UNION OF BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN

The idea that there are numerous positions awaiting the student of English in the publishing and magazine houses, Miss Hirth denied. The book firms, she said, are commercial institutions, as much as any manufacturing concerns. The opportunity for women who wish to handle manuscript is very limited. In the field of the magazine there are a few openings for girls who have ideas that will sell. The newspaper offers more opportunities, but requires long hours and hard work. Advertising, declared Miss Hirth, offers the most promising openings. The call for language students who have nothing else to offer is very limited, according to the speaker. But the girl who has, along with knowledge of languages, knowledge of shorthand and gypsywriting, will find work in publishing houses, in government positions, and in social and civic organizations.

The field of economics has no limit to the demand for workers. Here, said Miss Hirth, girls with training can find work as personnel manager, as supervisor, and in many other branches of work.

The student of library science will not need to confine herself to the public, private, or school library, said Miss Hirth. Insurance companies, and many business firms employ librarians not only to file and care for documents and records, but also to do research work for members of the firm.
The old order changeth. Nowhere is this more true than in the rural districts. Scattered through Connecticut are small villages, once prosperous and, for that early time, populous. Old houses, filled with large families, the stuff from which the finest men and women in New England, and, indeed, in the United States have originated. Little villages, surrounded by outlying farms supplied with old oaken buckets and wistaria vines. Where the busy men of today grew up, and where they often wish they could grow old. Where the children fall out of bed very early in the morning, and worked hard all day in the fields or around the house, and attended the little red schoolhouse on the hill.

Still sits the schoolhouse on the hill. But the children are gone. The energetic talent of the farm moved away to the city. The old families ran out, one by one. The big, rambling farmhouses slowly yielded to the pressure of circumstance and disintegrated steadily. Off fell the shingles one by one, and down slipped the ridgepole inch by inch. For the children never came back to them again.

Some of the villages prolonged their lives by erecting factories, whiskey factories, or tanneries. But the whip trade developed with the population. The American-Neurotrian population that had been imported to work in the factories remained and multiplied. They set their roots on the outskirts of the villages, and built new farmhouses of their own. But in the center of the villages the old houses stood, staunchly loyal to the old New England tradition. And there they stand now, ranged along the old stage road between Philadelphia and Boston, and along the moat traces of the old canal routes. And often the village has no living nucleus. Its citizens are grouped around the village, but not in it. They are scattered in little hand bands. New England has ceased to be an agricultural community.

Yet the villages still stand. And there are still people living in them. Most of the boys are drawn to the city as soon as opportunity presents itself. The girls, perform, must stay, and grow old and tired and ambitious. There is scarcely any social life in the village today. The people work too hard. It is a hard life, long hours, and hard toking labor, unremitting labor, for years and years and years. Help is scarce, and farms are far between. No one has ambition enough after the long day's work is over, to play. And transportation, like the crops that they raise, is very precarious. The horses are tired, too, when the day is done. And only on Sundays can they be spared to make the trip to town.

Some villages have moving picture shows once a week. Some villages have Strawberry Festivals in the Baptist Church once a year. Some people live so far away that they can't get to either.

And so we have a "rural problem." The faster the population shifts to the city, the harder it is for the population that remains.

So we are beginning to realise how to make the farm attractive. Can you imagine yourself living in a muddy country road party inundated in winter, cut off from every one but your immediate family, washing dishes intermittently, and cooking, and washing, and ironing, and seeing your children getting big and awkward and uneducated? Can you imagine yourself, wondering all the time whether the corn was coming up right or the cows giving enough milk, and going to bed when everything was done for the day. And feeling, and looking forward to another lonely day just like the last. You would never stay, no never.

For some years we have known that the city worker would never consent to work as little as the New Englander was. Some thought it better to go. Invigorating, almost. And fall away.

But it means all the world to me. How could you care?

Faith and Fishing-Shacks

"Dear little Aunt Jane,

I know you're not going to be one bit surprised at my writing to you so unexpectedly. You always loved surprises and I have one for you now. I'm coming to live with you for two long weeks. It will be very exciting because we never have seen each other you know, not even for one moment.

The girl looked at the white wall in front of her as if she were a mariner on the fourth watch looking for a distant sail.

"— no, not even for one moment. But I have talked with you so many times, you can never guess, and asked husband hundreds of questions. And I'm tired of not having you answer them. Aunt Jane, so I'm coming to you. I'm..."
through with talking, through with questioning, through with—"

"The girl bit her lip and wheepily and bent lower over the paper.

"—yes, through with everything, I am leaving the old world behind, I am coming to find my new world, up there at Simpusee with you: up there in the apple orchards and happy old brooks and the ferns blowing off the big wind. We'll run and leap and let the wind take her hair for kites. We'll picnic by the old fishing shakes up the river, and I shall throw Kant and Fichte in the meddlest pool and dangle Berkeley on my hook for angling hours. We'll love everything and never find a bit of bad in even an angle-worm, and we'll be wild, wild—Oh, little Aunt Jane, I'm coming to you tomorrow—tomor-

The head suddenly buried itself in brown arms on the desk, without a sound. Even the Ingersoll lying on her bureau was silent. The Philosophy exam. had come at eight in the morning. She had studied late and forgotten to wind it. In the corridor outside two Seniors were discussing Commencement as they passed the door on the padded matting. The smell of fudge from the Sophomore's room across the hall was heavy in the air. Someone jangled a bicycle bell under the window.

"Ruth," the voice called up, "I'm waiting to go for the mail with you.

I never dreamed it would work—but it did—the fishing shakes and my imaginary little Aunt Jane! "The synthetic unity of appercepcion," why it means—and the Chronicle must have a new cut for Commencement. I'll catch up with Jess. In the silence of the empty room the apple-buds kept the secret.

ILLUSSION

The room was almost entirely dark. The full light creeping through the heavy curtains which hung over the windows only allowed me to surmise that the apartment was long, with a sloping roof, and filled with ponderous furniture. A faint odor of dust and paint floated in the air. Suddenly the old monk entered with a candle and led me toward the darkest corner of all. The spattering, red flame could barely penetrate the heavy blackness, but shrunk perceptibly as if there was a breeze in the room.

The man's body, bent and thin, cast a long, quivering shadow across the uneven floor.

Then, setting his candle on a stool, he lifted a strained, yellow face to mine, and pointed straight before him. I held an easel swathed in coarse cloth which was besotted with paint. The trembling candle-light played over this muttled form, now accentuating a splash of blue, now glimmering on a stain of rich crimson. The top of the easel disappeared into a blue of darkness above.

"Why have you brought me here?"

I demanded, since the monk maintained silence, interrupted only by an occasional thin sigh.

"His face did not relinquish its expression of emptiness; every feature remained unchanged, but with one shaking hand he slowly raised the canvas and placed it before him, and with the other pulled the canvas free of the spotted cloth. Then a shudder passed over his face, which suddenly lit up with inward fire.

"Is it not beautiful!?" he whispered. I now noted for the first time that his hands were stained with paint, that even his face seemed streaked with strange colors. Perhaps it was only an illusion produced by the effect of a feeble light playing over a wrinkled and weary countenance. But I could not rid myself of the impression. Then I turned to admire his masterpiece. A great canvas thick with many coats of paint met my gaze. But it was only a portrait—all I could distinguish no figure in the motley of many colors. I pleased closer; there was nothing there, nothing but a glorious medley of colors signifying nothing.

"What—Who is it?" I questioned in a low tone.

"Why—why he whispered reverently, "is she not beautiful? Do you observe that faint halo gleaming around His Head?"

REACTIO

Night, a luminous night with a pellicid moon and with radiant stars hung over the whispering woods. A philosopher contemplating a momentous problem walked alone in the forest. Still young was the scholar, yet furrowed was his brow, and serious was his mien. Deep as fathomless pools were his eyes, and dark were the waters and destroyed her image. In the breathing wind, and with the other sparkling drops, silvered by the moonlight, plop into the water. Rosy winds blew, and the trembling clouds set in its tranquility. On the tender grass by the side of the great knelt a nymph and a faun. The unspoken words of a mystical green, like the green of a slender white birch.

"More beautiful than the sunlight, more beautiful than the springtime are you," said the faun, as he gazed at the reflected beauty of the kneeling nymph. Laughing, the elfin maidens ruffled the waters and destroyed her image. Then raising her dripping hand from the troubled pool, she stretched her arm far over its mirror and watched the sparkling drops, silvered by the moonlight, slip into the water. Rosy was her arm as the creeping arbutus, and rosy as the first soft flush of the dawn, and her fingers touched by the living water were as pink as shy, wild roses. The faun, enchanted by her loveliness, joined her moist hand and—

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kissed it twice and thrice, while he softly murmured, "Let us seek our resting place, our secret dell of fairest green, which the gray cliff overshadows."

Then together the nymph and the faun glided away into the darkness. Slowly the philosopher drew near to the ferny glade, and knelt where the nymph had knelt. He looked in the silent water, and he gazed at his cold face, while he wept for the love he had never known, and the passion he had never felt, and his tears, silvered by the moonlight, fell into the luminous pool. Then the philosopher, too, stole away, and left the translucent water reflecting the face of the moon.

C. Washburn '22.

RED AND WHITE:
FRESHMEN'S DELIGHT
(Concluded from page 1, column 1).

grown, and the class, dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, was planted.

Then, when the bell rang, everyone scattered to classes, while those ladies of leisure made sandwiches for the picnic. At twelve o'clock Seniors and Freshmen met at the gymnasium and departed to the banks of the Thames for the picnic, and most delightful picnic it proved. The most venturesome donned bathing suits, and went for a swim, while the rest looked on enviously from the bank, or took high leaps from the boat house roof just to settle their dinner.

But time speeds by on wings of lightning, and picnics—even the best—are not at all definite as the problem of financial ways and means has not been solved, but C. C. always finds a way and she will make this a success.

LADIES' and MISSES' OFFICERS
Marion Hendrie '20 will be president of the Dramatic Club next year. The other officers will be: Vice-president, Dorothy Henkel, Secretary, Catherine Troland, and Chairman of the Program Committee, Mary Heeter.

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