

THE MOON CHILD

(Continued From Page Two) carry the bits of her soul after she would collect them. The big, wise gold fish gave a big, wise smile as he reached out upon the lake and caught up a little white mist which he fashioned into a small sack. This, the moon child held tightly in her hand, and again started out to find her soul.

As the night slowly faded and the pale gray of rising morn gave birth to the vivid hues of sunrise, the moon child stood in awe, for until that hour she had never seen the dawn. Doubtless she would have stood there forever had not a slight noise attracted her attention, and, as she turned, she saw another person as wholly enchanted with the sunrise as she. However, this person was not enchanted with the sunrise in the sky but with the sunrise upon a piece of canvas, for he was an artist, and in his hand he held the perfect reproduction of the dawn. Quickly the moon child glanced into the artist's eyes, and there she found a bit of joy for her soul, the bit of joy which comes of a perfect creation. One tiny gleam the moon child stole from the eyes of the artist, and placing it in her lacy sack she hurried on through the land of men. All day long she traveled in the open searching for the other bits of her soul, but nothing else could she find until the dusk began to fall. Then, as the lights began to twinkle in the windows, the moon child wandered down the streets of a town until she came to a small, white house which was noticeable because of the absence of a light from the sky in its window. The moon child silently slipped up to the house and peeped in to see why the little windows possessed no friendly lamps. By the dim light of an old fire, she beheld a mother sitting in her arm a little baby whose soul had just flown beyond the horizon. As the moon child watched the mother, a small tear stole out from her tightly shut lids and started down the pale cheeks. The moon child caught the tear and laid it gently in her lacy sack beside the artist's smile. The mother's sorrow made the moon child feel heavy and tired, as if she wanted to throw away her lacy sack and fly back to the moon, but she was not yet wholly mortal so her feeling of depression did not last long. In fact, it entirely vanished when, beneath the willow trees by a lake, she saw two happy lovers dreaming of their future and planning for the days to come. In their kiss, the moon child discovered a bit of love to add to her soul. On into the night the moon child wandered, she needed now only a bit of peace to have the soul of a mortal, joyfully, she thought of what she would do when she became a mortal, she would live, she would enjoy life, she would be the happiest person in the land of men, or in the universe, for that matter.

All night long the moon child searched for peace, all the next day she searched for peace, and for many days to come she searched for peace, but nowhere could she find it. She traveled through large cities, through small towns, through the desert, the forest, and even over the seas. She peeped into great cathedrals whose bells joyfully rang out Christmas tidings; she climbed the walls of quiet monasteries where monks passed to twilight prayer, but no where in the land of men could she find complete peace, a peace which would give her a perfect soul. At last, the moon child, tired and depressed, and weary with her eternal searching, slowly found her way back to the Black Lake upon which she had landed in her journey from the moon garden. But the black lake was not the same! She could not see the moon boats with their cargoes of moon dust, she was aware only of an atmosphere of misty whiteness. Anxiously she hunted for the big, wise gold fish, but he swam quickly by as if he did not understand what she was saying. Finally, in desperation, she stretched her thin white arms upward in the night, and cried for a moon boat to lean out and carry her back to her home. And he got to the bottom of the thing, too. What a man!

"What was it? A graft scandal?" "No, a dish of pea soup."



Here you fortunate enough to be here last week-end? And if you were did you go to the "Y" sea? If you did I know you cherish memories of pink eosinids, silver teapots, charming hostesses, hot tea and chocolate cakes. If you were here and didn't go—well, I know you are full with regrets now, so I won't rub it in. But cheer up, I'll have another chance. For the "Y" is going to have more tea—in fact every Sunday afternoon from four till four-thirty in the recreation room of the Louisa Biting building and you are all cordially invited.

And here's another choice bit of news: Nothing less than that the "Y" has become possessors of a lovely set of china—twenty-five cups, twenty-five saucers, a sugar bowl and a cream pitcher. And not only that—but the "Y" is going to be big-hearted about it. In fact for the infatigable set of twenty-five cups these dishes that are beautiful enough to grace any table can be yours for any club meeting or party. See Mary B. Williams.

The Students' Industrial Commission met Wednesday night at the city Y. W. Eight girls from the college attended and a most interesting discussion was carried on about the value of getting the Industrial girls viewpoint and ways of doing such.

Would you like to do a little bit toward making somebody happy? Do you know that the old ladies at the Salem Home look forward every Wednesday afternoon to the Salem program with the greatest eagerness? Imagine how they feel when nobody cares enough to come! If you can spare the time any Wednesday afternoon, see Grace Brown or Zina Volodogsky.

Intercollegiate News

N. C. C. W. lays claim to being the largest woman's college in the South and the third largest in the United States. The present enrollment of 1,704 is surpassed only by Hunter College which has 4,014 students and Smith, where the student body is 1,986. These figures are based on the report of a study made by Raymond Walker, dean of Swarthmore College.

The girls at Sophie-Newcomb are conducting a critical survey of the curriculum, taking up the work of each department in particular. The way is being led by the president of the student body and conducted by prominent students of each department. The faculty intends to look over the plans which are to be handed in for improvements.

Fifty thousand dollars has been voted by the alumni of Columbia University as the beginning of an endowment of the university's athletics, in line with a plan put forward several weeks ago by President Nicholas Murray Butler.

With the completion of the winter term registration at North Carolina State College, Co-ed population reached a new high mark of 84 women registered at the Institution. W. L. Mayer, Director of Registration is of the opinion that women students will increase each year and cites the 600 per cent increase in the past five years to substantiate his belief.

Last year Co-eds numbered 75 at the college and 9 were graduated.

REQUEST I do not ask for love again The second draught of wine Loses the sweetness of the first And is half left within the cup. I do not ask for you remake my pride What there is left hangs like a loose garment, And I care not if it fits. Nor do I pray for pity Pity that blots out the stars And presses the heavens upon me Till I lose my breath.

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