society which supersedes race and color prejudices—America might take a lesson in race relations from Russia where all races are treated alike with no hint of discriminations among Jew and Gentile, black, white, or yellow. The Soviet union extends

a welcome to the negro. The statue of Alexander Pushkin in the public square at Moscow is a reminder that one of Russia's foremost leaders was part negro. The Soviet propogandists have used the negro in America as an example of oppression under capitalism. Interest in the Scottsboro case was keener in Russia than in America. In Russia today, there are ten million yellow- and brown-skinned Orientals, but Russia has no race problem. Jews are no longer limited in their choice of vocations; admittance to any institution is granted, and the privilege of residence in any part of the country is another cherished right.

Finally, let us look at the unemployment situation in Russia, or rather the employment conditions, since there is no unemployment. There is entire freedom from the worry of unemployment. Here again America must bow to the Soviet state. There is, moreover, a shortage of labor, and hundreds of young Americans have gone to Russia where they have been received with open arms. There is a vast difference between the Russian factory workers and the American workers. Although there is forced labor, the Russian worker is more free. He and his fellow-workers can denounce the foreman any time they think he is not exerting his best abilities. The Russians are intensely interested in their plant; they take care of the machinery, try to improve the operation of the factory, and glory in its achievements.

The change in the agrarian situation has had an unlimited effect on the industrial and economic structure which tottered in 1931-1932 as the crops failed. Agrarian collectivization is going forward again, now that the devastation wrought by the crop failure has been wiped out. In 1933 the Soviet government was able to complete its grain collections before the end of the year. Living conditions are much improved. Housing and food shortages are decreasing. The Russians are a happy people, and well they may be! Referring again to the much-quoted Mr. Dreiser, we learn why they are happy: "It is due to the absence of national worry over one's future or the means of subsistence. In Russia, one's future and one's subsistence are really bound up with that of the entire nation. Unless Russia fails, you will not fail. If it prospers, you are certain to prosper. Therefore, a sense of security, which for some, at least, replaces that painful seeking for so many things which here you are not allowed to have."

After all, may we not question deeply the statement that Russia is changing human nature? What do we mean by human nature? Is our conception a "bourgeois idea created by western capitalism"? Is selfishness a trait inherent in humanity? Are the predatory or the

pugnacious tendencies naturally instinctive; or are they merely alibis devised by western psychologists at the instigation of capitalistic bourgeoisie? Those traits which best serve our ends to advantage, we are tempted to blame on human nature.

Perhaps the Soviets have actually discovered the core of human personality. Instead of struggling against what western civilization terms the natural tendencies, it is against inhuman nature that they are waging their intensive crusade. The substitution of group-love for self-love cannot be discredited by a Christian world even though its practical emphasis comes from a "godless Russia." In the vast stretches of the Slavic domain, education, culture, and religion have come into a new meaning—the fulfillment of the good and abundant life, the triumph of human nature.

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Miss Nancy Byrd Turner, author of "Venturing Sails" and "Little Room," is well known as a poet, author, and lecturer. For years she was on the staff of the *Youth's Companion.* She lives at Ashland, Virginia.

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Mrs. Carrie Hunter Willis would seem to have little time for "Atticitis" in her busy life since she was graduated from "the old Normal School" in 1911. She is the author of three successful books of historical stories for children: "The Story of Virginia, "Early Days in Virginia," and "Those Who Dared." Her home is in Fredericksburg.

James Southall Wilson is Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English in the University of Virginia and a former editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review.*

Mrs. Lois Childress Bennallack, 23, is now living at Roanoke, Virginia. And *Mrs. Belle Lovelace Dunbar,* now of Columbus, Ohio, and *Miss Lena Mae Gardner,* of Shawsville, Virginia, were graduated in the Class of 1935.

The other writers in this issue are now students in the College at Farmville and in classes ranging from freshman to senior.

The awards offered by Beore Eh Thorn for the best student work in this issue are as follows: Poem, Helen Wilkins; story, Mary Jane Pendleton; essay, Margaret Pollard.

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The editors wish to have THE QUARTERLY REVIEW represent all of the departments and interests of the College, and will be glad to consider for publication literary materials from students and alumnae, members of the faculty and administration, and friends of the College everywhere.

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