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### 1919 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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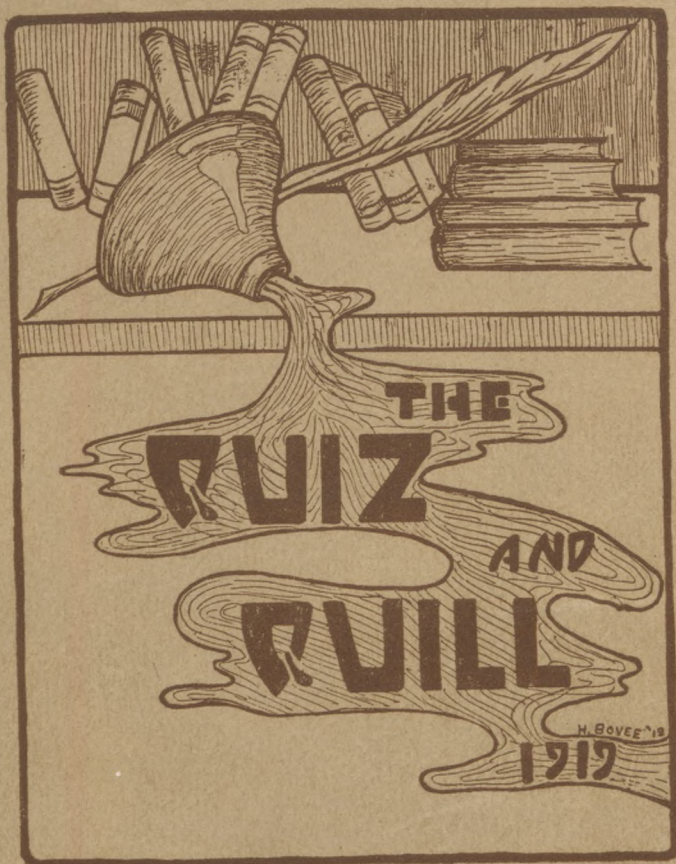
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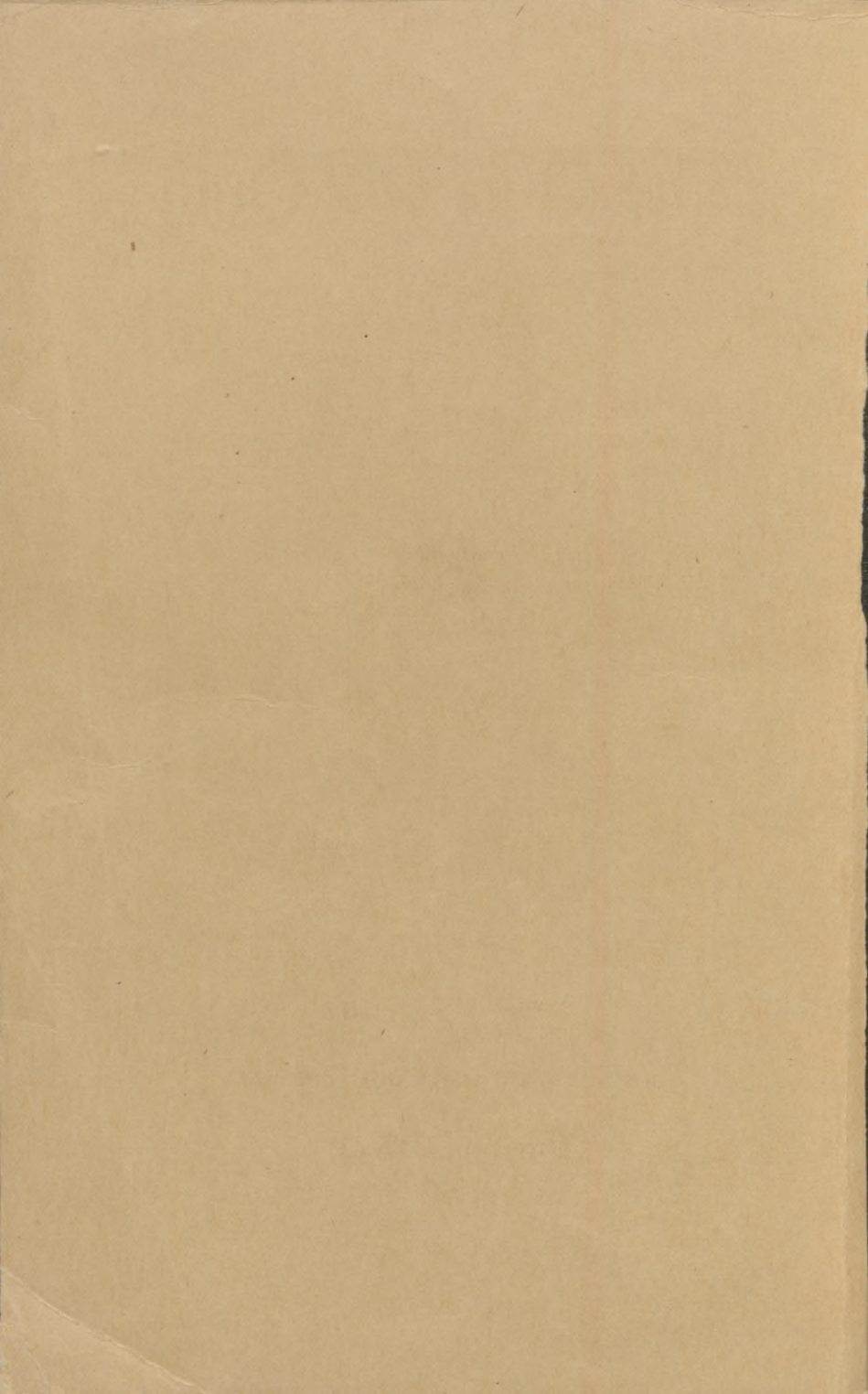
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Q. O. Altmann







# The Quiz *and* Quill



Published Annually  
by  
The Quiz and Quill Club  
of  
Otterbein College



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## FOREWORD



T is with the greatest pleasure and anticipation that we present to you the students, alumni and friends of Otterbein, this the first number of the "Quiz and Quill."


This little book is the partial realization of a dream, the imperfect expression of an ideal which has as its aim a true appreciation of our Mother Tongue and an effort to attain perfection in the use of it.

We have endeavored in our selections to make this publication representative of the several literary departments of the college. The literary societies and the classrooms have been drawn on for material; contributions have been secured from alumni. We hope, by this means, to offer an incentive for superior work in English interpretation and composition. It is the highest ideal of the "Quiz and Quill" to foster a deeper appreciation for the finest of fine arts—language—and for the artists of language.

In presenting this little book, our hope is that it will be received with interest and appreciation and that your judgment of it will be tempered by the memories of college days past.



## GREETINGS TO OTTERBEIN ALUMNI AND FRIENDS

TTERBEIN COLLEGE extends greetings to its hosts of alumni and friends everywhere. A new day of usefulness is dawning. The college is expanding in every direction. Its sphere of service touches every land and clime. Over twelve hundred men and women have graduated from the college and are representing its splendid ideals throughout the world. Many thousands more having drunk of its fountains have received new life and are reflecting it in the world.

In the past few years a large increase in material assets has been realized. Two campaigns for money, aggregating \$500,000, have been conducted. The new Science Hall is now being constructed. It will be perhaps the most useful and the most beautiful of all general science buildings in the state. A large number of scholarships and prize funds have been established. A new spirit of confidence and courage possesses the entire constituency.

Along with this modern growth we must get a spirit of the new day; social democracy, social service, and social readjustment are in order. We must sense the needs of the time. We must reflect the spirit of Christian social reform. A cosmopolitan vision must possess us and out from the halls of Otterbein must flow a new life, a life which will be positive, aggressive and pure. Our students and our graduates are our representatives. Let this spirit be reflected in those who name the name of Otterbein.

W. G. CLIPPINGER,  
President.







## **"THE AMHERST IDEA"**

*An address delivered before the Faculty Club of Otterbein University, February 12, 1912,*

BY FRANK E. MILLER, PH. D.

Mr. President and Members of the Faculty:

In attempting to present this paper to this distinguished body my inclinations are somewhat at variance and my feelings are attended with considerable uneasiness as to the outcome. If it were a matter of election I should not choose to attempt it but I seem to be doing required work. Your committee assigned to me this subject. For that they are entirely responsible but not for anything I may say and if it be demonstrated that they were lacking in wisdom in the person selected yet in the midst of our mutual disappointment I present the claim for credit, at least, for obedience to their bidding.

The class of 1885 at its twenty-fifth reunion at Amherst appointed a committee to present to the trustees the question: "Whether at a time when education is so largely assuming a technical character, and when in the universities the work of teaching is to so considerable an extent performed without relations of personal contact and influence between teacher and student, it is not at once the opportunity and the duty of Amherst College to take a distinctive public position as a representative of that individual training and general culture which once was the purpose of all American colleges." The committee believes that "as a duty owing to its students, as an opportunity for a greater public service and in its own interests as a matter of self-preservation Amherst College should take this position."



They therefore urge upon the Trustees of Amherst College the following recommendations:

- (1) That the instruction given at Amherst College be a modified classical course.
- (2) That all undergraduate degrees save that of Bachelor of Arts be abolished.
- (3) That the college adopt the deliberate policy to devote all its means to the indefinite increase of teachers' salaries.
- (4) That the number of students attending the college be limited.
- (5) That entrance be permitted only on competitive examination.

The five recommendations conspire to the one desired object, namely, that of producing the best possible leadership. To do this it is necessary to select the strongest from the best classes of students. Having done this, then to bring them into vital contact and close personal relations with the aristocracy of talent and genius and the most admirable and noble in character. To maintain this teaching quality led them to recommend an increase in salaries.

The recommendation with which this occasion is charged is the first one, namely, the modified classical course. To sum the committee on this point, the modified classical course is a training in civics, in the history of governments, in the development and significance of institutions, in the meaning of civilization, in brief, a training for public leadership and not a personal equipment for trade. The committee adds that in any scheme of teaching the sciences have a necessary place and that some knowledge of them is an essential part of a liberal education and should be taught. Notwithstanding all this, they affirm that the day of the classics has not yet gone by.

The requirements for admission and graduation, on the side of what are commonly known as the

humanities, have been strengthened and at the same time the importance of science as an element in culture has been recognized by requiring two years instead of one in preparation for the degree Bachelor of Arts. The result of the policy is summed up by the trustees as follows: "The Amherst graduate, with these plans and policies in full force, will have offered four years of Latin or Greek or both, at entrance; he will have had in college two years of an ancient language and two years at least of science; he will have a reading knowledge of German and Romance languages; he will have pursued three subjects for three years and two subjects for two years. Besides the requirements of classics, science, mathematics and modern languages he will have had the choice of philosophy including metaphysics and psychology, history, economics, political science and literature. He will have had opportunity to interest himself in college activities and he will not have been permitted to overdo it, either. Best of all, this will have been done in an institution where president, trustees, faculty, alumni, and undergraduates believe that the office and duty of its training is to stimulate spiritual responsibility for the service of humanity."

The report which may be procured of the chairman of the committee, E. P. Prentice, Esq., of New York City, is a strong and weighty document which deserves to be widely read and carefully studied. Primarily, it embodies the opinions of a group of educated men belonging to a single college and averaging nearly fifty years of age — an age when sober counsel rules the mind and to make haste slowly seems better than all the watchwords of radicalism and restive revolt. Secondly, it crystallizes the judgment of the pedagogically wise wherever they may be found and whatever may have been the paths whereby they have come to the realization of what things matter most in the educational sphere.

When we study the educational problem and the



utterances of those, East and West, who are the strong and worthy advocates of the different systems, we find that they emphasize two kinds of higher education — the cultural and the vocational. The former aims to develop the student's mind, to broaden his outlook, to increase his powers of analysis, understanding and appreciation, to furnish him a training in civics, in the history of governments, in the development and signification of institutions, in the meaning of civilization, to instill in him a hatred against private and public wrongs, and to inspire in him a willingness to assume responsibility and live not for self but for the service of humanity — in short, to produce a wise and effective leadership. The latter gives a personal equipment for trade. It furnishes agriculturists, chemists, engineers, experts, and fills those professions more closely allied to the active bread-winning business of life. While this paper will have something to say about the methods, it is not its purpose to condemn the object in either of these kinds of education. Both are eminently necessary and must be patronized and prosper for the highest development and wisest leadership of the nation. But it seems at the present time as if the proper equilibrium is somewhat disturbed and we are in danger of falling from a position of high and lofty Christian ideals to a plane of commercialism, luxury, and selfishness.

From the founding of our first colleges until not very many years ago education steadily advanced and developed along the lines in keeping with the early conceptions of those institutions and the result of the system as we find it embodied in the nation's development furnishes us a history to which we point with a just pride. Therefore, instead of throwing away entirely that which has served us so well, the Amherst Committee urges a modified classical course and in this they retain the study of the Latin and Greek languages.

The disciplinary value of studies varies and the



highest results are obtained when we have the best adjustment between the remedies and ills and in this arrangement the notions and inclinations of the patient are not so safe as the wise judgment of a skilled physician. The way of discipline to most youths is not inviting and, if left to them to choose, few will enter therein. The broad and easy road has more allurements for them. It is ordained of God that the young shall have the wise and sympathetic care and counsel of the experienced. To refuse to give them this is to shirk a grave and important responsibility. How would I know, in a drug store, what remedies to select for my ills when I am ignorant as to the nature and character of both? And what would you think of a druggist well versed in medicine and human ills if he should say to me, "This store is run on the elective system, you select and then I will properly dose them out to you." Some years ago, when our supply of courses of study was rather few to meet the growing needs of a progressive people, we had far better supervision than we now have with our enormous stock and multiplied opportunities for misfits. Is there not something too loose at the foundation of our system of education? Does not this freedom pertaining to intellectual development and formation of character so early and freely extended to the child encourage him to enlarge his eccentricities and engender in him an unbecoming boldness? Is not this freedom in opposition to modesty and symmetry and grace of character?

It must not be inferred that I am against the whole elective system. I feel, however, that it has gone too far. The Faculty will remember some years ago when we took our first big step in this direction, forced to it largely by a similar step in other colleges, that I expressed a fear that it would weaken the force of education and that its products would lose in strength and nobility of character. Electives in our colleges were first guardedly offered

to juniors and seniors. It worked well but its success there permitted it to spread through the entire college and now it has passed into the public schools and has been handed down the line until the children in the homes are taking the electives and the fathers and mothers are doing the required work.

It takes heat and cold to temper steel. It is the long, persistent, hard but victorious fight against difficult things that makes men and the young candidate is not inclined to select that kind of a course. How is he to become strong? Merely equipping him with fragments of useful knowledge easily and softly acquired will not do it.

A study that pins a student down to some definite and strenuous end, one in which little failures now and then made accumulate and darken his way and obstruct his progress, one in which bluff must wane and die, one in which the second term will pinch him if the first has been poorly done, one in which progress and peace can be enjoyed only by thorough conquest of all that has gone before—such study carried on for three, four, five years will produce mental strength and give joy and delight by virtue of accumulated power. This in turn will create a love for conquest and mastery and a thirst for knowledge and the possession of truth will thrill and dominate his soul.

Now, when we look over the rejected list it is just such studies that are suffering elimination and not by subtraction but elimination by substitution. And what are the substitutes? Many of them one semester disconnected studies that may be taken in a jump-about fashion. Young students do not know what they need. Oh, they may think they do, but that is a delusion. This plan of a boy selecting a life work for the man to be, I seriously question. The caterpillar rolling around in the dirt is not able to choose the life for the winged butterfly that is to be. The boy needs an education to wisely



grapple with that problem—an education that will give him a broad and strong foundation, that furnished him something of an invoice of his powers and shows him how first of all to be a man. Then he is ready to begin the study and serious examination of that great question.

When I was in college (if I may be permitted to give some experience) I had five years of Latin, four years of Greek and one of German; French at that time was not offered. Each recited five times a week. My time in school was five years, an average of two foreign languages a year. I come from the country school with its term of six months, much of which I never would have taken save for the urgent influence of most faithful parents. When I entered the academy my mind was past that beautiful plastic stage psychology recounts and was rapidly taking on some of the qualities of a rigid body and here before me stood those ten years of work in foreign languages. I came from the farm. The elective system had not yet been invented, at least it had not been set to farm work. When I plowed corn I did not plow a few rows and then quit. I plowed corn day after day, week after week as long as the season lasted. When I milked the cows and the touchy thing gave me a slap with tail or foot I did not quit and elect instead some other stunt and let her and the other four or five go unmilked—oh no—I just took that beast in charge and administered some telling events that savored of the poet's mind when he sang, "In the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife." Upon entering college, I rushed into Latin and Greek the first year and for six days in the week I worked and oh! that does not half express it. It is of no use to talk to me about an average of one hour per day on a study and Saturday a holiday. That never made a student and it never will. The article would be too cheap to be worthy of consideration. With me it was work or get out. I liked to work and it



was honorable; to shirk was disgraceful. So I did not have any better sense than to work and I want to tell you right here that after these years of reflection I regard it the best sense I could have had. If I am persistent and obstinate in hanging on to a stiff proposition it is largely because of my training both in and out of school. Of those lessons in composition, that subjunctive, indirect discourse, and Greek verb I yet have smouldering memories. But I am not in the least sorry that I had to take this work. The only regret I have is that I did not have a corresponding course in English. At that time there was no separate department of English.

Latin and Greek were the languages of two nations of great power and learning. The languages became crystallized when the nations were in their highest stage of perfection. They are fixed quantities not subject to change because of growing processes. All other studies in the curricula are changing, if not by revolutions and reconstructions, at least by additions. Greek and Latin all these years as a means to mental discipline have been undergoing a refining process through the "tried and error" method until they have reached a stage of most "elegant pedagogical matter." They are the studies in which the chief effort has been to fit them to the purpose of mental discipline. In the other studies the time has been occupied by internal eruptions in the subject matter or in explorations and conquests. A lot of these new subjects and this new material that is thrown in upon us have not yet been tested by the slow process of the "tried and error" method. Then to come in contact with the spirit of that heroic age and feel the inspiration of those Greek and Roman philosophers and orators, to touch the keen intellects and vivid imaginations and see the fine distinctions and discriminations of the Greek mind—the most wonderful people at that time on the face of the earth—this in itself is a potent factor in a liberal education.

In this list of studies, where you cannot build higher until you have established what is lower, falls mathematics. While there are a few who would like to banish it from the highway to intellectual glory yet it is decreed to stay for human cunning will never find for it a substitute and scientific advancement without it is utterly impossible. Shut out from its complete elimination, the alternative seems to be to take as little of it as possible and that cuts the wires that transmit the power of human ingenuity to the mightiest engine of wit in the struggle to world supremacy. Victory in the day to day contest with the languages is largely through the memory; in mathematics it is through the reason, and that does not lighten the contest for one of the hard things to do is to think, and in mathematics you are brought face to face with that stern proposition with no hope for peace or success on any other line. But when once the attack is made with determination and a willingness to pay the price of labor the gravity of the situation changes and the campaign becomes one full of growing interest and intensity as we climb in our constructive thinking from one altitude to another formulating the principles and summing the laws until we are vested with the authority to demand from the empires of worlds, in boundless space, that they give up to us their secrets. Then, through the power and sensitiveness of this functional language, we read and interpret the activities and life of this infinite display and listen to the harmonies whispered by the ultimate ratios of departing quantities and with a multitude of thoughts pouring in upon us too agile and ponderous for enunciation our soul is delighted beyond expression and there is left with us a sacred feeling that we have caught a glimpse of some of the inner working of the Eternal God whom we rejoice through His grace to call Our Father. Human progress is conditioned on scientific achievements. The history of mathematics is the glass



through which the philosophical eye peers into past ages to trace out the lines of intellectual development.

But the solution to our problem goes far deeper than intellectual equipment. As the country developed and interests multiplied and necessities grew varied, education became differentiated into different lines. The great state universities take the students as they pass from the high schools and offer them technical training as a preparation for some profession or commercial career. In this they have supplied a much felt need and with the states back of them they are thoroughly equipped to do it. Now the shift is in the small schools and denominational colleges departing from their old and honored system and following in the line of the State universities. This to me seems like a serious mistake. Very few of the denominational schools can compete with the elaborately equipped State universities and they are leaving a much higher field of usefulness to church, state, and nation only to be outdone in an unequal race with State universities along vocational lines. Where are the leaders and the safeguards of the nation to receive their all important training? May it be, yea, is it not so, that the door of the highest usefulness and of Christian influence and supremacy is open to the denominational colleges and yet having eyes they see not? What greater opportunity could these schools ask than to train, equip, and furnish the efficient Christian leaders for this nation in her grand leadership of nations to the working out of the eternal plans of the Great Father and Ruler of nations? And how else can this be accomplished? Many of our best leaders and statesmen are and have been from these denominational schools. Their Christian leadership has been a great uplift to the nation and Christian education must not forsake her at this strategic hour.

There may be a feeling that an institution carrying out such a policy will want for students. I do

not believe it will. The vocational lines are rapidly filling up and the tide flowing in that direction will recede and there will always be a class sufficient for such schools to turn out a select product. President Schurman suggests that "A seminary for the aristocracy of talent would be the highest and noblest institution in the world. And no other service to a democracy could be compared with this. For, to form the mind and character of one man of marked talent, not to say genius, would be worth more to the country which he serves than the routine training of hundreds of average students."

The tendency of modern institutions is to fit men to earn money. State universities are necessarily of this character. "Back of this modern movement is the notion stated by Prof. John M. Gillette who is an apostle of vocational training and whose very language reveals the modern divorce from classic scholarship," when he says:

"The assumption of State education is that its training is necessary for citizenship, that is, to be a valid member of society. But since one can be such only as he is able to function in society, that is, work in society, according to its fundamental nature, and since society is essentially specialized and vocational in constitution, it follows that to make citizens in the best sense is to vocationalize them, make them able to further some dominant social interest."

This is not the highest standard of citizenship. Ideals in education must rise above the planes of sports, amusements and commercialism. In contrast to the above quotation I wish to set this from Dr. Woodrow Wilson.

"The American college has played a unique part in American life. \* \* \* \* It formed men who brought to their tasks and able morale, a capacity that seemed more than individual, a power touched with large ideals. The college has been the seat of ideals. The liberal training which it sought to impart took no thought of any particular profession or business, but was meant to reflect in its few and simple disciplines the image of life and thought. Men were bred by it to no skill or craft or calling; the discipline to



which they were subjected had a more general object. It was meant to prepare them for the whole of life rather than some particular part of it. The ideals which lay at its heart were the general ideals of conduct, of right living and right thinking, which made them aware of a world moralized by principle, steadied and cleared of many an evil thing by true and catholic reflection and just feeling, a world not of interests but of ideas. Such impressions, such challenges to a man's spirit, such intimations of privilege and duty, are not to be found in the work of professional and technical schools. They cannot be."

The committee in its report, from which the above quotations are taken adds this comment. "Because a man can function in society as a craftsman in some trade or technical work he is not thereby made a better leader. We have already too much of that statesmanship marked by ability 'to further some dominant social interests' and too little of that which is 'aware of a world moralized by principal, steadied and cleared of many an evil thing by true and catholic reflection and just feeling, a world not of interests but of ideas'."

From the discussion, by the committee, on the point of public leadership I take the following suggestive statement:

"Institutions and governments have a history, and the best statesmanship is that which meets the future with lessons derived from a profound understanding of what has gone before us. Technical education, which, so far as government is concerned, for the most part teaches devices but not principles, which seems to assert that successful business fits for successful statesmanship, proceeds upon the assumption that retrospect is not wise and that in any difficulty we should consider not how we got there but how we can get out, as if, said Edmund Burke, we should 'consult our invention and reject our experience.' Here, indeed, is to be found one of the causes of the increasing excitability of American politics. Invention is the parent of Utopias, socialism, radicalism of all kinds. Experience is the parent of improvement, progress, conservatism."

The caution herein given against reckless experimentation whether in the art of education or the art of government is the one most needed at the

present time. A paradoxical truth is that progress and conservatism go together and the comprehension and practice of this truth will save us from some of the errors of the over-zealous reformer.

We want more young men developed in mental power, then trained in civics, schooled in the history of governments, skilled in statecraft, cultured and lofty in thought through the study of literature, grounded in Christian ethics and sound philosophy, and this done under influences and in an institution where souls are made sensitive, consciences uncompromising, convictions effective, so that they may go out equipped in knowledge and right in heart and strong in will to exterminate evils and establish righteousness. In this good work I hope Amherst College will have many followers and strong support. We are happy to have one of her sons a member of this Faculty and I trust she will continue to send out many such men. The world needs more of these Christian leaders.

My study and observation of the educational problem have led me to the conviction that it is not only the line pursued, but the kind of instruction as well that has to do with the results. In this connection there are just two kinds of instruction; the one is limited to things that are temporal, the other includes things that are eternal. No society can long exist which recognizes commercial and temporal motives only. Public life pursued for private and temporal ends is the degradation of politics. A system of education measured by the commercial rule of the income it returns is destructive. A system which teaches its students to work in order to be self-supporting and successful is praiseworthy and advantageous to the community only on condition that the higher motives be given their controlling place. Great care will need to be exercised in vocational lines of training lest they become temporal and selfish and destructive to mutual helpfulness. Here we may have high power with low in-



tegrity—skill for an advantage coupled with little conscience.

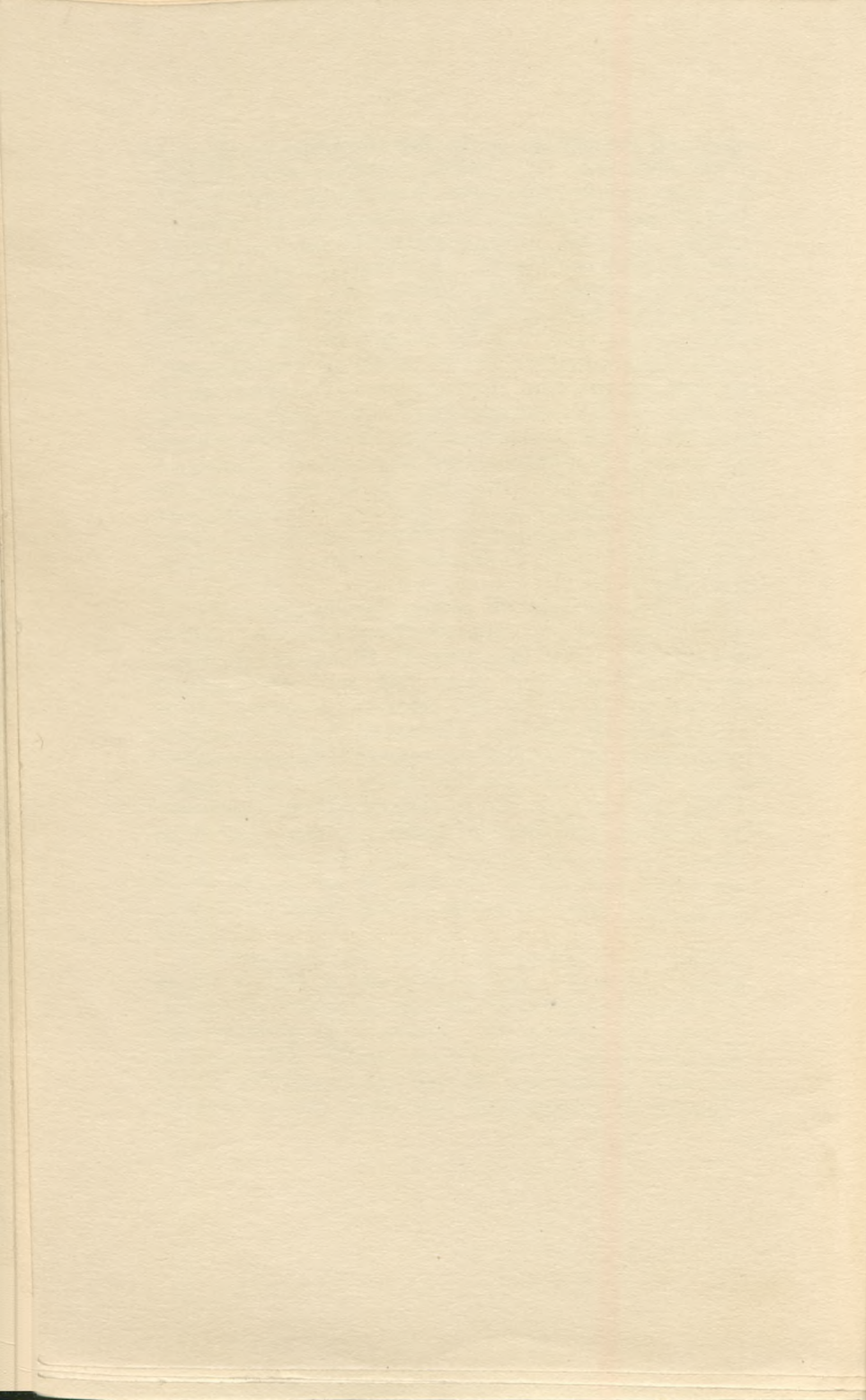
The world needs to be checked in its mad rush for temporal things and how can this be done more effectively than in its system of training which should be to justify the works of God to man? It needs to stop and listen to the words of its Great Teacher and Redeemer when He says "Ye cannot live by bread alone"—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness" and all subordinate aims of life shall be realized. If the world is indifferent to the teaching of its Lord and Master, the fault is not all with the church and its ministry. What about our education? What kind of influences in our public schools are brought to bear on the precious youths of our land in their formative years? What is the atmosphere in the great centers of education that should be the watch towers of the world's great problems? Are the leaders and the men to the front in these places persons who are filled with the spirit of the things that are eternal? In our system of education is it temporal life or eternal life that has the first and chief consideration? Is it the "old man" or the "new man" we are seeking to educate? These are some of the questions that confront me as I keep in touch with the streams as they emanate from these great fountains. Much is to be said in their praise. The best we have comes from these sources. But the tremendous responsibility resting upon them demands that more be done. There should be no time for foolishness and recklessness in these places entrusted with such great interests.

A democracy has its power vested in its people; as the people so the government. Heredity, education and religion are the three great factors in the make-up of a people. Of these, education is fundamental. What a people has by nature is largely the outgrowth of the wisdom practiced by the generations before them and Christianity is strength-

ened and intensified in its far reaching results by sound education. If a nation crumbles and falls the first signs of its decay are found in its systems of thought and training. So long as a nation is right in this point we have a guarantee to its future strength and usefulness. And indifference here is gross recklessness at the pilot's wheel. Selfishness and trickery here are theft and high treason. So a tremendous responsibility is on those molding the minds and characters of the youth of our land and any such person who does not try to measure up to the high calling is unworthy of a place where such great issues are at stake. There is a God that rules and we are his creatures and any system of education that does not have this at its foundation is exceedingly dangerous. In all this the teacher is a factor and a most important factor—reaching in his influence far beyond the mere function of imparting knowledge.

Give the teachers all along the line, from the kindergarten through the great universities, right conceptions of life; lift them to the mountain top where like Moses they may talk with God—give them the companionship like Enoch who walked with God and you will lift this old world into the dawn of a bright and glorious day where greed and sin would scarcely dare to enter—a day where love will reign and He who gave his life to save it will be crowned King of Kings and Lord of Lords.








LITERARY  
SOCIETIES



## THE VISION OF THE COLLEGE GIRL OF 1919

ELMA LYBARGER '19

*Cleiorhetea.*

T was commencement day of June 12th, 1919. The college girl clad in cap and gown was sitting under the old elm on the campus with her diploma tied with blue ribbon lying beside her. She had stolen away from the congratulations of friends and the good-byes of classmates,—out to the old elm. She wanted to be alone, to take a last look at the place that had been her home for four years. What had these years meant to her? What had she accomplished and what did the future have in store for her? The college girl reflected the last question more deeply than the rest. "The future; I wonder how it will treat me? What I shall do to be most useful? I wish I could see into it," she mused. And just then her wish was gratified, for to the college girl of 1919 appeared a vision of herself in the future years.

She was standing on the steps of the college bidding her Alma Mater good-bye. There were tears in the eyes of the college girl, but a sad and resolute light shone in those of her Alma Mater.

"My girl," she said, "I have prepared you in these last four years to start on the road of life. It's the road to the right, take it, remember my teachings, keep straight ahead and you can't miss the Halls of Attainment. They are far ahead and the road is rough."

Then, taking the girl gently by the arm, she led her to the road. "There it is, remember my advice, good-bye."

So the college girl started on the road of Life as her Alma Mater had directed.

"Why, it's smooth; I thought she said it was

rough," thought the girl to herself as she walked briskly down the road. "At this rate I shall reach the Halls of Attainment in a short time." But she had not gone far when her pace began to slacken. The way grew rougher, the stones sharper, and the girl more tired. "I don't dare give up. I must go on as my Alma Mater told me or I won't reach the Halls of Attainment." With this remark the college girl made a fresh effort and as she went she forgot the stones and ruts of the way. Her thoughts were far ahead to the great places she was to see. But suddenly she realized that the road was becoming smoother; flowers were blooming fresh in the morning dew. Then she heard the babbling and murmuring of water nearby and saw just ahead a beautiful stream that wound along by the Road of Life. "Strange," thought the girl, "I haven't noticed it before. It seems to have been flowing by the road all this while and the flowers, too, have been blooming, for I see them now. I've thought too much of the stones and ruts of the road. What a relief to see the cool peaceful stream after that long hot road," and the college girl dropped gratefully down on the bank of the cool sand. "I guess I'll rest a moment and maybe I can go faster then." And she put her hand into the cool water. She was lost in her musings when suddenly a voice woke her from her reveries and she looked up to see an old man, with a flowing white beard.

"Do you wish to row down the stream?" he pleasantly asked.

"Why, I hadn't thought of it, sir; I'm on the Road of Life and I stopped to rest a moment by this cool stream," she politely answered.

"If you are on the Road of Life, you must not stop, for if you do, it is harder to go on; you grow tired of it all," and with this the old man turned and looked thoughtfully down the stream.

Then he continued: "This is the River of Knowledge and it flows along by the Road of Life. I'm



Father Time and I row passengers down this stream in my boat Experience."

Just then the college girl saw a weather-beaten old boat anchored farther down the stream. It hardly looked safe, and as she started politely to refuse, Father Time interposed:

"O, it's safe; not a leak in it and it has taken many passengers for these many years. Don't be alarmed—you'll find it a wonderful trip, rather long and winding and not always easy rowing. So far you have only played in the stream and you find its waters cooling. When you are out in it you will find it even more pleasant."

The college girl only nodded assent and Father Time lead the way to the boat. The college girl stepped in, followed by the old man.

"My passengers must row the boat themselves—I only act as guide," and he handed her the oars.

"But I don't know how to row very well—that is, I haven't —"

But Father Time quickly interposed, "You can—I shall direct you—I can't do it for you."

Her Alma Mater had taught her obedience to her elders, so the girl took the oars and pushed out into the current. The boat, though old and weather-beaten with age, went down the stream quite easily for a time. The scenery along the bank was beautiful. The flowers of Hope and Cheerfulness grew in profusion along the bank and a little bird, singing the melodious song of Happiness, filled the air with its music. The college girl almost forgot to row.

"Keep your oars going. It is beautiful here, I know, but one dare not stop," came from Father Time, who sat just back of her.

So she rowed on and somehow the river seemed to widen and grow more swift. The boat began to sway and big rocks could be seen just above the water.

"Be careful now; we are coming to the dangerous part of the River. Always row to the Right, for on

the Left is the big rock called Scepticism. It has wrecked some who have tried to make this trip and did not take my advice." With these admonitions Father Time settled himself more comfortably. But in trying to avoid the rocks, the college girl almost ran the boat into a whirlpool and Father Time quickly came to her rescue.

"That's the whirlpool of Doubt; if you should be drawn into its swirling waters you would go on down to Despair. Nearer the bank are the quicksands of Materialism. Many, in seeking easier moving, are swallowed up there. Keep to the Right, there is more than one Scylla and Charybdis here," Father Time advised. She heaved a sigh of relief.

"That made me nervous," she panted.

"Yes, some of my passengers do get lost here. I can save myself and the boat, but they give up too easily and sink," and his eyes rested admiringly on the college girl. "The dangers aren't passed, though; keep cool and you'll go through safely," he added.

The worst part of the journey was over. Once in a while the old boat Experience would bump against a rock and toss from side to side, but it was evident to the college girl that the stream was smoother. The girl rowed on, busy with her thoughts, for the boat needed little attention now. Suddenly Father Time interrupted her musings.

"We land here," and the girl looked up to see a high rocky bank. "Why, I can't climb those steep rocks; I would fall."

Father Time stopped her impatiently, "Certainly you can. They are steep and jagged, but take one at a time and be careful where you step. You are too near your goal to give up now. The Halls of Attainment can be easily seen from their tops."

So the college girl started up the rocks, stepping from one to the other with a firm, sure footing. "It seems easier, since I came down to the Stream of Knowledge and escaped those rocks," thought the



girl, and with one final bound reached the top of the cliff. There before her gaze was the object of her quest. There were the Halls of Attainment to which her Alma Mater had directed her so long before. Pretentious buildings they were, side by side, and strange to say they faced the Road of Life which somehow had been close by the river. "Oh, how dazzling; I don't know which to visit first," said the girl half to herself as she started along the way leading toward them.

"We'll visit them all on this journey; there is much to do and see."

So the girl entered the Hall of Business World and, strange to say, as she went in the great bronze door she looked up to see a familiar face farther down the building.

"Why, there's the college boy; how did he get here?" whispered the girl to Father Time, for the college boy was coming nearer.

"O, he came here some time ago; I guided him also."

Just then the boy hurried by, almost running. The girl spoke pleasantly, but he hardly gave her a glance and went on.

"So," thought the college girl, "he won't even notice me. I'll make him speak to me yet," and with a toss of her head and a flash of her eye, she took another turn in the great building.

"Quicken your pace," advised Father Time, "for I want you to sit in the Financiers' chair awhile. It's an honor you won't often have. We must make several turns yet, the way is quite winding and it is easy to lose one's self." And he took the college girl by the arm.

After a few turns in the corridor, she saw the financier's chair and without advice from Father Time quickly sat down, for she was tired.

"The chair isn't a very easy one," she said by way of comment, and to her surprise, before Father Time could answer, there stood the college boy.

"O, pardon me, I didn't mean, er—er to intrude," he muttered ungraciously and backed out of the room before the girl could speak.

"He's been in that chair before; I don't see why he should act like that. Come, let's go—we must not stay too long here." Father Time and the college girl started for the next great hall.

"What's this one?" she asked of her guide. "It's more beautiful than the other."

"This is the Hall of Political Fame. Its windings are very intricate and you must keep close to me or you'll get lost. Just remember that your trip down the River of Knowledge in Experience will help you to keep calm here. O, don't be alarmed," he quickly added, as the girl's eyes grew wide; "it's not so bad once you get into it. Come on, we mustn't waste time."

After a few minutes' walk, they came to the door of Hall of Political Fame. "We have to unlock this door, I have the keys to it—and some few obtain one of them—kind of a combination lock," he said, as he turned the key. The door rolled back quite slowly and the college girl gave a gasp.

"Oh, it's more beautiful than the other hall, but—" before she could finish, Father Time interposed quite sternly:

"We must be careful here; remember what I told you." And as they followed the long corridor with its many doors, some partly ajar, Father Time broke the silence.

"The attractive oak door leads to room of Bribery. It looks pretty well from the outside, but the interior is shabby. This room just beside it is Intrigue. They are connected by double doors. The lights are poor here, too; kind of a shady place for these who are not used to it. They are liable to get in the wrong door. Come this way now, we mount these steps."

So, step after step, up, up went the girl, panting for breath.



"Now we must hurry or the college boy will be here," advised the old man as he opened a great door farther down a well lighted corridor. "This is the room of the chief executive and you shall sit in his chair," and he led the girl to the chair of honor.

But she had hardly had time to compose herself and look quite dignified when the college boy rushed in quite out of breath. At sight of the college girl in the president's chair, in the latest gown and newest coiffure, a look of chagrin, quickly changing to amusement passed over his face. He smiled and paid her a graceful compliment. But the girl coolly turned the revolving chair, picked up a book on jurisprudence and began to read. The boy, quite crestfallen and embarrassed, gave an appealing look at Father Time, in whose eyes there was no sympathy. He felt dismissed and slipped out of the first door within reach. The girl smiled triumphantly at his departing back—"but I wonder how I really looked—I just know that lock of hair would come down," she thought to herself as she pinned the offending lock with an invisible hair pin.

"We've been to the most important halls and we can't spend much time in the others; there are too many," said Father Time as the great door of Political Fame closed behind them.

So they entered the Halls of Music and Art, each magnificent in its own way and here the girl played and painted. And, of course, she met the boy there, too. This time the girl gave him a smile, a coquetish light dancing in her eyes. He asked to accompany her to the Halls of Law and Medicine, but she sweetly refused and took the arm of Father Time. This time the boy walked at some distance behind them. Of course they met again in the Poet's Hall and here the boy politely aided the girl to climb the steps to the Poet Laureate's chair, then stood back and watched her admiringly. Father Time's eyes twinkled and he discreetly walked away. The girl descended from the chair of honor and she and the

boy stood by the window looking out on the Road of Life.

"I have one more hall to visit, I don't know what it is, but I see it there in the distance." The College Boy, who knew them all, answered, "It is the Hall of the Hearth or Home, most beautiful of all, very sacred to those who enter. Shall we go together, College Girl?"

And the girl not daring to trust her eyes, only nodded.

So the College Girl and the College Boy started for the Hall of the Hearth and Father Time, loath to leave his children, followed them.

So the three entered that most sacred and beautiful of all the Halls of Attainment, "The Hall of the Home," and there the College Girl took her seat on the throne and was crowned by Father Time forever as a sovereign queen.

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### THE WIND

Tell me, tell me, O kind wind,  
Why you ever are unkind,  
Why you whistle round high towers;  
Shaking trees and crushing flowers!

When the time of spring comes 'round,  
And flower's opening buds are found;  
Then, O then you are most kind,  
Thou balmy, loving, gentle wind.

For oft-times, in the wee small hours,  
You bring refreshing cooling showers;  
And when the flowers are thirsty too,  
You lift their heads to catch the dew.

And now it seems as though you say,  
"When I am rough, that is my play.  
I do not mean to be unkind;  
Although I am, I sometimes find."

GLADYS MCCLURE



## THE POWER OF THOUGHT

H. E. MICHAEL, '19

*Philomatheia*



MAN has long searched for that characteristic which will spell success in his life, but instead of looking within to find this quality he has tried in vain to find it without. This quality or characteristic is like that of happiness, it is found within.

It is a condition of the mind entirely. Or we might call it a philosophy, a new and inspiring philosophy of today, which is making plain to the human race as never before in all the history of the world that man is not the slave of his environment and his circumstances, but that he can become master of himself and his circumstances; that he can control his environment and not let it control him; that he is master and creator of his own destiny.

Down through all the ages this quality has been the prominent characteristic in the lives of our great men. Napoleon, Bismarck, and all other men of great achievement, had colossal faith in themselves, a faith that doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled the ordinary power of these men. In no other way can we account for the achievements of Luther, Wesley or Savonarola. Without this sublime faith, this confidence in her mission how could the simple country maiden, Jeanne d'Arc, have led and controlled the French army? This divine self-confidence multiplied her power a thousand fold, until even the king obeyed her, and she led his stalwart troops as if they were children.

It was this unbounded confidence in his ability that compelled the recognition and led to the supremacy in England of Benjamin Disraeli, the once despised Jew. He did not quail or lose heart when

the hisses and jeers of the British parliament rang in his ears. He sat down among the jeering members saying, "You will yet hear me." He felt within him then the confidence of power that made him prime minister of England, the power that turned the sneers and hisses into admiration and applause.

Much of ex-President Roosevelt's success was due to his colossal self-confidence. He believed in Roosevelt as Napoleon believed in Napoleon. There was nothing timid or half-hearted about this great man. He went at everything with that gigantic assurance, with that tremendous confidence, which half wins the battle before he begins.

It is astonishing how the world makes way for a resolute soul, and how obstacles slip from the path of a determined man who believes in himself. There is no philosophy by which a man can do a thing when he believes he cannot.

What can defeat a strong man who believes in himself and cannot be laughed down, talked down, or written down? Poverty cannot dishearten him, misfortune deter him, nor hardship turn him a hair's breadth from his course; whatever comes, he keeps his eye on the goal and pushes ahead.

What would you think of a young man, ambitious to become a lawyer, who would surround himself with a medical atmosphere and spend his time in reading medical books! Do you think he would ever become a great lawyer by following such a course? No, he must put himself in a law atmosphere; go where he can absorb it and be so steeped in it until he is attuned to the legal note. He must be so grafted upon the legal tree that he can feel its sap circulating through him.

How long will it take a young man to be successful who puts himself in an atmosphere of failure and remains in it until he is soaked and saturated with the idea? How long will it take a man who depreciates himself, talks failure, thinks failure, walks failure, and dresses like a failure; who is always



complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure—how long will it take him to arrive at the success goal? I say, infinity.

The majority of failures begin to deteriorate by doubting and depreciating themselves, or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment you harbor doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to undermine the very foundation of all achievement.

So long as you carry around an atmosphere of failure and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all the currents of failure thoughts, of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavor and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

If we had a larger conception of our possibilities, a larger faith in ourselves, we could accomplish infinitely more. And if we only better understood our divinity we would have this larger faith. We are crippled by the old orthodox idea of man's inferiority. There is no inferiority about the man that God made. The only inferiority in us is what we put into ourselves. What God made is perfect. The trouble is that most of us are but burlesques of the men that God patterned and intended.

If you would be superior, you must hold the thought of superiority constantly in your mind. For you may be sure that your success will never rise higher than your confidence in yourself. The greatest artist in the world could not paint the face of a madonna with the model of depravity in his mind. You cannot succeed while doubting yourself or thinking thoughts of failure. Cling to success

thoughts. Fill your mind with cheerful, optimistic pictures, pictures of achievement. This will scatter the spectres of doubt and fear, and send through you a power which will transform you into an achiever. Believe in yourself; feel that you are to dominate your surroundings. Resolve that you will be the master and not the slave of circumstances.

This very assertion of superiority, this assumption of power, this affirmation of your ability to succeed,—the attitude of that claims success as an inalienable birthright,—will strengthen the man and give great added power to the faculties which doubt, fear and lack of confidence undermine.

Without this self-faith and iron will, man is but the plaything of chance, a puppet of circumstance. With these, he is a king. It is in his childhood that the seeds must be sown that will make him a conqueror in life.

When we have once attained this faith and self-confidence, we can convincingly repeat with Walter Malone his words of opportunity:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside the door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win,  
Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane:  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At sunrise each soul is born again.  
Laugh like a boy at the splendors that have sped,  
To vanquished joys be blind and deaf and dumb,  
My judgments seal the dead past with the dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.  
Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and  
weep:  
I lend my arm to all who say I can.  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man.  
Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast,




Dost thou reel from righteous retributions' blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future pages white as snow.  
Art thou a sinner—sins may be forgiven.  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven."

## "MARIA MIA"

GRACE M. ARMENTROUT, '19

*Philaethea*

T was twilight—an Italian twilight. The last rays of the setting sun still lingered on the mountain tops, sending their reflection over the motionless waters of the little lake, transforming them from a calm blue green to a vivid red. In the distance the mountains, which seemed to generate the shadow that was gradually deepening, loomed over the little town on the right of the lake, as if offering it a father's protection. As the sun sent out its last goodnight ray, the stars began to appear one by one.

A girl, dressed in the uniform of the American Red Cross, had been watching this transforming of the landscape, and when a particularly bright star suddenly shone out far to the west, she spoke to it, as to a messenger—

"Tell them I am coming home."

For it was true! She was going home! She was going to leave this land where men parted from their families in order to carry on an uncanny sort of warfare from mountain peaks and tunnels; where women, with the calm that comes only from faith, sent them away, and undertook to preserve and replenish the hearth fires alone; where little children forgot how to play in watching for queer birds that dropped fire and death from their steel claws. Now she was going home—back to America—where such conditions were unknown.

But how eager she had been to come—just a year before! "Why," said Marie—for that was the girl's name—addressing the star with the lack of restraint that comes only from confidence given and respected, "I wanted to do my part—that was all."



But now that it was done, as she thought, she was even more eager to return to America, to have once more the protection of love around her.

The moon had come up, silvering the lake and sending the shadows further and further into the mountains.

"Oh," breathed Marie, "How beautiful it is!" Then a shadow touched her face lightly.

"But a night like this means an air raid. These poor people."

She glanced toward the town lying so peacefully in the moonlight. But she knew that behind all those windows, brave, busy souls were turning their eyes anxiously toward the mountains, which sent back echoes that made the air hum and buzz, the echoes from artillery and machine guns. She knew that later, using the glorious moonlight for their deadly purposes, the great air planes would appear, when enemy met enemy. Marie unconsciously braced herself. She had become familiar with the crack of guns; she could see the flash of fire; she could hear the whirr as the great mass of human bodies, steel and twisted wires, fell through space. How sick she had become of all this blood and noise! She turned to the west.

"Out there are whole bodies and quiet. Tell them I am coming home." The moon, which had been covered by a cloud, shone out again.

But the work of the day was not yet finished. Taking up her basket of supplies, Marie hurried down the quiet street and softly entered a small white house. A woman, whose poor clothes could not conceal her nobility and dignity of bearing, turned and smiled—smiled as only those who have suffered can smile.

"Good evening to you, Maria mia," she said in a voice that was like a lullaby. "It is indeed good of you to remember me."

"I wanted to come," Marie explained, "to tell you some good news."

All at once it had become difficult for her to speak; it was as if she was under the tension of nervous excitement; almost as if her delight were being tinged with doubt.

Somehow with the Signora's dark eyes upon her, it was impossible to make the triumphant announcement that she had planned. How was she to tell her—this woman who had translated a private fortune into hospitals and ambulances, who had sent a husband and two sons across the mountains,—that she was going to leave Italy—Italy who had borne defeat so bravely and begged help of no one?

"Good news? You have good news?" the signora was saying. "That has become a luxury."

"Yes." Marie was trying to rub off the spot of doubt. "I—my term of enlistment—well—I am going home."

"Going home? Going home?" Over her face there flitted the ghost of disappointment and surprise. "You are going home?"

Then with a smile she banished the ghost and putting her arm around the girl, said: "We shall miss you, dear. Very much."

"But, signora; I have done little, very little; anyone can take my place." To Marie this commonplace sentence suddenly became almost mysterious with meaning. She had a haunting feeling that she must justify her decision, that she must prove herself worthy of going home.

"No," answered the woman, and it seemed to Marie that the light in her eyes must have been kindled at the fire of patriotism. "No one can take the place of another, especially in the great scheme of human service. We women—we must fight along with the men out there in the mountains. If one of them should break faith with his country, all the world is given a chance to scorn him as a traitor. As for us—we women—it is harder. Only we ourselves know of the blot which stains our soul."



She took a step forward as if freeing herself from some spell. She kissed the girl on the forehead.

"Forgive me, dear. I did not mean— But Italy! Poor Italy!"

Again she interrupted herself with a gesture more expressive than any sentence she might have formed.

"Italy never forgets anyone who loves her, Maria mia," she said softly, "and I pray that in your own country you will not forget us."

Again in the street, Marie looked toward the west. The star was still there, that star that signified home, friends, native land.

"I don't want to be a 'slacker,'" she said; "yet—" At the door of the next house she was greeted by two small children and a woman whose sad face lightened at sight of the visitor.

"Good evening, Santa Maria," she said fondly; "you should not be out this evening. It is too bright."

"She called me Santa Maria," the girl thought. "Santa Maria."

The children were gravely examining the basket that she brought. Their set, unchildlike faces made her heart ache. Her own small sisters and brothers, she knew, would have been shouting, tumbling over each other, making the atmosphere tinkle with their chatter. But they had not seen their father killed on his own doorstep.

Impulsively Marie threw out her hands. "Signora," she asked, breathlessly and a little incoherently, "was it true—your husband—was it true that he died here?"

The woman lifted her head proudly. "Yes," she said simply, "defending his home and Italy."

She led the way to the porch, and picked a bud from a wonderful rosebush growing there, at the very threshold of the little home.

"This rosebush is nourished by his blood," she

said softly. "You are in the service. You may wear one."

Again Marie was walking down the street. But now her thoughts were clear. The little home was a temple in which she had made the vision hers. She had entered the service of humanity. Her time would not be out until these little children had learned to be children; until the demon of broken hearts and wasted bodies had been thrown beyond the shadows.

The star was still bright, and it seemed to Marie that it smiled contentedly as she blew it a kiss.


"Tell them I'm keeping the faith," she said.



## SOME MEXICAN RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS

CHAS. K. PULSE, '22

*Philophronea*

HEN Cortez, with his followers, landed in Mexico, he found there a race of Indians who worshiped fire in the form of the Sun. They were not only fire-worshippers, and sun-worshippers, but like all semi-civilized people, they had many myths and legends inseparably connected with their religion. When the Spaniards took control of the country they imposed the Catholic religion on the natives. They substituted the worship of the cross, of the Virgin Mary, of a Catholic God, for the gods of the Indians. The Indian priests were replaced by Catholic priests. In all outward forms the religious life of Mexico was Catholic. But the Spaniards could not, nor did they particularly care to, destroy the superstitions of the natives. Instead, they encouraged these traditions and adopted them into the Catholicism of Mexico. As the Spanish and Indian bloods became more and more mixed, it was forgotten that these legends were of Indian origin and it was taken for granted that they had always been fundamentally a part of the Catholic religion. Thus the religion of Mexico became a mixture of Spanish Catholicism and Indian superstition.

The character of this religion can best be shown by describing some of the many prevalent beliefs and customs practiced. The Aztecs, the race of sun-worshippers found in Mexico by Cortez, had many temples scattered over the country in which they performed their religious ceremonies. One of these temples was situated on a hill—the Hill of Guada-

laupe. To this hill, and temple, the natives were wont to go to make sacrifices to their sun-god. After the Spaniards had conquered the country, the natives, nominally Christians, continued to worship their old gods on the hill of Gaudalaupe. This did not suit the Spanish priests, but seemingly they could not prevent it. One day a native, while on this hill had a vision of the Virgin Mary. She bestowed a flower upon him, which when he had taken it to a priest, was, as the priest claimed, miraculously changed into a golden portrait of the angel. This, to the simple-hearted Indians, was enough proof that a new patron saint had come to watch over them. So, ever since, some three or four hundred years, the Lady of Gaudalaupe has been one of the guardian saints of Mexico, and has been worshiped yearly by thousands of people.

One of the minor things for which the Lady of Gaudalaupe is noted is her power to send rain, when appeased by certain offerings. But here she has a rival. A few miles from the hill of Gaudalaupe is another hill, also a shrine. The saint who presides over this hill is styled "Our Lady of the Remedies," and to her are sent supplications for dry weather. But it so happens that here, as everywhere, no two people want the same thing at the same time. So frequently one man will pray to the Lady of Gaudalaupe for rain while his neighbor prays to Our Lady of the Remedies for dry weather. How the question is settled has not been told.

This appears amusing to us who do not believe in present day miracles, but it ceases to amuse and causes wonder when we discover that about 1820 the whole Mexican nation was thrown into a war, the decision of which rested upon the relative popularity of these two mythical saints. Not alone do the poorer class believe in these and other myths, but the rich and aristocratic either believe in them or make use of them to further their own aims.

The religious ceremonies of Mexico are also natur-



ally of a mixed Catholic and Indian nature. Such things as worshipping the old heathen gods under Christian names have been mentioned. For many years Mexico was under the evil influence of the Spanish Inquisition and many were its helpless victims. In one of the great squares in Mexico City there was held a yearly carnival, the chief attraction of which was the burning of heretics.

These murders took place as late as 1810. And only twenty years ago a woman was sacrificed at the stake in northern Mexico to bring rain.

There is a custom, or ceremony, entered into yearly in northern Mexico known as the Penitentes. It is a form of penance. This ceremony is performed during the hottest time of the year. A wagon with a long tongue is provided. Handles are placed every few inches along this tongue. The adult males of the village line up, grasp the handles, and draw the wagon out into the desert or across the hot prairie. A Catholic priest stands in the wagon with a long leather cattle whip in his hand. The heat is scorching, the men are bare-headed, bare-backed. As they hesitate or falter the priest plies his whip without mercy upon the backs and heads of the men. Thus they go until every man has fallen exhausted with the heat and torture of the whip. This is the way they atone for their sins.

It has not been so very long since indulgences were given in Mexico. A traveler of the early nineteenth century tells of a group of priests being entertained in a certain village. When they departed they bestowed forty years of indulgences upon the people of the village. In other words, the priests gave the people of the village the right to commit any sin they wished for forty years. This same traveler reports that the most immoral town in Mexico was considered to be the most pious.

But Mexico of today, while she still has her saints and her penitentes, and is not far removed from her indulgences, is changing. The priest rule which is

as old as Spanish control, has been loosened. The Catholic church has been shorn of much of her power in Mexico. And when the power of Catholicism has been removed the Mexican people will forget their superstitions, their saints, and advance to a higher commercial, political and spiritual life.



## THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB



HE Quiz and Quill Club, although organized only this year, has already meant much to those interested in creative English work.

The purpose of the Club is to awaken among the students a new interest and understanding of the English language and literature; to concentrate among the members of the Club the study of creative writing.

Only those are eligible as members who have Senior or Junior rank in college, active membership in one of the literary societies, and at least twelve hours of superior work in college English.

In order to limit the Club to those who have a sincere love for literature and language, the membership requirements lay special emphasis on wholesome appreciation of work done in the English departments of the College.

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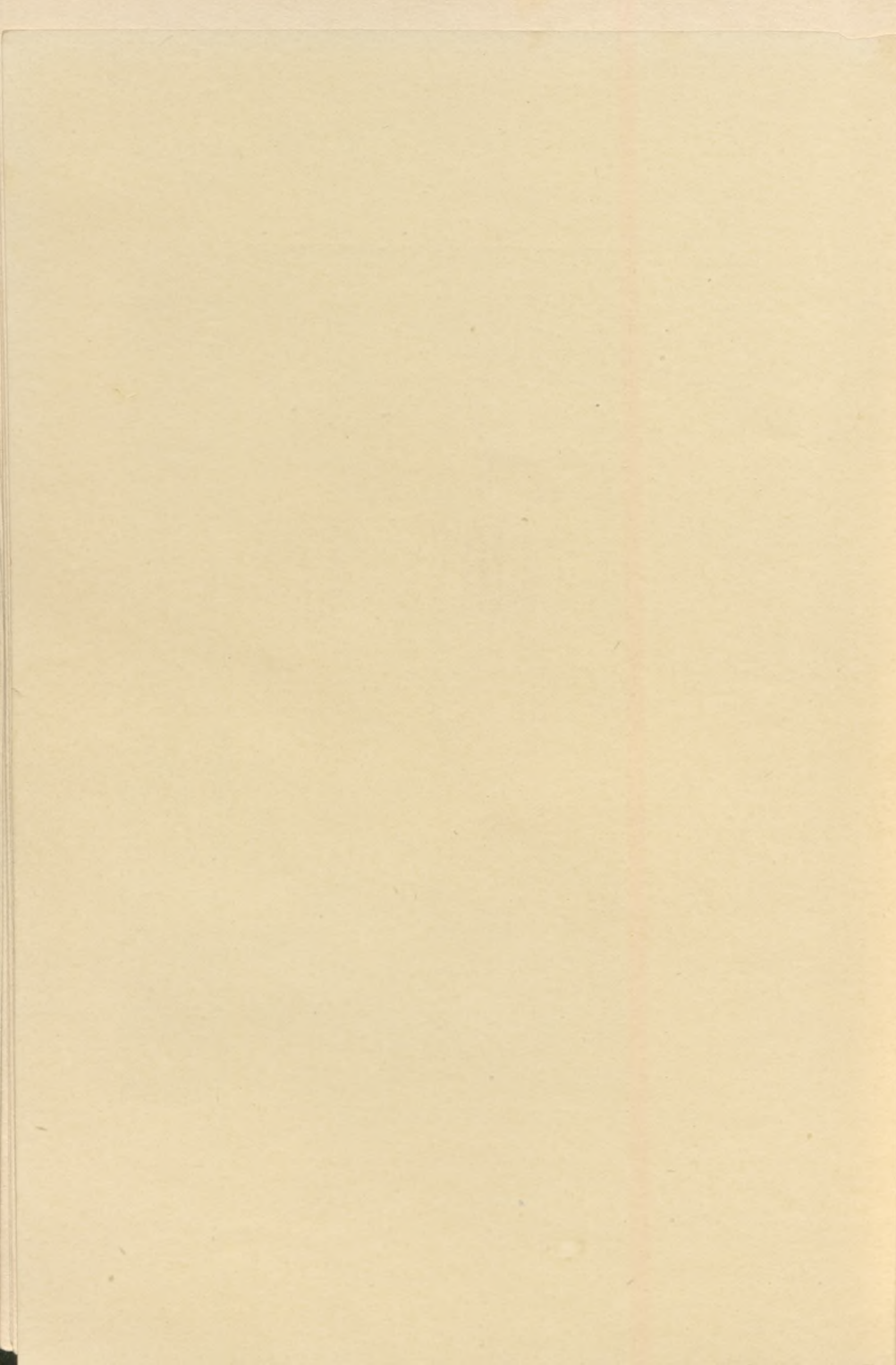
*Faculty Members*

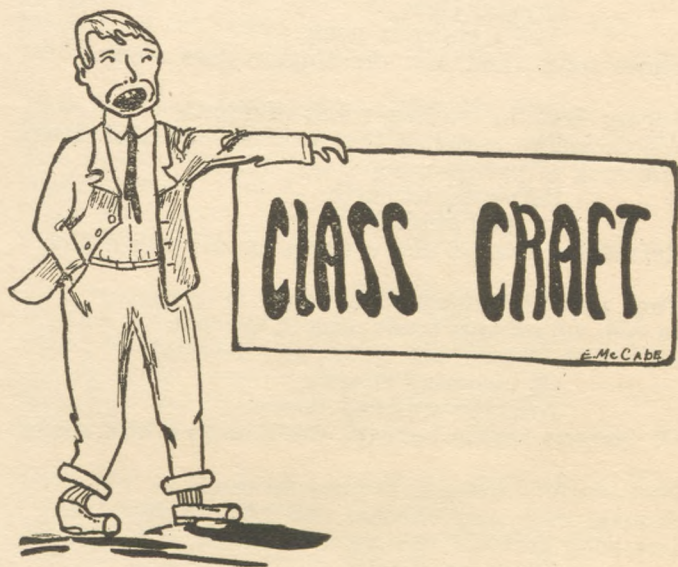
DR. SARRAH M. SHERRICK

PROF. C. O. ALTMAN











## THE SONGS OF THE SEASONS

The seasons have a gladsome song  
Each sings the while she waits her turn.  
And once in fancy I did hear,

Crystal clear,  
And wondrous near,  
Those songs, and saw the singers pass along.

Spring first, in trailing robes of light  
Whose colors matched the roseate shades of dawn,  
She sang of promise, hope, and mirth,

Returned to earth,  
In glad rebirth,  
Refreshing hearts, and conquering winter's night.

Then summer, sumptuous, robed in green,  
In full, voluptuous tones sang of content,  
Of wealth of love, blue skies, and flowers,

Of blooming bowers,  
And joy-crowned hours,  
Of languid nights beneath the moon's white sheen.

Next autumn came with buoyant tread,  
A maid with rosy cheeks, and flying hair,  
Her song foretold the gathered grain,

The dreary rain,  
And pleasant pain  
Of falling leaves, and grass grown sear and dead.

And last came winter, pale and cold,  
But breathing promise in her vigorous song,  
Of snow to cover the bare, brown earth,

Of cheerful hearth,  
For evening mirth,  
Of glistening ice, and keen North Wind so bold.

HELEN KELLER '20

## TWO SONGS

"A beautiful blue lies over the sea,  
There's a blue across the sky;  
But far more lovely than these to me  
Is the blue in your laughing eye;  
More than all things else you are dear to me,  
Little maid, with the blue in your eye."

Thus he sang to her on a summer's eve  
When the roses bloomed around.  
The Fates were kind, she said "Yes, sir,"  
'Ere the snow was on the ground;  
They were happy, too, we may infer  
When the snow lay white around.

The years rolled on and left their trace  
As they will on the young and fair;  
The bright blue faded from out her eye  
As the gray crept in her hair.  
Yes, her eyes grew dim and one could see  
That Time had lingered there.

Still, the years can leave but an outward mark;  
True hearts will remain as before.  
'Twas many a year since that summer's eve,  
Yet he sang as in days of yore,  
And sweeter to her was this melody,  
Than the one he had sung before:

"A beautiful blue lies over the sea,  
There's a blue across the sky,  
But far more lovely than these to me  
Is the beautiful blue of the memory  
Which was once but the blue of your eye;  
For the charm of your life has shown to me  
A beauty in all of the things I see;  
In my heart is the blue of your eye:"

HELEN BOVEE '19



## THE LITTLE FIR TREE

MILDRED DEITSCH, 21



-R-R-R-R-R-R-R," said the alarm clock, and then "B-r-r-r-r-r-r" again, more emphatically. Martha Louise opened two sleepy brown eyes and shut them again for just one little minute to try to finish that dream. But they didn't stay shut even a fraction of one minute, but popped right open again, bigger and browner than ever. "I'm going away," sang something through Martha Louise's brain, "I'm going away."

Martha Louise hopped out of her nice warm bed into the cold room more bravely than she had ever hopped before. Usually it took urgent calls from Aunt Emma, reinforced by Uncle Perry at the foot of the stairs to get her up—even for breakfast. "But I'm going away," sang Martha Louise as she hurried into her clothes. She didn't even go to the window and talk to the little fir tree and say her prayer—this morning.

She put the last hairpin in her curly hair and accurately applied the last dab of powder. Then she counted the handkerchiefs in her bag once more and closed the bag with a snap. She got her purse from the darkest corner of her clothespress and sat down on the bed to count her money. Twelve dollars and thirty-four cents! That would be plenty. She had never had that much money before. Here she looked at the clock. It was only twenty minutes after four and the train didn't go until five minutes before five. There was a good half hour yet, with nothing to do. What if Aunt Emma or Uncle Perry should get up earlier this morning than usual. And she couldn't go down to the station and wait until train time.

You see, Aunt Emma and Uncle Perry didn't know that Martha Louise was going away.

Martha Louise picked up her Bible and started carefully to read her chapter.

"In an hour I'll be on the train and Aunt Ella and Uncle Perry will be eating breakfast without me," she thought to herself. "Then in two hours I'll be in Danville and they'll be here. I wonder what they'll think?" she said thoughtfully as she absently read another verse.

And then she looked at the little fir tree. How cold and lonesome it seemed. It made her shiver to look at it. It had never been that way before in all the eighteen years Martha Louise had known it. "I wonder if they'll be lonesome, too," she said aloud and her own voice surprised her. That they—Aunt Emma and Uncle Perry—would ever be lonesome hadn't entered her plans at all. She had thought of them as being surprised, then angry and sorry—but never lonesome. No, she had never seen the fir tree so lonesome before.

It was four-thirty. Martha Louise heard the old clock down in the dining room strike the half hour. How empty everything sounded when everyone was still! "Maybe it will be that way for them," she thought. Then she heard a cheery, familiar whistle and then a bang against the screen door. It was Joe, the little paper boy. She looked at Joe's bright face with a pang. You see, Joe's brother was Martha Louise's sweetheart and he didn't know she was going away, either. She watched him go on down the street, and then she looked at the little fir tree again. "Don't go," it said plainly and its branches seemed to shiver at the very thought. "Don't go." There were tears in Martha Louise's big brown eyes as she whispered back softly, "I don't want to go. I don't want to go."

Resolutely Martha Louise turned away from the window and put her little black purse back into the darkest corner of her clothespress. Hurriedly she took off her best dress and put on her blue-checked



gingham. "I'll go down and get breakfast," she resolved.

"I'm going to stay home," kept singing through Martha Louise's brain, "I'm going to stay home," and the poor little alarm clock looked sorry as if it would never say "B-r-r-r-r" again.

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## THE KITCHEN MONARCH

DENNIS D. BRANE '22



PIERRE ROULETTE was the most conspicuous figure in the restaurant kitchen, partly because of his excessive avoirdupois, and partly on account of his opinion that he, as the chief cook, was supposed to be the most important and indispensable of all within its boundaries. His tiny black eyes, thin beard and mustache—which he was continually twisting between his fingers—looked out of place on his huge, round, red face. His high cap and spotless apron greatly emphasized his great rotundity and gave to him much the appearance of a large white pillow with a string tied around it.

Pierre presided with great dignity. When he gave a command, he swelled up like a balloon, twisting the mustache again and flashing his eyes at the person to whom the mandate was directed. When something went wrong, which was frequently the case, he grew as red as the hot-plates on the stoves, uttered a thousand oaths, and threatened all kinds of violence to everybody in sight. If anyone dared to approach the soup, of Pierre's own making, without permission, he was shrieked at and told to "get ze diable out." And his commands were always heeded; he was the law,—the absolute monarch of the kitchen.

## RIGHT ALWAYS WINS

J. GORDON HOWARD, '22



UNTIL very recently, it has been almost universally recognized that "might makes right." It is only in the past few years that men have dared to take exception to this popular belief and voice the opinion that eventually the "right always wins."

History points out how unstable have been those nations where might only was supreme, and how, one by one, empires, where might supersedes right, have attained the highest pinnacle of fame, only to fall into obscurity. Greece, Rome and Napoleonic France, have each been omnipotent but have discovered, to their sorrow, that might, alone, does not make a firm and perpetual foundation upon which to build a lasting nation.

On the other hand, a multitude of instances are recorded in history, where a new handful of persons, being assured that their cause was just and right, has conquered, in spite of tremendous odds, great forces that have endeavored to crush them.

Why was it that the American Colonists were able to win their Independence in spite of obstacles that seemed overwhelming? Surely it was because they were filled with the assurance that their cause was righteous. Why was it that Christianity, founded by a single man, has surmounted untold difficulties, growing stronger the meanwhile, until now it is the world's dominating religion? Surely, it is because the adherents of the Christian faith, convinced that their cause is right, persevered in spite of countless barriers.

No, it is not might alone that makes right, but might coupled with right.



## WHAT WAS IT?

GENEVIEVE MULLIN, '22



HE inmates of Cochran Hall had just settled themselves for a peaceful nap when they were astonished and startled by the sound of a human voice crying out in agony. They crowded to the front windows. So alarmed and curious were they that eight of them crowded about one window. They saw stealthy forms moving noiselessly about in the pale moonlight. For a long time the observers could not determine what they were doing. They seemed to be preparing a gallows. As they followed them in their movements they became convinced that this was their intention. After the would-be murderers had securely fastened the rope over the limb of the big tree, they produced their victim, who had been tied, blindfolded, and laid in a dark corner. The spectators were speechless with horror. The victim's face shone with the light of a martyr, and even in the darkness they could easily distinguish his features by the reflection of the light from his eyes. His shroud was white and spotless, in spite of the fact that it had been stolen.

And to the horror of the Cochranites the criminals tied the rope around his neck and his ascent began. They dared not scream or make any noise for fear they would be given a "Saturday Night Solitary Confinement" or a "Week's Confinement to the Campus." But the form dangling in mid-air had no fear of such trivial consequences and made all the noise he possibly could. He moaned and shrieked and wailed and as the wind blew, his bones shook and rattled as if in agonizing terror. Blood dripped from his arms and formed a pool on the ground under him. Gradually his sleeves looked

limp and empty and his life-blood deeper beneath him. When he had reached the highest point possible, their mission accomplished, the criminals sped away in the darkness. The light of life continued to shine in the eyes of the victim for hours until with a final sputter it went out.

In sheer exhaustion, both mental and physical, the spectators went to bed, to toss restlessly until morning or to dream horrible dreams of cruelty and slaughter.

The next morning many tears were shed at the sight of the remains of this once great and noble being. He was left dangling until noon as a warning to others, and then taken down from his lofty height and buried with all the ceremonies befitting a being of his character.

No trace has been found of the murderers and it is believed they will escape unpunished.

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## SUNRISE

One of the best of God's great gifts  
Is the morning sun, as it slowly lifts  
With a rainbow of colors, which changes and shifts.  
From the clouds and darkness, tinting the skies

Is aught so inspiring as God's sunrise?  
There are many things in this beautiful world—  
As the bright stars gleaming, a flag unfurled—  
Which bring their toll of pleasure or pain.  
But sad hearts lighten, in darkness whirled,  
As dawn comes to waken the earth again.

MARJORIE MILLER, '21



## MEG

LOIS L. ADAMS, '19

*First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest*

The other day a Washington newspaper printed among its death notices, this short paragraph:

"DIED, at 262½ Canal Street, a colored woman, known to her landlady as Meg Watts. Coroner Jaynes pronounced the cause of death to be old age. The body is held at the Y Street morgue. If not claimed before noon Tuesday, it will be buried at the expense of the city."

Not many readers noticed this obscure paragraph. Those who did passed it by with a glance or a shrug. Nobody in Washington knew the old woman.

The people read from the newspaper that the woman's skin was black. They could not read, upon the future of the American nation the influence of a white, heroic life.

### I.

If she had been born on another continent, she might have been a native princess. She might have lived her life in the warm, fruity atmosphere of the South Sea Islands; she might have spoken the soft speech of the tropics; she might have worn bracelets of beaten gold, and necklaces heavy with jewels. For in her veins ran royal blood, the blood of a long line of primeval kings.

This she never knew. For she was born in the United States of America, on a slave plantation in Virginia, and her only heritage was that name, applied contemptuously to all her race—"nigger."

In the autumn of 1862 she was nearly twenty years old. She had the straight strong figure, the full red lips, and the gleaming white ivory of the highest type of her race. When she wore her red

calico dress and the ear-rings which her mistress had given her, she was the most beautiful slave girl on the plantation. In speech and manners, she was a copy of her mistress. Her voice was low and musical. Sometimes, to amuse her mistress' friends, she would sing negro melodies, picking a quaint accompaniment for herself on the banjo. Her mistress said of her that she was much above the average.

Then on a certain day of that memorable year, a sad, powerful man signed his name to a document,—a homely sprawling name, heavy with ink. That simple deed of this homely man changed many lives. Meg's was one of them.

Very early in the spring of 1863, there came to live in a busy town along the Northern seaboard, a new family, a man and his wife. The man was a stalwart Ethiopian, with a broad intelligent face. He began to work at heavy labor on the docks. His wife was a comely black woman, neat and evidently well trained.

Their home was bare, but clean and carefully kept. Upon their wall hung a portrait, a cheap reproduction in a narrow black frame. This was one of their most prized possessions. It was a portrait of a white man—a gaunt, sad, homely man, in whose furrowed face seemed to be merged all the sorrow and all the kindness of the world.

One evening they stood before this portrait like two children.

"Meg," exclaimed the man, "he told the truth. We ain't slaves no more. We's free."

The young girl-wife returned his gaze understandingly, but her black eyes were teasing.

"No, Jed, I know we're not slaves any more,—but neither are we white folks. Will you, suh, please tell me, suh, since we're not slaves no more, then what are we?" And she swept him a mocking Southern courtesy.

"Don't," said Jed, "don't joke about it."



He took her by the shoulders and shook her gently.

"Don't you-all know," he said, "that men's fightin' and dyin' right now to keep us free,—you and me and the others like us? If there was any way to take care of you"—he hesitated, watching her face,—“I'd go and help them fight.”

She lifted her face incredulously.

"They would take me," he added, to the question in her eyes.

Then he dropped his hands and stood erect before her, his face glowing, and his eyes as grave and tender as those of any white patriot.

"You ask me what we is," he cried. "I'll tell you, an' it's true, for Mas'r Lincoln said so. We-all ain't slaves no more, Meg. We's Americans."

It was two days after this that a knock at the door interrupted their evening meal. The caller was a white man, a thin, shrewd, wizened man with a cane. Jed placed a chair for him respectfully.

"My wife, Mistah Carnes," he said.

Meg stood up. Mr. Carnes was Jed's employer, and the manager of the shipyards.

The older man acknowledged Meg's presence by a nod. He did not remove his hat.

Meg bowed stiffly and sat down again.

"I want to see you, Jed, on a matter of business, purely a matter of business." Mr. Carnes addressed himself to Meg's husband.

Jed smiled.

"All right, suh," he said.

Meg stifled in her heart the wish that Jed had not said "suh." She intuitively disliked this Mr. Carnes. From his fox-like face, with its close-set eyes and low forehead, her gaze travelled to the portrait in the plain black frame, which hung above his head.

The calm reassuring eyes of the picture comforted her.

Then she heard Mr. Carnes say:

"My son, George, has been drafted. He cannot go

to war, because I need him in my business. We desire to find for him a substitute. Of course we will pay well. You are a young man and strong. We thought of you. If you will take his place, we will give your wife a good home, and pay you five hundred dollars."

He waited for a moment. Then he added: "That is a large sum of money. Of course, if you do not wish to go"—he shrugged his shoulders. "It is a mere matter of business, you understand."

The husband and wife looked at one another. There was a moment's silence. The shrewd eyes of the business man shifted from one to the other.

"This home for my wife," said Jed at last. "How—"

"I will take her into my own home," interrupted the other. "She shall have a room in my house—as long as you are serving our country." He smiled ingratiatingly.

Jed hesitated.

"And her meals?" he asked.

The white man regarded him admiringly.

"You are quite a business man for a novice. Well, my man, she shall eat with my own children. By Gad! That's the very thing! We will take her on as a nurse-maid."

The matter was not settled at once, but when Mr. Carnes hobbled away from the house a few minutes later, he carried Jed's promise to give him his answer the next day, and he was smiling contentedly to himself. Mr. Carnes prided himself upon his ability as a manager.

There was no sleep in the freedman's home that night.

"It just don't seem as if I could let you go, so soon," said Meg once. "Why, we've—we've only just begun to live."

"But—it's our fight," was all Jed answered.

And when the morning came, they had made their plans, just as Mr. Carnes had known they



would. Forty-eight hours later the little house was again for rent. Meg's meagre belongings had been carried to the small room in the home of Mr. Carnes, and Mr. Carnes' son George was safe from danger of Southern bullets; for, in his place, there marched away, among the troops of drafted men, a brawny, stern-faced negro.

"We's Americans," repeated Meg softly to herself that night.

She stood before the portrait in the narrow frame, which she had brought to place upon the wall of her new little room. And in the sad eyes of the homely man she read a sympathy which made her strong.

## II.

On April 9, 1865, Washington City held holiday over the news of General Lee's surrender. At early dawn there came the crash of cannon, firing victorious salute. All day the city was in a glad uproar of discordant happiness. The streets were lined with cheering gay-clad crowds. There was the flutter of flags, the blare of the band, the parade of boys in Union blue,—boys literally, scarce any of them twenty.

High above the unfinished dome of the Capitol building, a flag leaped in the breeze,—a radiant, colorful flag of stripes and stars, the flag of an unbroken Union.

After a time, the eager crowd surged round the White House. The band took up its station under the wide windows and began to play war music, joyous, noisy tunes, that seemed to beat in time with the pulse of a happy people.

"The President!" shouted the crowd. "We want President Lincoln!" Then, from a wide window, stepped out upon the balcony a radiant homely man, at sight of whom the crowd went wild. He stood until the cheering ceased, his furrowed face alight with pleasure, his gaunt, loosely-hung figure unconsciously straightening in response to the confi-

dent admiration of the crowd. These were his people, who had come to share their joy with the man upon whose bent shoulders had rested, for four years, the burden of their sorrows.

The band stopped playing. The crowd grew still. All eyes were upon the President.

"There is nothing for me to say, except that I, too, am glad," said Abraham Lincoln slowly. "When that is said, what more need I add?"

His gaze moved over the faces of the crowd, and rested upon the bandmaster. The President's deep-set eyes twinkled mischievously.

"That was good music," he said, "but there is one tune that I am very fond of, that I have not heard for a long time. That is 'Dixie.' I always did like that tune, and now that General Grant has captured it, it belongs to us, I reckon."

A ripple of amusement, and something more, ran through the crowd. For many there had friends or kinsfolk, who had marched to battle, led by that Southern tune.

And while the band played "Dixie," the President stood beating time with one large foot, his keen, sympathetic eyes studying the faces of his people.

At one edge of the crowd, pressed close against the house-wall, had stood for a long time, a young black woman, with a heavy baby in her arms. Her large dark eyes had scarcely ever left the President's face, and in her trusting, almost reverent, gaze was reflected the gratitude of a million others like herself.

Her child was a plump, sturdy chap, nearly two years old and full of mischievous antics. When the band began to play "Dixie," he commenced to beat vigorous time with flying hands and feet, and to sing in his shrill, babyish treble.

"Hush, Jed," commanded the mother, and in her voice was echoed the soft drawl of the Southern gentlewoman. "Keep still, suh. The President will hear you."



Indeed, Mr. Lincoln's eyes were turned in that direction. The black baby met his gaze and laughed aloud,—a gurgling, impish little laugh, accompanied by a gesture and a rolling of white eyeballs.

An amused smile twinkled over the President's seamed face. Then, from the laughing child, his eyes traveled over the great crowd, and in his kind face, there lingered a wistful sadness.

Many crippled soldiers were there, many women in black. No one knew better than Abraham Lincoln just what it had cost to buy the freedom of such babies as this one.

A little later the President vanished into the house. The crowd with a parting cheer, passed on, led by the band.

The mother hesitated, with a longing glance toward the place where the President had disappeared. Then she moved slowly away in the opposite direction, leading her toddling child.

The next day, a small boy was driving a team of black and white goats on the paths of the White House grounds.

Coming pellmell round a corner, the goat cart almost ran over a romping colored urchin. The child was running away, as fast as his short legs could carry him. His mother, a comely young negress, was in pursuit. Neither had seen the goat cart, until it bowled the little fellow over.

With some effort, the driver of the cart brought his steeds to a stand-still and climbed out. The pickaninny had already scrambled to his feet, with an astonished grin. The white boy, a slender, winsome fellow, probably ten or twelve years old, looked him over with a relieved laugh.

"I—I thought m—maybe I had k—killed him," he said gravely to the child's mother.

In spite of the impediment in his speech, his voice was engaging. His round face was roguish with mischief.

"These are ec—eccentric goats," he went on. "No one can make them go fast but me, and when I g—get them g—going sometimes it t—takes a whole regiment t—to stop them."

"Well!" said the woman in astonishment.

"That was an ex—exaggeration," admitted the lad. Then he asked a sudden question.

"Well, now that my ch—chariot is halted, c—can I atone for the mis—misdemeanor of my qu—quadrupeds?"

"What?" queried the black woman, vaguely.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Oh no, suh, nothing. Unless —" she added with a touch of mockery, "Unless you were to take us to call upon President Lincoln, suh."

The lad eyed her keenly.

"The President is very busy," he said gravely. "What do you w—want with him?"

The woman's face was no longer mocking. She regarded him with raised eyebrows, as if doubtful of his right to ask the question.

He returned the look, soberly. His boyish eyes were sympathetic.

Instinctively, the young mother liked the lad. There was about him an air of trustworthiness and understanding that seemed half-familiar. And then, he had not seemed to notice that she was black.

"It can do no harm to tell you, suh," she said.

She sank down upon a great, looping tree root beside the path. From the shelter of her protecting arm, the baby cast fearful, wide-eyed glances at the goats.

The white boy removed his hat, and stood leaning against the wheel of the cart, the wind lifting his soft, brown hair from about his round, serious face.

And so the woman told him her story. Her voice was musical. She spoke with the manner and ac-



cent of a Southern lady. Her words bore the impress of truth.

The boy was an interested listener. From time to time his eyes flashed indignantly. After a time the woman seemed to have forgotten his presence. She talked rapidly, finding relief in words for a torrent of pent-up feeling.

Her child had laid his kinky head upon her lap, and was fast asleep.

"And now our money is almost gone," she finished. "We have lived it up—the price of his pappy's life. The man, my husband's employer, told me about the pension. But at the Pension Office today, they said it was an irregular case. They could do nothing about it. If only I could see the President! He is a kind man—he would understand—"

She stopped suddenly. The eyes of the white boy were misty.

"Oh, pardon me, suh," she said, contritely, "I ought not to have troubled a lad like you with so long a story. I forgot—"

The boy interrupted with a quick gesture of denial.

"They should have given you the p—p—pension," he said hotly "But my f—father will attend to it. C—come along. I'll take you to him."

"Why, thank you, suh,"—the woman was a little amused at the boy's trust in his father—"You are very kind, suh, but I'm sure those men at the Pension-office wouldn't listen, even to your father."

The boy laughed aloud, a delighted, boyish chuckle of pure amusement.

"Th—that's all right," he said with a careless gesture, "I thought you knew me. The President is my f—f—father. I'm Tad."

A little later, Meg followed her guide up the steps of the grim, old War Department building. The boy led the way with an air of assurance. He passed the guards at the door with a friendly smile.

A gentleman, whom they met in the corridor, called him by name. Everyone knew him. Nobody questioned him.

Outside the door of a private office, he halted for a moment and smiled reassuringly.

"My father is always here at this time of day. He reads all the dispatches as soon as they come in."

He opened the door softly.

It was a small, bare room. At a table strewn with papers, sat two men, both busy. One of them was B——, the War Secretary's assistant. The other was the President of the United States.

The President had laid his hat upon the table, but had not removed his outer coat, a faded linen duster, which almost entirely enveloped his lank body.

As Tad opened the door, the assistant glanced up, with a scowl. The President was intent upon something he was writing. He did not notice.

The lad waited at his elbow until he had finished.

"Well, Tad," he said then, turning about with a quizzical smile, "what are you up to now, sir?"

"I b—brought this woman to see you, father," said the boy eagerly. "They wouldn't g—give her a p—p—pension, and she ought to have one. Sh—she's a w—widow an—"

The man in the linen duster stopped Tad with a gesture. Then he rose. His tall body, which had seemed only ordinary when sitting, towered to an awkward height.

The woman, Meg, with her baby in her arms, still stood hesitating by the door. Her face was full of indescribable emotion. Her eyes, fastened upon the President's face, were filled with reverent awe.

"Why, this is the same baby who laughed out loud at me, yesterday," smiled the President.

Little Jed, who had been regarding this tall man shyly, from under lowered lashes, gave a friendly gurgle, and stretched out his tiny hands.



Smiling, Abraham Lincoln took the child in his arms.

The mother's lips parted, as if to speak, then without a word, she sank upon her knees before him.

With a look of sadness, almost annoyance, the President motioned her to a chair.

"Don't do that," he said. "Sit down there, and tell us what the trouble is."

Then for a few minutes, the assistant of the War Secretary witnessed the novel sight of a President of the United States, who held upon his knee a coal black pickaninny, and who listened to the story of a colored mother, as though she had been a member of royalty.

The boy, Tad, disregarding, indifferently, the scowls of the Secretary's assistant, sat down in the desk chair, which his father had vacated.

"You were a slave?" asked Lincoln kindly.

"Yes, suh, until after the Proclamation, suh."

"Your husband volunteered in the Union army?"

"No, suh," she hesitated, "he went to take a drafted white man's place, suh. The white man paid him five hundred dollars, and took me to work for him, suh."

"Oh" said the President.

"He was killed at Vicksburg, suh. That was just before Jed, here, was born."

"Oh," repeated the President understandingly.

"After that, suh, Mistah Carnes told me that I ought to have a pension, and said that, as a matter of business, he couldn't keep me any longer. So I came to Washington, suh, but they wouldn't give me the pension, because they said the case was irregular. I did not know what to say to them, suh."

"No," said Lincoln gravely, "you wouldn't."

"The money is almost gone, suh, and I can't get any work,—with the baby. I just can't give up my baby, suh," she added brokenly.

"And what would you do, if you had some money?" asked Lincoln shrewdly.

"I'd rent a house, and open a bake-shop, suh. I can cook. My old Mammy was the finest cook in Virginia, suh."

The President smiled down at the baby in his lap.

"Babies take a heap o' caring for," he said softly. Then he added, as if to himself,— "but they're worth it."

"I reckon maybe we can fix it," he continued after a moment. "Give me a piece of paper, Tad."

The boy handed him an old envelope, and with the paper propped against his knee, the President wrote upon it, with a stubby pencil. Then he handed the short message to the mother.

"Take good care of Jed," he told her. "Bring him up to be a good man. There is no better way for you to serve your country."

"Oh, yes, suh. God bless you, suh."

"And good luck to the bakery business," added Abraham Lincoln.

When the woman had gone, and the President once more returned to the work at hand, the Secretary's assistant could not forbear one caustic comment.

"If the government gives money to every needy nigger who asks for it, it will soon take all the gold in the Treasury," he volunteered.

Lincoln did not answer at once. He was still smiling with satisfaction at the memory of the joy in the colored mother's face.

"Gold is good in its place," he said quietly, after a moment, "but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold."

The secretary made no answer.

The President gazed out of the window. Far against the sky something drew his attention—a flutter of crimson and blue and white. It was a flag,



far off upon some office building. He could not see it clearly, but to Lincoln's mind that flag stood for the great, free nation which he served. He was still thinking of the colored woman. She had a good face, and she had evidently been well-trained. When he spoke again, his voice was earnest and prophetic.

"It is my opinion," said Abraham Lincoln, "that these classes will probably help in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom."

### III.

The struggle of Meg Watts' life did not begin in earnest until she was nearly fifty years old.

For thirty years after the Civil War, she lived, contented and prosperous, in a low, yellow cottage not far from the busiest district of Baltimore. A simple sign above the one street door, bore the words, "HOME COOKING."

Little Jed Watts' first memories, as those of his sons after him, were of this little bakeshop.

It was a very ordinary, small shop, but its cleanliness, and the appetizing odors of good food floated out to the street soon attracted customers. There were snowy curtains at the windows, and the floor was bare and white from much scrubbing. Upon shelves at the sides gleamed glass jars of Mammy Meg's own jellies and pickles and marmalade. Below, upon the counter, were piled the golden brown loaves, which Mammy baked every morning, and which were always gone before night. On some days there were also doughnuts or spice cakes or frosted cookies.

In a place of prominence, upon the only unshelved wall space in the shop, there had always hung a faded black-framed portrait of Abraham Lincoln; and the first stories which Mammy told her son, were of the President who had said, "Bring Jed up to be a good man."

The family lived in three small rooms at the rear of the shop. In the tiny back yard, walled in from the street by a tight fence, Meg had a garden and a great bed of hardy flowers. There was a grape vine over the back door, and a clump of hollyhocks in the fence corner. For Mammy Meg loved "green things growing."

She was a steady, quiet woman, with very simple likings. On hot days, when the temperature of her kitchen was almost unbearable, and when the constant noises of the street jangled and out-clashed each other, she found comfort in the thought of a vine-clad cabin by a country brook.

"When Jed is a bit older," she would promise herself, "then we'll move into a home of our own, out where there's grass to lie on, and birds to sing, and where there's the smell of earth in the air after a rain."

Yet thirty years passed by, and still her dream was unrealized.

As for Jed, he grew rapidly. From a chubby small boy, who ran errands about the shop, he became a stalwart, handsome fellow like his father.

From the time when he first learned to write his name, his mother stood in awe of his superior knowledge.

When he was thirteen, he had finished the elementary school. At that time, there was, in that neighborhood, no higher school open to colored boys.

Jed was strong. The next year he began to work in a machine-shop. He did well. At twenty he held as high a position as any other man, of his race, in the establishment. When Meg worried because his work was dangerous, he laughed at her.

When he was twenty-one, Jed married. His wife was a young, rather pretty quadroon girl, who worked in a cigar factory. They had three children—boys.



Hank and Harry were twins, stolid, fat fellows, as much alike as two peas.

Jerry, the youngest, was a squirming, sunny-faced baby with dancing black eyes. From the day he was born, his grandmother adored Jerry. When her son remarked upon her attachment for the child, she only said,

"Somehow, he reminds me so much of your pappy."

Then, too soon, Jed died. Mrs. McCarthy, Meg's neighbor, burst into the bakeshop kitchen one afternoon, gasping that there had been an accident in the machine shop.

Meg threw off her apron, and went to her son's home. She found Jed's wife pacing the floor of her disorderly house, and wringing her hands.

Meg took command. It was Meg who quieted the crying children, who opened and aired the spare room. Afterward, it was Meg, calm and masterful, who arranged the funeral, settled the bills, and closed the too-expensive house.

#### IV.

So Jerry and the twins came to live with Granny Meg. Their mother was soon married again—this time to a dapper mulatto man, a waiter in a downtown hotel.

By common consent, Jed's sons continued to live with Jed's mother. In their dark, baby faces, Meg saw a duty and a challenge. Here were more chances to serve her country.

Once, on passing the portrait upon the bakeshop wall, she stopped and spoke aloud,

"You said to bring them up to be good men, Mas'r Lincoln. Well I'm going to do it."

With Harry and Hank, her task was not so hard. They were a sober, steady team. Their thoughts and speech were slow and deliberate. From the first they were sufficing to each other. They would play together for hours at a time. Sometimes, when

they had been unusually quiet, Meg would find them asleep, stretched on the floor in the sun like two puppies, the kinky head of one pillowed upon the body of his brother.

But Jerry was an imp! His eyes laughed, his feet danced, his white teeth shone from ear to ear.

"Mischief sticks out all over that youngun like quills on a porcupine," was the way Granny Meg expressed it.

As soon as he was big enough to toddle, it was his favorite joke to open the outer door of the bakeshop, and set the bell upon it to jangling noisily. At this, Granny Meg, in her blue, starched apron and cap, always appeared from the door in the rear, to wait upon the customer.

Upon seeing her grinning caller, Granny was sure to do one of two things. Either she would capture the culprit, and kiss him on the neck where it tickled, or she would give him a none-too-gentle spanking,—followed, when he set up a wail, and promised never to do it again, by a cookie.

"I don't know's I mind the spanking any more 'n the tickly kiss," Jerry would tell the twins afterward. "It was 'n awful good cooky."

By this time, Meg's hair was streaked with gray. Her face had tired lines, and she was a little stooped from much bending over a hot stove; but she was strong, and in doing the duties that came to hand, she was almost always happy.

Sometimes, in the evening, when she had a little time to rest, Meg would sit with the boys, under the grape vine by the back door, and croon to them the soft lullabies of her slavery days. Jerry was especially musical. It was not long before he knew these songs as well as Granny herself.

It was to Jerry, too, that Granny first confided her ambition to some day live in the country cabin. The small boy was immediately interested.

"Course we will. Jes' you wait," he told her.



"When I'm a man, I'm going to—I'm going to—" he hesitated for a large enough idea,—“I'm going to buy a whole town full of woods, and build you a great big cabin right in the middle of it.”

"O-oh listen," scoffed Hank. "A town full of woods."

"Jes' listen," echoed Harry.

But Granny hugged the little boaster tight, and only smiled contentedly. More than anything else in the world, Granny Meg loved Jerry.

As soon as they were old enough, all three boys went to school. Harry and Hank plodded stoically through to the end of grade-school work, agreeing that study was a bore.

Jerry enjoyed it. Mischievous, active, and quick to learn, he did his full share to make school interesting for himself, for his fellows, and for the teacher. Yet the teachers liked him. Sometimes they spoke of him to each other.

"If that comical little darkey gets a good education, he can do almost anything. He has a good mind."

"Yes, he is the most promising negro child I have ever seen."

Meg's pride in the boy was unmeasurable.

"Jerry takes to his books, and I'm glad," she said one day to Mrs. McCarthy. "I want him to be a scholar."

The neighbor sniffed.

"That little coon? He'd better be learning to earn his bread."

Meg ignored the remark. However, she made no more confidences.

One day, at Jerry's invitation, Meg put on her worn best dress and went to school for the first time.

Jerry was resplendent in a black and white checked suit, a starched, white collar, and a glorious, red-plaid tie. His round black face shone as though

it had been polished. When his name was called, he marched to the front of the room, and recited, with a dramitism that would have been comical had it not been so sincere, the lines of Drake's poem, "To the American Flag."

"Flag of the brave! *thy* folds shall fly

"Flag of the seas! on ocean wave,"

He finished with a triumphant gesture, and sat down amid a burst of applause. Meg sat with tears of joy in her eyes.

Another time, Jerry brought home a biography of Lincoln, and read aloud while Granny kneaded her bread upon the white pine table. It was hard to tell which enjoyed it the more, the gray-haired old woman, or the boy.

"Gee, Granny, he was a real feller, all right," remarked Jerry, "even if he was as homely as sin."

"No," denied Meg quickly, "he wasn't as homely as sin. It wasn't that kind of a homely. It was more just deep lines and sadness. He had the saddest, and the kindest gray eyes I ever saw."

The boy tucked his feet under him, and settled back upon his chair.

"Tell me it again, Granny," he begged. "About how he held pappy on his lap, and said 'Bring Jed up to be a good feller.' "

"But you know it as well as I do," protested Meg.

"Tell me it again," he commanded.

So, with her hands in the dough, Granny told it.

Meg was a careful manager. When another bakery opened in the neighborhood, and her business was no longer profitable, she closed the shop and began to do laundry work.

"No, it isn't hard," she would answer, when the neighbors asked curious questions. "The boys are a great help to me. Jerry lifts the tubs."

Sometimes, from sheer force of habit, she found herself picturing the country cabin, with its clust-



ering vines and cool shade, but she would thrust it again into the background of her mind, and sit down to mend the twins' socks.

## V.

They were living, so contented and almost happy, when the Great War came on.

Harry and Hank laid down their tools and went to a training camp, at the first call to the colors.

Jerry, a tall youth, nearly eighteen, had just finished high-school. Much to the disgust of Mrs. McCarthy, Meg announced that he was going to college. She had a little money, and for the rest, the boy was ambitious and willing to work. He should go.

"But not now, Granny," said the boy, "after the war, when the twins come home to take care of you."

When the twins came home on furlough, for the last time before going overseas, both Jerry and his grandmother bubbled over with pride for them. In uniform, they were a splendid pair.

On the morning of their return to camp, Meg told them goodbye in the little room that had been the shop. Then she stood in the door and waved. When they were out of sight, she sat down and cried.

Jerry, for his part, refused to be sad. He went with his brothers to the train, and said goodbye with a firm handshake.

"Paste 'em for me," he yelled as the train pulled out.

"We will," shouted Hank.

"Yes, boy!" echoed Harry.

And the last Jerry saw of them, they were two brown specks, standing shoulder to shoulder, on the rear platform of a fast disappearing train.

After that, Jerry always dreamed of France. What sights! What a voyage! How much he

should like to see a battle! He never dwelt, as did his grandmother, upon the danger, or the prospects of defeat.

When the paper announced that the fleet of transports had crossed in safety, he was triumphant.

"The war will soon be over, now," he told Granny.

When the news came that the twins' regiment was in the fighting, he still exulted.

"They'll give it to 'em good," he declared.

When, a little later, there came the telegram that Hank and Harry had been killed in action, the boy was stunned.

He went about silently. Then, little by little, as his mind accepted the reality, into his face there crept a new look of strength and determination.

Granny Meg watched the change in him, and waited for his confidence. She knew what was passing in his mind, and steeled herself to bear what she knew would come.

The strain told, for Meg was no longer young. Her hair was snowy white. When she worked, she must stop to rest frequently. On damp days, she was bent nearly double with rheumatism.

The room that had been the shop, had been converted into a sitting room, but Meg had not moved the Lincoln portrait. It hung where it had hung for years. The room would have been incomplete without it. Of late, the old woman had formed the habit of sitting much in this room. Often, if it was evening, she sat without lights, watching the fire in the open stove, and knitting unceasingly.

It was here that Jerry came to find her. He sat down on the floor by her chair. For a time they said nothing. The firelight filled the room behind them with shadows. Outside in the street, there was the whirr of traffic. A wagon rumbled through the alley.

"Granny," said the boy presently.



The woman dropped her knitting into her lap, and sat very still to listen.

"Yes?"

"Granny, I want to go to war. Will you let me?" It was an abrupt question. Meg drew in her breath sharply.

"You could move into a smaller house. There is a little money. With what I would send you, you could be comfortable.

"I wasn't thinking of that," Granny assured him.

"And I am big and strong. I could pass the tests."

He bent his right arm, and with boyish assurance, exhibited the bulging muscle.

"Feel that," he said, with his old roguish smile.

Granny did so, gravely.

"Do you want to go so much?" she asked. The boy's face flamed.

"Oh, Granny!"

That was all—but it was enough. Both were thinking of the two who had already gone. Meg's eyes were wet. The boy's were blazing.

"Granny—" he began. Then he stopped.

Into his grandmother's face, had leaped a look that he had never seen. Her lips were pale, but in her eyes shone a beautiful glow. Suddenly she rose, and went to where, upon the wall, hung the portrait of the great War-President.

"Come here, Jerry," she said.

The boy went and stood beside her.

"Your gran'pappy gave me this picture, when we were married. It has hung on our walls ever since. I never will forget how he looked that day, Jerry. 'Here, Meg,' he said, 'this is to remind us that we-all ain't slaves no more.' I laughed and made a bow to him, for I was a dreadful tease, in those days. 'No,' I said, 'and neither is we white folks. Will you just tell me, suh,—what is we, anyway?'"

"And then he drew himself up, proudlike,—he was a big man, Jerry, bigger than you,—and his voice trembled a little.

" 'Yes ma'm, I'll tell you what we is,' he said. 'We-all ain't slaves no more. We's Americans.' "

The flickering firelight lit up the faded portrait and cast a glow over the face of the old black woman. To the boy, it seemed as though the glow came from within.

"The night before your gran'pappy went to war," went on Meg softly, "I tried to keep him from going. 'It aint right that you should have to go so soon,' I said. 'Why, we've just begun to live.' "

"What did he say to that?" asked Jerry, breathless.

The old woman smiled, a little sadly.

"He just said, 'It's our fight'."

"And so he went—"

"He went the next day. He was one of the first colored men to wear the blue uniform."

There was a silence. The old woman sank down again into her chair. She was lost in memory. From time to time, her lips moved noiselessly. The boy stared into the fire.

At last he turned.

"Granny, it is still our fight. This time it is for the freedom of the whole world. Granny, you wont," his boyish voice faltered, "you want keep me from doing my share?"

She smiled at him. He saw in her face a tranquil calmness, and wondered that he had ever doubted her answer. When she spoke, her voice was vibrant.

"We are Americans," was all she said.

On the day when the first contingent of American negro troops, lately returned home from overseas, paraded on Pennsylvania Avenue, and marched in triumph past the White House, an old woman stood watching them.



Some days before, this old woman had appeared in the city, from no-one-knew-where. She had rented a room in a cheap lodging house, on a back street. To her landlady, she told her name, and volunteered the information that she would stay only a few days.

The landlady was a business woman. She collected the rent in advance.

On the day of the parade, this old woman attracted no little attention. She was a bent, decrepit creature with a cane, very old, very childish and very black. Her dress was ragged and none too clean. Over her head, she wore a piece of tattered gray shawl.

Fastened, by a short standard, to the staff on which she leaned, she carried a flag, of soft, silken texture. The brilliant gleam of this bright flag was in staring contrast to her dull, ragged garments.

She was very eager. By great effort, she had at last, reached the edge of the crowd nearest the street. Here she stood, shading her faded eyes with one withered hand, and muttering to herself, in a cracked undertone. Over her stooped shoulder, rippled the folds of the flag she carried. This old woman was Meg.

The crowd about her shifted uneasily, and drew away. Some smiled; other exchanged glances with upraised eyebrows.

"Look there!" ejaculated an opinionated woman, quite distinctly, "Such people ought not to be allowed to handle a flag like that." The old woman did not seem to notice. She went on muttering.

"It reminds me, it reminds me so strongly," a bystander heard her say. "If there were more wounded soldiers,—if they wore blue uniforms,—but it is very like it. This is the very spot. Lincoln stood yonder."

The bystander, a florid, heavy man in a striped

waistcoat, stared at her in amazement. Then he moved nearer. His inquisitive ears were open. He scented a story.

A sudden surge of the crowd almost knocked the cane from the old woman's hands. The interested bystander politely rescued it.

"Thank ye, suh, thank ye. You are very kind."

The kind man smiled.

"You have a son in the service?" he queried, after a moment.

"No suh," she answered, "but I have had three grandsons in France."

"Have had," smiled the other. "They are home again, now, I take it."

"There is none of them to come back, suh," said the old woman simply.

With pathetic pride she pulled aside the ragged shawl. Upon her faded dress, shone a service pin, with three gold stars.

"Oh," breathed the man who had questioned her.

"Yes, suh," said the old woman, at last, as though she must unburden her heart to some one, "the first two are for Hank and Harry. A steady team they were, those boys. It was just like them to have died together, too, but it was hard on their Granny, who'd raised them from tiny pickaninnies."

The man nodded, sympathetically.

"The other one is for Jerry, suh. He was the youngest."

Her wrinkled face quivered. Her thin old hands moved nervously up and down upon her cane. She touched the silk flag.

"They sent me this flag," she explained. "It was Jerry's. He carried it in the last charge."

The bystander nodded again. He was suddenly at a loss for words.

"Where did Jerry fight?" he asked at last.

"Why, - I - I can't remember, suh." She brushed one hand across her forehead with a puzzled ex-



pression. "It must have been the stroke. I had a stroke when they told me," she explained apologetically.

"Oh"—said the florid man.

From down the street, there came the sound of drums, and the tread of marching men. A ripple of excitement ran along the crowd. The soldiers were coming. All about them, the people pressed forward for a view. The big man planted himself, firmly. His broad body shielded the old woman from the press.

"Thank ye, suh," she said brightly.

Rank upon rank, with the rhythmic rise and fall of weathered helmets, the regiment surged past. They were brawny soldiers, these Americans, in whose grave, dusky faces was the look of men who have met Death face to face, and have not been afraid.

The trembling old woman scanned their faces eagerly, one hand shading her eyes. Over her shoulders streamed the starred, Victorious flag, for which she, too, had given her life,—although she had never worn a uniform.

The soldiers passed. The crowd dispersed. The old woman, mumbling to herself, hobbled back toward the cheap little room which was her home.

On the way she passed a florist's shop. There had been an accident. A cart of flowers had been overturned. A budded lily lay broken, in the gutter. The old woman lifted it gently, and brushed away the dirt.

"Here is your lily," she said to the man with the cart.

The man looked at it. It was broken.

"Keep it," he said.

"Oh, thank ye, suh."

She moved on, holding the flower carefully.

"It is broken, but it will bloom," she muttered.

"Sometimes the broken stalk bears the whitest blossom. He did not know that."

It was dusk when she, at last, reached the flight of stairs. She hesitated, tottering. Twice, during the ascent, she sat down to rest, one thin hand pressed tight over her heart.

The odor of boiling cabbage streamed from one door as she passed. She did not notice it. She had not eaten. She was not hungry.

Finally she reached her own garret room. She closed her door and barred it. Then she went to the one tiny window, where shone the service flag, with its three gold stars. With a little twisted smile, she set the broken lily on the sill, and propped its slender stalk upright. The bud was large, and nearly open.

"It will bloom tomorrow," she said.

She looked down at the silk flag which she carried. She felt of it tenderly. Then, slowly, she turned to where upon the wall hung a faded, old portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Painstakingly, she draped Jerry's flag around the kind face of the Emancipator.

When this was done, she smiled again. Then she walked to the window. Outside, dusk had fallen. The moon was rising over the Capital city—a golden disk.

Softly, she began to croon. She had forgotten that she was old and helpless. She had forgotten—everything. It seemed to be summer. There was the smell of blossoms and moist earth. She seemed to hear the soft tone of her banjo, and the low laughter from the quarters. She had on, once again, the red calico dress, and the earrings which her mistress had given her. She was no longer weak and old; she was erect and strong.

Her husband stood there. "We are not slaves now, you and I," he said. "We-all are Americans."



With a happy little sigh, she sank down upon the pallet of straw in the corner. When, after a time, she stopped crooning, the moon was flooding the room with white radiance.


The next morning, a policeman burst open the door, to find an old woman dead in her bed. Draped over a picture of Abraham Lincoln upon the wall was a beautiful, silk American flag. In the one dingy window, hung a service flag, with three gold stars, and in a broken pot upon the sill, bloomed a single, snow-white lily.

The old woman was black. There was no money. The city buried her in Potter's Field.

"It takes as much work," grumbled the gravedigger, when he had rounded up the mound of earth, "to cover up one of these niggers, as to bury a white man."

## UNE FOIS DE TROP

GILBERT E. MILLS '20

 AUND il entra dans le cabinet de lecture de la bibliothèque, Arthur Lessard s'arrêta un moment cherchant autour de lui une table bien placée. Avant de décider, il vit par hasard son ami Louis lui faisant signe de le rejoindre.

—Avez-vous entendu les nouvelles? dit Louis tout bas quand Arthur se glissa dans une chaise auprès de lui.

—Non, quelles?

—Pemberton va se porter candidate pour le débat.

—Est-ce vrai? Je me demande quel parti il va prendre.

—On ne m'a pas dit. Le voilà à présent! dit Louis en indiquant un garçon assis à quelque tables de distance. "Je vous gage qu'il déterre maintenant sa thèse."

—Probablement. Je vois qu'il me faudra me remuer. Merci. Je suis content que vous me l'avez dit, il ajouta en se préparant à travailler.

Vraiment pourrait Arthur bien dire qu'il lui faudrait se trémousser. L'essai préliminaire pour les équipes de débat intercollégial n'était éloigné que de quelques jours. Il y avait déjà plusieurs bons orateurs qui allaient le tenter et il n'avait pas trop de confiance à remporter la victoire. Avec l'addition de Pemberton, sa chance était bien moins parce que l'habileté de Pemberton était bien connue. Arthur avait fort travaillé mais jusqu'ici il n'avait rien obtenu de satisfaisant.

Tout en travaillant là dans la bibliothèque, il ne pouvait s'empêcher de jester de temps en temps un coup d'oeil sur Pemberton et de se demander quel serait l'effet de l'entrée de celui-la sur sa propre fortune.



Quelque temps après, Pemberton se leva, ramassa ses papiers et partit. Arthur continua à travailler jusqu'à ce que tout le monde fut sorti. Enfin on sonna l'heure de fermer et il se prépara à aller chez lui. En passant la table où Pemberton avait été, son attention fut arrêtée par un manuscrit sur le carreau. Poussé, par curiosité, il le ramassa et le parcourut. Mon Dieu! C'était la thèse de Pemberton! Et l'affirmative! Son propre parti. En ce moment, des pas sonnèrent dans le corridor et, dans une étrange panique momentanée, plus par instinct que d'autre motif, il bourra la thèse dans sa poche et sortit précipitamment. Mais une fois en dehors, en grand air, il se remit et se rendit compte de la manière folle en laquelle il se fut conduit. Pour un temps, il ne savait que faire. Il devait d'abord la thèse mais à qui? Après avoir fait un peu de chemin, il se décida à la remettre où il l'avait trouvée. Mais il était trop tard, il trouva la bibliothèque fermée.

—Eh bien, dit-il à lui-même, je ferais tout aussi bien de la garder, je suppose, jusqu'à ce que je voie Pemberton.

Pourtant le soir passa et il ne le vit point. En se préparant à se coucher, il ne pouvait s'empêcher de penser à la thèse. De quelle sorte était-elle? Meilleure que la sienne? Y-avait-il là-dedans quelque chose qu'il n'avait pas lui-même? Enfin il la sortit de sa poche et commença à la lire. Comme il lisait, son intérêt s'animait, plus il lisait plus s'agrandissait son admiration. Les arguments et la rhétorique étaient tous les deux excellents, beaucoup meilleurs, en effet, qu'il ne savait faire. Après un peu, il la mit de côté d'un air méditatif et resta assis, tout immobile, regardant devant lui, les bouts des doigts serrés l'un contre l'autre.

Pourquoi ne pas le faire —Personne ne l'avait vu la prendre.—Il parlerait avant Pemberton puisqu'on les choisirait par ordre alphabétique.—Oui, c'était vrai qu'il serait un peu rude à Pemberton.

Mais il ne pourrait rein prouver.—Non, ce n'était pas entièrement la chose juste à faire. Mais ce ne serait que pour cette fois, cette fois seule. Et bien fort voulait-il gagner. Pour longtemps il resta sans mouvement. Alors, tout à coup, il saisit la thèse et se mit à l'étudier de près.

—M. Arthur Lessard, de l'affirmative, lut le modérateur.

C'était avec un tremblement intérieur mais un sang-froid extérieur que Arthur fit face aux juges et commença sa présentation. Il se demandait comment Pemberton le recevait mais il n'osait le regarder. Cependant, en dépit de ses efforts, bientôt jeta-t-il involontairement un coup d'oeil sur lui. Tout ce qu'il vit, c'était un regard d'étonnement tranquille mais intrigué. C'était singulier, pensa-t-il à lui-même. Rassuré, il continua. Encore un fois, ses yeux furent tirés à Pemberton. Comment! Quel changement! Il ne voyait plus d'étonnement. Pemberton, le visage raide, les yeux perçants, le regardait fixement. Tout ça agita Arthur. Il hésita, il balbutia, s'arrêta. Alors, avec un effort, il se remit et continua. Si fortement se retenait-il que, après avoir fini, il se félicitait d'avoir fort bien fait.

—M. Jean Pemberton, du négatif, lut-on.

Quoe! Comment ça Queiqu'un se trompait. Pemberton avait l'affirmative. Ahuri, avec un pressenement vague de mal, Arthur le regardait pendant qu'il se mit en place et commença à parler avec l'assurance aisée d'un orateur qui est bien fondé. Comme Pemberton continuait, il devenait évident qu'il allait se dévouer à répondre à la discussion d'Arthur. Et vraiment il lui répondit! Pas en général mais minutieusement. Il répondit à chaque argument un à un, à chaque paragraphe, à chaque phrase presque. Il les écharpait, les déchirait en pièces et sautenait en haut les lambeaux à ridicule. Jamais sur cette tribune n'y-avait-il eu une telle réfutation accomplie et achevée.



Longtemps avant que Pemberton n'ait fini, Arthur voulait échapper, s'en aller à la derobée. Mais il lui fallait écouter jusqu'au bout. Pendant que les autres disputants parlaient, il se reprochait d'avoir fait une telle bêtise, sot qu'il était. Naturellement Pemberton saurait tous les arguments dans sa propre discussion. Mais ce qui l'étonnait le plus, c'était la facilité avec laquelle Pemberton se fut tourné de l'affirmative au négatif. Comment l'expliquer? Eh bien, les regrets ne valaient rien. Tout fut fini. Il sentait qu'il n'avait point besoin de la décision des juges pour savoir son sort. Il avait raison. Quand on annonça les noms choisis par les juges, le sien n'y fut pas.

Après cette annonce, le juge dit. "En ainsi décidant, nous voulons louer surtout l'oeuvre du premier membre de l'équipe négative, M. Jean Pemberton. C'était d'un éclat rare et la seule chose que nous désirerions de plus, c'est qu'il le fasse aussi bien en débat actuel."

Arthur essaya de profiter des salutations et des félicitations pour échapper inaperçu. Mais Pemberton l'arrêta. Pendant un moment, les deux se tenaient face à face, celui-là d'un air de défi, celui-ci calme mais accusant. Arthur ne pouvait le soutenir et baissa les yeux car il lut trop distinctement le mépris peu voilé au regard de l'autre.

—Je vous en remercie. La voix de Pemberton fut tranquille mais froide et revêtue d'une dignité.

Arthur leva les yeux en étonnement,

—Me remerciez?

—Oui.

—Pourquoi?

—Parce que vous vous êtes servi de ma thèse.

Puisque l'on eut ouvert le sujet, la curiosité poussa Arthur à demander,

—Mais comment pouviez-vous changer si vite au négatif?

"Je n'ai pas fait de changement. Vous vous trompez. Vous me croyez l'avoir fait? Non.

Quand je vais débattre, je me fais une règle de concéder à mon adversaire autant d'esprit qu'à moi-même. Je rédige une thèse la meilleure que possible de son propre côté. Alors je me prépare à réfuter ces arguments. C'était la thèse écrite dans ce but que vous avez évidemment trouvée quelque part. Puisque j'étais prêt à réfuter chaque argument là-dedans, vous m'avez rendu un service en vous en servant. Encore une fois je vous en remercie." et, avec un salut de moquerie, il s'écarta.

Sans un mot, Arthur sortit.



## "OH, WE'RE PROUD OF OUR ALMA MATER"

ESTHER HARLEY, '21



DO wonder what all this fuss is about. There goes a man with a queer looking instrument that has a tape-line attachment, and there goes another man to help him. They must be going to measure something. I wonder—listen! what are they saying? Maybe if I keep my leaves from rustling I can hear it.

"Some Science Hall, this is going to be when we get it finished. It'll just make this old school boom, or I'll miss my guess."

"Good location, too, but it's a shame to cut down this fine old walnut tree"—I swell with pride to hear myself praised—"It must have been standing here at least fifty years. But what if a tree is in the way of progress? I guess it will have to come down."

They're gone! And now I understand it all. I am to be cut down so that Otterbein may have a new Science Hall where I am standing now. How glad I am that I sprang up and grew here, so that after years and years of listening and watching over Otterbein, I can be of real service to her, by stepping out of the way.

There go some of the boys over to play baseball. Since they moved the Athletic Field, I can't watch all of the games as I used to. I am not quite tall enough to see over the housetops to watch them. When I stretch upon my tiptoes I can just see the top of the grandstand.

I remember the first time football was ever played in Otterbein. Some of the ladies were very much shocked to see the boys tumble about in such a rough manner, but soon they were glad enough to watch the game. Let me see! I believe that Otterbein

played Kenyon that first time—and yes, I think little “Caesar” Garst was playing quarterback for Otterbein. At first they didn’t pay any attention to him, because he was so small, but they soon found out that he was quick and slippery as an eel. Then the Kenyon fellows began to shout, “Look out for that kid!” I guess it isn’t size that counts. I needn’t worry if I’m not as big and handsome as an oak at my age—I may be pretty wise.

Ha! My bark fairly quivers with smiles when I recall the acrobatic efforts of a certain revered professor. Why! here he comes up the walk now. How stately and unbending! I hope he doesn’t hear me chuckle. His first and last attempt at athletics occurred when he performed in a sack-race. In fact, he was so quick and graceful, even when enveloped in a sack, that he carried off the prize. I should think he would have gone out for all kinds of athletics with such a beginning.

There was one class which always made me feel as if I wanted to cover up my ears (if I had ears), because they were so noisy. Their song rang, “There are no flies on the Class of ’94”—which they sang on all occasions, whether auspicious or not, ad infinitum. I believe—yes, I know—it was this class that inaugurated the custom of wearing caps and gowns.

The Juniors made no effort to keep the august be-capped and begowned Seniors out of chapel, or to non-plus them in any way (as they say Juniors do now), but one dark Thursday night I heard some dark and deadly plans stealthily laid between my friendly branches. It was no other than this, uttered in a fearful whisper:

“Fellows, let’s give the old Seniors a set-back when they come marching out of open session tomorrow night. Let’s think. Oh! Shorty! you swipe a syringe and some good strong acid from the lab. tomorrow, and we’ll spatter up their old gowns!”

The boys crept away, and to this day I have never

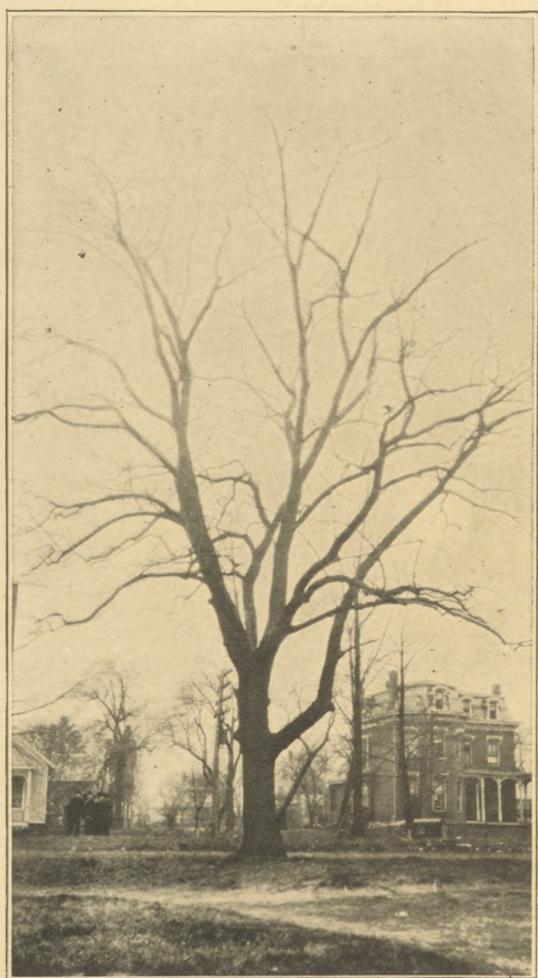


breathed the names of those plotters. The secret will die with me. But no matter who did it—it worked. Those noble robes of inky hue were plentifully spattered with bright yellow spots, where the faithful syringe had played. This caused a fitting paraphrase to be made on that illustrious song, "There are no spots on the Class of '94." Ah! that noisy class. I wonder where they have all gone? No doubt they will be here for the Diamond Jubilee to stir things up.

This balmy spring weather surely does bring out the "cases." Here comes one now. How slowly they stroll, how they look into each other's eyes, how low they talk, for the wind is coming this way and I can't hear a sound. I pronounce it a real case. There used to be a rustic bench encircling me, where the young folks would gather. On warm spring nights, when the crickets were chirping over in the athletic field, and the wind sighing through my leaves, how many hundreds of young people (usually two at a time) have sat and watched the moon rise behind the dark college tower and shine through the branches of the campus trees.

It seems as if romance has always been in Otterbein, and I hope it may never die out. I believe that I am a romantic old soul myself, for I have bent my head many a time to listen to tender vows and never once have I breathed the secrets. Instead, I set my leaves to whispering among themselves so that passers-by may not hear.

Listen! Is that a bugle-call? I cannot help but remember the first days of the Civil War, when scores of boys were fired with patriotism and marched away from the old college to fight, some of them never to come back. I was just a slender young tree then, but I remember how intense the spirit was and how loyal the student body. It made the sap flow quicker through my veins just to hear them shout and bring in the war news. They say there is a monument on the campus now to remember those brave boys by.



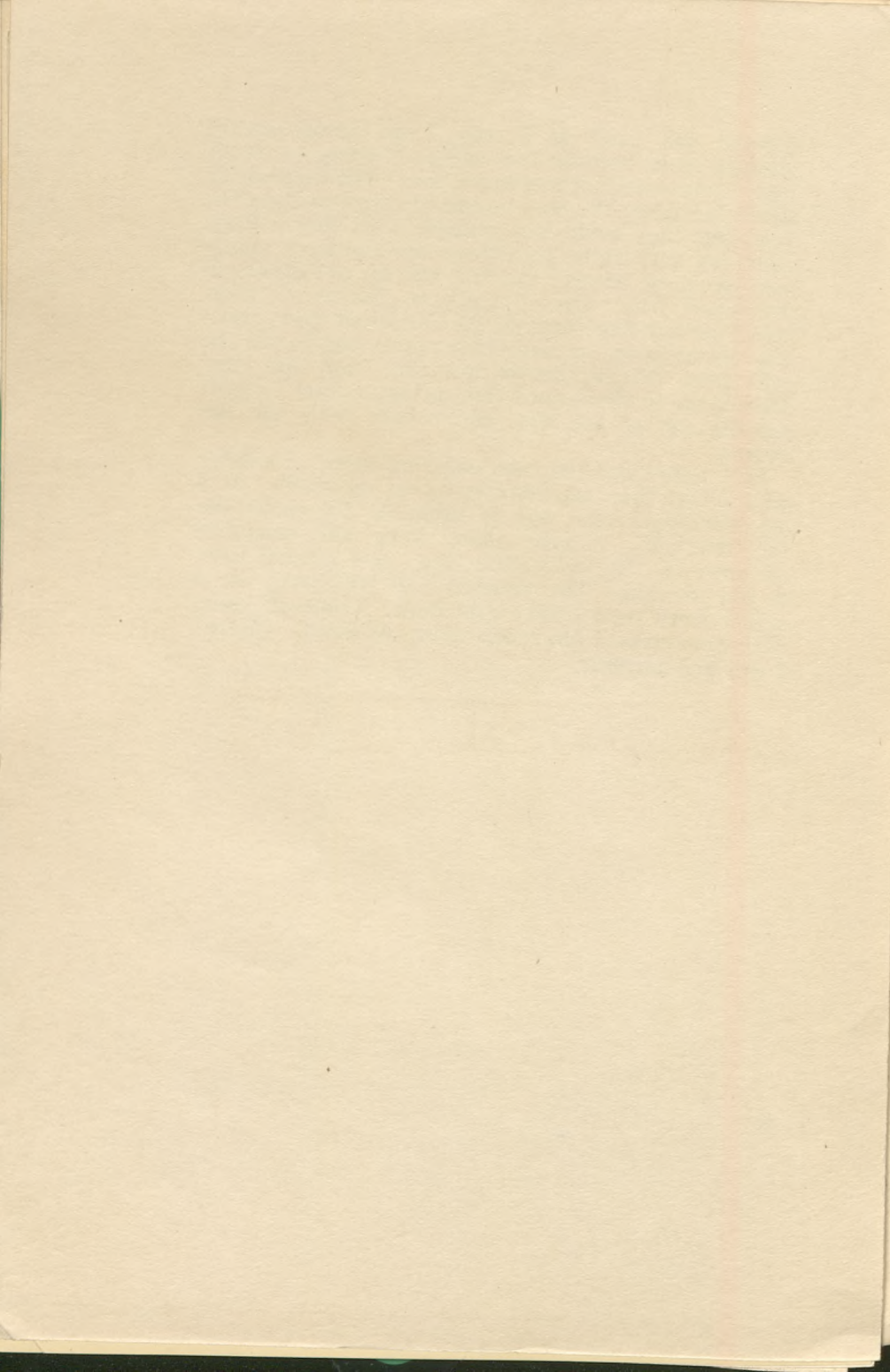


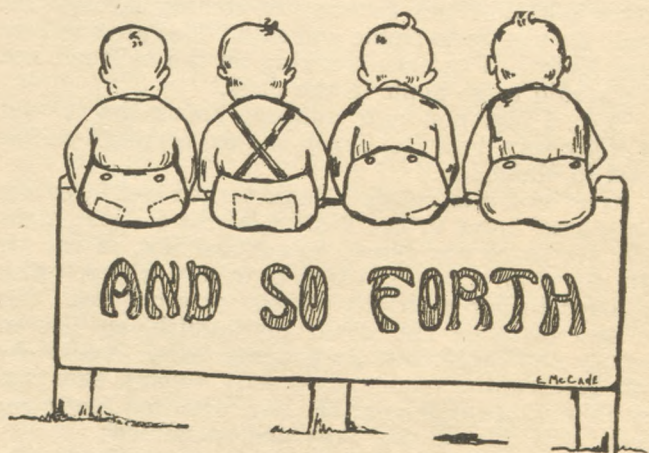


Stretch and bend as I may, I can't even catch a glimpse of it, because the college building is in the way. I have been a fortunate tree. Thrills of pride shook me when the boys marched away to the Civil War, but they could not compare with those which made my very being tremble to see the most manly men in college answer the first call for volunteers in the World War. Once I caught a glimpse of Otterbein's service flag through the chapel window, and I was proud to see so many blue stars—sad to see the gold ones. No one knows how glad I am that they allowed me to stand until this spring, so that I might see the end of the war, and rejoice with all the others.

Oh! here come two men carrying axes. I wonder what—Oh! they are coming to cut me down. If I am standing in the way of progress, I'll gladly die for Otterbein. A great many folks will remember me anyway, "the old walnut tree," so I will not have to die in vain. The Science Hall will carry on a nobler work than I have ever done. Come on, men, with your axes, I am ready to be cut down. Strike! I will not murmur.









## A SERENADE

CLEO COPPOCK, '19



AFTER roaming in the gloaming until the cows came home, Darling Nellie Gray sat down in the old cherry orchard. It was in the good old summer time, way down upon the Swanee River and Old Black Jo was just coming through the rye. He ran up to Nellie and said, "Has anyone here seen Kelly? I've been working on the railroad and I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

"Yes, I just now saw someone knock the 'I' out of Kelly way down yonder in the old cornfield on the road to Mandalay."

After this interruption Nellie turned and faced her little gray home in the West. It was a silent night and yet there was music, sweet and low, in the air and above all was a dull tramp, tramp, tramp, which sounded to her as if the camels were coming. Far in the distance she could distinguish an isle of beauty and could hear its evening bells. Again she was interrupted from her sweetly solemn thoughts by Johnny, a small neighbor boy, who had just come along with his old dog Tray and exclaimed:

"There's a hot time in the old town tonight. Co. E is leaving town and everyone is celebrating. I guess they must be having a dance, too, for I heard Annie Laurie say, 'Waltz me around again, Willie.' But now where, oh, where has my little dog gone? Oh, yes; there he is down on the farm. I tell you what, they've just got to quit kicking my dog around."

Nellie Grey jumped up with a start for her Ben Bolt was in Company "E," and without doubt he was going over. Perhaps he would be gone for a long, long time.

"So that is where my wandering boy is tonight,"

thought she. "He said he was coming on the five-fifteen to say good-bye and would meet me down here when the sun went down in Dixie."

Just then Ben came into view, "Hello, my little girl," he cried, "We have just a little time until the train pulls out and suppose you put on your old gray bonnet and go for a walk with me down by the old mill stream."

So they took to the trail of the lonesome pine, which was a long, long trail, and rambled until they came to the beautiful sea where out on the deep three fishers went sailing.

"As I told you the other day," he began, "I am going over and won't be back till it's over over there, and it's absolutely necessary that someone keep the home fires burning for me. Now you know that you are the Peg of my heart and when I am through with the arms of the army, I want to come back to the arms of you. How about it?"

"Well," answered Nellie, "the other day when I was over at Aunt Dinah's quilting party, Sweet Adeline told me that you had a little spark of love still burning for that girl you met on the shores of Italy last year in the beautiful month of May."

"Now look here, Nellie," he burst out, "Because there is a little bit of bad in every good little girl, Sweet Adeline just must gossip, but believe me, all those endearing young charms of yours can put it all over the girls I knew long, long years ago. She was just the girl I left before I left the girl I left behind."

"Well," said Nellies quietly, "Since you are sincere and can't abide with me very long, I'll pack up my troubles. For a man's a man for all that and all that, and it really does break my heart to think you must leave me."

Then he put his arms around her in the moonlight and it seemed to both that they were in a little bit of heaven. They knew that daisies wouldn't tell, so what did they care?



After a time they took the home road back to the station where they found everything in confusion, and they could hear above all the thin, shrill voice of Mother Machree crying:

"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

All were thinking of the time when the boys would come marching home. The train whistled. Ben Bolt ran up to Nellie Gray and said:

"Oh, how can I bear to leave you? Now, good-bye, little girl, good-bye. When we are tenting to-night I'll be bound around with the Mason-Dixon line and be having just a dream of you, dear. Farewell to thee."

"Good-bye, good luck, God bless you," cried Nellie. "I'll keep the home fires burning and O! promise me that you will wind up the watch on the Rhine and bring back the Kaiser to me."

---

### A DAILY KNIGHT

---

He was a common business man  
And not a dashing knight;  
He had no suit of armor bold  
Which flashed and glimmered bright.

His suit instead was made of serge,  
Of checkered white and black,  
And the only place it glimmered much  
Was somewhere in the back.

And did he sally forth to win  
The fairest of the land?  
Oh, no; his love was safe at home,  
A dish-rag in her hand.

He set forth early, ne'er-the-less,  
He had no dashing steed,  
And so he caught a trolley car  
Which wasn't much for speed.

No duels, nor fueds, nor tournaments  
Were on his daily list,  
His good broad sword, his battle-axe,  
Did simply not exist.

He fought some battles, ne'er-the-less  
To keep the guys at rout  
Who came and tried to make him turn  
His pockets wrong side out.

And when at eve he homeward turned  
Did he find sweet repose?  
And was the breath of violets  
Exhaled around his nose?

Did milk-white arms clasp round his neck?  
Did ruby lips upturn?  
And were the ashes of his foes  
Brought in a silver urn?

Not so, a bunch of noisy kids  
Received him with a whoop;  
The smell was that which onions make  
While cooking in the soup.

His worthy spouse did not suggest  
A dream of paradise;  
She emptied out his pocket book  
And handed some advice.

The moral is, if knights who lived  
In ballads long ago  
Should come to life in times like this  
They wouldn't have a show.

HELEN BOVEE, '19



## THE MORAL IS—

---

A young girl on an Autumn day  
Started to Otterbein, far, far away.

Beneath her dark lashes, shone her bright eyes  
For she'd soon be a Freshman, and was feeling quite  
wise.

She sped over valley and plain and hill  
And that evening found her in Westerville.

But when she arrived at this far, strange town,  
She felt her spirits sinking down.

Her laughter died and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast.

A wish that she hardly dared to own  
And this was it—she wished she was home.

Her thoughts wandered back to her own town  
And soon the tears began falling down.

She thought of mother and dear old dad,  
And of all the many friends she had.

She thought of Bob and Jack and Sue  
And as she thought she felt more blue.

She found the college a lonely place  
For she saw not one familiar face.

The profs were wonderfully wise and stern,  
The lessons were long and hard to learn.

And some days when she was frightfully dumb  
She wished again she hadn't come.

She often sighed and said, "Ah, me,  
That I might only a Senior be!

"Then my school days would soon be o'er,  
And I could go back to my home once more.

"Then I'd forget about French and Greek  
And writing those horrid themes each week.

"Then I could sleep every morning till ten,  
And I'd never have to come back again."

But the weeks passed by, and this lonely girl  
Soon found herself in such a whirl

Of books and lessons, and good times, too,  
That she had no time to be feeling blue.

There was French and Math. and History,  
How she got them all was a mystery.

There were Chemistry and English, too,  
So she always had a lot to do.

Besides all this, which seems enough,  
There was always a lot of extra stuff

To take up her time and make her feel  
That the good times of which she had dreamed were  
real.

She went to parties and football games,  
She met all the fellows and learned their names.

She went to pushes by the score,  
And only wished that there were more.

She went to slumber parties, too,  
Where they stayed awake the whole night through.



She went to lots and lots of spreads  
Where they sat around on the tables and beds.

And ate chicken and cake and candy and pie  
Till it really is strange that she didn't die.

She went to football rallies, of course,  
And yelled until she was dreadfully hoarse,

And did the snake dance down the street  
Till she almost ruined her dainty feet.

She went to Willie's about three times a day  
And spent her money in a reckless way,

Buying chocolate soldiers and cherry ice,  
Banana splits and everything nice.

She often went to Columbus, too,  
When she had nothing else to do.

And there she shopped the live long day,  
Till the stores all closed and she couldn't stay.

Or sometimes she "rushed the coop" to see  
Some far-famed celebrity.

And stood in line an hour or more  
Until her feet were tired and sore.

Perhaps it would interest you to know  
That this lively Freshie had a beau,

A Sophomore fellow, tall and thin,  
Who liked this Freshie, and she liked him.

And any beautiful, warm Spring night  
When the moon was shining clear and bright,

You could see them strolling down the street  
To the bridge, where all fond lovers meet.

Not only at night did you see them together,  
But all hours of the day, and in all kinds of weather.

They skated and hiked and played tennis, too,  
Or spent afternoons in his little canoe.

But alas for this Freshie, who had so much fun,  
When exams came around had her troubles begun,

For she'd spent so much time in her pleasures, poor  
    dear,  
That her lessons were sadly neglected, I fear.

Oh, pity the Freshie, and pity us all  
Who vainly our own sad mistakes recall,

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

PAULINE STUBBS, '21

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### STYLES

The most desperate styles are those worn in the spring. Then the human race has more nerve than at any other time of the year. The more awkward a woman is getting on a street car, the more style she has. If a shoe pinches, wear it; if it fits, get two sizes smaller. They are wearing hats this season. No details can be given because the milliners used everything for trimming, including the vocabulary. Some people wear clothes instead of styles, but they have no part in human progress.

---

When in a class a star seems shining,  
Look thru his book, there's inter-lining.



## THE SPRING SAP

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### College Professor Makes Startling Discovery— World Thrilled at News—Bashfulness Pre- vents Printing of Name.

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A well-known college professor, unaided by science, has recently come upon an epoch making piece of information and has thrilled the world by allowing it to be published. Feeling the need of a fresh supply of oxygen in his lungs, he stepped forth from his class-room and went down a road toward a bridge. He had not passed more than a dozen fence-posts when his ears were cracked by an explosion. Looking sideward, he noticed a young maple tree with a branch extending out over the road. On the end of the branch was a brand new leaf. "Oh," mumbled the professor, "a bud has burst," and onward he proceeded. Scarcely had he gone a rod when a terrible shriek rent the air above his head. Looking upward, the professor saw a robin swooping down upon him. Before he could regain his calm something popped at his feet like a bomb and flew in all directions. A clod had been split asunder as a blade of grass shot into life. The professor was excited, distressed, but his face was eager for he began to see the dim far off flickering of a great truth. Onward still he plodded. As he neared the bridge a feeling of intense warmth penetrated his overcoat. Looking about once more, he noticed the sun, "Ah, 'tis growing warm," murmured the professor. He had now reached the bridge and was disturbed by a great noise as if the tripping of many feet. Looking over the rail, he saw the waters of the creek dancing in the sunlight. Again a robin shrieked and a great light broke over the professor's face, "Ah," he yelped, "Ah, 'tis spring, blessed spring."

## SPRING FEVER



ET on there, Dobin," cries the farmer, "spring's here and there's plowin' to do."

"A little more speed tomorrow morning or you're fired," is the office boy's daily reminder.

"Wake up. Use your heads. A test tomorrow," thunders the professor.

Thus, in the spring time, do those in authority begin to fret and annoy their luckless, yet happy victims who feel the delicate, irresistible symptoms of mankind's everlasting friend and enemy, the spring fever. But we wonder if those who storm against it don't themselves feel like executing a good yawn sometimes and then going forth to stretch their moth-eaten carcasses on the green sward under a friendly maple. Is it an iniquity to respond to the multitudinous voices of the deep blue vault of the airy heavens or to the merry tinkling of the crystal waters of Alum Creek? We think not. What mortal with human instincts would not close his "History of Philosophy" to listen to the hum of a bee, the croak of a frog, or the rattle of a Ford? There is more to be learned from the sprouting of an apple-blossom than from the whole category of Greek verbs. Long live the spring fever, say we. May it be encouraged and all its possibilities developed. It is one of the most valuable symptoms of a human being.

---

Farmer Buckwheat, while rumbling into town and peacefully munching a hay-seed, completely lost control of his frightened team because his wagon spoke. The farmer says it was no joke altho it sounded so much like one that even the horses bit.



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