

# THE LITERARY PAGE

Send Contributions to Edward M. Holder

## ON CHRISTMAS

### And Some Other Things

There are carols ringing through the frosty air. In the country the fields lie gray and silent against the black of the pines. There is a hushed murmur from the brook in its efforts to creep along under its burden of ice, and the winter birches blend with the gray haze of the December sky. In the city the shop windows generously shed a warm glow into the street while it is yet afternoon, and invite dreamers to loiter and gaze inside while their companions move on briskly to escape the cold. There is a hush, a period of quiet preparation before the final festivities of the year begin. There is a brightness in the eye and an almost imperceptible flush and smile on everyone's face that give evidence of the Christmas spirit within.

In the middle of the night, one is awakened by the cocks crowing over the countryside, and filled with a desire to wander into the night. There is a peaceful ray in the Christmas moonlight shed over a quite world that makes of night's mysteries a silvery realm of allurements and peace. On such a night did the angel host awaken the shepherds with their glad carols of peace and good will to men, heralding the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, the earthly embodiment of divine love.

To all of us Christmas means in some sense a celebration of the birth of Christ. To some of us the observance of Christmas Eve is a special service appropriate to the celebration of the Holy Birth and sacred to the custom of many years; to others it may be a meeting for worship called on Christmas Eve. But to all of us the whole season of Christmas has a special meaning and creates a feeling we hold from the first of December to the New Year. This feeling has been termed Christmas Spirit and finds partial expression in the giving of gifts and the gathering with one's loved ones around the fireside. But like all good feelings it cannot find complete expression, and still remains to be felt until the last symbol of Christmas has passed.

Thus we find in our first and much appreciated contribution this week no Pantheistic repudiation of our historical record of the Incarnation, but the expression of a religion too great, too inclusive, to be held within the bounds of organization. The cathedral of the universe is limitless, the Christmas Spirit is bigger than our expression of it, God as a sum total is divine. But when we try to strike a total our conception is inadequate, and we may forget to worship; hence let us take all the things of Christmas as we find them, remembering that appreciation is the larger part of worship.

In the same spirit, then, we look at our contributions for this issue: to take them as we find them. It is becoming our custom to print each week some nice or destructive things about the current magazines. We liked the Century for December, the writer of the review liked it, therefore we like the review. "O'Henryesque" is a corker. The writer's

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## MY SANCTUARY

By L. C. Farris

I need not worship only in a church,  
With cloister dim and solemn organ  
chant;

My sanctuary is the universe.

I seek God in his own great Every-  
where;

I find him in the gold of evening  
sky,

And sunlit richness of a summer day.

I find him in the play of happy  
youth,

And in the look of friend and of  
hand,

In touch with man out in the busy  
mart.

I need not worship only in a church,  
With cloister rim and solemn organ  
chant;

My sanctuary is the universe.

—From Southern Literary Magazine

## QUAKER QUIPS

### GUILFORD!

What architectural strides are being  
made

In thy name!

Those plate glass windows of the  
Cannon building

Looking like a train of cars at night!

That chimney on the late-moved  
Davis cottage

Unrivalled by the obelisks of Tut!

Thy builders strive to make thy  
sturdy spirit

Felt in the brick and stone and  
mortar.

\* \* \*

Recent conclusion by the biology  
department is that the zebra is only  
a sport model mule.

\* \* \*

Among all the advice that comes  
to us we found recently an admoni-  
tion to read Sir John Suckling. We  
did, and in response to the "Why  
so Pale and Wan?" submit the fol-  
lowing as our own personal answer:

If we write about what has hap-  
pened it's sure to have been forgot-  
ten by the time the paper is out.

If we write about things that are  
expected to happen they never do.

And if we write along general,  
folks say we need local color and  
news.

And just as sure as our muse  
sprouts an inspiration on the college  
bell the whole darned tower will  
burn down before next week!

\* \* \*

We will not usually admit that any-  
one else can express our thoughts,  
hence the very limited amount of  
material in our columns borrowed  
from the exchanges. But the troubles  
of editors with indifferent printers  
and exacting subscribers are so com-  
mon to all of the newspaper profes-  
sion, (including our egotistic selves)  
that it has found apt expres-  
sion many times already. The  
following we accept whole-heartedly  
as the way we feel about it:

The College paper is a great inven-  
tion,

The school gets all the fame;

The printer gets all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame.

\* \* \*

Wells' latest novel recently ap-  
peared under the title "Men Like  
Dogs." Some truth but no poetry in  
this.

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## MAGAZINE SHELF

### CENTURY

A vast store of varied and thought-  
provoking literary material greets  
the reader's eye when he takes up  
the December Century.

First on the bill of intellectual  
fare is a sympathetic analysis of the  
purposes and activities of Mahama  
Ghandi, the great Indian apostle of  
non-violence and home rule for  
India. Turning at random through  
the magazine one finds a suggested  
solution of the negro problem in the  
South in "A Shortage of Scape-  
goats," a discussion of the values,  
implications, and limitations of the  
widely discussed intelligence tests of  
today in "A Referendum of Psy-  
chologists," and "The King of the  
World," which is an expostulation  
of the curious belief in a possibility  
of union of the Asiatics against the  
white race.

That a new study of the life and  
work of Christ in essential to a  
proper understanding of him by  
society, is the claim of Alfred E.  
Zimmerman in "The Rediscovery of  
Jesus." The article is timely, coming  
at the Christmas season.

In a lighter vein are Arnold Ben-  
nett's "The Box-Office Girl," and  
"The Big Show" by Courtney Riley  
Cooper. The one is something to the  
effect that 'first love endures'; while  
Mr. Cooper makes psychologists out  
of showmen in their appeal to uni-  
versal human traits, and gives gra-  
phic descriptions of circus days and  
the activities of the show.

"The Man Who Kept a Diary"  
piques the reader's curiosity to the  
last paragraph, where the clever  
hero is revealed in "O'Henryesque"  
style. Rather than tell you what it  
is about we will let you have a  
double portion of curiosity.

"Was It a Dream?" "Did Her  
Romance Come True?" These are  
suggestive sub-titles for the unique  
and interesting story, "Phantom  
Adventure." Floyd Dell continues  
to surprise us by his original and  
varied observations on present-day  
life. This one combines psychology  
and romance.

In the poetic realm there are  
contributions from Hazel Hall, Basil  
Thompson, and Edwin Arlington  
Robinson. "Estranged" is an ex-  
pression of renunciation of former  
life, following self-analysis, while  
the men have written "Rhyme of  
the Struck Lad," and "Haunted  
House."

Woodcuts of ancient days, wood-  
cuts by present-day artists, and draw-  
ings of various degrees of excellence  
may be found throughout the num-  
ber. Burton Emmet has a very in-  
teresting account of "The Oldest  
Woodcut," the Buxheim St. Christo-  
pher. "Little Gems of Christmas  
Thought" is series of Christmas  
pictures parodizing the Chromos of  
the late nineteenth century. In the  
same spirit are the old English  
carols centering around the Nativity  
of Christ, and beautifully illustrated.

In a reminiscent vein is "Hither  
and Yon," a vivid description of the  
personalities and experiences of the  
Federal Industrial Relations Com-  
mission, by a former member of the  
commission. This department is

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## Thanksgiving in Retrospect

Impressions Received on the Annual Dormitory Revue

### The LIONS

Give any girl who stayed at Guil-  
ford on Thanksgiving day three guess-  
es to recall what happened that  
morning at eleven o'clock, and I'll  
wager she won't need the last two.  
All the other happenings of the day  
sink down into utter insignificance  
when compared with the eleven  
o'clock episode. It was what most  
of the girls confessed they had really  
stayed here all day for—what! You  
don't know yet what happened?  
Then let me hasten to explain.

It was at eleven o'clock Thursday  
morning that the annual intrusion  
by the weaker, but undoubtedly  
fairer, sex upon the domicile of  
the less fortunate of the species had  
its occurrence. In other words, we,  
the girls, were allowed the rare  
privilege of visiting Cox Hall, which  
houses the most interesting and exas-  
perating phases of college life—the  
boys.

Although we had observed win-  
dow-washing, rug-beating, scrubbing,  
general upheaval of furniture, and  
other astonishing and extraordinary  
activity being manifested in and  
outside of Cox Hall for a week, we  
were prepared for the worst. For  
hadn't we been told all our lives  
that men were the worst housekeep-  
ers in existence, and that twas best  
not to have them around? Our  
worthy maiden aunts who made these  
heretofore logical statements had  
never seen Cox Hall Thanksgiving  
day. All this manual labor was not  
wasted on us, either, for girls know  
the difference between rooms which  
are merely lived in and those which  
are livable.

The rooms at Cox Hall are more,  
capable of expansion than ours at  
Founders, and the boys had spared  
neither time nor thought to make  
them attractive. We found out  
one thing, which, although we had  
long suspected it, we had never been  
able to prove: Boys are more fond  
of pictures and pennants than are  
girls. Speaking of pennants reminds  
me of one boy—don't ask me who  
for I shan't mention any names—  
whose establishment was evidently  
intended for a pennant museum. We  
were solemn and awe-struck in our  
admiration, until some careless fresh-  
man, in one of the numerous slips  
of the tongue freshmen affect, let  
go the information that the afore-  
said boy is the official pennant agent  
for the college. What happened to  
the indiscreet rat we dare not publish  
even if we knew, while as regards  
the overstuffed study—whether the  
bunting was skillfully placed to  
cover cracks in the walls, or hung  
at random for decorative purposes,  
I suppose we shall never know.

And the pictures! Portraits of play-  
ful little nephews and nieces, who  
looked as if they were continually  
imposing on the virtue of patience,  
stood up on the chiffoniers and  
dressers beside the adoring coun-  
tenances of numerous sweethearts,  
past, present, and in some  
cases even future. There were pic-  
tures even in the closets. One boy  
proudly exhibited the stowaway sec-  
tion of his room where pictures  
decorated the trunks and shelves.  
The prints on the walls included  
masterpieces of Rembrandt, Millet,  
and Corot; advertisements of last  
year's movies at Greensboro, and  
other interesting types. These, like

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### THE LAMBS

They tell me that Miss Purdie  
gave the boy's dormitory the "once  
over" on Thanksgiving, and is now  
writing a confession probably entit-  
led "Bearding the Lions in their Den"  
or "The Fascinating Brutes and How  
They Live." Frankly, we will say  
that the "once over" that Miss Pur-  
die and her companions gave our  
rooms was nothing compared to the  
"once over" we gave them our-  
selves. We gave them the "once  
over" some six or eight times: twice  
with the broom, twice with the dus-  
ter, and countless times in spirit if  
not in execution. We house-clean-  
ed, Oh! yes, and when a man be-  
gins to clean his room at Guilford,  
look out,—but don't look in the  
closet or under the bed.

Some one has said that the girls  
keep their rooms in spick and span  
order everyday, and when Thank-  
sgiving comes around they only  
plump up the sofas and straighten  
out the rugs. I wonder. Once  
when I was a retiring young fresh-  
man and wore bangs and blushed  
easily and effectively, I visited the  
third floor of Founder's Hall. I  
saw what I saw, and what I saw  
was not what I saw on Thanksgiv-  
ing. I fled in holy horror and  
righteous indignation. And now that  
years have passed I, with holy horror  
but without the righteous indignation,  
again visited the upper floors of  
the girls' dormitories and lo and  
behold!—but wait.—

When the time came for the boys  
to visit the girls rooms we all rushed  
madly over, determined to batter  
down the doors and gain an entrance  
into the most remote recesses. But  
to our surprise, we found on ascend-  
ing to the second floor, a reception  
committee composed of all the most  
stunning bobbed haired ladies on  
the hill, dressed in corsages and  
evening gowns and wearing the most  
charming of smiles, prepared to wel-  
come us to "no man's land." To  
say the boys were astounded would  
be putting it mild. At least three  
fainted quite gracefully, with facial  
coloring to match. Passing down  
the receiving line we were directed  
to the various rooms and corridors.  
Some charming fair ones stood in  
their door ways and recited free  
verse and poetry, while others re-  
clined on window seats and sang  
bewitching songs. Others display-  
ed appetizing fruit obviously of  
Cannon origin. Who was it that  
said, the way to win a man is to  
feed the brute? Needless to say,  
the boys succumbed.

Answering the siren smiles of  
some of the ladies we entered their  
museums, which normally pass as  
bedrooms. It would take count-  
less ages to enumerate the contents  
of some of those rooms. It would  
take a century to compile an accu-  
rate list of the things hanging  
from one window curtain. Such  
color combinations! Blue and red  
sofa pillows were piled three-deep  
on chairs; what a large number of  
college acquaintances these co-eds  
must have, judging by the number of  
pennants strewed around the walls!  
Candlesticks with unburned candles  
were placed most artistically to the  
fore with the most pleasing little  
bonnets on top.

Now I'm a man and naturally  
translate things into masculine use.  
Therefore, I ask, where do the girls

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