

THE PROFESSOR AND THE NECKBONES

"My dear," said Mrs. Fayette, as she opened the door of the study, "my dear, excuse me for disturbing you."

The old professor looked up and laid his pen on the desk. He noticed that his wife was dressed in an old red broadcloth dress with a black rayon coat around her; and he saw the gentle smile on his wife's face which she had kept ever since they had been married.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked. "You'll have to go to the post office and see if we received any mail today," she said. "And then, on your way back, you might stop at the meat market."

"I'd better stop at the meat market first," said Mr. Fayette.

She replied, "Whatever you think best, my dear." He put on his old wool brown coat with the black warm collar and pulled his cap down on his head. And after giving a look of mixed melancholy and regret, he went to the kitchen and took down the old greasy shopping bag with small holes in it.

"You're not going to scrub the kitchen today in this rainy weather," he said. "Well we can't live in a dirty place all the winter."

The only fire they had was in the study because it was necessary for him to try to continue his great work on THE LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO and his works. They had a couch in the study and they slept and ate in here.

Despite the fact that she was becoming old and had occasional heart attacks which frightened him, he could not afford her a servant or even an occasional lady to help her do house cleaning. As he began walking toward the meat market, all of these ideas came to him. He felt very sad. He had never had enough money to give his wife the opportunity to take a vacation.

There was a long line of people already waiting on the sidewalk, composed of women and children all muffled up with different colored head scarfs tied under their chins, and large handbags in their hands. They were pressing against the closed gate of the meat market like ants against the corpse of an earthworm. As the Professor stood watching the women gossiping he began to think of his great

work on Victor Hugo, which for him was his goal, and he drew up his shoulders.

All around him there were faces grown blue with cold. He knew some of them from having met them every day, waiting anxiously before the meat market. He knew that old peasant woman with her lips drawn like a wine press had walked from the country to stand in line for her daughter who worked at a shirt factory. All kinds of rumors were being discussed, and the professor was smiling although he was not interested.

The meat market was now open and he was moving up at the rate of one step every five minutes. He saw several baskets of mussels and several trays of neckbones. "There'll be enough for everybody," said a woman beside him. Another lady said, "there'll not be enough for everyone if the next customer buys as much as Mrs. Green did. She does not care whether anyone else eats, she is only concerned with herself."

What always inspired the Professor was the common sense of their women, and their courage. In reality, human beings were worth much more than he had realized when he stayed at home with his nose in his books.

He advanced a step; the baskets of mussels were being rapidly emptied and there were a few neckbones on the trays. "There's no use waiting any longer," said the woman behind him; there won't be any left for us. When the last piece of neckbone had been sold, the Professor left.

He went by the postoffice and it was closed and he was disappointed because he was too late to get any neckbones and too late to get the mail. So he walked home slowly, his old greasy shopping bag hanging empty over his arm. He finally arrived home. His wife asked him did he get anything. "No," he replied. After all he should have left home earlier on his own effort. He should have stopped working on his thesis of Victor Hugo's works, and not waited for his wife to ask him to do so. He was aware of the fact that his wife denied herself for him.

Anethyl Melvin

The Y. W. C. A.

The Campus Branch YWCA is one of Bennett's leading organizations of which there are sixty-six active members. So far this school year, the members have accepted the responsibility of organizing appropriate ideas for the success of the "Get-Acquainted Hour" and the Installation for new members, the Thanksgiving hike to the County Home, and the Thanksgiving White Breakfast.

On February 13th, an interesting panel discussion, sponsored by the "Y", was witnessed in the Union. The subject was "The Dilemma of Women." The splendid presentations of Misses Jimmie English, Wilhelmina Webb, Mary Ensley and Mrs. Jarrett excited a series of questions and comments from the audience.

For the months ahead the "Y" calendar is full of exciting projects. A big issue before the group is concerning plans for entertaining "Y" organizations at A&T. The students who intend to remain on campus for Easter may anticipate new and enjoyable activities for that season, as the "Y" is shaping together a variety of ideas for a delightful Easter vacation.

The officers' roster is composed of: Julia McClain, president; Seneth Reynolds, vice president; Wilhelmina Holmes, secretary; Vera Kernodle, corresponding secretary; Shirley Diggs, treasurer; and Edith Kernodle, assistant treasurer.

DAISY MILLER

By Henry James

Henry James is such an interesting author because of his ambiguity. That is, his novels are written in such a way as to give the reader ample opportunity to use his imaginative and thinking powers.

James in his novels, often deals with American innocence and ignorance clashing with European sophistication and near evil as in the novel, DAISY MILLER.

Daisy Miller was a young American girl from New York state who was travelling abroad with her mother and younger brother. She makes the acquaintance of Frederick Winterbourne at Vevey, Switzerland. Winterbourne, although an American, had traveled abroad so much that he had become accustomed to the social mores observed by Europeans. As a result, he was shocked that Daisy Miller seemed so forward and at ease around young men. She constantly traveled about at all hours of the day and night unchaperoned. Winterbourne hears tales from people concerning the Millers and learns that they are considered crude and unrefined by other Americans and are thus avoided. The Millers eventually go to Rome and establish residence and there Daisy meets a little Italian who becomes very attached to her.

They are seen together constantly which causes much talk among the other Americans. The little Italian is considered a fortune hunter by the other Americans. Daisy insists upon her friend taking her to a garden to look at the moon late one night. As a result of this excursion she contracted Roman fever and died.

Daisy Miller was most interesting because of the way she innocently defies the social mores of European society by being constantly seen in the company of one man with no chaperone. Daisy is a very gracious person who tries to be charming toward all but will not stop doing something simply because it meets the disapproval of others when she believes that she is doing nothing wrong. Daisy appears oblivious to all the gossip she causes among the Americans and Europeans.

DAISY MILLER was first published serially in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE in 1878. It first appeared in an English publication because it was rejected by a Philadelphia publisher on the grounds that it was an outrage to American girlhood and a criticism on American manners. Despite these views, DAISY MILLER became one of the author's most widely read novelettes.

Yvonne Ireland

A Lenten Challenge

"We have feasted while others have gone without bread." But we shall have a chance to make amends during this Lenten season, because now we have an adopted "little Bennett Sister" to provide for. This tiny African girl is placing her trust in us. She is hoping that we might deny ourselves some of the little extras that we like to buy, in order that she may obtain just a few of the things so needful to her. Thus, she is our dependent for forty days, and we dare not let her down. Let us give what we can, for the sheer joy which will be our reward.

Barbara Brown, Chairman
Mid-Week Vespers Committee

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. John Steinbeck
2. Yes
3. Great Expectations
4. Alan Paton. Too Late The Phalarope
5. Black Power
6. Oscar Wilde
7. Any three novels of Jane Austen
8. Elizabeth B. Browning—Sonnets from The Portuguese, No. 43

Miss Phyllis Henry and Miss Evelyn Gary responded to the quiz, but did not give all the correct answers.

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I HATED THE HOUSE I LIVED IN

When I was a sophomore in high school, we moved to another city. I didn't mind moving. It was rather fun, I thought. Besides, I was used to it for my father was a minister and when you are minister's folks and go to a new place to live, the people are very nice about introducing you and inviting you out to dinner.

The first night we were there, a girl by the name of Nancy Gupton came by to see me. Her family went to our church and she said that she would like to call for me and take me up to school the next week. I could see right away she was the kind of girl I liked and when I met her friends I liked them too. The school was much larger than the one I had come from. The assembly hall was so huge I got very excited the first time the whole school got together for the morning program. You wouldn't have thought anything could make me miserable. But it did. And I'll tell you what it was: the house we lived in. Since my father is a minister, we always have to live in the parsonage and take what we can get. The house we lived in before was so much nicer. It was right beside a beautiful park on a lovely street where there were trees, big lawns, and gardens. This house was hitched onto the church, built right against it, with a door between. It was made of the gloomiest looking brick that you have ever laid your eyes on, a kind of dirty brown. If we didn't remember to pull down the shades at night everyone who passed by could see everything we were doing.

There wasn't even a back yard, just a small cement court. When the trolleys went by every window in the place rattled. And that's not all. The living room was papered in bright green with a border of pink roses at the top. The roses were as big as cabbages, and the background was a shade of green that would make you sick.

I certainly got a grudge against that house. I hated coming home from school and having strangers see me turn into it. It was worse having to come out the front door in the morning and meet Nancy and Emma Lue on the walk outside. Emma Lue was Nancy's niece, and we used to walk up to school together. They lived a few blocks away and it was a marvel to me that they would even come by for me, with having the kind of houses they did.

They lived on Nicholas Avenue, and everyone in the city knew what it meant when you said you lived on that street. The Gupton's house was one of the nicest there. When you rang the bell, a maid in a blue dress and a white apron answered the door and while she went to tell Miss Nancy Gupton you were there, you sat on a gold chair in the reception room. The rugs were so thick you went right down into them when you stepped on them. And Nancy had a room that was a dream. It was so large you didn't bump into a thing when you walked around in it. In my room I was forever hitting the corner of the dresser when I went from my bed to the closet. And every time I went home from Nancy's I would think of all the things she had that were just right and all the things I had that were just wrong, especially our house.

Lucelendia Massenburg

German air pilots, now allowed to fly again, are being re-trained in Switzerland.

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Cellophane, celluloid, and bakelite are all man-made products.

* * *

Many of the people in Japan sleep on hard wooden pillows at night. The pillows are shaped to fit the neck.

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News From Campus Organizations

Sigma Rho Sigma

Sigma Rho Sigma is a national honorary society organized to increase interest in the social sciences among students majoring and/or minoring in that field, and thereby to help them to attain a desire to excel in the social sciences. Candidates for membership must maintain an average of "B" in the social sciences, and must be Juniors or Seniors.

At present, the members of the Sigma Rho Sigma are designing a Social Science Seminar with the expectation of arousing the attention of Freshmen and Sophomores in particular.

The organization anticipates a large number of Sigma Rho Sigma probates in the near future.

Its officers are: Thelma Vauls Harris, president; Yvonne Steadman, vice president; Shirley Diggs, secretary; and Margaret McCormick, treasurer.

The governor of a state declares Thanksgiving to be a holiday. The President can declare a holiday only for the District of Columbia and territories.

THE LIBRARY STAFF

The Holgate Library Staff of student assistants headed by Miss Loretta Free recently held a Quiz Program in the Staff Room of the Library based on their knowledge of procedures and practices in the Library. Top honors were shared by Misses Shirley Hudson and Oshia Brown who answered all of the questions correctly.

In addition to the individual winners, the girls were divided into Teams "A" and "B". Here again there was a tie because each team answered all of the questions put to them directly. Other participants in the quiz included Loretta Free, Evelyn Gary, Phyllis Henry, Jay Harris, and Margarie Mays.

The questions asked were based on the Thomas F. Holgate Library Staff Manual. Compiled by the librarian, the Manual is an administrative device which assists greatly in the running of the Library. It is being used at present as a guide to the Morgan State College Staff whose spokesman recently wrote that "... it is simply and clearly written and the compilers seem to have had a delightful sense of humor."