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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FARMVILLE, VA.

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

CLASS NUMERALS and other data identify the student and faculty writers who have contributed most of the articles in this issue. From among the Farmville alumnae two sisters, Mrs. Julia Johnson Davis and Miss Josephine Johnson of Norfolk, have contributed poems. Since leaving Farmville they have both been active in literary work and have published their poems in various magazines and anthologies of poetry. Mrs. Davis's fine "Ballad of Jack Jouett" appeared in *The Commonwealth. The Bulletin of the Poetry Society of America* pronounced it suitable to be "substituted for Longfellow's poem on Revere". Miss Josephine Johnson, because of the great merit of her latest volume, "The Unwilling Gypsy", and her other poems, has received national recognition as a poet.

Stories by another alumna, Mrs. Carrie Hunter Willis of Fredericksburg, and her daughter, Caroline Willis, '39, appear side by side. So the literary tradition goes on. Since her graduation Mrs. Willis, who has contributed to the *Quarterly Review* before, has collaborated on historical stories for children.

This issue inaugurates a book review section dealing exclusively with books on Virginia. This is a new endeavor to bring to notice in a unified way the many publications which are constantly appearing about the Commonwealth.

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Two Poems

By Josephine Johnson

BY THE CAR TRACK

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her" . . .
Wordsworth

"Why, yes," she said, "I'm country-bred you know,
And country people have to have a garden!
When I first came here, seemed like I would die
For wanting green things growing. But one day
I noticed how the road's not paved at all
Here at this corner where I take the car,
But just a mass of wild things. And I thought
'I'll just take that myself, to be my garden—
Even if I can't work it, I can watch it!'

"You wouldn't believe, ma'am, how pretty it can be!
In spring the wild plum over there all white,
And buttercups so thick! And in that ditch
The frogs all sing at night just like home
Down by the marsh. In summer time there's daisies,
And first the blackberry blooms and then the berries,
And trumpet vine—I couldn't hardly name you
All that comes up along these street car tracks!
And in the fall
The briers turn so bright, and the honeysuckle,
(I 'most forgot the honeysuckle!) And those gum trees
So red they'd almost burn you . . . .

"And you see them coal piers away down yonder?
Not much to look at now, but when it's twilight
They're blue as any hills and 'most as pretty . . .

"This year 'twas so mild my primroses
(I call 'em mine!) bloomed right up to December!
They was the last things went. But even now
I have the berries on this thorny vine
That holds its leaves so tight, all copper-coloured.
I love the briers! 'Twon't be long now, neither,
Before they'll send their little green shoots out
And all begin again!

"Not very much of a garden, ma'am, some folks would say.
But after all
It's what it means to you that makes a thing!
Goodby ma'am, here's my car."

PITY NOT ME

Pity the beetle, caught beneath your tread,
Dragging his crushed side slowly from the sun;
Pity the torn white lily whose drooping head
Shall lift no more to feel the swift sap run—
(Pity not me!)

Pity the coney, trembling in the noose,
Pity the snared bird, and the silver fin
Thrashing the dry sand. Pity all who loose
On their own heads the hair-hung javelin—
(Pity not me!)

Pity the maimed and captive everywhere,
The mute, the broken—all who once were free
To draw sweet breath! Each in his native air
To move, to flower, to live abundantly—
(Pity not me!)

A Prescription—for Women

Carrie Hunter Willis, '11

MARY ANDERSON ran up the short flight of steps from Dr. Randolph's office to the street level. Her cheeks burned and her lips tingled; yet, she knew that it was not from the exercise nor from the cold crisp December night air upon her face. She knew, too, that it was not the exercise either that caused the furious beating of her heart.

But the idea of a harmless kiss from one's own family physician upsetting her like this! Mary almost ran down the street, but as fast as her feet were flying, they could not keep pace with the flood of emotions that were racing through her whole being.

"Now be sensible," Mary whispered to herself, "and get yourself in hand before going home." So she walked several times around the block in which her home stood, before unlocking the door. She took off her hat and coat and put them away. Then she went into the living room where her father-in-law, Colonel Anderson, sat reading and where her two children were studying their lessons.

"It feels like snow outside, Father," Mary spoke calmly.

"Mother," Robert III looked up at her, "may I go with the team to Washington tomorrow? You know you said I might if my report was good."

"Yes, Bob," his mother replied, smiling at her handsome sixteen year old son. "You deserve the trip, and I am most pleased with your fine report. Keep up the good work."

"And Mother," Margaret spoke eagerly, "may I have Nancy Armistead to spend the night with me on Saturday? Her mother is going to be in New York."

"Yes dear," Mary told her twelve year old daughter. "Now you must go to bed. Come, kiss Grandfather and Mother good night."

"And, Mary," Colonel Anderson asked, "may I go up to see Alice this week-end?"

"Of course, you may go to see your only daughter, Father." Mary smiled at her father-in-law's joke.

"Not my only daughter," the old man protested, "you mean my older daughter."

"You are my very own, Child," the old man said affectionately. "There is no in-law spirit between you and me, Mary."

"That is true, Father," Mary replied as she leaned over and patted his hand. "You and I belong."

It was not until she had gone up to her room for the night that Mary had allowed herself to think of Dr. Randolph's kiss. As she lay awake in the darkness, she thrilled again at the warmth and dearness of that kiss. She was even more shocked than when he had kissed her. The idea of Mary Anderson of all people, forty years old and a widow these ten years besides, being kissed! All her life she had been a devotee of all of Mrs. Grundy's strictest conventions. Why, she had never been out with one single man since Bob Junior's death, nor, for that matter allowed one to call on her. But, as surprising as the kiss had been to her, the man who had given it was even more so!

Dr. Randolph was one of the most beloved physicians and surgeons in the city of Philadelphia. He was kind and sympathetic; yet he possessed that professional dignity which often served as a barrier to those who by their useless complaints would try to keep him from those who really needed his services. Mary had never heard anything except praise for the man who had been her husband's life long friend. She remembered Bob Junior's face as he had described Dr. Randolph to her when she had come as a bride to Philadelphia, twenty years ago. His words came back to her now. "Mary," he had said, "you can always trust old Harry Randolph, whether he is serving you as city alderman or as your family physician."

And what a friend he had been to both of them. How patient he had been with her in her anxiety over the children when they had had scarlet fever. She could never forget how he stayed at the hospital, night after night during Bob Junior's illness; how he had fought to save his life; how he had grieved when he had failed.

Mary's thoughts came back to the present. What had led to the kiss tonight? Her birthday? Yes, she had had her fortieth birthday two weeks ago. She had admitted to

herself that she did not mind her brown hair turning gray nor the tell-tale wrinkles coming in her cheeks, but she did mind feeling forty! All summer she had felt tired and listless, but she had thought it was because of the heat. When fall came, with its round of activities, she had felt no interest in her various clubs nor the usual round of social affairs. Then it was that she knew there was something wrong! So she went to interview Dr. Randolph. She was late that first night; so, she was the last patient to see him. She remembered their conversation was just the usual friendly talk of old friends! Bits of it came back to her now. He had said to her—

"How well you are looking, Mrs. Anderson. If I judged you by your looks, I would say you didn't need the advice of any physician!"

"But I do need yours, Dr. Randolph," she had replied. "I am not sick, of course, but I stay tired and lack enthusiasm."

When he had asked her a few questions, taken her blood pressure, he told her that all she needed was some iron.

"I will give you twelve injections, starting tonight. When we have finished those, I will take your blood pressure again." He went over to his medicine cabinet and continued talking. "I usually let Miss Flowers, my nurse, give these, but I want to put the iron into your veins myself. If you will come every other night at eight-thirty, I will give the injections to you."

While he sterilized the needle, Mary thought about the big lonely house upstairs. Dr. Randolph's wife spent so much of her time in New York with a sister! The Randolphs had no children; and, though the Doctor had wanted to adopt one, his wife had refused.

Mary and Dr. Randolph discussed the hospital drive while he injected the iron; then, he held her coat for her. No, there was nothing in that first visit to lead up to the kiss which was still warm upon her lips and as thrilling as it had been two short hours ago! There was nothing in the other nine visits either. Tonight she was later than usual; yet, she found two patients ahead of her. One told her that the doctor had been called out on an emergency

case and had come in only a short time before. In fact, he had not even stopped for dinner.

While she waited Mary's thoughts were those of censure. Mrs. Randolph should stay at home and take care of her husband who was giving his life in service for others. She had not even heard the last patient leave nor the closing of the door.

"You are next, Mrs. Anderson," the doctor spoke. "A penny for your thoughts. I do not think you were dreaming of iron injections."

"Indeed, I was not," she told him truthfully. "Let us leave off the iron tonight. You must be tired. You haven't had your supper, and it is nearly nine o'clock."

"You are very thoughtful," he replied, "but I will get a glass of milk when I go upstairs."

"A glass of milk!" Mary repeated. "And yet we women come to you doctors for advice. Dr. Randolph, you need some one to take you in hand and boss you."

"What I need, you mean, is some one to love me," he said simply.

Mary made no reply as he sterilized the needle. He injected the iron, walked over and picked up her fur coat and held it for her. As she put her arms into the sleeves, Dr. Randolph put his arms around her. She turned to face him, too surprised to speak.

"I have always loved you, Mary," were his astounding words, "first as Bob's wife, then as my own friend. You are the one woman I think of as an ideal—the kind we men put on a pedestal. I have always wanted to hold you close like this—and kiss you." With these words he had kissed her. Mary was too shocked and astonished to speak; for a time neither broke the silence nor the embrace.

But in those moments Mary realized how sweet it was to be loved again. His kiss unlocked all the pent-up yearning and emotions which she had thought dead all these years. Dr. Randolph was right! He did need some one to love him; everybody needed somebody to love him; and everybody needed to be loved! After all, there was nothing in life which mattered so much as a man's love for a woman—a woman's love for a man. Now Mary knew why she had been so tired and jaded. She had been trying to

fill this need with trivial social and patriotic duties. What a dear Dr. Anderson was to tell her that she was an ideal —a woman on a pedestal.

"Man put woman on a pedestal ages go," her mother had argued years ago in her protests against woman suffrage. "And a sorry day it will be for the woman who steps down from it, or even topples one little bit."

"What queer thoughts come to one in a moment like this."

Mary pulled herself away. "Dr. Randolph," her voice trembled, "I cannot let you love me like this. I haven't the right to take what belongs to another woman."

"You are angry, Mary?" he asked as he took her hands. "You are not taking anything which belongs to my wife. You know she does not love me—that she does not want my kiss, and I know that she does not want me to have hers. You and I are starved for affection, Mary. It is as natural for us to want love as it is for our bodies to want food. Come, it is the time of year that one needs a bit of recreation. Tomorrow let's go up to New York for the day. I will meet you at the Pennsylvania Hotel. We will have dinner wherever you say, go to a show, and get home by twelve. We will have a chance to talk. What do you say?"

Mary's mind raced ahead as he talked, planning the necessary duties to be done in her absence. She had promised to let Bob go to Washington. Father would be on his way to see Alice in Baltimore. Margaret—

"I would love to, Dr. Randolph," Mary told him, her eyes shining from excitement, "but I cannot go tomorrow. It will be impossible."

"I wish you would break the engagement, whatever it is, Mary," he had replied as he followed her to the door.

Mary opened the door quickly, then faced him. "Good night, Doctor Randolph," she said. As she ran up the steps, she added softly, "and good bye."

In her room as she lay awake, Mary smiled up into the darkness. "One thing I do know, "she told herself. "I have found what I need, and it isn't iron. Dear Lord," Mary prayed earnestly, "keep me on my pedestal. Thou knowest if he had kissed me once more, I might—please don't even let me topple! Amen."

June Night

Carolyn Willis, '39

"SELMA," sighed Johnny, blissfully soaking in the bathtub on a balmy June night. "Selma!" What a feminine name! It just suited her, too. She was an ideal girl, small, with red-blonde hair and blue eyes, and with the cutest lisp! The way she'd sighed, "John, you're tho big and thwong, how can you weally love little me?" Gosh! Of course, he'd only met her last night at the party Betty gave for his seventeenth birthday. But he knew love when he felt it. She knew it, too. She had let him hold her sweet little hand—so soft. How could he have ever thought he loved Betty? She was the biggest old tom-boy, and she'd never tell a boy he was wonderful. She'd hit him on the back and tell him to go climb a tree, most likely. Selma was like a streak of moonlight—well, not exacty moonlight; her hair was too reddish-orange—lovely, though! She was sort of ethereal. Betty was just a horse.

The chimes of seven o'clock cut short Johnny's reflections on a lady and a tom-boy. He'd have to make Algernon do thirty-five to get to Peggy's on time. Why did Selma have to visit away out at Peggy's—almost as far as Jerry's. And that was ten miles out of town! With a great slamming of bureau drawers, a dash of talcum powder, a slamming of doors, and a clattering on the stairs, Johnny was away with a "S'long! Ma, back around—."

Five miles out of town, he spied Binx Spicer, plodding wearily up the road.

"Where yuh goin' Binx?" yelled Johnny above Algernon's rattles, "Want a ride?"

"Goin' out to Peggy's—peach of a girl visiting her—name's Selma—likes me, too—boy, oh boy! Say! Wait!" But Johnny was tearing furiously down the road, leaving Binx in a cloud of dust. "Huh—Selma said she loved me, Johnny! Binx Spicer is just a conceited fool."

Steaming into Peggy's yard, Johnny's heart leapt.

Selma was waiting for him on the front porch, the darling. She was a dream come true—so feminine in that pale blue ruffledy dress with doo-dads all over it—. An evening gown! Gosh! He didn't know there was to be a dance tonight He calculated rapidly: a dollar for the dance, twenty for gas; he could just make it. He would sacrifice everything next week.

"We'll have thuch fun at tha danth. I want to danth with you. I know you juth danth divinely, John." If they could sit in Algernon for the two hours before the dance, she would never know how nearly broke he was!

Two dances a week for three weeks! She'd be here that long, thank heaven. Movies every other night, swimming, tennis, canoeing, and she promised not to date anyone else. It would be such a wonderful three weeks. And she'd be back for Christmas. And after a year at college, his family would let them marry. They'd love her; she was so sweet. For an hour they made plans, and they agreed on everything. She was so delicate! He'd protect her all his life. Should he kiss her? Would she let him? No, probably she would be offended.

"I've never been kithed, John, and—we're engaged! Oh, I shouldn't have thaid that, but you're tho wonderful."

And then the dance. She danced like a feather. Gosh, all the boys envied him! He introduced all of them to Selma; she was the most popular girl there. That old Bill Bobbitt, though, dancing with her every other minute! Huh, she didn't like him! She was just laughing and talking with him to be polite in the same way that she was with all the other boys. Just because Bill was the best-looking boy in the crowd—. So Johnny had to dance with Betty. She was rather nice—a good dancer, but she wasn't like Selma.

On the way back to Peggy's, Selma was quiet. Well, anyone as delicate as she, Johnny thought, would naturally be tired. So, Johnny talked all the way. As he started to follow her into the house she pouted, "Don't come in, Johnny, I'm tho tired. It's been thwell, but I muth go to bed now. I don't know about the date tomorrow, but if I feel better, I'll let you know. Good night."

Johnny was stunned for a moment. No kiss! And such

a mean tone of voice! But, of course the excitement of dancing, of being engaged, etc., had tired her. With that, he blew her a kiss over his shoulder.

As Jerry's house was only up the road a couple of miles, Johnny steered Algernon toward Jerry's. He had decided that Jerry should be the first to hear about the engagement. Worn out, after the two-hour monologue on the glories of Selma, Jerry yawned. "Well, more congrats, old man. See you tomorrow," and he was off to bed.

Of course, Algernon would pick tonight to run out of gas. Right this side of Peggy's too. Well, Johnny determined he wouldn't be phased; he'd just walk to that filling station on the other side of Peggy's; it was only about a mile. Say! What? Bill Bobbitt's car! What did he hear? "Bill, you're wonderful; of courth, I've never been kith—" Johnny could hear his illusions being smashed to smithereens.

Dazed, it took Johnny a few minutes to see that the filling station was closed. But nothing could matter now; he would walk until the dawn. Then, on the outskirts of town, he realized that Betty would never do such a thing. Betty was a swell girl, and she had looked good tonight! She had said he was a swell guy! She meant it too. Her hair was brown. But gosh! Old Selma dyed hers—five to one! How did he ever think it pretty? Simpering old Selma! Huh!

Betty! Why, he really loved her! He did! He'd go by and take her canoeing tonight—for then came the dawn!

"Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:
Do be my enemy, for friendship's sake!"

—William Blake

The Farm

KATHERINE S. ROBERTS, '38

I love the farm,
Its peaceful dwelling,
Its fields and meadows
All sweet and smelling,
Its living woods
And grass grown lanes
Where wild flowers bloom
And bloom again,
The tinkling stream
Going down to the creek
Where the grasses lean
And tickle their feet,
And everything grows as
It wants to grow,
And the cat-tails laugh
At the froic below,
The squawk of the chickens,
The browsing cows,
The song of the boy
Treading back of the plow.
The fragrant hay
In the old gray barn,
I love it—thank God
I live on a farm!

Modern or "Modernistic"?

Virginia Bedford

Department of Fine Arts, State Teachers College, Farmville, Virginia

ON a recent shopping trip in search of draperies suitable for an apartment furnished in contemporary style, I made inquiry for material in which pattern, weave, texture, and color were simple and harmonious. After seeing the displays of a few samples of the usual floral prints, I asked to see something with more accent on color, more emphasis on surface textures and weave. With a show of quickening enthusiasm and understanding the clerk responded with, "Oh, you want something modernistic! Right this way, please," and he led me triumphantly to a display of startling colors, angular lines, and scattered pattern arrangements, "modernistic" without a doubt, but modern only in that it had just arrived in the shop. It was not beautiful in any way, either as back-ground for a room or as yard material for any purpose. There is no term more erroneously used than the word "modernistic", for it is applied at random to any form of art that is the least unconventional in shape, color, media, or technique.

Art forms have changed in recent years, along with those of literature and science, in ways that may or may not have improved their beauty to the layman's eye. Such cults as impressionism, cubism, expressionism, modernism, were stepping stones to a contemporary art that fits into modern living and they have affected the simpler interpretations of painting, graphic and industrial design, sculpture, and architecture. As in other fields of creative activity, errors have occurred. The results of these errors have been pointed to as "modernistic" art. In mentioning any composition as an example, I may be laying myself open to criticism from authorities; but to me a perfect example is found in Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." This was an example of futurism, a cult attempting to show movement or motion within a composition by rhythmic repetition of objects or forms, but often suggest-

ing a movie reel badly projected. The theory was possibly based on facts; but, no doubt, Duchamp's laboratory experiment was never intended for display. It was intended rather to be judged as an expression of beauty through technique, color and pleasing rhythmic lines. Van Gogh's portraits and landscapes furnish examples of another peculiar development in "modernistic" art. They are the revolting expressions of a crazed mind; but no one of them is without great beauty of color harmony. His last works, in fact, have helped other contemporary painters in mastering the technique of pattern and color. But critics have never accepted this type of so-called "modernistic" art as good art.

In the field of industrial and commercial design, unfortunately, not every furniture dealer and manufacturer can be a judge of art. That would be too much to expect, for the dealer is primarily concerned with the sale of the article, not with its beauty. For this reason, no concern can afford to discriminate in selecting the layout for its advertising or the articles to be offered for sale. Consequently, we find in some homes pieces of furniture that have taken on clumsy forms and lines, or textile and rug patterns that are scattered in arrangement, or acid in color.

Toward the end of the industrial revolution, machine-made products replaced furniture of the early American style with its beautiful lines and proportions and its trimmings, overstuffings, and tapestries which were structurally not fitted to be objects of utility. This resulted in a Hepplewhite, or a Sheraton piece being called an antique because of its rarity as well as its age. This same flair for streamlining and stripping furniture of all decorations makes a modern room seem bleak and drear in comparison with the long-used, over-crowded rooms, bristling with gadgets, pictures, patterns, and gingerbread of the so-called Victorian Era. Because of the lack of trained taste which has produced this result, we find in homes also abstractions in paintings, sculpture, and architecture which are not beautiful. Such extreme effects we call "modernistic."

Everything, therefore, that appears different in form,

or is unconventional according to the standards of past years is not art, nor is it necessarily beautiful. Good art is still based on the laws laid down by the old masters. To them painting was good if it showed, first: the expression of an emotion, story, or theme; second: a pleasing balanced arrangement of parts within the whole; third: a rhythmical line arrangement holding the eye within the composition; fourth: form, projection into space, or distance; and fifth: harmony of color. To the modern artist, these same requisites hold good with variations in technique, media, arrangement and coloring. Simplicity has ever been and probably always will be the keynote to true beauty in art.

Contemporary art is geometric in character. It bases its lines on the simple curve of a circle or on the opposition of right angles. For contrast or accent, it depends on value opposites; and for beauty of color, it depends on unusual but harmonious color combinations. Modern architects use the right angle for roof lines and window frames structurally vertical and horizontal in line for simplicity, economy, and adaptability to climate. Gilbert Rhode, famous for his designs in furniture and industry, has adapted the curve of the circle, a simple arc, to mirrors, chairbacks and arms, staircase railings, table tops, and fireplace units. The fact that a table or a chair assumes a simple blocked form, is devoid of gingerbread or trimmings, and yet is an example of utility, does not necessarily make it "modernistic." If it is a beautiful and usable piece of furniture, simple in line and form and is suitable for a modern home, it is an example of modern art. Because a painter creates a landscape that is decorative in treatment and imaginative in concept rather than one that can boast of a brook or a pink and blue sunset, his work is not necessarily "modernistic". If it is more or less decorative or semi-abstract rather than photographic and presents a creative interpretation of the scene painted, it is an example of modern art.

Let us think of modern art, then, as a contemporary form which is devoid of cults and isms and which satisfies contemporary standards of good taste. Above all, let us be sparing in the use of the hackneyed term "modernistic."

On Seeing Michaelangelo's Moses

Julia Johnson Davis, '10

Jovelike, imperious, and unafraid,
See how he leans upon the books of stone.
These mighty limbs, these sinews were but made
That he might bear his heavy task alone.
As the Philistine in his giant strength,
Like to Jehovah in his wrathful eyes,
He fears no sea or tide, no journey's length,
No priest of Baal, nor prophet in disguise.

This is not Moses. Here is no slow tongue,
No meekness, nor the anguish of a cry
That immemorially from the heart is wrung,
"That I should do this thing, Lord, who am I?"
This is the burning bush, the prophet's rod,
This is no man—it is the voice of God.

Shadows over the Lake

FRANCES E. COLLIE

ROY BLANTON KEYON, JR., his mother, father, and only sister, had been at Misty Lake two days when he suddenly announced that this vacation was turning out just as he had predicted—full of engagements and boresome things. The resort was a grand melting pot for social occasions and successes. But, to one so sophisticated as Roy, it lacked that seething quality which a melting pot should have.

Roy, however, was not greatly disturbed. He was too used to social melting pots to worry over this one. Standing languidly before his dressing-room mirror, the heir to the Kenyon wealth gave his canary-yellow tie a deft twist. No one could tie ties quite as well as he, he reflected with a tinge of satisfaction. Indeed, few people could do things as well as Roy Blanton Kenyon, Jr. To be sure, he was not obnoxiously vain; he was merely sufficiently aware of his blessings.

The telephone tinkled several times before Roy recalled that he had chosen not to have a valet with him on this trip. Stepping over a footstool, he removed the telephone from its hook.

"Hello?" he remarked in an inquisitive tone. "Yes, Mater, yes, I shall be down immediately," he said with an indulgent smile.

Replacing the 'phone, he concluded lightly, "as soon as I get dressed!"

Approximately fifteen minutes later, the feminine guests at the hotel paused in the course of their dining to behold the fair, young Kenyon swain as he entered. He was pointedly unaware of the admiring glances cast in his direction.

Swinging up to the table reserved for the Kenyons, Roy smiled enchantingly.

"Don't bother to try to impress me, Roy," remarked the smart looking girl with a twinkle in her green eyes. "I'm only your sister!"

Roy cast a superior glance over his sister's fair head and seated himself. "I presume, my dear Marcia, that your swim this afternoon accomplished less than nothing toward cooling your wit," he remarked disdainfully. "But neither did it spoil your looks, my dear," he added appraisingly.

"Now, now, children," broke in Mr. Roy Blanton Kenyon, Sr., "let's have our dinner in peace and be through with it. Your mother and I want to have a drive around the lake and then attend the dance at the Beckwith Club. What plans do you have for the evening?"

"Why, I—, began Marcia.

"It's quite superfluous to ask what Marcia expects to do," interrupted Roy provokingly between bites. "Ever since we drove over the mountain and scraped fenders with the Janlis' outfit, Marcia hasn't thought about anything or anybody but Chad Janlis. They've been boating, dancing, swimming, and what not together."

"That's all right, my most esteemed brother. You appear to be having no small following yourself with the combined attentions of two certain vivacious-looking brunettes and a languid blonde, not to mention the rest of your feminine array," she retorted. Turning to her mother, who had been listening laughingly, she announced,

"Mother, Chad and I had already planned to try the Beckwith Club, too; so, I imagine we shall see you and Dad there later. And now I must go and meet Chad, if you will excuse me."

"Then, we shall see you later, my dear," said Mrs. Kenyon, addressing Marcia, as her daughter arose.

"All right, Mother," agreed Marcia. She leaned a little toward Roy. "Just between us," she confided in a stage whisper, "I think the blonde is the most attractive". With that she hurried away.

"Will you go with us tonight, Roy, or have you other plans?" asked Mrs. Kenyon, turning to her son with a fond expression.

"I'm afraid 'no' is the answer to both questions, Mater," he returned regretfully. "I think I shall do a little exploring on my own. I haven't really looked the place over; I should like to find my own amusement for one evening.

Perhaps I shall see you and the pater later on."

"Very well, dear," acquiesed Mrs. Kenyon as they all arose to leave the dining room. "However, I hardly think that Florence Allison, who is standing near the door, will allow you an evening alone if her glances in this direction are any indication," she added in a half-teasing manner.

"Oh-h, be a pal and talk to her, will you? I'm going," he flung over his shoulder.

Dodging around several tables, he reached the door by the time the young lady in question arrived at the Kenyon's table. Outside, the coast seemed clear. There were few people along the walk now, for nearly everyone was still at dinner. Roy drew a deep breath and began walking. He had a keen appreciation of beauty, in addition to his love of self, and as he walked, he found beauty all about him.

The midsummer sun hung in the dip between the two mountains and reflected its golden fire in the clear, placid lake-depths. Now and then, when a chance ripple broke the glass-like surface of the water, darts of fire shot out in every direction. Roy wondered just how far down into the watery vastness those streaks of light went; perhaps they had found an end of the murky depths that man had never reached. As he walked along the path which ran the length of one side of the lake, Roy became aware of the fact that he was nearly at the far end of the natural basin.

"At any rate," he reflected with a good deal of satisfaction, "I shan't be bothered with company." The fashionable paraders rarely advanced farther than half that distance. Walking was too difficult in these steep, vine-grown paths.

Suddenly Roy remembered that this mountain and lake-country abounded in rattlesnakes, and he wondered what he, weaponless, would do if he came across one. He stepped aside from the faint path through the shrubbery and broke off a straight stick from a low mountain laurel. Through a break in the laurel, he saw a large, gray rock formation almost the size of a small house. Curious, he broke his way entirely through and made his way over to it. Looking around one side of the rock, he came to an abrupt stop.

"Well, who would have thought it?" he exclaimed in astonishment. Not ten feet ahead, he saw a grassy clearing in the middle of which stood an attractive bungalow. It was white with green shutters and a green roof. A spiral of smoke curled from the single chimney, and a dim light glowed in a front window.

He almost catapulted himself backwards into the lake when a girlish voice called out cheerily, "Is that you, Dick?"

Roy thought quickly. He was quite sure his name wasn't Dick, but then—

"Hello there!" he called, stepping forward.

A slender figure, half-visible in the dusk appeared in the doorway.

"Who is it?" the figure asked, peering out. She held a frying pan in one hand.

Roy decided to take a chance.

"Just an explorer, commonly known as Daniel Boone and hailing from the North Pole," he volunteered. "I had a polar bear with me, but he fell into the lake and drowned," he added sadly, "and now poor Daniel is in search of"—he sniffed the air suggestively—" a morsel of food."

The girl was a bit startled and more than a bit hesitant. However, her sense of humor came to her rescue.

"But how can you eat so soon after losing your bear?" she inquired curiously.

"My dear young lady," (he was sure she was young), "a man's hunger knows no restraints. Although I grieve over my bear, I'm still quite hungry. (I do wish I hadn't eaten such a big dinner.)" He added the last remark to himself.

"Under the circumstances I'm afraid I can't help a man's hunger. You see," she said gazing ruefully at the still-smoking remains in the frying pan in her hand, "I just burned a panful of bacon."

"Now here is where I make myself useful, for I'm the world's champion bacon-cooker. But first let me introduce myself in a civilized fashion. I am Roy Kenyon, Jr." He bowed low.

"And I am Adele Jordan, but everyone calls me Del." She curtsied.

"How do you do, Del? Now, if you will permit me—" He relieved her of the frying pan. "I presume you have some more bacon—er, and a stove?"

"Oh, yes," she returned laughing. "I didn't quite burn up the stove, and there's plenty more bacon." She led the way inside, and Roy followed, carrying the frying pan with the crisps of burnt bacon. He found himself in a house that was cozy and neat, but he saw more than the cozy neatness of mere rooms. He saw auburn curls sweeping back from a face of creamy warmth. Her eyes were a very deep blue or maybe violet.

Later Roy laughed many times at the remembrance of his role of chef that evening; under such circumstances, the cooking of his first piece of bacon was a memorable occasion. As they sat down to a surprisingly appetizing meal of bacon and eggs, hot biscuit, and coffee, Roy found himself wondering why such an attractive young girl should be out here alone. Unable to find the answer himself, he finally asked her, very tactfully, he thought.

"I thought you'd be curious about that," Del said smiling. "It's really quite simple. You see, I make an attempt at writing a column of literary criticisms for a metropolitan newspaper, and last summer I decided that I wanted to write a book. Result: I rented this little cottage up here, had a green roof put on, the doors and windows made safe against intruders—and here I am! I have come up here for two summers, hoping to get away from the world enough to get some work done on my book." She looked up with a twinkle in her eye. "But I must confess that I was becoming radically bored with living a hermit's life when you crashed upon the scene!"

Roy laughed. "I'm quite relieved that you added that. Was it courtesy or truth? But, tell me, are you ever disturbed by the visitors from the hotel?—others besides me, I mean? And aren't you afraid to stay here alone?"

"Oh, none of the hotel people know this cottage is here, except the management, one of the lifeguards, Dick Hadden, who brings my supplies down for me, and you. When I first heard you tonight, I thought you were Dick. Very few people every come down this far; the thick under-

growth is too much for them. As for my being afraid, I have plenty of ammunition, my good man. Frankly, I almost started after you with it when I first saw you, but I decided you looked harmless enough; besides, when you told me your name, I recognized you immediately. Naturally, I've seen your pictures often enough in the society columns."

The usually suave Roy actually looked pained. "Well, I suppose it's better that you should know from the beginning what a useless being I am; still, I had rather hoped that you wouldn't connect me with ***the*** Kenyon's." Roy had never thought of himself as exactly useless before. He was suddenly struck by a more cheerful idea.

"I say, Del, how about stepping out with me to the dance at the Beckwith Club tonight? We could have one grand evening."

Del's eyes sparkled for a moment. Then she spoke anxiously. "I'd hardly work tonight if I stayed here, but shouldn't you be with someone of your own crowd?"

Roy howled with delight. "You may have seen my pictures, but you evidently didn't read what went along with them. Roy Kenyon, Jr. is answerable to no one for his actions—but his father usually approves. So, get dressed quickly, lady-fair; we're stepping out!"

* * *

An hour later found them in the main ballroom of the Beckwith Club. Roy introduced Del to his family.

Several of Roy's friends in the stag line were obviously interested in the lady of the red curls.

"I say, Ted, who's the lucky lady Roy has been so attentive to for the past fifteen minutes? That's a record for Roy. I don't blame him though; she's charming looking."

"If I had known her, Chuck, I would have cut in decades ago. There goes Dick Hadden to break. Maybe we can get Roy to introduce us now."

Roy had already spotted them, however, for he was making straight for them.

He called out above the din and music.

"Hey! How about coming over and meeting the lady-friend?"

"Well, sa-ay," Ted ejaculated. "You couldn't please us better."

"Fine," commented Roy, "but, hurry; here comes Florence Allison towing Jed Burton." The young men stepped out among the dancers and were lost in the crowd.

The remainder of the evening was a veritable contest between Roy and Dick Hadden, the lifeguard. Roy threatened his friends, Ted and Chuck, with dire consequences if they rushed Del, so, for safety's sake, they desisted. It never seemed to dawn on Dick, however, that Roy Kenyon was growing jealous of him. Roy's cock-sure air had left him, but he managed to maintain his composure outwardly.

The last dance over, Roy got Del away and walked with her to her cabin. She had made it clear that she must get some sleep, for work must be done in the morning . . .

After that night, life to them became a succession of dances, boat-rides in the moonlight, swimming parties, and picnics. Now and then Del seemed to awaken and for days would do nothing but write. Roy's family liked her immensely; Del and Marcia grew to be fast friends, while Mrs. Kenyon took great interest in Del's writing. But Roy had expected this, for he knew his family.

The little cabin at the far end of the lake now saw many visitors come and go.

* * *

One morning late in the summer Del, in an aqua bathing suit, sat disconsolate on the lake shore splashing the water with trim toes; she was evidently hesitant between radiant joy and doubt.

"And all this case of nerves," she thought, "is due to the mere fact that Roy Kenyon proposed last night! Del Jordan, you should be shouting with joy, and, instead, here you sit moping. You know you love him better than you do life itself, and you hesitate just because you believe he should marry a debutante from his own set.

"Still," she told herself, "I'm not sure that it's really love that he feels for me; I couldn't bear it if he ever tired of me."

She gave an impatient kick into the water, stood up and dived. She came up several yards from shore and

swam back with quick, even strokes.

A man's voice rang suddenly from the path.

"My dear Miss Jordan, must I remind you that swimming at this end of the lake is strictly forbidden?" There stood bronzed Dick Hadden in a white linen suit. He carried several boxes.

"Well, Santa Claus," laughed Del, treading water, "how was Norway when you left?"

"In fair condition, in fair condition," returned Dick. "They're expecting a little snow before long."

"Br-r, now I shall have to come out and get warm again," reproachfully said Del and climbed up the bank. "Do you use psychology in solving all your swimming problems?"

"Oh, no," denied Dick, emphatically. "I only use it on my most attractive subjects. Er—where would you have me deposit the supplies, madame?"

"Just put them in the same place in the kitchen, if you don't mind. I guess I'd better go in now, also, and go to work. That book of mine is only half-finished," she confided. She picked up a cape from the bank, flung it about her shoulders, and ran ahead of Dick into the cottage.

Dick placed the boxes upon a shining porcelain table and went on into the front room. Seating himself at the piano, he began playing. Soon Del, in a navy-blue house dress, entered and came over smiling.

"Play something for me," she requested.

"Why certainly," he agreed swinging with a flourish into "Star Dust," one of Del's favorites. He played well, and Del beside him listened, absorbed. When he finished, there was complete silence; then, before Del could speak, Dick turned and placed an arm awkwardly about her shoulders.

"Del, can't you see that I'm in love with you? I've loved you for so long, and every day I've grown to care more. Darling, will you marry me?"

Unable to speak for the moment, Del sat perfectly motionless with a surprised, pained look in her eyes. Neither of them heard the door open, and not until Roy spoke was his presence known.

"It seems that I am intruding," he began in an icy

voice. "Still, I feel I must say goodbye to Miss Jordan. I shall hardly be seeing her again." Turning quickly, he walked out, shutting the door, just as if he were turning a page to the next chapter . . .

* * *

For Roy Kenyon, Jr. the next half-a-dozen nights were as bright and gay, at least outwardly, as they were dismal and lonely for Del. She remained in her cabin and would see no one. But Roy went about to all the amusement places, and always his companion was the vivacious Florence Allison. Florence had proved herself a capable manager. Catching Roy on the rebound, she pampered and taunted him alternately in just the right-sized doses.

In her singularly smooth way, she came to get a great deal of Roy's confidence. Mrs. Kenyon, meanwhile, had not only tried to talk to Roy, but she had even tried to see Del and had failed. By no means did she disapprove of Florence, for the girl had been a social success and seemed to be familiar to the elite. Roy's mother explained that she knew practically nothing of Florence's family, for Florence was only a vistor from London. She was forced to admit, however, that her information was more than a bit hazy.

After a dinner given in Florence's honor one night in late August, Florence and Roy hurried up to the Kenyon suite to get their wraps

Getting ready ahead of Florence, Roy waited impatiently. Then, thinking he heard her walking toward the door of his mother's room, he walked lightly over expecting Florence to walk out. He started to call her name, but as he looked across the room, he saw her fumbling with a drawer of his mother's dressing table. She hadn't heard him enter, and quickly she slipped something shiny which she had removed from the drawer into her evening bag. Turing around, she took a step forward, and then, seeing Roy, she almost gasped aloud.

"Roy, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"That is precisely what I was about to ask you, Florence," he remarked. "Would you object to my looking in your purse?" He crossed the room, at the same time extending a hand.

Florence regained her composure as quickly as she had lost it.

"There is nothing there which could possibly interest you, dear. Let's hurry on to the car," she said coaxingly.

With a glint in his eye, Roy deftly snatched the purse from her grasp, opened it before she could object, and lifted out—a diamond bracelet! It was his mother's, one which had been much photographed and talked about, for it cost a fortune in itself.

Florence was thoroughly scared.

"Roy, I had to do it; I vow I did. It was either getting that bracelet or being taken for a ride. I did it under orders from—well, from a superior. I'll go away, and you'll never hear from me again; but Roy, don't turn me over to the police. Don't do that, I beg of you."

Roy held out the evening bag.

"Get out, Florence, and do it as quickly and as quietly as possible. If you know your game at all, you'll keep the particulars of this to yourself; you'll forget that it ever happened."

Florence took the extended purse.

"Goodbye, Roy, thank you, and"—there was a catch in her voice—"try to forgive me." With a wistful look in her eyes, Florence walked quickly across the room and through the door. As she went out, she met a grim-faced Dick Hadden coming in.

That was a stormy session Roy and Dick held then. Forcing Roy to sit down, Dick began by suggesting several names for Roy other than the one he generally used. Then, Dick informed Roy in no uncertain terms that he, Dick, was in love with Del; after that he told how Roy had come in upon Del and him in Del's cottage. Sparing himself nothing, he even told of his proposal to Del. When he saw that the situation was dawning upon Roy, he concluded by remarking that he himself, was leaving the resort that night for his home, as college opened in two weeks.

With that, he started for the door, but before he reached it, Roy caught up with him and extended his right hand. As they shook hands, Roy said gruffly, "Thanks,

old man." Dick clapped Roy on the shoulder and managed a ghost of a smile, as he went out the door.

* * *

Midnight and a golden moon found Roy walking slowly and dejectedly along the lake shore. He appeared unaware —but was he?—that he was making his way towards the far end of the lake. All at once, a few feet ahead, he saw a familiar form at the water's edge. The girl, for it was a girl, was making fast a canoe; as she straightened up, she saw Roy. She was silhouetted against the bright moonlight path, and she stood perfectly motionless.

Roy spoke first.

"Del, would you let me try to explain about—everything? Would you listen to me?" he entreated.

Del's eyes, as she raised them to meet his, were soft and clear.

"I am listening, Roy," she replied in a low voice. Roy came over to where she stood, and they began walking.

As they walked, Roy told Del of Dick's visit and of his discovery that he had acted hastily that day at the cabin. Then, forcing himself to it, he told her of Florence and who she proved to be, for he saw the question, unspoken though it was, in Del's eyes.

"She never meant anything to me, Del. I thought by going about with her, I could heal my wounded vanity and maybe forget you. You must believe that, Del. Can you forgive me—ever?" he said brokenly. "I've been an awful cad, and I've muddled things up terribly."

Without hestitation, Del turned to him and placed a hand tenderly on each of his shoulders.

"Roy," she said, "you have hurt me deeply, but you've also given me plenty of time to think. You are hasty, Roy, and you have much to learn of life, real life, I mean, not the thing which you have called life. But I am willing to be the one to help you, if you will only let me." She smiled through her tears.

Roy, looking down into her eyes, saw only forgiveness and love. Now there was only one shadow on the lake shore where there had been two!

And Have You Read My Lonely Love?

DOROTHY WRIGHT, '39

And have you read my lonely love?
No word I've said;
And yet, at times,
Your silence
Shouts aloud
And bids me to distrust
My very heart.

Show me, that you alone have read
My secret—
My secret love, unshared
And doomed to live
Unsaid, unsung.
Then pledge to keep it so
And trick tragedy.

MONOLOGUES

NAN THROCKMORTON, '39

DID SHE DARE?

NOW listen, Marge. For the last time, I don't love you. I never did. I thought you were a cute kid, and it was fun playing around with you. But the fun is all over. So take it like a sport and go home and be a good girl. You will get over it in a little time. Of course, I told you I loved you, but you shouldn't be so darned serious minded and believe everything a man tells you. You weren't the first girl in my life and you won't be the last. For lands sake, stop that sniveling and go home. All right then, I'll leave. No man wants a girl that throws herself at him so obviously. We men like subtlety and sophistication—not girls that take everything we say seriously and expect us to marry them just because we kiss them and say we love them. You don't think for a minute that I wasn't going with another girl at the same time I was going with you, do you? Well I was and I told her the same things I told you, only she had sense enough to take them for what they were worth and was willing to drop out of the picture when it was all over. Why, she has another man on the string now; and they are doing the same things that we did, only both of them realize that it is all in fun. It will be over in a few weeks. I said, stop crying! It makes you look like the very devil; and I loathe women that make such fools of themselves. Sylvia doesn't do it; and she and I get along fine. Yes, I'm going with her now, and I'm enjoying it, too. That's right, buck up. I knew that you would be smart about it when you understood. But you still have a lot to learn. Hey, you little fool, put that gun away. Don't you know that it's against the law to carry firearms? And don't be so melodramatic about it. I know perfectly well that you aren't going to commit suicide over me. People don't do things like that in this day and age. What? You are going to shoot me because, if you can't have me, no one else will? Don't be

a fool. You'll be sent to the electric chair if you do. Besides you wouldn't dare. No—you wouldn't dare. Oh, my God Marge, you did dare, didn't y—

THE WOMAN SCORNED

Kathleen

TEN days and I haven't heard from him! No man can do a thing like that to me and get away with it. I'll get even with him in some way. He has probably met someone he fancies more. Well—I shall find out who it is and when I finish talking to her she won't have a thing to do with him. She will hate him, loathe him—I'll make her. I'll teach him that he can't treat me the way he thinks he can. He'll come back to me—be glad to do it. His vows of eternal love! Don't make me laugh. He should know me well enough now to know that I never trust a man even when he is with me. Men may be faithful physically when they are in sight, but no person can tell about their mental adherence. No man is capable of complete fidelity. He will see what power I have. He'll never be able to leave me and be happy, for if he does I shall ruin his love, his peace and happiness. He will learn that it is not wise to cross little Kathleen. She is not as meek as she seems. He will write and beg forgiveness. My friend, all of your life, you will regret not writing to me.

Joanne

Ten days and I haven't heard from him! Why—what have I done? Doesn't he know I am miserable when he treats me like this—that my heart aches until I can hardly bear it? Does he love someone else?

O God! Please, oh please—let him write to me. I can't bear it much longer. Make him see and understand that I love him and that whatever he does is right in my eyes, but not to keep me in such misery. If there is another girl let her love him and let her make him happy. Let him be happy with her if that's what he wants. Make her treat him right. Only she can't love him as I do. No one can. If he really loves her, let him have her. But, God, please

don't let it be her he wants and loves; let it be me. But whichever he does choose, let him write to me one last letter. Oh, yes, it will hurt; but it will be a part of him, one thing more that I can treasure with his letters and with my memories.

Can't he feel my love and longing for him? I don't want to hold him; he'd hate that; but if only he could love me a little, it would help so much. I do want him to be happy, honestly I do, God—but I love him so that—oh, I don't know. Let him love me!

Doloppy

Nan Seward, '38

Among the weer and wurrem flops
My dancing takes the cakes—
New York City calls the cops
To stop my bumptious breaks.

With glibsome glides I take my strides
And Jaedle cannot follow,
Beyond far mountains romps my pride
In floatings as the swallow.

A mumbly mob arranges ranks
And sleuthful glampses chase us;
They envy my techniqual pranks—
Ambitious join the fracas.

Oh lackaday and whimsy whoofs . . .
They'll never understand me,
They're just a gang of graceless goofs,
While rhythm does command me.

Ibsen and the Drama of Ideas

Virginia Bean, '37

INTO the dramatic world of unreality, insipid romance, and the convention-bound "well-made-play" of the 19th century, Henrik Ibsen's "Doll's House," introduces an element never before used on the stage—the idea. The date of this play, 1879, marks the beginning of modern drama.

In the realm of drama, there are two opposing schools of thought. There are those who with Norman Hapgood say, "The only ideas of value in tragedy are those whose light is beauty." They say "art for art's sake only", and deplore the modern tendency toward the emphasis on analytic thought above beauty. On the other hand are those who insist that drama without ideas has no place in modern life. Professor Thomas H. Dickinson says, "Modern drama is concerned with ideas first and foremost. It has been created out of a world of thought, peopled by speculative mannikins, circumscribed by logic and directed to the understanding. It may safely be said that every great modern play can be stated first in terms of abstract ideas, and only secondarily in terms of personal living. In modern drama, life has been reduced to formulas. Now, every great drama from Aeschylus to Synge has at its heart a modicum of ideas. It has been characteristic of modern drama to isolate and specify its ideas rather than to submerge and imply them." Clyde Fitch says, "If you inculcate an idea in your play, so much the better for your play and for you and for your audience," and George Bernard Shaw remarked, "For art's sake alone, I would not face the toil of writing a single sentence."

Henrik Ibsen, Norwegian realist and symbolist, individualist and progressive, was the chief exponent of this latter group. Ibsen was, within himself, an intensely dramatic personage. The violence with which he tore at tradition and the almost brutally frank way in which he exposed the social evils of his day made him the center of international controversy. Ibsen wrote primarily for the

intellectual. He was a deep thinker, and he used the stage as the medium by which to give the world the truth as he saw it.

With Ibsen, the idea transcends the story in importance; but, more than any other modern dramatist, he successfully adjusted story to idea. He used characters and incidents which vitalize the truth he had conceived, but he did not so emphasize the truth as to leave it standing out emotionally abstract. He reached the mind through the heart. His characters are real human personalities whose stories seize us and hold our closest interest. Through the interest in their lives and the development or destruction of their characters, we perceive the fact which he is presenting. He stimulates thought and directs attention to those phases of personal conduct or social convention which he feels to be faulty and hypocritical.

During Ibsen's long period of preparation for the work which was to mark him as the greatest of modern dramatists, he developed a mastery of technique. Much of his skill as a playwright, he owes to the examples of Scribe, Alexandre Dumas, the younger, and Emile Augier. He became quite a master of the "well made play", later using it in a far more flexible way than any of his colleagues. Following a period in which he used romantic themes, epic in quality, he produced three works which were totally different both in style and treatment. These were the forerunners of "The Doll's House." They were both realistic and satirical, and were in modern settings. "The Comedy of Love", "The League of Youth", and "The Pillars of Society" were experiments in the field of social criticism. They definitely attacked conventions of marriage, political hypocrisy, and domestic life which Ibsen saw with the eyes of a critic and a thinker. In these plays he discovered his true vocation in art, and from that time on he kept to it. In the next dozen plays he wrote, beginning with "The Doll's House," he was able to state in dramatic form a number of social problems and conditions of especial interest and significance to his generation. However, in so doing he encountered the difficulties of a man who speaks frankly to a people who cannot see. His views were so new and advanced that his plays raised a storm of criticism

and revolt which is hard for us to comprehend in our age of greater enlightenment.

For some time a false happy-ending was tacked on to "The Doll's House" so that producers would present it and actors play it. For many years "Ghosts" could not be presented abroad because of the turmoil it created when published, and it remained for a group in Chicago, Ill., to be the first to produce it on the stage. Ibsen shocked his own people and those of Europe by unhesitatingly satirizing certain conceptions or ideals that men have erected to govern their conduct. He wielded a "two-edged sword of satire" which cut the compromiser and the uncompromising. He revealed the hypocrisy of those who profess an ideal but do not live up to it. On the other hand, he pictured the disaster which befalls the few who are wholly true to an ideal which is unworthy. Ibsen says, "It is nobler to follow your ideal than to profess it; but, first, be sure that your ideal is worthy to be followed."

Few phases of society escaped portrayal in crude colors at his hand. In "Brand" it was religion; in "An Enemy of the People" it was politics, glib pass words of patriotism and common welfare, and the false ideal of democracy. The conventional conceptions of marriage are attacked in "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts". It was not only social conventions which interested the "awakener" in Ibsen; he was an ardent individualist. He rebelled against the collective uniformity preached by democracy and saw the need of each individual to express his own self through the will. He wrote to Bjornson, "So to conduct one's life as to realize one's self, this is the loftiest attainment of man." Although he glorified individualism by showing the tragedy of persons who lacked it, such as Mrs. Alving and Hedda Gabler, he does not forget its limitations. He gives us Brand, Borkman, Eylof's parents, and Rebecca West, who in their extreme individualism and absolute self-absorption ruined their own lives and those about them. Ibsen tells us that "sheer individualism defeats itself."

Ibsen's influence has been widespread, and he has followers among the dramatists of almost every nation. To his works the realistic drama of ideas, the problem

play, the symbolic drama, and other modern trends may be traced. His international reputation has been due not only to his introduction of thought into drama, but also to his mastery of the art of the treatment of dramatic themes. Besides converting his audience, he moved them by arousing their emotions. Both as an artist and a thinker, Ibsen is considered by many to be the greatest dramatist of modern times.

Calling

Nan Seward, '38

Poetry takes my breath away—
    Leaves me in holy mood;
It makes my very thoughts turn gray,
    My spoken word sound crude.

Longing tells me, "Write your verse
    To inspire a soul or two."
Then friendly jibes my hopes disperse—
    And still hopes rise anew.

For verse can bid my heart stand still,
    Or race with beatings fast—
It gives my very soul a thrill
    Which lingers till the last.

FRAGMENTS

These bits of verse I've brought
Mere words with now and then a thought,
Mere tastes of what I feel and think,
Sips and not a drink.
I offer them without a plea
For the real poetry in me
And that I love the best,
Still remains unexpressed

DOROTHY WRIGHT, '39

Rainbow

An arc of color cut the sky
In promise serene
And dropped into a clump of trees.

BETTY SUE CUMMINGS, '39

Understanding

Two silences—
An answering smile.

Love

For youth—romance
For middle age—compensation
For old age—understanding

Constancy

Love you?
Until larks in heaven forget to sing.
Forget you?
When robins fail to hear the call of spring.

ALPHA LEE GARNETT, '39

Illusion

Sunshine
Drifts into my soul and prints a kiss
Upon my heart.

ERVIN MAY HAMILTON, '38

The stars looked as if I might rope them, and draw them down to earth.

GEORGIE CUSTIS, '38

Happiness laughs aloud in the face of trouble.

Sympathy,—those quivering strings that are attuned to others' woes.

PATTIE JEFFREYS, '38

Forgiveness like sunset beauty after a rainy day.

JOHNNY LYBROOK, '40

Rose

Lovely rose,
Half blown,
Half closed,
Dew wet—
I can't
For-get
The sweetness brought
By heaven's tears
Upon your heart.

KATHERINE S. ROBERTS, '38

SKETCHES

The Lamplighter

NAN SEWARD, '38

A handful of golden glimmers—and I—hesitated in the dusk, by a stone wall. Temperamental winds picked up the multi-hued leaves, whirling them fitfully around in a twilight dance, and I was the spectator. The quiet hour of evening had approached, was here, and bade me pause a moment in the hedge gate at the end of the wall. I grasped my skirts close to me, but persistent leaves rustled upwards as I swept softly by into the composure of the gate. It was as though Nature had commanded me, and I had obeyed.

From distant cottage windows a few bold streams of light spoke "Cheerio" to the gloom outside and gathered up their own warmth to dispel the chill inside. I bethought me of my own small cot waiting for me with already lighted countenance, but I was held in my place by some whim of Autumn's, I suppose. For in a moment the Old Man shambled up over the Green and the wind died down. As he approached the lamp-post opposite my gate his lantern shot gleams back and forth. The long and short of the lamplighter's legs came running back to him with each swing of the lantern and ran on again to tell me he was nearer. Slung on its rusty handle was the Old Man's treasure, his life, grasped firmly in the accustomed manner and glowing with the incandescence which sustained his being. As the light drew me into its circle, its bearer glanced up, lit my mind with a smile, and touched his protege, the street lamp, on its head. And in the darkness, we two gleamed brilliantly each shining with an inner radiance inspired by a passing glimmer in the dusk.

Andrew's Teeth

LENA MAC GARDNER, '35

WHEN Andrew talked, I saw more of his lower teeth than I did of his upper teeth. At first, they repulsed me. Now, I find them fascinating to watch. After making some very pronounced statement, he would click them together as though he were proud of their strength.

Last winter, Andrew often came by after dinner to see me. Usually, he carried a small book of verse under his arm, or in his great overcoat pocket. In his full warm voice, he read the poems to me. I closed my eyes and listened. They were delicate and beautiful, like 'cello notes. But my eyes would not stay closed for long. Some invisible magnet pulled my eye lids back and made me watch Andrew's straight, tall teeth. Immediately, I began thinking of saws, horses, and corn-on-the-cob. That is why I couldn't keep from being embarrassed when Andrew closed his book and asked, "Didn't you like that last verse, dear?"

My answer was invariably, "I don't know."

Andrew went home after that. "All girls," he must have thought, "are stupid creatures."

Jimmy's Stagefright

CHARLOTTE MORTON, '39

HAVE you ever been up on de stage, all by yourself, 'an had to speak a piece—even a teeny, weeny, short one? I had to once, ist once, mind you.

De teacher tol' me all about it one day right after recess. Jiminy chirpin' crickets, wuz I proud? Say! I betcha if somebuddy had a stuck me wid a pin 'at I would a oozed down like a balloon.

Wal, sir! I 'ist went home an' said it an' said it. I said

it to de pigs, an' chickens, an' horses, an' ist ev'rybuddy an' ev'rything. Maw, she got tired an' wouldn't let me say it no more.

Betty's fellow come one night, an' I happened to be a-sayin' it in de parlor. Ann' Betty looked at me fierce-like and said, "For cryin' out loud." 'Nen she yelled to Maw to make me shut up.

'Nen de day come. W'en I got up I wuz feelin' fine, an' not 'til Paw and Maw an' de rest of 'em tol' me not to get scairt, did I begin to git sick. My stummick felt so funny, an' my throat, an' my knees began to wobble.

Maw let me wear my long pants. She scrubbed me, an' scrubbed me, even behin' my ears. 'Nen she made me put on my new shoes, what squeaked an' squeaked.

Paw got de car out an' we all drove down to de school. Everybody wuz dressed up, an' Speed an' de rest of de fellows wuz out in front yankin' all de girls' ribbons. 'Nen dey'd run inside, ist a hollerin'. But I couldn't go, cause Maw, she wuz holdin' my hand.

At las' my time come, an' I could feel my ears gettin' red, an' my hands wuz ist as col', kinda fish-like.

I said de first verse, an' de second verse, but fer de life of me I couldn't think of de third. I stood on first de right foot, 'nen de left', 'nen both. All de time my shoes was squeakin' so loud I couldn't hear myself think.

Somebuddy out dere wuz a-makin' faces at me, an' I could hear Speed in de side room say: "Aw! you big hunk o' cheese."

Ev'rything wuz ist as blurred, an' I wuz gettin' hot an' col' by turns. I could hear somebuddy tryin' to tell me de nex', but I couldn't quite catch it.

'Nen I ist couldn't stand it non longer. I runned! Nex' thing I knowed, Maw wuz holdin' me ist as tight, an' I wuz ist a bellerin'.

But one thing I know. I ist know it! I'll never, ever git up to speak a piece again.

VIRGINIA BOOKS

NAN SEWARD, *Editor of Book Reviews*

THE Virginia tradition perhaps enjoys greater prestige than that of any other American state. As a consequence, more histories, novels, and books of travel and description are based on Virginia material than upon material derived from any other state, with the possible exceptions of New York and Massachusetts, which are urban states with pronounced literary inclinations. Yet, curiously enough, Virginians frequently complain that the past and present of their commonwealth are not adequately chronicled. Obviously there is ignorance among Virginians concerning what is being written about their state. In order to have a modest share in dispelling this lack of knowledge, ***The Farmville Quarterly Review,*** with this issue, adopts the policy of reviewing Virginia books exclusively. Should there not be some means of calling to the attention of Virginians, with a uniform emphasis, what is being written about themselves, their forbears, and their state? The numerous book reviews which now circulate among us emphasize the writing of New York City and Europe. It is hoped that the reviews of the works of scholarship and art which appear in this publication will aid Virginians in learning about Virginia books, and will, to a degree, compensate the scholars and artists for the trouble they have had in portraying in literary form the glories and problems of the oldest commonwealth of the United States.

Populism in the Old Dominion: Virginia Farm Politics, 1885-1900

By WILLIAM DUBOSE SHELDON, *Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1936, Pp. X and 182. $2.00.*

VIRGINIA inherited from the War between the States economic conditions as bad as those of any other Southern state. These conditions were worst in that

section of Virginia known as "Southside." This was the troublesome Black Belt where poverty and misery ruled and where the presence of large masses of Negroes militated against intelligent farming. The price of tobacco, the great commercial crop of this area, was chronically low, and the lack of adequate capital and credit resources was responsible for a hand-to-mouth system of tenant farming. These circumstances caused much economic and political bitterness and discontent among the white rulers of the land. The passing of years brought no relief. Tobacco prices sank lower and lower because of the machinations of the American Tobacco Company, a great monopoly which gained control of the buying of the tobacco. The buyers of this company went into the local markets and deliberately depressed the prices by establishing low bids.

Under these circumstances, the Virginia farmers eagerly turned to the Farmers' Alliance, a national organization which made glowing promises of relief from the agricultural ills. Its main object was to get the farmers out of the clutches of the hated middlemen by providing means for co-operative buying and selling. The many district and state conventions and local rallies and picnics which the Alliance fostered gave relief from a barren social life, which had previously been provided only by quarterly court-day and cracker-barrel talks in the country stores. Moreover, the religious and secret features of the Alliance ritual were intriguing to a people of profound religious convictions who normally were without institutions which adequately satisfied the ceremonial inclinations in man. Consequently the Farmers' Alliance soon had thousands of Virginia farmers on its rolls. For the members of such an organization to turn to politics for the redress of deeply cherished grievances was not difficult for persons educated in the traditions of Virginia. This opportunity came with the advent in 1892 of the Populist Party, a pro-farmer organization with frankly political objectives. Forgetting the non-political objectives of their organization, men in the Alliance joined hands with the Populists, and for a time created a disturbing situation for the traditional Democratic rulers of the state. But as soon as time cooled the hot passions aroused in the breasts of the

farmers by the agitations of the Populist Party, the Alliance and the farmers returned to their traditional loyalty to the Democratic Party. Both the Farmers' Alliance and the Populist Party disappeared from the Virginia scene as rapidly as they had entered it. Today they scarcely exist even in the memory of Virginia farmers.

Mr. Sheldon, a Princeton undergraduate, has made a thorough study of this episode in Virginia politics. His narrative is sure and clear and based on a careful reading of contemporary newspapers and other original sources. It is as scholarly and as well written as the typical doctor's thesis. That he has been able to do so well is evidence of the maturity of the young man and the high standards of scholarship and writing which evidently prevail in the undergraduate college of Princeton University, where this book was accepted for honors work in history.

PATTIE BOUNDS, '39

Lexington in Old Virginia

By HENRY BOLEY, *Richmond: Garrett and Massie, 1936. Pp. XII and 235*

HENRY BOLEY was born and has lived his whole life in and around Lexington. He is a very entertaining person, has many friends, and meets most of the interesting people who visit Lexington. The only book store in this charming little town is owned and operated by Boley himself, who takes an active interest in all the events of local importance. Because of this vital interest, he has compiled all obtainable data on the history of Lexington and the vicinity and its most important inhabitants.

In 1777 the county of Rockbridge was formed and Lexington, its county seat, was named in honor of the Revolutionary battle at Lexington, Massachusetts. During its early history, it weathered many hardships and became firmly established as a town. The population is made up almost entirely of Scotch-Irish, although there are a good many of the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch farmers in the surrounding county. In 1776, Liberty Hall Academy, later

called Washington College, and now Washington and Lee University, was founded in Lexington. Virginia Military Institute was established in 1816. Graduates of both the schools have played important parts in the destiny of our country.

There are many other features of historic interest centered about this little town in the heart of the mountains. Both General Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson lived in Lexington for many years and are buried there. Matthew Fontaine Maury taught at the Virginia Military Institute and died in Lexington. Natural Bridge and Goshen Pass are nearby points of scenic interest.

The author takes up many interesting personalities around Lexington and tells anecdotes concerning them, including several very amusing colored persons. The chapter on Miss Annie Jo White, who is still living, is particularly entertaining.

This book should be especially enjoyable to natives of the Valley of Virginia. Lexington is a typical town of the Old South and promises to remain so. The population has been about three thousand people for thirty years or more. There are no factories, and the chief aim of the townspeople is to promote education and to keep the small town as nearly as possible as it was in the old days.

FRANCES HUTCHESON, '39

William Mahone of Virginia, Soldier and Political Insurgent

By NELSON MOREHOUSE BLAKE, *Richmond: Garrett and Massie, 1935. Pp ix and 323. $3.00.*

THIS study of the last of the great Virginia public characters of the nineteenth century is very thorough. Mr. Blake has made painstaking use of the vast collection of Mahone papers carefully deposited by Mr. Mahone in the basement of his home. Unfortunately, the author's interest in the scholarly phases of his work has led him to sacrifice his opportunity for the dramatic and the sprightly. The colorful, picturesque, and

humorous phases of Mahone's career are missing from these pages. At least one-fourth of the book is given to footnotes, and most of the interesting paragraphs are hidden there. The author's interest in the historical and economic background crowds out his supposed biographical interest. His original intention, he tells us, was to write a history of Virginia railroads.

Mahone was a colorful personality. He is described by a contemporary as a small thin man, five feet five inches tall, with a high falsetto voice. His hands and feet were very long and unusually narrow. Because he was such a fastidious dresser, not only his suits and shirts, but also his shoes had to be made to order. His tailor often exclaimed, "I would rather make dresses for eight women than a suit for the General! He is so hard to please." He learned to play poker at his father's tavern and there developed a colorful vocabulary of off-color language.

A graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, Mahone distinguished himself before the Civil War as a builder of railroads. His most brilliant achievement in this respect was the construction of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad. His marked ability as a soldier won him the rank of major-general in the Confederate Army, and his conduct at the Battle of the Crater made him one of the outstanding military heroes of the South. Lee's confidence in him was so great that the Great Virginian at one time contemplated retiring from the command of the Army of Northern Virginia and nominating Mahone for his position.

An amusing story is told concerning Mahone's injury at the Second Battle of Manassas. Mrs. Mahone was very much alarmed when Governor Letcher brought word of her husband's injury.

"Now don't be concerned," said the Governor; "after all, it's only a flesh wound."

"Flesh wound!" exclaimed the lady, "It can't be a flesh wound; the General hasn't any flesh!" There was truth in this statement for Mahone weighed only one hundred pounds.

After the War, Mahone again became a railroad builder and promoter, bending his great talents to railroad con-

struction, finance, and consolidation. When the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad went into the hands of the receivers in 1881, he turned to politics. At first he was a conservative Democrat; but the exigencies of a complicated political situation led him to head a bolting coalition known as the Readjuster Movement. The Readjusters elected him to the United States Senate. Although he never joined the Republican Party, he co-operated with that party in the Senate, believing that its aims were more nearly those of the Readjusters than were those of the Democratic Party. This was too much for orthodox Virginia. This great hero of the Confederacy she now deemed a traitor, and "Billy Mahone" became the most hated man in the state.

Mr. Blake, with all the Mahone letters before him, treats Mahone's part in the Readjuster Movement most sympathetically, and saves the memory of this much abused leader from the persecutions of his enemies. It is this successful vindication that makes the book a notable contribution to Virginia history.

MARY MAHONE, '40

Soldier of the South
General Pickett's War Letters to His Wife

Edited by ARTHUR CREW INMAN. *Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. Pp. xiv and 157. $2.50.*

THE letters of George Edward Pickett, Confederate soldier and gallant commander of the "Game Cock Brigade", first appeared in McClure's Magazine and bore the title "The Heart of a Soldier." In 1913 they were first published in book form.

General Pickett's ability as a leader, his steadfast nature, and his understanding of men gained for him the respect and love of his followers throughout his military career. It was, however, the third day of the memorable struggle at Gettysburg that placed him among the ranks of those who remain immortal in the hearts of all Southerners.

On July 3, 1863, the supreme honor and responsibility of leading the fateful charge against the enemy was given to General Pickett. He led his men across the shell-infested area toward Cemetery Hill, spurring then on with his unfailing gallantry and unquestioning faith. Then his efforts proved fruitless; his hopes and the hopes of the Confederacy were shattered by Longstreet's delay which deprived the South of its one chance for independence. In spite of failure, Pickett's charge stands a glorified picture in the history of the South.

The letters in this volume were written by General Pickett to La Salle Corbell whom he married in 1863. They are of historical value and interest in that they give the reader a panoramic view of the part which Pickett's forces as well as those of others played in the War between the States. They are also of biographical value in that they give the thoughts and innermost feelings of General Pickett himself. These letters are flavored with the glamour and romance of the past, with the General's faith in God and in Virginia, and with his tender love for his wife.

Some selections in the book are particularly interesting to the reader because of the contrasts in the writer's feelings. Several letters bring out clearly the emotional struggles which General Pickett experienced. He was constantly torn between his duty for his country and his adoration for his wife. The only reprimand ever given Pickett by General Lee was given on the day that Pickett's son was born. Upon hearing of the birth of his son, Pickett said to his commander, "General, my son was born today."

In reply General Lee said, "Your country was born almost one hundred years ago." Forever true to his principles, Pickett remained with his forces.

The editor of this volume has been scrupulous in the choice of his material. He states that, as far as possible, he has given the readers the original words of the writer. In some instances, however, the wording has been slightly altered to meet with the changes which have been brought about by the passage of time. A comparison of passages available in the original reveals that the editors have altered both the meaning and the flavor of General

Pickett's sentences. This seems quite unwarranted. It deprives the book of the authenticity it should have and makes the reader doubt the good taste and the scholarship of the editors. The historical background, the romance of the Civil War days, and the beauty of General Pickett's literary style, however, make ***Soldier of the South*** a source of genuine enjoyment.

ISABEL WILLIAMSON, '40