She fretted, "why couldn't my hair have been red instead of blond?"

She thought of all the things she had started and had never finished. There was her room to be put in order. At least three books would be overdue at the library and she would have to fish out her hard-earned dimes and nickels with a case knife because she had misplaced the little key which belonged to the log-cabin bank. Three girls owed her letters, and soon it would be time for those free samples to arrive. She mused on her knitting, half-frowning and half-amused; she would have to rip out the whole thing and start all over again. Everything seemed so very complex, yet at the same time so beautiful. She fancied she heard heavenly music from the fairy clouds, and quite suddenly she was not under the elm tree at all, but in the eager arms of her beloved. Now she heard the sweet strains of "The Girl of My Dreams Is the Sweetest Girl of All The Girls I Know." Her lithe form moved with charming grace, and soon her silver-slippered feet were wafted into space. Around and around in the clouds they whirled, and never, never, in her life had she been so gay! If all life were like this! How dull to be only fifteen, fourteen, or just thirteen! She wanted always to be just sixteen!

Three hours had passed and Ellen slept fitfully in the hot, sultry air. The sharp barks of "Dusty," her Scotch collie, roused her from her daydreams. Quickly she jumped to her feet and shook the dust from her gingham skirt. It was five minutes after four and she had so many things to do!

The Devil Dogs

William W. Haydock

Some people like Army khaki, some like Navy blue, but there is one other color that I would like to introduce to you. It is the prettiest green that you ever saw; and it has been dyed into a material, which in turn, has been fashioned into a uniform that makes everyone take a second glance. The wearer of this type of uniform is commonly called the devil dog, which is a United States Marine.

He was trained at Paris Island, the land that God forgot,
where the sand is fourteen inches deep and the sun is scorching. He has peeled many onions and two times as many spuds, and spent all of his extra time washing out his clothing. He is trained in every form of combat and given training in subjects that cannot be learned from books. He must know his rifle from butt to muzzle and keep it in excellent condition. He sweats and strains for a period of three months before he is ever classified as a Marine. During the course of those few months he cannot drink anything but milk or water; he can eat no candy nor gorge on ice cream; he must be in bed at ten o'clock and up at six; he must learn all the tricks that may some day save his life. From these few examples it is quite evident that he must be on the move from dawn till dusk.

When he gets up to Heaven, this is the story he will tell:

"Another Marine reporting, Sir; I have spent my time in Hell."

The physical appearance of a Marine is remarkable. He must be at least five feet eight inches in height, and possess no physical defects of any kind. He walks with the precision of a mechanical doll, and gives an impression of wearing a metal frame that holds his whole body erect. His face is always clean shaven, and his hair is always combed. The creases of his pants and coat give an impression of a sharp knife blade, and his shoes glisten like mirrors in the sunlight.

It is no wonder that the Marines are always highly esteemed by the people of this country, especially by the fair sex. The Marines have always been noted as ladies' men, as is quite evident from the stories that are always the topics of conversation throughout the barracks. Even though a Marine considers it his sacred duty to escort a fair damsel from time to time; the mortality rate at the altar is very low. Most Marines know that marriage is a fine institution, but very few are ready for any kind of institution. Confidentially, the Marine Corps is no place for a married man; he should be out working for a living.

The Marine Corps is made up of all kinds of men from all walks of life, but they become closely related after a few months of service. This is due mainly to the type of life they live, which eventually becomes the same kind of life for every man in the Corps. They begin to act alike, think alike, and certainly they begin to drink alike. Drinking Marines run in a continuous cycle. First the Marine takes a drink, then the drink takes the Marine. I have often wondered why Marines like to drink; but the only conclusion I can reach is that it was a woman who first prompted man to eat, and that he took to drink on his own account thereafter. Another striking coincidence is that the Marine Corps was founded in a tavern in 1776. Evidently as usual, they are just carrying on tradition.
No matter how much they drink or how much they swear, the Marine Corps is a good fighting outfit. They are usually the first to go, the first to fight, and the last to leave. They have proven themselves in the past to be exactly what the term "dill dogs" implies. They have fought and died for the United States since the Marine Corps was founded in Tung's Taern, in 1776. They proved themselves worthy of honor in World Wars I and II. And again in our troubled world of today, the Marines are showing themselves to be men of true courage.

§§§

The Value of a Liberal Education

Claire Gaddy

Since the advent of Industrialism, the factory system, and the scientific method, American Universities have been given the added duty of preparing students for a vocation or profession. This is as it should be, for the purpose of education in a democracy is to prepare its citizens to lead happy and useful lives, and the assurance of proficiency in a vocation, by specialized study in a university, is one of the requisites in attaining this end. But in recent years we have become too concerned with the scientific approach—the frenzied search for realism—the idea that if something can not be proved in a laboratory it is not worthy of consideration or thought. The pendulum has swung from the extreme of romanticism in the nineteenth century to the extreme of realism in the twentieth.

The romanticists stressed the emotional, imaginative, the ideal life, while the biographers, dramatists, and novelists of the twentieth century, under the scientific impulse, have put heroes, history, society, and religion under a microscope and dissected them as a scientist would a frog. From this point of view such biographies as "Florence Nightingale" and "Queen Victoria," by Strachey, the play "Tobacco Road," and the novel "The American Tragedy" have stressed realism. It is not that I am condemning the exposition of life as it really is, but rather I deplore the exaggerated emphasis that it has received. Neither do I advocate a return to the ivory tower of romanticism. Somewhere between these two extremes lies the medium desired.