

would be contrary to the cardinal principles of modern secondary education.

How far apart the views of university presidents may be is revealed in the following recent expressions:

A written examination is usually the amount of information which can, under unnatural conditions caused by nervousness, be unloaded in legible form by the student within a limited period of time. The result is then numbered and handed in to be corrected by a group of men, centrally located, whose chief recommendation is familiarity with the process of grading on a mathematical scale the written agony of students whom they do not know.—*President Clarence C. Little, of the University of Michigan.*

In reading the papers of the College Entrance Examination Board one is struck by the fact that . . . in general the questions demand a comprehension and comment on facts with which every diligent schoolboy offering the subject must be familiar. . . . Throughout our lives we are constantly forced to muster all we can of our previous knowledge, and the habit of doing so can be cultivated by practice. . . . Teaching and examination are complementary

processes, and each should be given the attention and time that experience proves to be wise.—*President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University.*

A new, supplementary plan has recently been proposed by a committee of the American Association of University Professors. In addition to careful selection at entrance the committee recommends a second formal selection at the end of the sophomore year in college of those undergraduates who prove themselves qualified to proceed to graduation.

Without regard to the wisdom or practicability of this proposal it may be said that it stresses the thought which underlies the leading selective entrance systems to-day, the thought which will doubtless dominate the experiments in method of the next decade:

A college education should be an opportunity reserved for those who can and who will use it.

Maira, Unbind Your Hair

BY CAROLINE ALLEN

MOIRA, unbind your hair, put on your sandals new,
Put on your daintiest, whitest frock and your cape of heaven blue,

Then take my hand and run to that far-away vagabond hill,
And until we've reached its greenest green we'll not have run our fill;

And the cape will be like wings as it flutters and dips and whirls,
And the wind will envy your shining hair and blow it in clouds and curls.

I will set you high on the crest, to be haloed by all the skies,
And I'll not be able to look for the dazzle that's in my eyes.

Maira, unbind your hair, and gather your dresses up,
And we'll search the fragrant fields for the yellowest buttercup;

But 'twill be long to seek for they've all their gold in their throats,
And the orioles will be pelting you with coloratura notes.

And when the shadows fade and the clouds grow soft like foam,
We'll watch the sun sink into them before we turn for home.

Then Maira, unbind your hair and shower it over me,
And from its dusky meshes I'll know I shall never be free.

Adjustment

BY MARTHA MOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KERR EBY



GEORGE BINDON walked briskly down his driveway and paused for a moment at the entrance. He looked back with satisfaction at the brook and the elm-tree and the whitewashed stone house with the blue shutters. Real pretty, he thought. He looked up and down the main road and caught sight of a figure sitting on the fence.

"Why, she's still there," he murmured. "I don't know as I like that." He paused irresolutely. After all, if that girl chose to sit on his fence for hours at a time, it didn't do anybody any harm, even if it did look queer. He turned his back on her and walked up the hill. His shoulders expressed self-conscious indifference. As a matter of fact, she wasn't even looking at him.

He walked conscientiously for some five or six miles. It was a new thing, this walking. Ever since he had met the poverty-stricken artist he had been wanting to try things that he would have scoffed at ten years ago. It was a strange friendship, between George Bindon, successful real-estate man, and the penniless landscape-painter. They were both rather lonely. In George curiosity was only a little stronger than scorn. In the artist curiosity went hand in hand with the desire for a rich patron. They had talked together a good deal. It was through the artist that George had come to live at Glenwiddon. The property had only been one of many, a good bargain, with money in it. Then the artist had said that it was beautiful, unique. George had listened with interest. Perhaps it was true. Perhaps a fellow was a fool to have a place like that and not live in it. So that was how it was that George Bindon, bachelor of thirty-seven, was established with his

unmarried sister in the house at Glenwiddon.

As for the walking, the artist was at the bottom of that too. George had been going to play golf one day, and had offered the artist a lift in his Packard roadster. The artist had refused. He said he was walking for pleasure, and was turning off soon into the woods. It was autumn, he said, and one should be in the woods. George drove on rather puzzled. He resolved to try it himself some day. This was the day.

When he came to the foot of the hill again, an hour and a half later, he stopped short in surprise. The girl was still there. Something fishy about that, he thought. He started slowly up the hill, staring at her as he approached. He fully intended to speak to her, to ask her if she hadn't anything better to do than to sit on his fence all day. But as he approached, he saw that she wasn't paying him any attention.

She might have been anywhere between nineteen and twenty-nine. She had dark hair cropped short, and long, narrow dark eyes. She was looking out over the valley, her chin resting on her hand. Her position was careless, even awkward. He noticed that her clothes looked expensive—not elaborate like his sister's, but there certainly was style in the short caracal jacket, the brown tweed skirt, and the heavy brogues. He tried to make it plain that he was going to speak to her. Damn it, she's not even looking. He hesitated in the road before her. Gosh, what am I going to say? She's not looking for a pick-up. If a fellow speaks to a girl like that, she might be offended. He walked on quickly, as if he had only stopped to admire the view. A few yards farther on he turned into his own drive. He stopped suddenly as he heard a voice behind him:

"Excuse me, but I think you had something to say?"