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June 23

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QUARTERLY

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
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JUNE, 1923

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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A MATTER OF SHADE

by Michaelina Namovich '23

WHEN RUTA — the withered hag! — set down on the table her present of new cheese, Ona Petrovna felt a distinct displeasure. Ruta never gave presents to anyone without having some trick up her sleeve. Ona muttered a perfunctory acceptance and waited for the other woman to make the first move.

Ruta seated herself gingerly on a stool. She could just as well have helped herself to a chair, thought Ona contemptuously. The creature probably had a juicy morsel of gossip . . . She wondered if her premonition of the old woman's subject was correct . . . Ruta cleared her throat with a loud disagreeable noise.

"A nice day," she began ingratiatingly.

"It might be better." Ona wished that she had not accepted the cheese. But that would have been unspeakable rudeness. And Feodor liked Ruta's cheese. Well, one had to humour one's husband.

"Or worse." Ruta laid a skinny finger on her knee and followed a pattern in her white crocheted apron.

"Are you going to the wedding to-night?" she continued. "It will be a large party. My daughter tells me that they will have three fiddles from town. I wish I were young again."

"I don't know. I suppose we will, if Feodor isn't too tired."

"'Tired'? -Ha! Ha!" cackled her caller. "Your Feodor is never tired when it comes to swinging his feet in the dance — or a pretty girl. Marriage has enlarged the capacity of his heart — eh, Little One?"

"He's naturally of an admiring disposition," returned Ona calmly, "and I am not at all jealous, if you want to know."

"'Jealous'? -Ho! Ho! It never pays to be jealous of a handsome husband if one hopes to hold him."

"I suppose that you are advising me out of your own wide experience?" Ona was pleased with this bit of sarcasm.

"Oh—I, too, have been young." She leered up at the younger woman who experienced a violent desire to blot out the leer with a well-aimed shot of the cheese. To think that she had to endure the old tattle-tale's visits just because she happened to be Feodor's Godmother and made cheese a little better than most of the women in that part of the country!

Ruta decided that the ground was well prepared and went to the attack.

"I hear that Feodor's heart beats for a pretty redheaded miss with skin like buttermilk."

"Indeed."

"Yes. She's Johanna's niece — You remember Johanna who moved to Tiersk? She apprenticed the girl to a dressmaker. She has sprightly fingers — and I hear that now the rubles roll in."

"Indeed."

"Yes. She will have a likely dowry. My daughter tells me that she will be present at the wedding."

"In what capacity?" Ona made a brave show of indifference though she would have given much for a chance at that parchment neck.

"A guest like the rest of us." Ruta rubbed the generous growth on her lip. "And why not? She's young — true. But my daughter will be company for her. Already I have heard that Johanna has several husbands in mind for her. She knows little the ways of a housewife — but as I said her fingers are sprightly — and with a wise husband to see that they ply their trade — she will not make so poor a mate."

"Is there anything you don't hear?" Distaste, not rudeness, lent an edge to her voice.

"When you are as old as I am, not much will escape you either."

"When I am as old as you," thought Ona, "I hope I am buried."

Ruta rose to go, her object accomplished. She attempted to placate her godson's wife by waxing enthusiastic over the spotlessness of the kitchen the whole house, even the garden. Ona accepted her grinning compliments with good grace, but her eyes smarted.

Outside, while Ruta hung onto the fringe of their conversation, Feodor came up the path, his coarse linen shirt wet with perspiration of the day's haying. A fine upstanding fellow that Feodor. A chest and arms hewn of stone. A dark face with a smile that began in the twist of his mouth and

ended in his eyes where the devil leaped out at you. A great man for women, but then he couldn't help himself there. They put themselves in his way. And what's a man to do with a weakness for a ripe cheek and a gleaming eye? Smiles and little words hurt no one. And the man made a splendid husband. He seldom beat his wife.

Ruta smirked a greeting.

"New cheese in the house that I made myself," she added.

"*Nu, Babuschka.*" He laid a playful lion's paw of a hand on her shoulder. "Many thanks. You shouldn't work so hard, though. Old age should sit and rock and smile at the remembered follies of youth." There was no subtlety to Feodor, but his intention was good. The old woman, however, was pleased.

"It will be years yet, before these hands are too withered for use. And I have few follies to remember."

"At your age," Feodor's wife put in slyly, "one has forgotten much."

"Only that which is unworthy," retorted the old woman amiably, and started down the path.

"Thanks again for your present," Feodor called after her, but she hobbled on, pretended that she had not heard.

When Feodor had washed his face and hands, Ona placed black bread and cabbage, beets and the cheese before him, and then her resentment broke loose.

"To think," she said darkly, "to think that that old she-goat should have to bring me news that my own husband had fallen in love with a redheaded chit. *Feui!*"

"That old she-goat' as you call her, is harmless. And besides, she's not a chit. She's a very sensible young woman," he replied, calmly enough. "And I don't love her, I just admire her."

"Small difference. 'Admire her' — *feui!* Don't I know you well enough to know that your admiration is always a mask for another affair? Don't I?" she repeated, and her voice was bitter like a raw mullein. Oh, an up-standing wife, Ona. One not afraid to say what lay on her tongue.

"I'll admire who I please. It's none of your concern when it doesn't hurt you."

"Well, I like that! When it doesn't 'hurt' me, indeed. A nice thing it is when ancient gossips have to bring me new tales of your goings-on and I have to pretend that I don't care."

Feodor spoke sharply through a mountain of cabbage that he was shoveling into his jaws.

"Close your mouth, toad. You will be getting me angry in a minute, and then you'll be sorry." He speared a mountain of beets after that.

Ona slammed the remainder of the wedge-shaped cheese into a crock, and shut her teeth on the foaming answer. But her eyes were smarting.

No one thought of arriving at the wedding feast before seven o'clock that evening. And Ona and Feodor came a few minutes afterward. They had walked barefoot until within a few yards of the Mordkin farms to save their shoes, and then too, it made their feet more comfortable. When a travelling shoemaker comes but once a year perhaps, and then demands two or three rubles for making a pair, one has to pay the outrageous price just to be fashionable. But one must be chary. Leather shoes don't grow on every bough for the picking.

They found a goodly crew making merry. Beer flowed like water and there was even a quantity of vodka. The bridegroom, a short pig-eyed fellow with shining cheek bones was already gloriously drunk.

"Ha — Ona, my angel!" he cried upon seeing her, and rushing up to her, he kissed her merrily on both cheeks. He would have embraced Feodor also but that young man declined none too graciously, promising that he would wait until after the ceremony. The bridegroom wept openly at this and declared that anything might happen until the ceremony. A man could be dead and rotting. A symbol of good will should be accepted when it was offered by a faithful Greek Catholic. Feodor didn't see where the question of religion came in but he was not disposed to argue. He left Ona in the tearful man's company and went up to greet the fiddlers.

Ona kept an eye on him, nevertheless, and while that worthy one was jovially pounding them on the back, she saw that his glance swept the well-filled room several times. In quest of the redheaded little thing from the city, no doubt. Ona loudly demanded a sight of the bride-to-be.

"Not so long ago that I was having my hair curled and dressed high for my own wedding," she declared.

Tears rolled down the bridegroom's nose. "Ona," he said as he led her to the room where the bride alternately wept and giggled at the preparation and the fuss made over her. "She's such a little thing — like a fresh green leaf — to marry a big mule like me. She's so innocent of the ways of the world, Ona. I'm not good enough for her. I'm a toad — a leper. Ona — I —"

"Yes, yes," agreed Ona, hoping to stop him. "I've heard all that before. And next week you'll be beating her because she forgot that you hate salt on your cabbage. I know."

"Beat her?" horrified. "My little — my little blossom? Never! I love her too much."

Ona was skeptical.

"Ye — es, I've heard that before, too. You love a dog also because it is faithful and worships you. But you beat it just the same so that it will remember its place. What is a wife, my brother? A dog. And one beats one's dog." Ona shrugged.

At the bride's dressing room they rapped lustily and a medley of screams reached them.

"Don't open the door!"

"Come in, Idiot, and see your bride!"

"Keep him away!"

"O-ooh, don't let him see me like this!"

The last was the bride's shrieking falsetto.

"It's me —, Ona Petrovna — let me in," placing her lips to the jamb.

The door opened quickly and she was snatched inside. The discomfited man got not even a glance of the brilliancy within.

"Marfa — my little bird — just *one* kiss," he pleaded.

Screams of laughter greeted him. From the lively scuffle within, it was apparent that force only kept the little bird from granting the request.

At eight o'clock the house was full and the bride was ready. The priest came a fair fat man (In the old regime all the priests in Russia were fat.) with gray hair and an educated face. After blessing the couple and drinking a quart of beer that was pressed upon him, he left to attend a dying muzhik quite some versts away. "I hope that the fellow has something to be absolved of, so that my trip won't be for nothing," he told the bride's father confidentially before he went. The latter hoped, rather grimly, that a small matter of flax that had mysteriously disappeared from his possession might come to light.

Ona, in the meantime, had not been idle. She had seen Johanna sitting in a corner with her hands folded placidly on her stomach, watching some of the young people trying with their teeth to catch apples floating in a pail of water. Johanna had been easy to engage in conversation.

"You should meet my niece," she told Ona pleasantly. "A nice girl and not over-bold for all her adventures in the city. She's dancing this polka now." Like the surprising warmth of high lights on some murky thing, pride shone in her voice.

"I don't see her. Where?"

"With that young fellow — the one with shoulders like iron. See them? A good appearing man."

"Yes," dully. "That's my husband."

"Well, now. Who would have thought it? So you got married at last!" Her eyes were unconsciously critical. Her nose, Ona thought miserably, was sharp — like a file. "Well, well. I must say that marriage agrees with you."

Just then Feodor brought his partner back and Ona looked her fill.

There are some men to whom there is nothing fairer than the brilliant sheen of cheeks like apples — such as the bride's were. To others, perfection lies in the smooth ivory-olive of the south. But no man with a head on his shoulders could look at this girl without thinking of rich milk with not a whit too much cream in it, and without wishing a little, perhaps, that the girl of his choice had something of that quality. Even comparison with white satin savored of silliness.

Ona muttered an uncouth greeting, her heart beating less and less until it seemed to her that it must stop soon.

The girl's eyes were gray. Large and expressive. Too gray for a Slav, thought Ona. But her hair! A wonderful red with yellow gold glinting on every strand! Hair like that could only be the gift of a too-kind God. Ona looked at Feodor and found his glance was but for the girl. She got him away, none too gracefully, to be her unwilling partner in the quadrille.

"A likely girl," said Feodor as they faced the other couples in the first measure.

"A likely girl," she echoed . . . A wonderful red with yellow gold . . . *yellow gold*. . . glinting on every strand. . . On *every* strand. . .

During the next few days Ona did not nag Feodor at all about the girl. In fact, she hardly spoke to him, and he, lost in his harmless dreams, failed to notice her silence. But Ona had dreams of her own. Her eyes, too, were a bit gray if one looked closely; not so large and expressive perhaps, but gray, nevertheless. Her skin was brown — but what of that? Assiduous applications of fresh buttermilk and clay from the bed of the brook — what were peasant womens' secrets for, if not to be used? Yes, Ona's dreams were pleasant, too.

What than happened was due to the old gypsy she happened upon in the barley fields outside of Feodor's farm.

"Silver, Lady, silver. For a silver coin I'll tell you what you most want to know."

"Silver?" snorted Ona, outraged. "Imbecile — do you think we have silver to throw away? You probably believe it is to be picked from the barley! *Silver!*"

"Fifty kopecks then?" whined the filthy creature.

"Fifty ko-! Jesus in heaven, are you crazy? I'll give you twenty."

"Twenty it shall be then. But you are cheating an old woman. May your bones never be troubled."

"Never mind my bones. Tell me how I can make my hair red. A wonderful red with — pieces like yellow gold — shining out of every hair."

The Gypsy's face fell. She saw herself about to lose the kopecks. She whispered in Ona's ear. "I have what you want. But I shall have to mix my herbs. You can have them to-morrow with full directions."

"All right. I'll come here to-morrow." And Ona started off.

"The twenty kopecks!" cried the gypsy alarmed.

"To-morrow you shall have them," promised Ona, and the gypsy walked back to her wagon, grumbling.

About ten o'clock the next morning Ona came with ten kopecks.

"But it was twenty! You promised!" wailed the old one.

"Don't scream so. You shall have them. To-morrow, if these herbs work, I will give you the rest."

"You will, will you? Well, I think you won't. Mother of God! To-morrow I may be in Germany for all I know. Do you think that I am going to wait until your hair dyes? I have other things to do." Snarlingly, she thrust the packet of herbs into her petticoats.

Reluctantly, Ona took the other ten kopecks, tied in a bit of cloth, from her smock. The old woman was mollified.

"I swear to God," she said with vigor, "that these herbs will make your hair red, just like you want it."

"How shall I use them?"

"Boil them together for an hour in two quarts of boiling water. Then strain the water and when it cools, dip your comb in it — you must stand in the sun and comb your hair well. In two hours you should be the most happy of women. Remember, in two quarts of water, now!"

Ona thanked her and went off, the packet rustling agreeably inside her shirt. She could hardly wait until she had brought five bushels of potatoes into the barn before trying the great experiment. But — supposing that the lying witch had given her too little of the mixture of herbs! Whoever knew a gypsy not to try to cheat a client in some way? Ona put the herbs in *one quart* of boiling water.

At three o'clock when Ruta came into the kitchen with another offering of cheese, she stopped on the threshold, her eyes like bursting prunes.

"Why — what *is* the matter with you?"

Ona swayed to and fro on the stool, her head in her lap, her hands twisting and untwisting grotesquely at the back of her neck. She moaned and choked, and moaned again. Ruta pulled the younger woman's head up, and nearly dropped on the floor.

"God in heaven!" she ejaculated feebly. "What *have* you done?" Her sharp old eyes found the answer themselves even before Ona's blood-rimmed ones could tell her. "Well, of all the fools — *what* will Feodor say?"

"O-ooh, I don't know, I don't know. I don't care. I wish I were dead." Sobs choked her again. Ruta appointed herself captain of the situation.

"Nonsense! See here," she ordered. "I know that precious husband of yours well enough to know he will never let *you* get over it, either." She added shrewdly. "Have you told anyone about this? Has anyone *seen* you?" At a shake of Ona's head, "Thank Heaven! Now you listen to me and stop crying." Ona's shoulders heaved convulsively. "Might as well stop a water-fall," said Ruta gloomily, half to herself, and waited.

"What shall I do?" Ona lifted a face that was swollen and horny like an old potato.

"Have you tried to wash it out?"

"I've tried everything — *everything*. O-ooh, I wish I were dead!"

"You talk like a child. If you can't wash it out, you will have to cut it off—shave it, probably—don't *jump* so! You certainly can't go around like that. You will be the butt of the village."

"Cut it off——oh!" Ona buried her head again.

In the end, Ruta, and obviously wisdom, prevailed. But even when she had cut and cut, horrible spikes stood out all over the poor woman's head.

"We must shave it." said Ruta.

"No! No!" And Ona's voice grew to a scream.

"Keep still. It has to be done. If we leave it as it is, everyone can see what you've been doing."

"What shall I tell Feodor?"

"Tell him that your head itched to distraction or that it caught on fire. I'll tell him myself that I came in and found you battling with the flames, and that I shaved it myself."

"Swear that you will. He'll kill me if—"

"Of course." Ruta picked up the result of her labor and put it in the stove. She made preparation to go home as soon as the smell of burning hair filled the kitchen. "And now," she advised from the doorway, "you'd better cook up a good story to tell him when he comes home. And tie a towel around your head. It will all grow out again in a few weeks. I'll stick by you."

She hurried down the path.

Her legs gathered speed as she neared her own cottage. She lurched into the kitchen and sank into a chair.

"*Babuschka*," the girl pickling herring at the table was suspicious, "—are you drunk?"

"'Drunk'? — Ha! Ha! . . . Yes!" chortled Ruta — the withered hag! — "Drunk with laughter. I thought I should die!" Her cackle flattened itself against the ceiling.

Her anecdote was vivid and uncompromising.

“—I’m telling you this because you can keep it, and after all, you are my child.

“If you could have seen it — ! You know the clay in Feodor’s brook— such a thick red that it looks sick ? That’s the way her hair was — all one splotch of that shade ! . . . Feui !”

FATIGUE

by Caroline Francke '23

Poppies, fragrant goblets
For the sun’s warm wine,
Crimson cups of slumber
Drooping to recline
Each languid swaying chalice—
Frail, incarnadine.

I would drain your potion ;
Fill my veins with wine
Of sleep, — gently, softly,
Eagerly decline,
Into languid, smiling silence,
Prostrate at your shrine !

“PEER GYNT”

as presented by the Theatre Guild

by Olivia Johnson '24

WHEN IBSEN wrote “Peer Gynt” as a dramatic poem he did not expect it ever to be presented in the theatre. He worked apparently for his own pleasure, at the whim of many moods. Perhaps he said to himself some such words as those of Peer to the Button-Molder in the last act, — “I shall write a mad farce which shall yet be profound.” Within the compass of this extraordinary play we find elements of almost every phase of dramatic writing, — comedy, tragedy melodrama, burlesque, opera, and comic opera. Greig’s accompanying music adds to the operatic impression.

Peer Gynt as a young man has a certain charm of imagination and pony spirits. Something of what he should be shows in his reverent love of Solveig's purity, his boyishly tender affection for his mother in her death scene, but his vanity and self-indulgence give warning of the materialistic, callous, moneyed merchant we find him in the middle portion of the play and the miserable, impotent old man of the last.

Enigmatic genius Ibsen, from whose strange mind could spring Nora's philosophy of "Duties to myself", the ironical burlesque passages of that highly disagreeable play "The Wild Duck" and the philosophy of this fantastic "Peer Gynt"! — After repeated ironical thrusts at Peer's proud declaration "I am myself" Ibsen has his keeper of the Mad House declare that only the insane attain to that ideal. They only are themselves, and themselves alone, having lost all relationship with others. In the rather pleasing symbolism of the Button-Molder he suggests that those who utterly fail of fulfilling the purpose for which they were made, who are "buttons without the loop" are dissolved to be used again, giving them another chance.

As presented by the Theatre Guild at the Shubert Theatre, N. Y., with Joseph Schildkraut in the title role, "Peer Gynt" is a decidedly interesting dramatic accomplishment. It lacks many things to make it a great play, but it is worthily produced.

Schildkraut over-acts and rants in the wedding scene, even for the boastful and excitable character which he represents. Almost always he falls short of the impudently charming "Lilium", but in the death scene with his mother, Ase, he does acting of the quality which has won him deserved admiration and praise. Louise Glosser Hale gives a splendid characterization and shows fine feeling and finish in her work. Indeed the acting of the two in her death scene, its unconfused simplicity of setting and deep emotion, make it the "great scene" of the play. The Troll King's cavern is picturesquely effective, the Mad House scene thrillingly horrible, and the consummate impudence of the prayer on the Coast of Morocco, make these three scenes remembered out of the motley confusion of the play's many divisions, — a total of thirteen scenes in five acts. The play being written in verse adds to the actors difficulties in the pointing of the lines, but for the most part it is successfully managed so that the ears are not annoyed by the continuous consciousness of the presence of verse.

The settings are, in general, satisfactory to the eye and the intelligence, though the smallness of Ase's hut in the first act gives a slightly ludicrous touch to her consternation when Peer sees her on the roof. It cost him no effort to do so, and if the old lady would but stop screaming at him she could step down as easily as from a chicken-coop. Peer's scene with the

girls on the mountain is rather consciously "arty" when he quite goes out of his way to make a good "picture" by standing on the bridge. The drop, of the coast of Morocco and the Sphinx of Gizeh are intrinsically beautiful and completely satisfactory for their purpose. The snow of the third act is palpably unreal and could quite we have been omitted from gateway and roofs for it does not appear noticeably anywhere else. The troll's costumes are delightfully imaginative and the Button-Molder's leaden lustre quite convincing. This production of "Peer Gynt" deserves the success it has won for itself, but it is very doubtful if the play be truly great drama.

MEN

by Olive Ray Brooke '24

I AM not a man-hater in any sense of the word. I am quite cognizant of the fact that man has his place in the general scheme of things, just as carbolic acid, quinine pills, and strychnine have theirs. I realize perfectly that many are ornamental; that some are useful; and in view of the fact that the world must go on and posterity continue, a few are necessary. Furthermore, I grant that there have been, in the past, several positively noble specimens of mankind. But for all that, and despite these concessions, I maintain that the contemporary brand of masculine humanity is of a vastly inferior and degraded quality.

First of all in his attitude toward the so-called weaker sex: The average maid of today is a sweet, gullible little creature, despite her air of sophistication and worldly-wiseness, believes everything he tells her, unquestioningly. He swears, passionately, that he loves her, that he has never loved another, that he never will love another, that he will be true to her, and to her alone forever; and just because she, to spare his feelings, remains silent, and refrains from laughing in his face and telling him that he is the most humorous liar she has ever met, he congratulates himself on having a good, convincing line that the girls fall for. Perhaps if he could see that same girl, a few hours later micmicing his passionate avowals to her girl friends amid gales of slaughter, he would be rather less flamboyant in his conceited self satisfaction!

Secondly, in his eternal self-satisfaction: The mere fact that a man does a thing makes that thing absolutely and indisputably justified in his eyes. Immorality, as well as the lesser vices of smoking, chewing, swearing, etc., attain almost universal popularity among the men, and through several centuries of prevalence meet with but very little opposition. Then the girls

take them up — and behold the tumult, the upheaval, the veritable cataclysm that ensues. They are denounced en masse by the combined efforts of moralists, philosophers, sociologists, economists, reformers, financiers, clergymen, and the press, while the remaining portion of mankind stands by, mouth open, eyes popping, agape and aghast, at woman's audacity. I am not advocating the use of tobacco and strong language for women. My only argument would be, if woman may not, why is it man may?

Thirdly, in his consummate vanity: Although masculine vanity has long been the theme for popular discourse, it seems to me that in its present-day state of development, it pretty nearly attains perfection. I am sure I need go no further with this statement as the statement itself is sufficient. Man's vanity is as much a part of him, and as much in evidence in him as is his moustache, his Arrow collar, or his derby. It is ever present, overpowering, and all-dominating. It is what Every Man has and what Every Woman knows.

In closing I would like to quote a page from the diary of a Red Cross nurse who served in France during the World War — a woman who saw man as he is and who had ample opportunity to observe and note his vagaries which she summed up as follows:

"Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives; but they never have more than one collar button or one idea at the same time.

"Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same materials — the only difference being that some are a little better camouflages than others.

"Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors, and widowers. Bachelors are a commodity, husbands a necessity, and widowers a luxury — especially when making love.

"Bachelors come in two varieties, eligible and ineligible. Any eligible bachelor is a body of vanity surrounded with women. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion.

"Husbands are of three varieties — prizes, surprises, and consolations. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. (Making a man out of a husband, second highest.) It requires science, sculpture, common-sense, faith and especially charity.

"In these days of feminism, a husband is of no importance whatever until you have tried living your whole life without one. A divorced husband is better than none at all.

"It has been a matter of scientific wonder how a fluffy, soft, tender violet-scented little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay-rummed scented thing like a man!"

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN CULTURE*by Helen Louise Dodd '24*

THE gray sadness of the past years' struggle, shot through with the crimson of sacrifice and of sorrow, has taken flight before the cheerful dawn of a new harmonizing influence, and from the vision of grim danger, men's hearts have turned to culture, seeking within the arts some expression of the essence of life — an integrity of beauty.

The great drain upon American resources is over; the competition of invention has ended, and through the maze of American thought has come the midge of imagination, seeking to penetrate the reserve which locks in splendid isolation the expression of the American soul. The novelty of a new power; the birth of a new sense of exultation has made its claim upon the stolid balance of mechanical America. Men of commerce have found their capacity for expression paralyzed by routine; life has been too exultant with the glory of victory to establish an equilibrium of imagination. Education is the one great force which has paused to question this new being and has answered its demands. Today, the American college, as the medium through which humanity may become acquainted with the possibilities of a new culture, is standing as the representative of an America given to the development of a national art and a national beauty. The question has arisen whether this representative has sufficiently burst the bonds of academic reserve to act as the purveyor of a national element. The great seats of the arts have given way to mechanics; science has swung wide its doors to industrialism; and universally, current opinion is supplanting the classicism of ancient philosophy.

Imagination is directed toward a subjective expression of beauty, and the success of American culture is dependent upon the capacity of American appreciation. The college stands as the monitor; its lead must make or mar the national opportunity for a golden age of art and of literature.

Within the two-hundred-fifty years of national growth, the entire trend of education has been toward politics and the fortification of democracy, with comparative exclusion of those creative and discriminative faculties which are the basis of imagination.

The nineteenth century witnessed the dawn of an American literature, but long before it reached eminence, it vanished. In Poe was the essence of creative genius; in Thoreau the embodiment of appreciation; and in Emerson the foundation of a new thought; yet Poe alone had the attributes which found an art or culture. Thoreau was a product of classic influence, a commentator and critic without the surge of passion; Emerson stepped from Harvard a theologian, learned but not imaginative, a philosopher who represented but one more step in the evolution of ancient culture. In Emerson,

Harvard University had its one hope for the establishment of a national culture. The prospect for American art brightened, but once again, war entered, and forced mechanics to usurp its position.

The American university lost its hold upon imagination. Now it is once again experiencing the inspiration of a renaissance. America has as yet failed to show the passionate sense of the deep mysteries of life which is the under-lying foundation of culture. American culture must not be an evolution of a foreign art; it should rather be born of an infusion of cultures, given the spark of vitality by the throb of a national sentiment. The college has opened its doors to the spirit of brotherhood. It has based its reason for being upon the influence it exerts upon its people. The artistic integrity of the college is now at stake. If, within the next decade, there can come from the college-bred some sense of individual appreciation, a demonstration of creative genius, an American art is assured. To-day American education is a mirror reflecting European civilization; the nucleus of American thought is centered about foreign art. The foundation of a new culture is to be found in a through appreciation of European beauty; its completion can be effected only through the expression of a national sentiment. Heretofore, the American colleges have been mere puppets, passionless and loveless spectators of a dumb-show of foreign achievement. Now opportunity has come; there must be at hand a climax in the great throb of loyalty and love which the recent sorrows and joys have stirred. The heart of the college must speak out; for in the expression of education is to be found the key to American glory. The materialism thus far built upon will in time crumble, but the light of a true national culture will live, for,

“The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes; — and anon
Like snow upon the Desert’s dusty Face
Lights but a little hour or two — and is gone.”

PIPES OF PAN

by Margaret M. McGarry '25

IT befell in the old days that the boy-god Pan was upon a quest. It was a pipe he sought for the sound of the silver one that the gods had given him was not lovely to his ears. It sang high and clear and hollow, lacking some quality of depth. And he sought in all the earth-king’s palaces, and the rich, rare shops of the markets, and found no pipe he might love.

It happened that, in his wanderings, he came to the village, Lor, and there he met a maiden. She was called Mavis, and some say this meant spring-time in the language of the ancients, and there are those who tell that Mavis meant skylark, but as to that I cannot say. It is certain, however, that she was lovely. There was midnight in her hair, and her eyes were like pools under blue skies. And Pan loved her and because he loved her, he lived in the village, walking among the village-people, brown, and straight, and somehow, very different.

And Mavis loved his quick, careless laughter, and the songs he played to her upon his silver lute, but she feared him, too, because there were things in him she could not understand,—his long, intense silences and his eyes, brooding in the moonlight, and the way he would come to her with his arms full of unfamiliar flowers that were the color of heather and gold. For Mavis was only mortal, and she loved comprehensible, tangible things—gay ribbons for her hair, warm cakes to eat, and the shepherd, Alan, whose laughter was hearty, and who came to her with a jest or a bit of gossip from the inn.

They of Lor tell that it was sad to see Pan on evenings and Sabbath mornings when Mavis and Alan and all the good village-folk prayed in the little church. He would linger outside and long to enter. And Mavis gave him a book of prayer which he could not love, since it made no mention of his gods. He tried desperately to pray and desperately to enter the chapel, but there was that in his pagan spirit which prevented him.

And Mavis thought of Alan with his merry, blond head bowed in prayer, and she thought of Pan, still and silent and alien, and it may be, too, she thought of how it was said in the village that Pan's feet were cloven hoofs. Then one evening, she spoke gently to him, saying she would marry Alan on the morrow.

They say that the hurt in Pan was terrible, and he turned white with it. And there came into his heart a wicked thought. He would play upon a pipe so that Mavis, hearing, could never follow Alan. He seized his silver lute, but he could not play deeply upon it, so he threw it from him, and wandered into the marshes. And he, that had never before had hurt growing things, broke a reed and raised it to his lips and played upon it.

And his piping was a sound to drive men mad. It rose high and clear and splendid to the skies, and fell sweet and solemn to the depths. There was wisdom in it, and infinite pain, and there was laughter, too, light and mocking, and a scorn that had not been there before. A glorious thing to hear, it was, riding straight into the hearts of men and setting them free from reason. Alan heard it, and turned from Mavis to the hills. Mavis heard it, and turned from Alan. And they that have heard these things from their fathers and from the fathers of their fathers tell how she wanders forever

following Pan; and how, because her singing that is mad and incomprehensible to us, is poetry to the ear of the gods, she was made immortal.

The young Alan, they say, roamed for seven days and seven nights, and at the end of that time, Pan's piping faded from his memory, and he returned into Lor, and went about his sheep-herding, and told jests in the inn, and married a pretty wife, and grew stout, and old, and amiable and when his time came, died.

Pan always pipes upon a reeden pipe now. There is no love in him, and no pity, but only youth, bitter and injured, and the grief that is too lasting and too deep for us to think upon, — the grief of a god. And they of Lor say that when a man leaves his wife and his children to sail upon the seas in quest of adventures or when a man turns gypsy-poet and follows the road to the hills, he has heard of Pan, piping. But as to that, I cannot vouchsafe. This, however, I know, having heard it from the elders and seen it within an old book, that,

“The great gods sigh for the cost and pain
Of the reed that will grow, nevermore again,
As a reed, with the reeds in the river.”

TRANQUILLAMENTE

by Olivia Johnson '24

IN THE silver rain the lights at the bridge hang like jewels, — emerald and ruby and topaz. There is an enfolding and caressing touch to the night dampness. Silent trees silhouette against the sky with the quietness of a Japanese print. I am wrapped in delicious languor — a curious detachment of mind from body brought about by the atmosphere of the spring night, and a physical lassitude. My thoughts float like autumn leaves carried along on the surface of a stream — bright bits of color, drifting and turning, resting here in a backwater, there caught up with a sudden rush of the current, sometimes dreaming in solitude at the rim of a quiet pool, now in an intricate tangle of many companions dashed over a craggy waterfall.

Scenes of sensuous charm present themselves in contrasting succession to that inner vision — the imagination. Gorgeously now I lie in the sand of a solitary beach. The sun rides high in a sky as blue as turquoise. The heat floats in wavering shimmer over the dead calm sea at my feet. With eyes closed against the dazzle I remain as motionless as sleep save for the idle pleasure of letting the burning pink grains of sand trickle through my spread fingers. No other motion or sound of life is there but the ceaselessly wheeling gulls.

The scene shifts to a beautiful room. The windows are curtained with hangings, quietly rich in color, dignified in design, a log fire burns in a gothic stone fireplace. We are seated at a table of dark gleaming wood, polished to the bloom of a ripe fruit. Exquisitely fragile after-dinner coffee cups are filled with the fragrant liquid, amber clear. In silver sticks cream white candles are burning. The women are in dinner gowns rich in tone and texture, mediaeval in their simplicity of line. The men wear the superlative neatness of the formal black and white. We have just lit cigarettes at the candle flames, and their floating blue spirals drift together and their fragrance mingles with the aroma of the coffee.

The room has vanished. I am in Provincetown on an early September evening. The great gold ball of the moon hangs over the quiet sea laying a broad path of dancing brilliance from the surface of the water to the sky. Roofs gleam like snow. Shadows are blue as violets. We walk along above the water. Through the alleys running seaward we catch delicate silhouettes of masts and odd bulking blackness of wharves and fish sheds. On either side of the road are low white cottages, vine-shadowed. The air is salt fragrant with the sea. We pass strolling couples, artists in jauntily shabby clothes, girls in flowing dresses and gay scarves.

Oh, dreams, dreams, you carry me now to a sun-bathed rose-sweet garden. Gravelled walks run between box-bordered beds. Crimson ramblers flaunt rich bloom on the latticed arbor. Here in the shade, drowsy with murmurous bees I read "Cranford" or "Golden Legends" or some other sweet and quiet tale. At tea time I leave my book and stroll down to that corner of the lawn, shadowed by a great beech, where wicker chairs are grouped about a small table, and we gather to sip our tea, mint and lemon, fresh and tinkling with ice.

These drifting patterns of thought make me drowsy, and drowsier. I must sleep — and these waking dreams will mingle intangibly with those of night.

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