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1923-1924 - SLO. G. P. M. C.
THREE CHEERS!!
"C.C." 1-9-2-4!

The Connecticut College Quarterly

February, 1924

Emerson's Journal, *Gertrude Huff*
Prayer, *Virginia Eggleston*
School-Teaching, *Pauline Warner*
The Song of the Autumn Leaf,
 Gloria Hollister
The Garnet Isle, *Virginia Eggleston*
Arabian Nights (Revised) *Kathryn Moss*

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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EMERSON'S JOURNALS

THOUGH Emerson kept journals before his college days, those dating from his junior year are the earliest extant. He was living at that time in Hollis Hall, one of the oldest of the Harvard undergraduate dormitories. He had started college as one of the "President's freshman", which indicated his comparative poverty at the beginning of his collegiate life, and his junior year found him in a scarcely improved condition. His room was small, the floor bare, windows uncurtained, and cheap paper on the walls. The furniture was Spartan in character — thoroughly in keeping with the young man who owned it. Pictures of eminent divines were the only decorative note, and they, too, were an indication of Emerson's temper of mind.

He was greatly interested in poetry, to which long lists of "Phrases Poetical" attested. He did not always make serious use of this interest. One poem which his classmates never forgot celebrated a sophomore rebellion and the consequent expulsion of some of their number from college.

His naturally serious nature found its plane in philosophy. In one memorandum he wrote, "What is God? said the disciples, and Plato replied, It is hard to learn and impossible to divulge."

An organization of which Emerson was a member was the Pythologian Society. In its Laws and Regulations, he wrote at the age of sixteen, "The great design of public education is to qualify men for usefulness in active life, and the principal acts by which we can be useful are those of writing and speaking." He then lists, as topics for discussion :

"Which is more conducive to individual happiness, a state of celibacy or matrimony?"

"Which is the stronger passion, Love or Ambition?"

On their first anniversary, Emerson was made poet to celebrate the occasion. A treat (evidently refreshments) was provided by two of the members, and the philosophical youth wrote in the minutes, "A vote of thanks was extended to the two brothers for their *unexampled munificence!*" thereby proving his essential humanity.

A new journal was started in his senior year. He was again living in Hollis, but had his younger brother Edward with him. His introduction to the notes is interesting: "To forget for a season the world and its concerns, and to separate the soul for sublime contemplation till it has lost the sense of circumstances, and is decking itself in plumage drawn out from the gay wardrobe of Fancy, is a recreation and a rapture of which few men can avail themselves. But this privilege, in common with other gifts of Nature, is attainable if not inborn." However, Emerson excludes three classes from this joyous experience: those "queer" persons whose eccentricity is the result of a conceited character and lack of common sense; the "downright" (people who do *jobs*); and the "ungainly", poor unfortunates whose lantern countenances had shocked his nerves or nauseated his tastes. He says that ordinary men occasionally attain it, "but to the souls only of the mightiest is it given to command the disappearance of land and sea, and mankind and things, and they vanish."

Moods of despondency frequently rested down upon him. He wondered if ten or twelve years later, when he had gone far on the bitter, perplexing roads of life, he would wish for a return of the moments which now seemed so miserable to him. He wrote, "I find myself often idle, vagrant, stupid, and hollow. This is somewhat appalling — and, if I do not discipline myself with diligent care, I shall suffer severely from remorse and the sense of inferiority hereafter. All around me are industrious and will be great. I am indolent and shall be insignificant. Avert it, heaven! Avert it, virtue! I need excitement."

Emerson was graduated thirtieth in a class of fifty-nine. He was class poet, but it was a doubtful honor as six had been asked before him, and declined.

In the days immediately following graduation, he felt no love for Harvard, but on revisiting the yard a year later he wrote: "I have not much cause, I sometimes think, to wish my Alma Mater well, personally; I was not often highly flattered by success, and was every-day mortified by my own ill fate or ill conduct. Still, when I went to-day to the ground where I had had the brightest thoughts of my little life and filled up the little measure of my knowledge, and had felt sentimental for a time, and poetical for a time,

and had seen many fine faces, and traversed many fine walks, and enjoyed much pleasant, learned, or friendly society, — I felt a crowd of pleasant thoughts, as I went posting about from place to place, and room to chapel.”

It is at this time that he first seemed to be sensing the Over-soul. In his personal discussion of the moral law, he wrote that its divine origin is proved by its superiority to all other principles of our nature. Whatever other faculty fail, that abides. It has no taint of mortality in its purity and unity of intelligence. “It seems to sanction that Platonic dream, that the soul of the individual was but an emanation from the Abyss of Deity, and about to return whence it flowed.”

Of Greatness he thought, “Every man who enumerates the catalog of his acquaintance is privately conscious, however reluctant to confess the inferiority, of a certain number of minds which do outrun and command his own; in whose company, despite the laws of good breeding and the fences of affectation, his own spirit bows like the brothers’ sheaves to Joseph’s sheaf. He remembers the soothsayer’s faithful account of Antony’s guardian genius which among other men was high and unmatchable, but quailed before Caesar’s. He remembers also others, some of his companions, over whom his own spirit exercises the same mastery.” Emerson believed that “Powerful and concentrated motive * * * is necessary to a man who would be great.”

“Love,” he wrote, “is a holy passion, and is the instrument of our connexion with Deity. ‘Love’ is the attachment to truth, to a sentiment, to our country, to a fellow being, or to God, that has won and worn the crown of martyrdom, and that has stirred up in men’s minds all the good which the earth has seen. Indeed pure love is too pure a principle for human bosoms; and were it not mixed with the animal desires of our nature, would not meet that unqualified and universal honour it now finds among men.”

Emerson’s theory as to prayer is a comparison of finite beings with the Infinite. A clever lawyer can persuade a jury to set Justice aside for one unfortunate person, but God will not be moved. God sees the world as a whole, and will not grant a petition if it would involve a wider misfortune.

One senses Emerson’s desire for expansion at this period more than at any other. He noticed the feeling of elevation which a man gains when reading inspiring literature. He immediately resolved to make his age a better time on account of his having lived, but he added that unless these resolutions were nourished in prayer and expanded into action by intense study, they would be lost and the man himself left with an unfortunate feeling of self-complacency for having had such noble thoughts.

Of friendship he wrote, “Sympathy is the wine of life. A man has comfort in a friend when he is nigh. * * * Words may be free, thought may be

free, and the heart laid bare to your friend, but nevertheless, the freedom, even of friendship, hath a limit, and beware how he passes it." In another vein, "Friendship is something very delicious to my understanding. Yet the friends that occupy my thoughts are not men, but certain phantoms clothed in the form and face and apparel of men by whom they bear a resemblance."

Emerson decided to enter the Divinity School at Cambridge. He had come of a long line of preachers and his natural tendency had been toward that trend of life work so his decision was not unexpected. His aunt, Mary Emerson, who had had a large share in bringing him up, wrote him in great disappointment upon his entrance. She was fearful for his future. "Would to God thou wert more ambitious — respected thyself more and the world less. Thou wouldst not go to Cambridge. True they use the name *Cristo*, but that venerable institution, it is thought, has become but a feeble ornamented arch in the great temple which the Christian world maintains to the honor of his name." She bemoans the fact that she continually told Emerson and his brothers in their childhood that they were good boys. It unfitted them for belief in the doctrine of original sin, and so they might be proved unsound in their theology.

In Canterbury where Mrs. Emerson and her sons were living in 1825, the young man thought over the days which had passed since his graduation.

"I go to my College Chamber tomorrow a little changed for better or worse since I left it in 1821. I have learned a few more names and dates, additional facility of expression, the gauge of my own ignorance, its sounding-places and bottomless depths. I have inverted my inquiries two or three times on myself, and have learned what a sinner and a saint I am. My cardinal vice of intellectual dissipation—sinfully strolling from book to book, from care to idleness—is my cardinal vice still; is a malady that belongs to the chapter of Incurables. I have written two or three hundred pages that will be of use to me. I have earned two or three thousand dollars which have paid my debts and obligated my neighbors, so that I thank Heaven I can say none of my house is the worse for me. In short, I have grown older and have seen something of the vanity and something of the value of existence, have seen what shallow things men are, and how independent of external circumstances may be the states of mind called good and ill."

Shortly after moving into Divinity Hall, Emerson's health began to fail. His eyes gave out completely, he had a stricture in his chest, and a very lame hip. He was forced to give up his studies for a time, and went to live on a farm with an uncle. About a year and a half later, it was decided that he was doctrinally safe and he was approbated to preach. He had no settled parish for some time. His health continued to be poor, and he finally went

South, where he came into contact with Prince Achille Murat, Napoleon Bonaparte's nephew. Emerson wrote in his Journal, "A new event is added to the quiet history of my life. I have connected myself by friendship to a man with as ardent a love of truth as that which animates me, with a mind surpassing mine in the variety of its research, and sharpened and strengthened to an energy for action to which I have no pretension, by advantages of birth and practical connection with mankind beyond almost all men in the world, — is, yet, that which I had ever supposed only a creature of the imagination — a consistent Atheist, — and a disbeliever in the existence, and of course, in the immortality of the soul. My faith in these points is strong and I trust, as I live, indestructible. Meantime I love and honor this intrepid doubter. His soul is noble, and his virtue, as the virtue of a Sadducee must always be, is sublime."

Upon Emerson's return to Concord, he was invited to supply his father's church in Boston. He also preached several times in Northampton, but his health would not permit him to take a regular charge. In December of that year, 1827, he went to Concord, New Hampshire, to preach, and there met Ellen Tucker with whom he fell in love. A year later he records "I have now been four days engaged to Ellen Louisa Tucker. Will my Father in Heaven regard us with kindness, and as he hath, as we trust, made us for each other, will he be pleased to strengthen and purify and prosper and eternize our affection!"

Not many months later, signs of consumption appeared in Miss Tucker. A prominent Boston physician was consulted, and hopes of her improvement entertained. Emerson had been called to the Second Church. After a talk with the committee regarding his fiancee's condition, he decided to accept the associate pastorage. During the summer of 1829 they, with Miss Tucker's mother and sister, took a driving trip through the New England states. Her health seemed greatly improved, so on the last day of September, they were married. Their home was made in Chardon Place, Boston.

For two years, their life was blissfully happy, but there was, too, a note of sadness, for Mrs. Emerson's health gradually failed. She took a trip south with her sister. Emerson was with them for a time, but was forced to return to his charge in Boston. Then comes the notation, "Ellen Tucker Emerson died, 8th February, Tuesday morning, 9 o'clock." And then, "Five days are wasted since Ellen went to heaven to see, to know, to worship, to love, to intercede. . . Reunite us, O thou Father of our spirits."

"There is that which passes away and never returns. This miserable apathy, I know, may wear off. I almost fear when it will. Old duties will present themselves with no more repulsive face. I shall go again among my

friends with a tranquil countenance. Again I shall be amused, I shall stoop again to little hopes and little fears and forget the graveyard. But will the dead be restored to me? Will the eye that was closed on Tuesday ever beam again in the fulness of love on me? Shall I ever again be able to connect the face of outward nature, the mists of the morn, the star of eve, the flowers, and all poetry, with the heart and life of an enchanting friend? No. There is one birth and one baptism, and one first love, and the affections cannot keep their youth any more than men”

The following autumn Mrs. Emerson's sister, with whom the various trips had been taken, died. Emerson wrote in his Journal, "Go rejoice with Ellen, so lately lost, in God's free and glorious universe. Tell her, if she needs to be told, how dearly she is remembered, how dearly valued."

Meantime Emerson had resigned from the pastorate of the Second Church. Believing that Christ did not intend to establish a perpetual observance when he ate the Passover with his disciples, the young minister felt he could no longer conscientiously remain in office in the church.

In the following year came his first trip to Europe where he met both Carlyle and Wordsworth. He says the occasion of meeting Carlyle was "a white day in my years."

Wordsworth did not seem to him to be at all striking in appearance, and he was quite amused at first at the offer of the old poet to repeat some of his own verses as they walked through the garden, but on reflection, Emerson decided it was kind.

In 1834, he was supplying the pulpit in Plymouth where he met Miss Lydia Jackson, a woman slightly older than himself, of spiritual mind, and refined character. They were married a year later, making their home in Concord. Emerson continued to supply pulpits, and began the writing of various essays.

On October 30, 1836 was born the little boy who lived only six years, and in memory of whom the bereaved father wrote "Threnody". "Yesterday night, at fifteen minutes after eight, my little Waldo ended his life." He was "a boy of early wisdom, of a grave and even majestic deportment, of a gentleness. * * It seems as if I ought to call upon the winds to describe my boy, my fast receding boy, a child of so large and generous a nature that I cannot paint him by specialties, as I might another."

Two daughters were born to the Emersons, also. The first was called Ellen. Emerson wrote, "Lidian, who magnanimously makes my gods her gods, calls the babe Ellen. I can hardly ask more for thee, my babe, than that name implies. Be that vision, and remain with us, and after us."

In 1837 and 1838, Emerson prepared and delivered his addresses on "The American Scholar", and "Divinity School Address" in which he pointed

out the path of independence in intellectual and religious thought. Both were received with much criticism from which the speaker remained entirely aloof. There is no indication in his journals that he even knew of the resentment, except that he wrote Carlyle advising him not to come to America until the furor had died down. Emerson had been acting as sponsor to Carlyle's works in America.

In these and the succeeding years, Emerson was closely associated with the prominent literary men of his day, many of whom lived in Concord. Thoreau lived in the Emerson home for several years. Of him, there is the notation, "I told Henry Thoreau that his freedom is in the form, but he does not disclose new matter. I am very familiar with all his thoughts,— they are my own quite originally drest. But if the question be, what new ideas has he thrown into circulation, he has not yet told what that is which he was created to say. I said to him what I often feel, I only know three persons who seem to me fully to see this law of reciprocity or compensation, — himself, Alcott, and myself: and 'tis that we should all be neighbors, for in the wide land or the wide earth I do not know another who seems to have it as deeply and originally as these three Gothamites." Needless to say, Thoreau was a much younger man than Emerson.

For some reason, in spite of their common interests, Hawthorne and Emerson were never very great friends. Being good neighbors was the degree of their intimacy. A notation in the Journal states that "Nathaniel Hawthorne's reputation as a writer is a very pleasing fact, because his writing is not good for anything, and this is a tribute to the man."

Emerson was spending his working hours at this time in the preparation and delivering of lectures. His field was quite extended, even including England and Scotland where he went in 1847. There he again met Carlyle, and his admiration increased. Of the Englishman's writing, he says, "Have you given any words to be the current coin of the country? Carlyle has.

"What all men think, he thinks better.

"Carlyle is thought a bad writer. Is he? Wherever you find good writing in Dorian or Rabelaisian, or Norse Sagas, or English Bible, or Cromwell himself, 'tis odd, you find resemblance to his style."

Emerson realized as the years passed that he could not continue his extensive travelling. He was in somewhat of a quandry regarding his financial status. Without his lecturing the family income would have been insufficient. However, his son-in-law, Colonel Forbes, made some investigations and discovered that investments which had been made in property for Mrs. Emerson were not yielding the proper return. He remedied this and also secured a larger remuneration for his father's publications, which were very fortunate as Emerson's health was fading. In 1870 there is the notation,

“Very much afflicted in these days with stupor: acute attacks whenever a visit is proposed or made.”

The next year he and Mrs. Emerson went to California in a private car as guests of Colonel Forbes' parents. He had been worn out by the strain of his philosophy lectures, and found rest and much peaceful enjoyment on the trip. There are very few notes, but his power of observation was still keen. “What they once told me at St. Louis is truer in California, that there is no difference between a boy and a man: as soon as a boy is ‘that high’ (high as the table), he contradicts his father. When introduced to the stranger, he says, ‘I am happy to make your acquaintance,’ and shakes hands like a senior.”

Emerson continued lecturing occasionally, but his memory was so imperfect that “he, once at least, read a sheet which he had already read a few minutes before. His daughter Ellen, who had always accompanied him, was troubled at this and begged him always to read his lectures to her in advance. But he answered, “Things that go wrong about these lectures don't disturb me because I know that every one knows that I am worn out and passed by, and that it is only my old friends come for friendship's sake to have one last season with me.”

“In his last years, Emerson took from the study-shelves the volumes of his own printed works. They seemed new to him, and when his daughter came in, he looked up, smiling, and said ‘Why, these things are really very good’.”

His mind became increasingly more clouded so that for the last six years of his life there were no entries in Emerson's Journals.

PRAYER

Thou Loving One, Who seest all men do,
 Who knowest thoughts before they are expressed,
 You understand me when I do not go
 Aside to pray at hours set by man.
 I lay my life before you as a whole —
 The sunlight and the shadows, good and ill —
 But more, the neutral blending of the two
 Forming the common background of my days.
 This revelation of myself I give
 Instead of momentary glimpses, as some do;
 A duty well performed, then put aside,
 Forgot — in drifting with the sluggish stream
 Of trivialities.

SCHOOL TEACHING

IT is inevitable that I will teach. Ever since I can remember, it has been held up to me as the ideal profession for a woman. And yet—I could never bring myself to look kindly upon it. It is more perverseness than antipathy, but whatever the cause, I have scorned the profession loudly and long.

I find that others feel as I do—a vast host of college people. Although we have ignored external argument so far, there will come a time when we will succumb to the fear of a penniless independence, and then—conquered, crest-fallen, humiliated—we will register with a teacher's agency. It is knowledge of that inevitable future day that gives us our present bravado and swagger. While we see the downfall of our voiced ambitions toward which fate is dragging us, we foolishly resolve that no one else shall see. Therefore, no outward weakening foretells the final collapse.

There is nothing abnormal about school teaching. It is as pleasant and unpleasant as any other respected way of earning daily bread and nightly shelter. When I was very young, and in my ignorance critically inspected many lines of work, my mother in her wisdom disillusioned me: she told me never to forget in choosing a life work that I would not find anything that was *all* pleasing. Measured from this standard of pessimism, the lot of the school teacher is perhaps as rewarding a lot as any; she earns a living wage, works among cultured people, and has it in her power to make old poets appear either as pages in a shabby book or as living, breathing singers of life itself to young learners.

Left to gather my own evidence, I might have willingly, openly, gladly come to this conclusion. But that is just the point. Society, in the shape of friends and relations, must influence me. She—Society—knows from experience and statistics that school teachers are necessary to progress, and Society chooses that I shall know my duty. She masks as an old friend of the family. She intercepts me during vacation: "My dear, how you've grown!—In college? It doesn't seem possible.—Only yesterday, you and your brother visited us and quarreled over the pony.—And you say he's married? Well, well. I suppose you'll teach when you finish school—No?—But, my dear child, what *will* you do?" In despair I answer that I don't know; first I'll get my diploma, and then my job. At that last vulgar word, the old friend shakes her head and 'presumes they teach socialism at my school.' Then again, Society in the guise of the rector calls on my mother who faithfully reports the following: "How's the girl? Doing well

at her studies I hope? — Um — sophomore. Turning her into a teacher, aren't you? — !! — But, my dear friend, we *need* teachers. If the next generation does not have better instruction, we can expect to see civilization, Church and State — *go to the dogs!*" I cringe under the burden the righteous reverend would put on my shoulders and those of my sisters-in-fortune. But Society's strongest arguments are advanced when she poses as a relative guided by ancestor worship. I've sat, supposedly preoccupied with a book, while my mother's cousin quizzed her about my fortune: "Pauline will teach, I imagine. — She doesn't wish to? How disappointing! — But what will she do? My Elizabeth is wild to teach. — Yes, French and Latin. — O, Elizabeth is a born teacher — she takes after my mother, you know." These mentions of Elizabeth's graces galled me and I involuntarily gave attention to hear the anecdotes of Elizabeth's grandmother — my Great Aunt Carrie. This superhuman relative was so wedded to her profession that she continued it in her married life. In praising Great Aunt Carrie, admirers always forget that, in order to free herself for scholarly pursuits she taught her two daughters home making, and they rewarded her by eloping, one just after she became a full fledged school teacher, and the other just before. To offset the female ancestor worship, I became facetious and offered that since I was not inclined to teach, I might follow other family callings and be a sea-captain, an inventor, a farmer, a legislator, or a mill-owner. My arguments proved fruitless — there never was a brilliant woman in the family who wasn't a born teacher (Ergo, I observed, I'm probably not brilliant).

All these well meaning arguments which Society offers me fall on deaf ears. But time is pushing, pushing, pushing me inexorably toward the day when I'll sign a teaching contract. On that distant day to save my face I'll laugh, and and say "I meant to all the time". And then, as witness thereof I'll produce this testimony signed the fifth day of December, 1923.

THE SONG OF THE AUTUMN LEAF

This is the song of the autumn leaf, as it clung to the flaming tree,
 Till a blast arose with a boisterous shout, and sent it flying free
 And tossed it wildly hither and yon, and dashed it far on high,
 Till its flaunting crimson seemed to burn in the blue of the wind-swept sky:
 "Ho! I leap in a bacchanal, where the wild winds shriek and roar,
 Swiftly rise to the cold blue skies, then dart to earth once more!
 Up and away again I soar in the whirl-wind's mad embrace,
 Flung about by vagrant gusts, in the bouyant giddy chase.

How I scoff at barren boughs that held me fast so long—
How I laugh in my joyous scorn, with a challenge in my song,
Lift up your gaunt old arms to God and beg revenge, O Tree!
Behold your futile cries I defy, for I am free!"

This was the song of the autumn leaf, till the raging whirling gale
Sent forth its life in one great blast, then died with fitful wail;
And the crimson, like a flame burnt out, sank slowly to the ground,
To join the throng of its fellows, lying brown and sere around.
Then the sun went down, and twilight came, with its silent mystery,
And the purple dusk encompassed all, save the barren, leafless tree.

THE GARNET ISLE

ONCE upon a time, long long ago, there was an island in the middle of the Southern Sea. Rolfe was the king of the island and the people prospered under his reign. The fields were fertile, the flocks sleek and fat, while all the men worked happily at their trades.

One day Sigmund, the potter, came bursting through the gates of the palace, hastened to the throne room and breathlessly prostrated himself at the feet of the king.

"Arise, Sigmund, tell your news to your king."

Sigmund leapt to his feet like a flame. "Oh, Mighty Ruler! Your kingdom is founded upon great treasure. Today as I was digging for water in the meadow next my home, my spade hit upon a solid stone of gleaming red. Thinking it but a pretty colored rock I tried to dig around it to turn it up. But on making the circle wider, instead of coming to the edge of the stone I merely bared a larger burning surface to the sun. I come to you seeking for aid in uncovering this greatest of treasures—for it is a pure garnet! Send me your men and we will unearth the stone together. Your kingdom will soon be the mightiest among the nations."

Straightway the king dispatched messengers to the four corners of the island to command all men to leave their work and hasten to the help of Sigmund.

And so the weavers left their looms, the shepherds came down from the pastures, the soldiers laid aside their arms, and all hastened to obey the king's command. The women snatched their babes from the cradle and calling to the playing children, hurried to the home of Sigmund to watch the uncovering of the giant garnet.

"To think that we have been working and struggling all these years with a precious treasure under our feet!" "Oh what a waste of time!" "Oh

what a loss of strength!" "Oh how we might all have been rich long e'er this!" Such were the exclamations that passed from mouth to mouth.

As soon as the news spread, every worker laid down his task, snatched up a spade and set off to aid Sigmund. In a short time all the inhabitants of the island were gathered in a circle about the hole that had been dug. At first the men were blinded by the red glow caused by the sun shining on the stone. As they stood gazing with awe and wonder the royal coach came galloping up. The coachmen drove it a furious speed around and around the gaping crowd of people, cracking their whips with a loud whishing about their heads. And all the time the king leaned out of the window crying "To work, you lazy clouts! Waste no time in making your country the foremost among all the peoples of the world."

With these words the men and boys fell to work to find the edge of the wondrous stone. All the afternoon they toiled and as night began to fall they had dug up the entire field and had come to the wall of Sigmund's house.

"Tear it down!" shrieked the king who by this time had taken off his crown in a fever of excitement and had thrown it into the sea. "When we reach the edge of this garnet and can turn it up we will possess untold wealth that you may all live in palaces."

With this encouragement, the mob descended upon the house, tore it to bits and threw it aside. All through the night and the next day the frenzied digging continued. House after house was pulled down and tossed into the sea. The women laid aside their babes, fell to their knees and began to dig at the earth with their fingers.

Days and nights passed. The churches came down one by one, the places of work had long since disappeared, only the King's palace remained standing.

"Tear it down," bellowed the King. "Tear it down. We can soon build another."

So they tore down the palace. Turret and tower fell into the sea with a great splashing. When the place was destroyed, all that was left of the island was a ring of earth around the outer edge—a border of soil surrounding that most amazing of all stones. The garnet so shone and sparkled that the air around about it took on a glowing reddish haze.

The workers crowded on the narrow ridge cried, "Oh king, what shall be done now? If we dig any further we shall fall into the sea and be drowned."

But the King's eyes were blinded by the glory of the garnet. He commanded in a thundering voice, "Cease not, but cut away the bonds which hold this jewel from us. Dig, lest you meet a fate worse than that of the ocean."

So with prayers upon their lips and tears rolling down from their eyes, the people went about their fateful labor. At each strike of the pick, at each toss of the spade a family slid off into the depths of the sea. At last the entire arc had disappeared except for a small section on which stood the king alone.

He looked over his kingdom from which all his subjects had vanished; no longer did children play in the shade of leafy sycamore trees. Instead a slippery, flaming garnet occupied all.

"Indeed I am rich to own this mammoth stone," thought the King "I will clear a bit more of it."

He bent over and picked up a handful of the earth beneath him. With that he felt the ground on which he stood begin to slide. The King with an agonizing cry dropt into the sea.

Year after year the waves of the sea lapped against that barren garnet isle. Little by little through the ages, pieces of the stone were worn away, chips were broken off. The waters mingled with the seas of the world and carried the tiny fragments to the shores of the kingdoms of the earth, mixing the garnet with the whiteness of the sands. So the treasure coveted by an avaricious king has become the plaything of children.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—(Revised)

REGULARLY I revert to Arabian Nights, and then I know that there is nothing new under the sun. These fascinating tales not only have replicas in modern literature, but the experiences of the characters are often similar to our modern activities. Take for proof that delightful little tale, "Anecdote of an Illiterate Schoolmaster".

It begins — "It is related that a certain man among the collegians neither acquainted with writing nor reading, practiced strategem upon the people for the purpose of obtaining his bread. And it ocured to his mind one day that he should open for himself a school and teach boys in it to read. So he collected writing tablets and written papers, and hung them up in a place, and he enlarged his turban, and seated himself at the door of the school. The people, therefore, passing by him, and looking at his turban and at his writing tablets and papers, imagined that he was an excellent teacher, and brought to him their children. And he used to say to this one, Write; and to this, Read; — and thus the boys taught one another." But the story relates that as he was sitting one day at the door of the school as usual, lo, a

woman approached from a distance with a letter in her hand. He feared that she would ask him to read the letter, and he knew not how to read writing. He longed to flee, but the lure of bread was so strong that Hope was renewed, and taking the letter, which was from the woman's absent husband, he regarded it upside down, shook his turban, and manifested rage. The woman concluded that the soul of her adored husband had gone to Allah, and demanded of the Illiterate Schoolmaster if he was dead. The Schoolmaster was discreetly silent, and when she said to him, "Shall I rend my clothes?" — "Rend," he replied.

When she returned home she made such slight effort to restrain her grief that the man in the neighboring house was indignant to the point of action and inquiry. He assured her that the Illiterate Schoolmaster was the chief of liars, for he himself had just received a letter from her husband, and he knew him to be yet in the land of the living. So she gave him her letter to read, and it said, "After ten days I shall be with you; and I have sent you a quilt and girdle". Forgetting her grief, the woman remembered with wrath the Illiterate Schoolmaster to whom she went, and having acquainted him with what her neighbor had told her, said, "What induced thee to act as thou hast done with me?" Thereupon, being crafty to the last, he replied, "O Respectable Woman, excuse me; for at that time I was troubled in mind, and seeing the girdle wrapped up in the quilt, I imagined that he had died and that they had shrouded him". And the woman knew not the trick, so she said to him, "Thou art excused". And she took the letter from him and departed.

The modern version is but slightly different. — It is related that a certain man among the collegians acquainted only with reading and writing practiced stratagem for the purpose of obtaining fame, and thus having his name appear in "Who's Who in America" and in various foreign publications. Accordingly, thinking the feminine mind to be nervously astute, but incapable of action and exposure, he secured for himself an easy chair in a Woman's College. So he collected files and lantern slides, enlarged his vocabulary, wrote text books, and caused himself to become distinguished. Then the parents, impressed by the strange arrangement of the alphabet after his name, brought to the Woman's College their daughters in great numbers, with much money obtained thru toil and pain.

And he used to lecture daily. And he would say, "This is true because I say it to be. Therefore, write it down." And they wrote and remembered it so well that at regular intervals they were able to write for him without variance the very words which he had spoken. But one day when he was lecturing as usual, he heard a young woman whom he knew to have an imagination speak. He suspected that she had also broken the first rule of

his class—she had been thinking. Now, since the Schoolmaster knew only reading and writing, he feared her because she thought, for he desired to be known as a philosopher. So when she said unto him, "O, Schoolmaster, explain to me the contradications of life", he said unto himself, "What shall I do?", and he was afraid. But the lure of approbation of the book reviewers was stronger than his fear, so he assumed his customary appearance of wisdom and remoteness and replied, "O Student, by diligent search you will find that in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" under C and L. From there you will glean knowledge by taking of profuse notes, and these notes I shall compel you to hand me on morrow."

This the student did, but she was still troubled for she desired greatly to find the answer to her question. Indeed so poorly did she conceal her perplexed state that one day as she was talking with a gardener on the campus, one who was attending to some flowers, even he perceived it. Thinking to divert her, the kind man fell to talking about his flowers, and how strangely and wonderfully they grew. And as he talked a bit of half-forgotten verse came to the student's mind—"What does it take to make a rose?", it begins. Suddenly she discovered that she was no longer sorrowful. Forgetting her unhappiness, she went to the Schoolmaster, and having acquainted him with how she had found joy while talking with the gardener, said, "Why is it that thou didst not help me?" Then he replied, "O, Student, thou art very young. I could have, but indeed the sages have truly spoken that every man must live his own life. Therefore, I desired that thou shouldst have the joy of discovering happiness for thyself unaided." And the student said, "For this, O, Schoolmaster, I thank thee". But she knew the trick, and in her heart she knew that he was Chief of Liars.

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