

THE LITERARY PAGE

Send Contributions to Edward M. Holder

Hello, Folks

It's fine to feel the air again. Nurse has kept us in for a whole month, and we only got out this time by running away. Some excuse about a new carriage, or cold weather, or maybe it was cold feet on her part. Anyhow we're out, and hope to come often. We overheard the nurse say something about ".....alternate issues when the ads are sold....." which we take to mean that with some further decorations in the way of an appropriate costume we will be allowed to appear every two weeks, which makes us happy.

We know we are not very large yet. But we did think you would take enough interest in us to give us a name. However, in this world of free thinkers and evolutionists and rationalists, and all kinds of unorthodox believers, there is a theory abroad that a child should grow up naturally without little red wagons and roller skates, except such as they can invent for themselves. So we'll go one step further, and declare that if we've got to live alone we can do it without a name. Anyhow christenings are rather orthodox and arbitrary when one considers that all children display their individuality very early in the choice of an implement to cut their teeth on, and thereby receive nick-names that are more to their taste than the Reginalds and Percivals bestowed by the bishop. And if further argument is necessary instances can be cited where grown-up ladies still cling to the title "Baby," and live up to it, too. So if we are not going to get a name we will choose to be called by the title of classification given to us at birth; and lest you should think we are addicted to flippancy, will promise to try to live up to the phrase "Literary," as our limited intelligence understands it.

Read This First

We were about to call this department a menu again, until we observed that the feature article of the page concerns the reminiscences of a cornerstone. Now cornerstones can in no way be regarded as the introduction to a dinner, and reminiscences are rather intangible things to digest so for once we will call a spade a spade, and inform you that this column is a "Table of Contents with Prefatory Notes."

Magazine Shelf—a lot of valuable information about October Harpers, dressed up attractively with what we would call October language, all colorful and fancy with maple-leaf smiles—(you see when we try to be matter-of-fact where our imagination strays). Too bad the writer refuses to sign "itself" with at least a decipherable pen name.

Inspirations are characteristic of everybody, but more particularly of sophomores. We like to wake up feeling like that first quatrain says.

"The Descent into the Maelstrom" is unintelligible enough to be an Ibsen title. Evidently the play is one of action rather than words. (Continue at bottom Column 5)

MAGAZINE SHELF

HARPERS

Autumn is in the air. We venture this explanation for those who are too deeply immersed in Physics and Quantitative Analysis to note the fact. The leaves are turning, Hallowe'en fancies are already on sale at Woolworths', and Sophomore theme writers have stopped comparing the campus to certain verdant freshmen. All of which is but proof, as we said before, that October is here.

Likewise, October's Harpers is on the shelf.....and having now arrived at the real object of our discourse (which was to inveigle unwary students into reading it) we shall stop all the potecal nonsense and proceed to facts. We were about to say that the cover to this issue is as flaming a yellow as the umbrella tree between the library and Kings Hall, and that the.....but there we are off again. Anyway the cover does not have so much to do with it; as here a magazine's popularity is evinced rather by its conspicuous lack of cover. But do take a peep beneath the cover for it is worth it.

For those with a serious turn of mind who revel in deep problems and social analysis there is an article, "Freedom Reconsidered" by James Harvey Robinson, the author of that much debated book "The Mind in the Making".....because of whose endorsement six eminent professors were dismissed from the University of Tennessee.

As a direct contrast, "The affairs of the Morgans" makes good light reading for those of a more frivolous mind, and should evoke interest. It concerns a young lady of fourteen, who in the course of two hours manages to catch a gloomy young man, entertain him with ultra-modern flapper sophistication and philosophy, propose to him, and then, being rejected, triumphantly bear him up town, and proceed to accept two pairs of shoes as retribution.

Under the heading of serious and semi-serious are grouped "Kings of the Waters," which might be called a fish-and-alligator story. "Country of the Syberites," and a good article on the Problems of India by James W. Garner.

For harassed committees working on next week's society program we suggest a paper on the "Coal Problem." There are eight papers of it in Harper's, camouflaged under the title of "Our Chained Prometheus," which we were induced to read laboring under the delusion that it was a dog story.

"Trails to Tiny Towns" we hesitate to approach as our space is limited. To tell the truth we were so charmed with them, and with Gertrude Zier who wrote them, that we got out back numbers and read all we could find, and then wished there were more.

The short stories are good too. In the back are several humorous sketches, various gossipy little tidbits about the contributors and good laughable jokes. Read and chuckle (Continued on next page)

INSPIRATIONS

By Geneva Highfield

TWO QUATRAINS

The day is dawning in the East,
Now night leaves the sky;
E'en thus it is in life's long day,
The dawn awakes and clouds roll by.

The day is passing in the west
All in wondrous glow;
Oh when I sometime come to rest
May it be even so.

* * *

CAN EYES TELL?

Can eyes tell the depths
Of one's soul?
Can they disclose to others,
Things untold?
Can eyes tell the love
The heart may hold
Toward one, when by the lips
'Tis untold?

* * *

HERE'S IDEAS FOR THE GLEE CLUB

"Back home again in Indiana
And it seems that I can see"
"The old oaken bucket
The moss-covered bucket
The iron-bound bucket
That hung in the —"
"Swanee river, far, far away,
There's where my"
"Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh, bring back my"
"Little girl you know I love you
And I long for"
"My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers"
"Were seeing Nellie home
They were seeing Nellie home.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
They were seeing Nellie home."

The Descent into the Maelstrom

Scene—The front entrance to Cox Hall. An unsightly litter of brown paper covers the whole of the stage in sight. In the center, upstage, are the stone steps also covered with tattered brown paper. Right upstage is seen a garbage can filled with brown paper. The lower half of two windows are seen, one at extreme right, the other opposite. Scraps of brown paper are hanging to the sills. Downstage are small splotches of grass almost covered with brown paper. Time—Any time after the 12th of September.

Time of playing—Varies according to the hero's temper and temperament.

(Rising Curtain).

Enters a loudly dressed Fresh. He goes upstage with a shipwrecked swagger. He pauses and cocks his head at an angle of about forty-five degrees with reference to the earth, and yawns. Suddenly a ten pound BROWN paper bag of water lands upon his head bursting into a grand series of cascades.

Fresh.—" (Censored) —"
(Quick Curtain).

Dinkins '26.

Miss Nellie Morris spent the weekend at her home in Kernersville.

Messrs. Perry Taylor and John Brown of White Plains were visitors on the campus Sunday.

Ancient Cornerstone Becomes Reminiscent

Tells Story of Quaker Students of Fifty years Ago

"One day last week, as I was enjoying my accustomed afternoon nap in my usual resting place near the Meeting House, I was rudely awakened from a pleasant dream by the sound of unfamiliar voices. Rousing myself and looking about I discovered a group of young people near by busily engaged in pulling leaves from the big oak tree and discoursing about lobes, veins, etc. 'Ah,' thought I, 'times are not so bad as I had feared if young people can still observe and intelligently discuss their surroundings.'"

"But wait. I had decided too soon for see what happened the next moment. It seemed that I too was to receive a part of this attention. Carelessly shoving at me with her feet one of the girls thus indicated me to her companions.

"Look at this funny old stone. What do you suppose it's here for?"
"Oh, I don't know," replied another, "It's probably part of some old building, come on, let's go hunt some more leaves."

"Funny old stone indeed! Intelligently discuss your surroundings, do you?," thought I, indignantly. "Young women, if you'd only give me a chance I could tell you more things than your close-cropped heads could comprehend. I could tell you of things that happened here long before you were a part of this world. I could tell you tales of your grandfathers and grandmothers that would make you open your eyes."

"This line of thought threw me into a reminiscent mood and before I knew it I was back in the Guilford of 'long ago.' Ah! how different my surroundings, and what a contrast in its people of then and now.

The handsome brick meeting house at my left is no longer there but much farther from the road near the back of the cemetery is a simple building of rough boards which was the meeting house that my 'old time' Friends used to attend. What a pleasure it was to see them pass every First Day. In my fancy I see them again; first the men of the village with their families walk or drive slowly by. How stately they look in their broad brimmed hats and stiff high stocks. And how becomingly the matrons are dressed in sober grey or brown with charming 'quaker bonnets' to match. Next comes a group of college girls accompanied by two or three lady teachers. They make a charming picture as they move sedately toward the meeting house, their sober young faces alight with the anticipation of Sabbath worship. A little later the college boys pass, they too with earnest countenance and dignified bearing.

"Inside the meeting house the girls are seated on one side and the boys on the other with a partition between, so that there is nothing to divert their attention from worship. Many interesting stories have come to me out of that meeting house. One I remember in particular. One unusually hot day in the early fall when the house was nearly full, the college boys and girls being in

their respective places, one devout Quaker brother arrived a little late. Walking slowly down the aisle he went to his seat well up at the front. After sitting down he reached up to remove his hat when much to his own chagrin and much to the delight of those *devout young men and women*(?) off came not only his hat, but with it his wig, leaving him thus truly 'uncovered in the presence of the Lord.'

"My mind shifts now and I am brought sharply back to the world of reality, this being caused by the 'honk' of a motor as it speeds on its way, by the whirl of an aeroplane directly over me, and by a bunch of college boys who in unbecoming clothing troop boisterously out to the field back of the Y. M. C. A. and with much noise and vehemence begin kicking a large ball about. 'Ah, young men,' I say to myself, "your grandfathers indulged in no such needless exercise. Their time was taken up in the earnest pursuit of knowledge and the improvement of their minds. They used to walk slowly by me, their eyes bent upon the open book in their hand as they industriously recited 'amo, amas, amat.'"

"This kicking of the ball however made me think of the first match game of baseball ever played at Guilford College. Now that was a game for you! How those men played! and what a score! 63 and 17 in Guilford's favor, a forerunner of all her numerous victories but to my mind surpassed by none.

"A feeling of sadness comes over me and I sigh for those good old days, those days of peace and quiet when one's rest was never disturbed by the energies of noisy boys and girls. I look about the campus and see no dear reminders of the past except Founders Hall, the old oak trees, and the squirrels scurrying among their branches.

"But," you ask me, "are you not proud of the handsome new dormitories and other buildings now found on the campus?"

"Yes, surely I am. These marks of progress make me very happy and I have rejoiced with the addition of each improvement. There is no denying the fact that my surroundings are more beautiful and better in every respect than in the old days. But it is your predecessors here that I am concerned with, those model young people who helped to bring this progress about. They are the makers of the history of Guilford College. But, there, I had another thought! Who knows? Perhaps you, too, may be makers of history. Well, we shall see and if you are worthy of mention fifty years from now I'll tell your grandchildren about you."

—B. H. E. '24.

(Continued from Column 1)

But then, all good dramatists give lengthy stage directions.

The story of the old cornerstone is too good to be missed. Read it and see if you don't agree.

The classics for this week were selected with a view to matching the season—somewhere between summer vacations and winter coal bills.

Quips are like conversations, you must laugh accommodatingly and not believe a word that's said.