Otterbein University
Digital Commons @ Otterbein

Quiz and Quill | Otterbein Journals & Magazines

Spring 1920

1920 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department
Otterbein University, englishdept@otterbein.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1920 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine" (1920). *Quiz and Quill*. 72.
https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/72

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Otterbein Journals & Magazines at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quiz and Quill by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu.

THE QUIZ AND QUILL 1920

The Quiz and Quill

Published Annually
by
The Quiz and Quill Club
of
Otterbein College

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Frontispiece

Page

Foreword 3

Language, an Instrument of Thought—
Pres. W. G. Clippinger 4

In the Heart of Natalie—Edith Bingham 5

America's Problem—Carl M. Sweazy 21

La Petite—Helen Keller 27

Spring Pome—J. W. Seneff 32

The American Girl—Mary Tinstman 34

The Top o' the Morning—Lillie Waters 37

One Day in Tokio—Edith Bingham 38

The Second Hand Shop—Gilbert E. Mills 44

The Hemlock—Ida Kittle 50

The Man of the Monitor—J. Gordon Howard 51

Difficulties of Keeping a Schedule—Mary Vance 56

Stage Fright—Catherine Minton 58

Rubber Ice—M. L. Howe 60

Friendship—Marjora Whistler 61

What I Have Written I Have Written—S. A. Wells 62

La Petite Refugie—J. R. Howe 64

My Love—Bertha Hancock 68

The Hole in the Doughnut—A. W. Elliott 70

A Perfect Square—Geneva Braley 71

The Robin Hunters—A. A. Luther 72

Poor Roads—Lucille Ewry 72

Poor Pussy!—Catherine Minton 73

Watch Your Criticism—From The Tan and Cardinal 74

Decisiveness—From The Tan and Cardinal 75

The Inevitable—R. U. Martin and E. W. Miller 76

Excerpt from the Editor's Easy Chair—Josephine Foor 77

The Spirit of the Age—Helen Bovee 78

The Revolt of Percival and Petunia—Esther Harley 79

FOREWORD

TO all friends of Otterbein—Greetings! The Quiz and Quill Club is pleased to present to you, —faculty, students, alumni, and friends of the college,—this second volume of The Quiz and Quill. We have wished to improve the publication, profiting by the mistakes of the first volume. But we have also tried to maintain the standard set by last year's staff, of making this little magazine representative of the various literary activities of the college, of expressing through its pages the purposes and ideals of the club.

We wish to thank you for your cordial and enthusiastic support of our initial venture in 1919, and it is with the hope that you will again offer your generous, —and if necessary indulgent,—cooperation, that we offer to you The Quiz and Quill of 1920.

MEMBERS

Helen Keller, President.
Edith Bingham, Vice President.
Josephine Foor, Secretary-Treasurer.
Esther Harley,
Violet Patterson,
Marjorie Miller,
Mildred Deitsch,
Dr. Sarah M. Sherrick,
Prof. C. O. Altman.

STAFF

Helen Keller, Editor-in-Chief.
Edith Bingham, Assistant Editor.
Violet Patterson, Special Feature Editor.
Josephine Foor, Business Manager.

LANGUAGE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF THOUGHT

LANGUAGE has two definite purposes, one utilitarian and the other aesthetic. One is practical and the other is cultural. Both are social. The more accurately one can use his own language and the greater the variety of shades of meaning, the better is one able to convey his thoughts to another. Refinement of ideas demands refinement of expression. Crudeness of ideas produces crudeness of expression. Words, phrases, and sentences are merely concrete forms of conceptual thinking. Awkward and cumbersome thinking will have awkward and cumbersome symbols. For cultural purposes language has its sentimental and aesthetic uses. The more beautiful and refined shades of thought find expression in the choice literatures. Language itself then becomes not only a vehicle of communication but the conservator of the literature of the past.

Of all departments of study in a curriculum none is of such practical and universal importance as the department of English. It not only serves its own purpose as a branch of study for practical and cultural ends but it provides the tools with which all other departments work. Philosophy and mathematics, science and art, sociology and economics all depend upon the correct and fluent use of the vernacular. Whatever contributes to the accurate use of the English language and whatever contributes to the richest and most accurate thinking makes a large contribution to the sum total of all academic work. The Quiz and Quill Club stands for all these things. Accuracy, ease, and versatility of expression are at once the ideals and aims of this organization. Its purpose is to furnish and equip the student with the tools for his trade, and as such the club stands conspicuously as not only a legitimate but also a highly desirable organization of Otterbein College.

W. G. CLIPPINGER, President.

"IN THE HEART OF NATALIE"

EDITH BINGHAM, '20.

First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest.

NATALIE FORRESTER obviously did not belong. Two years of life in an Ohio college town, two years of association with Ohio college students, two years of daily contact with the Reverend Adam Alexander and his good wife (otherwise Cousin Adam and Cousin Mary),—not even these combined forces of her environment had prevailed, to any noticeable degree, in shaping her ideas and ideals to any sort of conformity to those of the people she met and mingled with every day. The girls of her North Carolina acquaintanceship were nothing at all like these studious, serious-minded, dignified classmates of hers. And the boys,—they lacked the debonair manner, the gayety and gallantry, some way. Not that they weren't courteous and kind,—indeed the opposite was true; but most of them, at least, were so thoughtful, and seemed always to be mastered by some driving force which forbade them to stop for anything trivial.

Oh, the glamor that surrounded the memories of those North Carolina days! There youths and maidens were carefree and pleasure loving. Serious problems were left for older minds. The days were occupied with sports and visiting expeditions, and evening was sure to find a merry crowd of dancers gathered on some porch or in some drawing room of the neighborhood. Those happy days; how far away they seemed! Natalie's mind was apt to wander back to them, just as it was doing now. The History Professor talked on and on, but his eloquence was lost on Natalie. She was living again in the old days, before her father died and left his motherless young daughter with a surprisingly small amount of money, and a surprisingly large number of debts to be paid. A sale

of plantation and slaves had followed, parting farewells had been made to friends, and the orphan had come North to live with her elderly cousins, the Alexanders, and to study at the little college.

The college bell awakened her with a start from her dreams. Hastily she took down the assignment and left the room with the other students. The day's recitations were over, and it was with a sense of freedom that she strolled down the shady street that led to the parsonage. She didn't know that Kirk Ellsworth, a class mate, was only half a block behind her, and would like to be strolling by her side. Her mind was still on the sunny Southern home; and besides, Kirk Ellsworth with his avowed Abolitionist sympathies, didn't interest her. And as for Kirk, he felt shy of the little Southerner, so contented himself to walk alone and watch her from a distance. A pretty picture she made, he thought, slender and graceful and dark. Presently she reached the parsonage gate; and Kirk turned down toward the river at the next corner, whence a short walk of not over two blocks brought him to his home, a large comfortable red brick house situated on a sort of a bluff overlooking the peaceful stream. There he, his widowed mother, and his cousin, Edward Mastin, also a student at the college, lived together.

Two hours later found the Alexanders and Natalie at the supper table. By the soft candle-light the kindly faces of the old minister and his wife looked particularly benign, and a sparkle was added to Natalie's dark eyes that would have reminded you of her vivacity in the old Carolina days.

"Well, how was school today, my dear?" The question was as certain to fall from Cousin Adam's lips each night at supper, as was the meal itself to be served, promptly at six, in that well ordered household.

"Classes went as usual, sir, and as for campus talk, it runs all to politics,—the coming election, and the possibility of war between the North and South."

"Ah, war must never happen—it cannot—it would mean ruin to this country," spoke up Mrs. Alexander quickly. "It will not, surely. We are all brothers and countrymen, and our differences can surely be settled peacefully."

"Yes, Cousin Mary, I think so too. Why need there be any quarrels? If the people here don't want slaves, let them not have them, but let them also not interfere with those who do own them."

This was unusual for Natalie, who was generally rather silent on the subject. But tonight a sense of injustice to the South, born of things she had heard certain of the students say, rankled in her breast, and she hurried on.

"What are laws for, anyhow? By law, people of the North are forbidden to harbor fugitive slaves from the South. Yet every year the Southern states lose thousands of dollars because Northerners break the law." She paused rather breathlessly and waited for an answer.

Kindly and patiently the minister replied, "Most of them, my dear, believe they are doing right. They place humanity above even the law, and help the poor runaway slaves from a sense of duty to fellow man."

"But Cousin Adam, I think the slaves who run away must be criminals or something. If not that, at least they are ungrateful and lazy and don't deserve help. My father's slaves would never have run away, I'm sure. They had a much better living on his plantation than they could possibly have made for themselves. And as for these tales of cruel treatment that everyone seems to believe, I can't credit them. They are gross exaggerations, I'm sure."

"Perhaps so, Natalie. At least you have had some opportunity for observation of conditions in the South, and most of us have not. But laying aside all questions of cruel treatment, are not all men entitled to freedom? Is not the negro actuated with much the same motives and desires as we?"

"No, I think not, Cousin Adam. Take my old Mam-

my for example. I know her well, for she was my nurse from childhood up. Often I've heard her scorn the idea of freedom. Why, she'd have been downright unhappy if she'd been freed and set adrift. Who would have looked after her then? And she would have been helpless to look out for herself. Many's the time I've thought of her since I've been here, and been thankful that I know she has a good home with the people who bought her at the sale. Just fancy her a runaway! Why it would be impossible. Yes, I'm sure that fugitives must be criminals, or else they are encouraged by Northern agitators who wish to make trouble with the South. Many Southerners believe that."

And with these words, she rose abruptly from the table, and excusing herself, went up to her room to study.

A troubled expression sat on the countenance of Mary Alexander as she moved about clearing away the supper things.

"Adam," she said, "that child isn't ever going to be happy here, I'm afraid. This is so different from her old life. She finds no close friends among our students here, because their ideas are so different from hers. If only she could get on common ground with them!"

"Yes, yes, Mary. I've felt so all along. I've wished something would happen to put her in sympathy with things here, but the poor child! She's living half the time in Carolina.

"And Mary, I look for trouble. I hear rumors just today that the Kentucky authorities have wind of the doings of Kirk Ellsworth and Edward Mastin. In that case things are likely to get pretty hot for the boys. This Underground Railroad, as they call it, is a risky business, and while I'm in sympathy with the whole movement and admire the boys for their enthusiasm and courage, I must say that it would go bad for them, should they be discovered at their work."

"Yet, Adam, public opinion in this part of the coun-

try is all against the Fugitive Slave Law, and in sympathy with those who break it. Surely they would be upheld in doing a thing they consider to be right."

"Well, I don't know, Mary. However wrong, that law is law, and the government can't allow its laws to be disregarded. Until it is actually repealed, I fear for anyone who is caught breaking it. It's all very confusing to know what is right under the circumstances. And the question is not going to be settled without bloodshed,—that's my notion."

* * * * * *

That night there was no moon. Dim starlight faintly illumined the river that flowed peacefully along by the Ellsworth home. It was about midnight when Kirk and his cousin, Edward Mastin, crept out of the house and down to the little dock. They had only a few minutes to wait until they heard the careful dipping of oars in the water, and could discern a small row boat. Silently it drew up to the dock and a voice spoke quietly.

"That you, Ellsworth?"

"Yes, Mr. Rankin, my friend and I were expecting you."

"We have two passengers, lad, women—both of them, and I'm afraid the older one is about exhausted. If it can be managed they ought to have a couple of days' rest here. Then one night's journey would see them safely over the border into Canada."

The younger woman, a strong negress of twenty-five, stepped lightly out of the boat; and able arms assisted her older companion out and up the river bank. The boat disappeared into the darkness. No light shone from the house toward which the two boys and the refugees stealthily made their way, nor was a lamp lighted until they were safe in a back room with the shades carefully drawn. Then it was discovered that the old slave was in a state of complete exhaustion. Cruel treatment and the long journey had been too much for her.

Kind hands ministered to her, and she was put to

bed to rest until the morrow. The younger woman, Lucy, recounted some of their travelling experiences, as well as the cruel treatment that she and especially the older woman, Becky, had received at the hands of their master.

"I jest couldn' stan' it no longer no way," she said in her soft, quiet voice, "the flogging post for every little thing, an' treated like dogs all the time. I was born way down in Louis'any an' ole massa was good an' kin', but two years back, he sol' me up in Virginny an' it's been awful." She shuddered in spite of herself. "Then pretty soon ole Becky came. Massa had bought her in C'lina, an' was always sorry of it, 'cause she was gettin' ole an' couldn' work so much. I was waiting an' ready when the chance come to run away, but I jes' couldn' leave ole Becky behin'. It's been slower, but we'll soon be across the line, an' they can't get us."

Finally she too joined her companion, and the house was dark and still again. The next day found Lucy brightened and refreshed, but Old Becky was not able to rise from the bed. Kirk and his mother were vaguely troubled. There were persistent rumors that the Kentucky authorities had wind of this station, and if that were true, no risks ought to be taken. The slaves ought to make the last lap of their journey this very night and cross the Canadian border by daybreak. The longer they stayed here, the more uncertain the fate of all.

But by evening, the old woman was, if anything, worse instead of better. It was finally decided that Lucy must go on alone, and wait for Becky when she would get stronger and be able to come. So under cover of nightfall, she began her journey, after parting with the old woman whom she really seemed very loath to leave.

Another day passed. A physician was called in to diagnose Old Becky's condition, as she didn't seem to improve. He gravely shook his head. "She will

not be able to go on for a long time. Her strength is gone, and her vitality is very low."

That evening the Reverend Alexander called at the red brick house. He sat chatting with Mrs. Ellsworth, together with her son Kirk and Edward Mastin on the porch. Presently he said, "It has come to my ears that a fugitive is hiding here, Mrs. Ellsworth. The rumor flies through the town. How such things get told about, here of late, I don't understand, but I have come to warn you. I have good reasons to fear that the authorities of the county are being pushed on to action, and if they come here, they mustn't find anyone."

Without waiting for his mother to reply, Kirk spoke up. "We appreciate your interest and goodwill, Brother Alexander," he said, "but the poor creature is not able to go on. I doubt if she will ever live to see Canada. You see she is broken in health from two long years of ill treatment; and her strength, which was only sustained by her hope of reaching freedom, has suddenly collapsed. So come what may, the only thing we can do is to care for her and hope for the best."

The old man smiled at Kirk's earnestness. "Bravely spoken, lad," he said. "I only hope no trouble comes of it."

Then turning to Mrs. Ellsworth, he inquired if he might see Becky. Assured that he might, he rose and followed his hostess into the room where the wrinkled, white-haired old woman lay. Hearing some one enter, she opened her eyes and looked up.

"This is a minister, Reverend Alexander, Becky," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "He would like to talk to you if you feel like it."

Seating himself at the bedside, the minister said kindly, "So you are on your way to freedom, Becky. Why do you want to be free? Weren't you happy in your Southern home?"

"For," he thought, "here is a good chance to find out if Natalie is right."

In a thin, weak voice, the old woman answered him, "No, suh, I wasn't happy, that is I ain't been for two yeahs, ever since I lef' C'lina. Thar I had a good home but massa died, an' a wicked man bought me. Things was awful, an' I couldn' stan' it. So when the chance come, I run away. What I'll do in Canady, I don' jest know, but anything'll be better than what I've stood these two years."

Apparently exhausted with the effort of speaking, she was silent for a few moments, then went on.

"Sometimes I think I'll nevah git thar, 'specially today since Lucy's went. She's been good to me and helped me on. I 'spect now I'll die, but I wouldn't care much. I'd like to die in North C'lina though, where de sun shine, an' de birds sing, an' I could be laid away by m' ole man."

"So you're from North Carolina?" questioned the minister kindly.

"Yes, suh, I lived thar allays up to two yeahs ago. Then ole massa died and poah Miss Natalie had to sell ever'thing, me included."

Natalie? Mr. Alexander started at the name. Of course it was not such an uncommon one, yet there was a bare possibility. A little eagerly he said, "What was your master's name? Not Mr. Forrester by any chance?"

"Yes, yes, course dat's it. An' he was so good. Poah Miss Natalie, she thought I was gettin' a kind massa, but she didn't know. I've allays been glad she didn't know, poah lamb, for she would o' worried and it warn't her fault."

The old woman rambled on rather aimlessly in her talk, but Adam Alexander wasn't listening. So this was Natalie's old nurse, of whom she spoke so often. Of course the child must be informed immediately. Perhaps he could do something to obtain freedom for the old slave, and she could pass the rest of her life with Natalie. A dozen thoughts assailed him at once, and he rose abruptly to go. At the front door he paused.

"I must tell you, Mrs. Ellsworth, for perhaps you don't just understand, that that old woman in there has been Natalie's nurse all her life. I'm going to get her now, and we'll be directly back."

He hurried down the steps, and had just disappeared from sight around the corner, when two men tied their boat at the Ellsworth landing and mounted the river bank. At the Ellsworth door, one of them inquired, "Is Kirk Ellsworth here?"

"Yes," answered his mother a little strangely. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you. And Edward Mastin? Does he happen to be here?"

"Yes,—one minute and I'll call them."

The two boys entered. The men rose. One of them drew a document from his pocket and said, "I have here a warrant for the arrest of Kirk Ellsworth and Edward Mastin. You are charged with harboring fugitive slaves. Sorry, young men, but it's bad business and a person's likely to get caught. I'm afraid you'll have to come with us."

Mrs. Ellsworth and the boys stood stunned. No one moved or spoke for a minute. In the midst of the consternation the officer's words had caused, a flying figure dashed up the veranda steps and in at the door without pausing to knock.

"Oh," gasped Natalie breathlessly, "Cousin Adam says my mammy is here and sick. Where is she?" And disregarding the other occupants of the room, she followed Mrs. Ellsworth, who silently led her to Old Becky.

"Mammy," she cried, "Mammy, don't you know me? Your Natalie? Your own lamb?" But mammy didn't hear her. Worn out with life, she had quietly closed her eyes and slipped away from earth while every one was out of the room.

A startled expression came into Natalie's dark eyes as she realized the truth. A moment she stood dazed, then flung herself down on the bed and rained tears and kisses alike on the wrinkled black face. The offi-

cers, who had followed her into the room on hearing that one of the slaves was still there, stood awkwardly and silently, with Kirk and Edward, near the door. Mrs. Ellsworth, troubled and moved by the girl's grief, stood near the bedside and wiped the tears from her own eyes upon the corner of her white apron. Such was the scene that met the eyes of Adam and Mary Alexander when they entered a few minutes later, having followed Natalie's flying footsteps more slowly.

Grasping the truth that the old negress was dead, Mrs. Alexander gently and soothingly led the weeping girl away into the other room. Reverend Alexander recognized the officers of the law, and surmising that his worst fears were realized, inquired who it was who had sworn out the warrant of arrest.

"Mr. Mason of Virginia, sir. Owner, I take it, of this slave and a younger one called Lucy who recently escaped together from his plantation. Where is she?" —this to Kirk Ellsworth.

"Safe in Canada by this time, I hope, sir, away from a life of hardship and slavery, that would bring her finally to the cruel fate of this poor woman," answered Kirk in a firm voice.

"Well, I am extremely sorry that it is our duty to apprehend you gentlemen, but the law has been violated and justice must take its course. Public opinion all over the North will be with you, and doubtless you will soon be acquitted. We must be going now."

A brave parting between mother and son, and a hearty handclasp with the old minister and his wife, and the prisoners were ready to go. But Natalie stepped up and extended her hand first to Edward, then to Kirk.

"Goodby, boys," she said, "and Kirk Ellsworth, please forgive me for my open criticism and lack of sympathy with your views. Of course I never knew you were actively engaged in work like this, and had I known I would have been just as antagonistic. For never till now did I realize what it all means. I wouldn't believe the stories they told, but I see now,

and I'll never forget what you've done for mammy. Of course you will soon be freed, but until you are, I intend to do everything I can to help secure your release. Goodby, both of you."

"Goodby, Natalie, and thank you." It was Kirk who answered. "I knew all along you didn't understand." And with a last smile at his mother, he and Edward were gone. That farewell of Natalie's was to ring in his mind many times, and the smile his mother gave him was to haunt him again and again, before he would next set foot on those veranda steps. Indeed he was destined to spend only one short week in the old home within the next five years.

* * * * * *

The arrest took place in October, 1860. The trial was delayed a few weeks, but took place during the month of November. Excitement reigned in the old school, and Natalie was in sympathy. At last she had caught the spirit of the place and times. Many of the students and citizens attended the trial which was held at the nearby county seat. The trial extended over an entire week, and each day was almost the sole topic of conversation on the campus and in the corridors of the buildings. No one believed that the boys would really be declared guilty and sentenced, even though in the course of the hearing, it was proved that they had befriended and sent on to liberty over twenty slaves. The only law they had broken was the odious Fugitive Slave Law and public sentiment persisted in considering it to be unconstitutional.

Great was the consternation, therefore, of all concerned, when on the last day, a verdict of guilty was brought in and the offenders were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. People just could not believe it. The case sprang into prominence overnight. Newspapers were full of it, and the whole North was aroused in opposition to the procedure taken by the court.

Indignation reigned in the little college, and Natalie

was forceful in her denunciation of the judge and jury that had condemned and sentenced the boys.

"If they could only have seen poor Mammy!" she hotly declared at home to her cousins. "She was so changed. I would hardly have known her. Slavery is wrong if it brings such misery to even one old woman. I hate it all!"

Mrs. Ellsworth was sad and troubled. She had counted on acquittal. However the minister and other prominent townsmen tried to reassure her. They were making arrangements to have the case appealed to the Supreme Court. With public approbation of the boys' acts so wide-spread, doubtless they would be acquitted by the higher tribunal.

It was well and generally known that Judge Joseph R. Swan, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the state, held the Fugitive Slave Law to be odious; and indeed he owed his election mainly to the anti-slavery sentiment of the state. And notwithstanding the fact that the law had been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, there was a deep-seated hostility to it in Ohio. Yes, doubtless Judge Swan would acquit the students.

The case was taken up the following February at Columbus; but Judge Swan, contrary to the expectations of most, adhered to his judicial integrity and conscience, and held the law as authoritative, whether he personally or politically approved of its spirit and terms or not. In the face of certain and inevitable unpopularity, he maintained that no state court could interfere with the orderly action of the United States Court within its constitutional limits. A more courageous opinion from an honest judge was never given. His closing words were:

"As a citizen I would not deliberately violate the constitution or the law by interference with fugitives from service; but if a weary and frightened slave should appeal to me to protect him from his pursuers, it is possible that I might momentarily forget my allegiance to the law and constitution, and give him

covert from those who were on his track. There are, no doubt, many slaveholders who would thus follow the impulses of human sympathy; and if I did it, and were prosecuted, condemned and imprisoned, and brought by my counsel before this tribunal on a habeas corpus, and were here permitted to pronounce judgment in my own case, I trust I should have the moral courage to say, before God and the country, as I am now compelled to say, under the solemn duties of a judge, bound by my oath to sustain the supremacy of the constitution and the law,—'the prisoners must be remanded.' "

Friends of the boys were frankly disappointed, and Mrs. Ellsworth was in despair. The public was furious, and Judge Swan became unpopular overnight. But strangely enough, those most intimately concerned in the case, felt no bitterness toward the judge. As Kirk said, "He was decent to us and a real gentleman. It was a great disappointment to him as well as to us that his honest opinion of his duty would not permit him to acquit us. I'm sure of that. We did what we thought was right and so did he. And I guess we're not going to balk at taking the consequences."

So the boys were imprisoned to serve their sentence. They were sadly missed at the old school, as well as at the red brick house down by the river. Natalie missed them, too, especially Kirk. She could recall now the little attentions he used to shyly bestow upon her, which she had chosen to ignore then. How different things would be if he could be here now. How she admired him! Circumstances had changed him in her eyes from a radical, fighting a thing of which he knew little to a real hero worthy of all kinds of admiration and respect. She wrote him frequently, and every week brought her a letter from him, which she promptly took down to the red brick house and shared with his mother.

Judge Swan had been, meanwhile, forced to retire from public life by the force of criticism brought to bear on his action. Natalie was sorry to hear of it,

for she thoroughly admired the bravery of the staunch old judge. Kirk, too, wrote remorsefully of it. He and the judge had become fast friends. However, Joseph Swan was a man of honor, and felt that retirement was the only course left open to him since he had come into disfavor with his own constituancy. And as to Kirk's regrets, he would listen to none of them.

* * * * * *

The preceding November had witnessed the election of Abraham Lincoln as President. At the time, it had been overshadowed in the little college town by the trial which was just then being conducted and was of paramount interest. Now he was soon to be inaugurated and take up his official duties. No one now believed that war would be averted, though no one in the North was willing to concede that it was likely to be a long war. A number of fights, indeed, had already actually taken place, though war was not yet formally declared. Day by day antagonism between the factions grew fiercer, and it was prophesied by some that the declaration would follow closely the new President's inauguration.

Natalie cherished a secret plan in her mind. She had not, nor did she intended to reveal it to anyone. Mrs. Ellsworth, she was afraid, would build too much on its success and be bitterly disappointed in case it failed. Her cousins, Adam and Mary, would probably kindly discourage her, saying the scheme was not feasible. So she kept her own counsel.

March came, and with it, Lincoln's inauguration. On the very night following that memorable event, Natalie Forrester shut herself in the seclusion of her room, and set two lighted candles on her study table. Her heart fluttered,—this was so important. So very much depended on her saying the right things. She got out writing materials and set to work. She wrote and rewrote till far into the night. The candles were burned low when she finally sealed her letter and addressed it to Abraham Lincoln at the White House.

Yes, she had written to the new President. Graphically and clearly as she could, she had gone over the whole case, adding little personal touches that close association with Kirk and Edward, their mother, and her own Mammy Rebecca, had enabled her to give. Her heart went into the letter,—an appeal for the pardon of the two prisoners.

The letter was mailed next day. Then set in the agony of anxious, tremulous waiting. Two weeks, she reasoned, was as soon as she could look for an answer. In reality, it was nearly three before she received it. She carried the letter down to a quiet spot near the river, and opened it with trembling fingers. Then suddenly, she felt her joy to be complete, for the wildest hopes of her optimistic moments were realized. Pardoned! It was wonderful! Not that anything but justice had been meted out to the offenders,—the letter ran. The law they had violated was still constitutional, but because the President sympathized with the lads, and respected public sentiment in the matter, he was willing to grant their pardon. Also war was immiment and the North was likely to need two such staunch patriots to uphold her colors. The letter closed with the information that the pardons had been forwarded to Columbus, and was signed simply "A. Lincoln."

Natalie's first impulse was to run and tell Mrs. Ellsworth, but second consideration stopped her. The letter said that the pardons had already been forwarded to the prison, and that meant, barring delays, that the boys might be expected any time now, possibly even this evening,—at any rate tomorrow. Why not let them surprise her?

So, hard as it seemed, she went home and quietly ate her supper. This over, she started in on her next day's lessons. About nine o'clock a quick step sounded on the porch, then a knock. Natalie's heart jumped, for something told her it was Kirk. The old minister opened the door, and the returned neighbor

stepped in. Exclamations of surprise followed, and then everything had to be explained.

"Yes, it's to Natalie we owe the thanks for our pardon, and return to the old town. How long it seems since we were here! And our stay is certain to be short now, as it is sure that we are soon to have the privilege of fighting openly for the cause of union and freedom. The actual declaration of war is sure to come in the very near future. And now, Mrs. Alexander, it isn't late, and may I not have the privilege of taking my little rescuer for a walk down by the river? The moon is glorious."

Smilingly Cousin Mary consented, and the two set out. The walk was a rather silent one. Presently they stopped at an old fallen log near the water's edge. Then Kirk broke the silence.

"Natalie Forrester, six months ago I never would have dreamed that you would ever take any interest in me. At least not to the extent of devoting your efforts to the securing of a pardon for me, a prisoner in the penitentiary."

Natalie only smiled.

"You must know that I've loved you almost ever since I first saw you. And now, as soon as the opportunity is offered me, I intend to do all I can to defeat a cause that stands for such cruelty as Old Becky received in those two years."

At the mention of Becky, a look of pain supplanted Natalie's smile, but it was shortlived, for Kirk went on earnestly.

"But before I go I want to make you my wife. I need you to believe in me then, just as you have these past months. War is not easy, dear, and I need you."

Slowly the smile came back, and the girl nodded.

AMERICA'S PROBLEM

Carl M. Sweazy, '20

First Prize, Russel Oratorical Contest.

THERE exists no unbiased mind to-day which does not acknowledge the brilliancy and splendor of the history of this great nation. Our past has been filled with glorious marches of triumph which thrill the heart of every true American as he reviews them. Is there a boy in our grammar grades when the lesson in history includes the battle of Bunker Hill, whose heart does not beat fast and hard? If so, that boy is not true born. Is there one among us who, at the mention of Lexington, Gettysburg, Lincoln or Roosevelt, does not experience a thrill of animation and of pride? If so, that one is not American. Fresh in the memory of all of us are those days when our boys heaped high honors on our flag "over there". In that colossal struggle the United States convinced the whole world not only of her titanic physical power, but of her magnificent moral force. I need not stop to prove this statement. The nations of the earth know how we fought and why.

Another fact of which we may be proud is that from time to time we have been able to cleanse our garments of stains that have threatened to become permanent. Certain great evils that have attempted to fasten themselves upon us have been thrust from us, the result of a struggle so decisive as to make the victory permanent. In this relation we recall the gigantic struggle which decided forever the question of human slavery in America. The popular opinion of the American people is that such a damnable institution can not exist in any form in a great nation of great people. To-day finds us at the culmination of a great temperance struggle. Thank God, for another "Emancipation Proclamation" which, written in our constitu-

tion, guarantees to the women and children of this republic freedom from the cruel taskmaster, John Barleycorn.

We have indeed a glorious history, but our future is in the balance. I say this because of certain unwholesome conditions in our government which threaten to overthrow the very pillars of our national life. Every clear minded citizen of this republic has recently noticed and bitterly deplored certain elements in our political and industrial system, which unless peremptorily checked, will eventually work disaster to our government. Partisanship has become so intense that the love of party has supplanted love of country. Lust of office has destroyed positions of trust. The free gifts of the people have become the object of purchase and barter, and the shameful use of them has made those memorable worlds of Lincoln, a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," a mocking paradox.

Passing over these unsavory conditions, I wish to focus your attention for a short time on that form of lobbyism, which depends not upon the ability of the lobbyist to present facts and arguments to the mind of a legislator so as to convince him of the prudence of an action, but on his ability to secure the legislation he desires by offering base bribes. Whether or not lobbyism should have a place in our political system I am not here to argue; I do say, however, that the lobbyist who uses a bank roll as an argument should have no place in these United States to hang his hat, no matter what cause he represents. You will find this individual and his base motives at the bottom of all political corruption. He is an impostor. He deceives the people and so the government. If he deceives or betrays his government he is a traitor and should be treated as such.

The legislator who allows himself to be thus bought, knows that if he is apprehended, he will not only be heavily fined and sentenced, but will lose his position and further his opportunity to hold public office. This

would be a calamity to his fortune. Still many of them in their corruption run the risk. On the other hand the plutocrat knows there is little or no danger to him even if it is known he has offered a bribe. He therefore hounds these legislators like a wolf chasing lambs.

Understand me, I am not opposing wealth. I am no communist. I do not believe in levying heavy taxes of different kinds with the express view of limiting one's wealth or income. We dare not attempt to limit a man's income or fortune. To do so is to limit thrift, industry, invention and education in a sense. We must limit, we must eradicate some of the base methods and infamous schemes by some men obtain their wealth. And the one I have just mentioned is among the oldest, most inveterate and most universally practiced of them all.

America looks forward to world leadership, not by the use of her army and navy but through her industry and commerce. This being true, it is time we cease experimenting with foreign labor and come to the only true basis of industrial prosperity, namely, the happiness of our own people. Right here we have been overlooking one of the fundamentals which make for national happiness and industrial prosperity. We must see to it that there is "an equal opportuntiy for all" and not "special benefits to a privileged few". These "special benefits to the privileged few" are secured directly or indirectly through purchased legislation. American industry is doomed to decadence unless in our legislation pertaining to that subject the industrial, financial and social rights of every American citizen are respected and protected. To mention specific instances of the violation of these rights would be commonplace. Suffice it to say that chief among the institutions in our land that overlook the rights of citizens, are the great combinations and trusts.

These mighty organizations are allowed to do practically as they please. They are granted special privileges in transportation for instance, so that men and corporations of smaller means cannot hope to com-

pete with them and are thus driven out of business. This works an industrial, economic and social injustice on every American citizen, whether he is awake to the fact or not. I say these combinations are able to secure the legislation they desire through their wily lobby men who do not hesitate to employ the basest motives to further their ends. Some of our legislators have with a polite bow said to these moneyed corporations "We are at your service."

Now friends, "the chief asset of any nation is its rising generation" and all countries and particularly our own free and great United States should insist as a paramount issue that equal opportunity be vouchsafed its young men. Young men of intelligence to-day realize the unequal conditions which are imposed upon them. Even the boys in the grades know of the power and the corruption of these un-American institutions. They know there are certain industries such as oil, coal, meat packing, iron, steel and others, from which they are practically barred. We might say legally barred; for these combinations are deeply rooted in our legislation, so that at present they have the advantage over every young man starting in business.

I am not, my fellow-citizens, decrying the existence of trusts in the United States provided they are accorded only such advantages as all others may also obtain by similar intelligence, application, determination and industry. I do decry and shall continue to decry the existence of combinations and trusts in the United States, when coupled in certain of our industries with the control of natural resources and advantageous discriminations in means of transportation, to the profit of a certain privileged class and to the detriment of all others.

Our laxity of control over these conditions, I conjecture, is due largely to this base system of lobbyism and to corrupt legislators who certainly have it in their power to guarantee to all under their jurisdiction equal privileges in industrial competition. You say perhaps they do not know of these conditions. They do not

wish to know. Ah! They are playing the game; not for the people who made them their champions, but for the stake.

Some of these men in high office have so deported themselves as to heap dishonor on their position, so that it is no longer counted an honorable thing to seek public office. One on becoming a candidate for office brands himself as a politician, which word is fast becoming a synonym for criminal in the minds of the people. Many worthy men no doubt shun politics for this very reason. This condition should not prevail. If our government is to continue stable, our leaders in politics, our men in public office, must command the respect of all. They must be men whom money cannot buy; men of conviction, principle and judgment; fair and open-minded men, who, forgetting their own petty selfish interest, concern themselves with the welfare of the people.

As it is to-day our laws in many instances are framed or at least outlined in the private offices of our money kings. They are indeed not kings, but tyrants wringing their wealth and position from the people by their corrupt devices. Tammany is tyranny. And if America is to continue the great free people we purport to be, Tammany and her principles must go down and the true American people be enthroned.

History records that when the legislation of a country becomes thus corrupted resulting in benefits to a privileged class and not in equality to all, the people turn to socialism and rebellion. The French and American revolutions are recent illustrations of this fact.

Our country today is literally surcharged with Bolshevist propaganda. Why? Because the Bolshevists have found conditions ripe for their sowing. In their recent activities of which we are all aware they have been stirring the soil and sowing the seed from which they fully intend to reap an abundant harvest. But what does Bolshevism mean? Literally it means "the rule of the majority", but that is a lie. In Russia

it has meant the rule of 180,000,000 people by about 200,000. In many instances we are approximating the same conditions in America today. What does it all mean, do you ask? It means that this great nation of ours with her magnificent history, with her unlimited natural resources and powers, with her unbounded possibilities of future world leadership in industry and commerce, education and religion, is going the way of the great Roman empire of old.

How shall we save ourselves? Yes! That is America's problem. Who shall solve this problem? Shall our legislatures? Shall congress? Shall Tammany? No! Never! Every son of America must help to solve this problem. How and where? By the ballot and at the polls. Every one of us should make it his business to be one informed voter. And whether the candidate be a Democrat, Republican, or what not, we should vote for no man of whose principles we are not certain.

Let us turn to the young men and women attending our colleges and universities and ask them the question,—Why are you here? Are you here for sport and frolic? Then go home. You are in the way. Are you here in order that you might increase your earning and getting capacity? Then go hide, for folks detest you. Are you here in earnest preparation, in order that you might best serve your country and humanity? Then shake, friend, and God speed you and give you success.

"Our fathers," as one noble American has said. "fertilized our land of freedom with their blood". Shall we stand idly by and suffer this fertility to waste away with the blood of our fathers still coursing through our veins? Then up! Let us stand! Stand for the flag! Stand for America's high ideals! Let us cherish our traditions. Let us build wisely and nobly for the future. Let us whistle the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" at our toil, and be Americans.

LA PETITE

HELEN KELLER, '20

"UNCLE Pierre! Uncle Pierre!" A wistful but insistent voice wakened the old man from the light sleep into which he had fallen. Slowly he stirred in his chair, and looked sleepily into the small, upturned face with its appealing brown eyes. Then he recognized her.

"Oh, it's you, Rose?" Pierre Dupont smiled indulgently at the small girl, whose drooping mouth at his words relaxed into a coaxing smile.

"You'll play with me, won't you, Uncle Pierre? I'se tired of playin' with me all alone." She climbed into his lap and whispered confidentially in his ear, "Daddy's drunk again."

Pierre's mouth settled into a straight line, and his eyes took on an unaccustomed hardness. Then he sighed. There was no use in worrying the little one. So he hastened to say, as he loosened her arms from around his neck, "Tiens! But that is too bad. Run now, and take the milk in out of the sun, and then when you come back, Uncle Pierre will have something for you to play. Va!"

Obediently Rose slid off his lap and scampered to the cottage next door. Old Pierre sighed again. How he loved her, the little Rose! Her winsome laughter, her perfect trust in him, her childish wisdom, her very perverseness—Pierre scarcely dared think how big a place this one small curly-haired child held in his life. For old Pierre had tasted the sweet in life as well as the bitter, and he knew the pain of giving up his dearest possessions. So he tried not to think too much of this, the only joy he had, fearing that a perverse Fate would deprive him of his little Rose. But Fate had not always been unkind, he reflected, else she had not led him to this particular boarding-house, so much

like a hundred other such ramshackle buildings in the district, except that no little Rose lived next door.

Pierre's reflections were interrupted by the slamming of a screen door, and in another minute Rose stood before him, her little face puckered quaintly in anticipation of the promised game.

"I'se ready," she announced.

Pierre smiled a bit shame-facedly. "I forgot to think of the play for you," he confessed. "I was thinking of a long time ago."

"'Bout when you wuz in the war?" inquired Rose, hopefully.

"Well, no, not that—I was thinking of some of the people I knew before I knew you, and your Daddy, and Mother, and Mrs. Mulligan, and the others that live here. But why—you surely don't want to hear about the war again this morning?"

"Course I do," she maintained, stoutly. "Why, I always like to hear 'bout the little drummer boy—and the brig-a-jeer-man—all the time."

Pierre laughed. "Well, ma petite, climb up," he offered. "If it's to be a story—trés bien."

Rose snuggled down contentedly in the old man's arms. "Begin where the captain says, 'Dupont, I want you to take the message.'"

So Pierre began. It would be hard to tell who enjoyed the tale more, the American child, or the old French soldier, as he told the now familiar story of his part in the War of 1870. As he talked, the rickety porch and ill-kept yard, the dirty tenement street with its noise and foul air, changed as if by magic into the French village where his regiment had fought so bravely against the superior forces of the Prussians. Rose had heard the story many times before, but she had never seen Pierre as he was today. As he described the battle, his faded old eyes took on again something of their youthful fire, his fists clenched, unconsciously he slipped back into the phrases of his native speech. He had forgotten Rose, forgotten that he was an old man, living in peaceful America, for-

gotten everything but the feeling within him that he wanted to fight, fight, fight, until he had driven the invaders from the soil of his homeland.

Suddenly a small hand placed firmly over his mouth interrupted him. "Stop, Uncle Pierre! Don't talk like that. I don't like that kind of a story." The brown eyes looked at him reproachfully.

Old Pierre took a long breath and rubbed his hand across his eyes. "Eh bien!" he exclaimed. "Did I frighten you, ma petite? Old Pierre forgot himself, I guess. But come, we will play the building game. Bring me your blocks and we shall build a tower."

When she had gone, he chuckled softly to himself. "Fou!" he chided, "You forget that it is twenty years you are in America, and that the little one does not understand the French."

* * *

The summer had passed uneventfully, and now it was early September. Pierre still sat on the worm-eaten porch when the days were sunshiny, and Rose still domineered over him the same sweet childish imperiousness. Her mother worked at the factory, and Rose was free to wander as she pleased, but she chose to spend most of her waking hours on the front porch of the boarding-house next door, content with old Pierre as her only playmate. And more than he realized, the lonely old man had come to listen every morning for her step, and to watch for her roguish face around the corner of the old board fence. He scarcely knew how much he depended on her merry laughter to keep the loneliness away, and make him forget the sordidness of his surroundings. Because of this one small girl, he was happy and content. He did not think much any more of the old days in France.

However, this morning Pierre was lonely. He sat dejectedly on the sagging step of Mrs. Mulligan's boarding-house, and looked with dim eyes to the little house next door. The place had an unusually forlorn look to him this morning. There was no stir of life within, nor on the tiny porch. Little Rose had start-

ed to school. That sentence repeated itself again and again in Pierre's mind. It seemed almost a tragedy to him. He hadn't realized how much alone he was while Rose, with her childish questions and restless energy, had kept his mind occupied. But then, he reflected, there would be mornings and evenings together, and he could still plan for the usual Sunday story.

Down the street the post-man's whistle sounded. Pierre paid no attention. Why should he? No mail ever came for him except the quarterly pension from the French government, and he had received that a few days before. But the post-man was turning in at the gate. With a questioning look, Pierre watched him coming toward the porch. He took the letter which the man held out, perfunctorily thanked him, and then sat staring at the envelope. It was a thin letter, the address neatly type-written. It bore a Paris post-mark. In the upper left-hand corner was the name and address of a well-known Paris law firm. Dumbly old Pierre turned it over and over in his hands. After a while he opened it. Haltingly he read the concise sentences, a look of wonder slowly spreading over his face. Then he read them again.

For a long time after that Pierre sat on the step with the letter in his hand. A nephew—whom he knew nothing about—the thing seemed incredible. But it was there in black and white. A slow smile lighted up the old face. A home once more—to see France again—it seemed like an impossible dream. He drew a quick breath of anticipation. Yes, he would write at once. He put his hand into his pocket. It touched something round and hard. Wondering, he pulled out the object, a small shiny red apple. Pierre smiled understandingly. It was so like her, he thought, and his old eyes twinkled. Then suddenly the smile faded, and the twinkle disappeared. What would Rose say? Poor little Rose! who would play with her? Who would tell her stories? Rose would miss him when he went back to France. Yes, for a

time, maybe, but there was the school—new playmates—they would soon crowd old Pierre out of her mind.

The old man sighed, and the letter dropped from his hand. "One does not enjoy to think," he said to himself, sadly, "that one is forgotten so quickly."

He picked up the letter and read it again, slowly. But the keen anticipation of the new life had dulled. Somehow it did not seem so attractive to him now. After all, the France to which he would return would be far different from the country he had left. He had no friends there now. Doubtless it was not sentiment but duty that had prompted the sending of the letter. Else why had not his nephew written, himself, instead of through his lawyer? Pierre did not want to be a burden to anyone. And besides, he was too old to travel, too set in his ways to make new friends and adapt himself to new conditions.

But then—a home—his own brother's son—to die in his own country—Pierre closed his eyes. The sunlight deepened the lines in the old face as the longing for home and native land struggled against his love for the little one—la petite.

All around him the usual Monday morning sounds of the tenement went on undisturbed. In the back yard Mrs. Mulligan was singing lustily at her washing. A grocery wagon clattered past, startling four or five grey pigeons, so that they flew to the porch roof with a great flapping of wings. But still old Pierre did not move. Mrs. Mulligan hung her last dish towels on the line, and emptied her wash water. From somewhere came the crisp odor of frying ham. Noisily the clock, in Mrs. Mulligan's parlor, struck the hour.

At the sound, Pierre rose stiffly, with an attempt to straighten his bent shoulders. His hands shook a little, but there was a look of contentment in the old eyes, as he slowly tore the letter into small pieces that fluttered white in the sunshine.

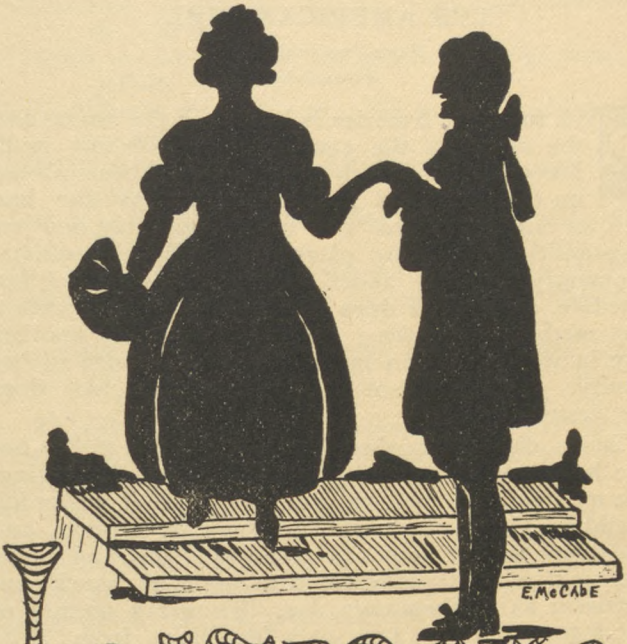
"Voyons!" he said, aloud, "Eleven o'clock! Soon la petite will be coming from school."

—Reprinted by courtesy of Holland's Magazine

"SPRING POME"

J. W. Seneff, '23.

SCHOOLDAYS and Springtime, what a combination that is! Drudgery and Joy yoked together, Duty and Pleasure in their time-worn contest, and Discipline taming impetuous Youth. They do not go well together; they should be divorced. But no, there goes that old bell and we must hurry. Oh Boy! why are Springtime and Schooldays allowed to exist on the same planet? Why doesn't Winter stay the year round? No temptation last month to cut classes, but today we feel that we can join our sentiments of school in the Springtime to General Sherman's opinion of war. Listen to the bird chorus, watch those home-makers at their work, drink in the zest of the morning air, and revel in the warmth of life-giving sunshine. Impulse and Youth whisper, "Come away! Banish dreariness, drudgery, and duty; you don't want to go into those stuffy classrooms. Come, let's hike out into the country and forget that school was ever invented." But Duty, ever on the job, takes firm hold of our coat collars and drags and pushes us inside, protesting and unwilling to the last, and we take our places sullenly rebellious against this harsh master. Yes, Spring is here and the earth rejoices, but we Prisoners of Education chafe at our bonds and wish way back in our minds that the school house would burn, or that "dear teacher" would come up missing.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

THE AMERICAN GIRL

MARY TINSTMAN, '20
Philalethea

THE future of America is hidden in the hearts and the minds of the young women of our land. Never has so much responsibility been placed on the American girl, and never has she had such an opportunity to "face up." Each day new responsibilities are being placed upon her shoulders. Constantly there is added something new to her schedule, and as the days go swiftly by she learns a new method for making someone happy, or another way in which she can make herself of service to humanity. She dares not be idle a moment, nor does she desire it.

Those who today grieve that the modern girl is not like her grandmother may as well cease lamenting. We may be sure that our grandmothers of yesterday would be glad to live again in these freer times, and that they would need the responsibilities and make the most of their opportunities with as much enthusiasm as in their own day. To get a picture of our foremothers we turn to a few lines from "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

So thru the Plymouth woods, John Alden went on his errand,
Heard as he drew near the door the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow drift
Piled at her knee, her white hand feeding the ravenous spindle

While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well worn psalm-book of Ainsworth
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church yard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty and rich with the wealth of her being."

Priscilla, at her spinning wheel, is very picturesque, but seen today, portrays more the hardships of the pioneer woman than romance. We look upon the picture with admiration and wistfulness, grateful for her courage and valiant heart, but rejoicing that we are previleged to live in our later days, when our minds and our hearts can turn to other things than did those of our pioneer mothers.

Today the American girl needs not spin and weave her clothes. That is done for her in this period of bustling industrial activity. She gives more time and thought to the questions of how to live and how she can help others live; how she can make this old world a friendly place for those less fortunate than she. Just in very recent years she has extended her activities in directions and to a degree undreamed by the women and mothers who in former years presented such inspiring examples to their own and future generations.

The girl of today realizes that her position compares in a very few ways only, with that of her grandmother. She has lived through the great world

war, the effects of which are just now being so keenly felt. She recalls all those tasks which fell to the lot of herself and her sisters. She is not all frivolous, as some people would have us think, and she has proved it by her splendid service at the front, in the hospitals, huts, home camp, and in all the work she undertook, including the various drives of local, state and interstate organizations. And she did her duty well.

There is today no "typical" American girl. Individuality has never before been so accentuated as in contemporary American womanhood. In any of the larger cities during the noon hour the main streets may be seen crowded with girls from factories, from stores and from offices. These girls prefer not to be called "economic factors," but rather earnest, striving, hopeful human beings. They are the embodiment of the spirit of American girlhood.

The modern American girl makes her own terms with Life and is not to be cheated in her bargaining. She demands more of the world than her grandmother did, but exacts just as much more of herself. She has many interests outside the home. Her name is on the roster of various guilds, civic improvement clubs, social service and religious societies, where her influence radiates indefinitely. Her one ambition is to make for future generations a greater America than is the America of our time. She is merely striving for the good of her country, just as her grandmothers did before her. The only difference is that the girl of today has so much more ground upon which to build.

When Alexis de Locqueville made his celebrated tour of the United States, one of the things which most deeply impressed him was the respect paid to the women of the country. He afterwards wrote, "In the United States men seldom compliment women, but they daily show how much they esteem them." Many other foreign visitors have made similar remarks. But to anyone familiar with the so-called inner history of our land, there is nothing surprising in the attitude of the American man to the American woman.

It is largely the expression of an inherited and instinctive appreciation of the notable part woman has played in shaping the destinies of America. De Locqueville himself showed that he had at least a glimpse of this truth when he said, "If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

What greater tribute could we ask, whether of our girl of today or yesterday!

THE TOP O' THE MORNING

Oh who will get up at the break of the day
And climb to the hill top with me?
O'er rock and o'er crag we will fast wend our way,
The top o' the morning to see.

The breeze stirs the branches. "Good morning," they say;
The birds carol joyous and free;
The sun out of heaven has coaxed his first ray,
The top o' the morning to see.

So awake from your dreams—let us go while we may,
For nothing could pleasanter be,
Than to climb up the hill, at the break of the day,
The top o' the morning to see.

LILLIE WATERS, '20.

ONE DAY IN TOKIO

A NOVELETTE

EDITH BINGHAM, '20.
Cleiorhetea.

CHAPTER I—In Which You Meet Dot.

DELIGHTFULLY refreshing breezes swept through the blossom-laden cherry trees and across the wide veranda where Dorothy Chase lounged in a hammock. Her gaze wandered restlessly over the landscape stretching before her. Below, at the foot of the wide terraced lawn, lay a miniature lake with decorations of real swans and pond-lilies, while on either side were whole orchards of cherry trees laden with the fragrant snow of bloom. Beyond the estate were the curious little houses of the natives scattered about in a seemingly endless profusion; and in the distance loomed the towers of the royal palace.

Yes, it was Japan, and Tokio at that. It looked just like Fairyland, and it was Fairyland to Dorothy. Even three years' residence here in this very same old house had not been able to rob this quaint country nor its quaint people of the romance and enchantment they always held for her. The three years had been happy ones,—short ones, too, for it seemed only yesterday that she had sailed from New York with her father. You see, Sylvester Chase, the father of Dorothy, had been dispatched from the United States as foreign minister to Japan; and, as there was no one with whom to leave his "Dot," of course he had taken her along. They had comfortably established themselves here in Tokio within convenient distance of the palace; and had proceeded to spend two most enjoyable years of real comradeship, until Mr. Chase's health failed too suddenly for him to get away and recuperate, and before she really realized her father was sick, Dot was left alone.

Another year has almost passed since then. At first, friends had expected her return to New York, and had even made preparations to receive her there; but as time went on, and she seemed less and less inclined to come, they gave up looking for her. As for Dot, she was restless, and yet, strangely content to remain where she was. With Mimosa San, the faithful old housekeeper, to look after her needs, she was as comfortable and happy here as she could possibly be in the States. At any rate, she felt no very strong inclination to return to her girlhood home. She wondered why, sometimes; and in her own mind, was wont to question whether or not her feeling in the matter were due to the lazy, deadening effect that people say a tropical climate has upon one. But the real reason, no doubt, was much simpler, and was merely this,—(though Dot would never have admitted it, even to herself),—friends in New York seemed far away and held no very great inducement for her to return, while there was one strong attraction to hold her here in Tokio.

CHAPTER II—In Which The Conquering Hero Comes.

And so here we are, just in time to see that "strong attraction" dash madly up Dot's front steps to where Dot herself sits smiling at him. But you must be properly introduced, for he is to be the hero of this tale. His name is Mr. William Forbes, U. S. A. Take a good look at him, now. The "deadening effect" of the climate isn't very manifest in his case, is it? Indeed not,—you'll never find a young man in all Japan, who's further from being dead than he is. You see, money and spare time are a couple of things he doesn't have very much of, so he can't afford to be dead yet awhile. Yes, he's energetic, to say the very least. All his associates of the Brown Construction Company say so, too; and they prophesy that some day he'll have the money, and the leisure, too, if he wants it.

"Why, hello Billy," Dot greets him, "in a hurry, as

usual, I see." He acquiesces, but drops down beside her for a half hour's chat, any way. They are so engrossed in each other, that I believe we may slip away unnoticed.

CHAPTER III—In Which The Villian Appears.

Now for the villain! For of course there is one. You remember the palace towers we saw a while ago from Dot's front veranda? Well, that's where we'll find him. In the royal garden he stands,—Prince Toto Ki,—and he is imperiously directing the gardener in a selection and arrangement of lotus blossoms to be dispatched to Miss Dorothy Chase,—none other.

For three years now, he has paid homage to that young lady, and though the prospect is still very unpromising, he is undaunted. Is he not a Prince? And what is she but an American girl? True, she is rich, they say, but wealth isn't everything. The opportunity to become a really, truly Princess isn't offered to every girl, even though she may be both beautiful and rich. In the mind of Prince Toto Ki, the lovely Dot is undoubtedly using a species of coquetry in ignoring his advances, and will, of course, ultimately capitulate.

However, three years is a good while to wait, and Prince Toto Ki is beginning to consider a change of tactics. Why should he be held at arm's length, he wonders, while the American Billy, who has neither wealth nor position, is allowed to bask continuously in the sunshine of her smile? So he scowls rather darkly this morning, and is particularly cross with the poor gardener.

CHAPTER IV—In Which The Plot Thickens.

"Wait a minute, Billy. Before you go, I want to show you the comical note that came with my daily offering of lotus blossoms yesterday. You know the little Prince has sent me lotus flowers every day for two solid months now. Before that, it was iris, and

before that, lilies. If he'd only mix things a little, he could make life so much more interesting! But here's the note—

Most dear and revered lady:

Even a most highly intelligent and royal Prince must not be expected to wait a whole life-time for the most beautiful lady in the world to make an agreement with him, and say 'yes,'—is it not both true and reasonable?

The august Prince Toto Ki is becoming impatient, and must be answered soon with satisfaction, or the something unexpected may happen. The Lady Dot is not to worry, however, as instant death is the too lenient penalty threatening anyone who presumes to throw his shadow across her honored path against her will and permission.

"What does he mean, Billy? Should I be alarmed or merely amused at the poor fellow?"

Now Mr. Billy felt decidedly flattered at being appealed to for aid and counsel in this manner. But of course nothing would happen. Who of the Japanese would dare annoy any of the Americans, and why should they wish to, anyhow? Good feeling reigned, and this was merely the whining of a pampered prince, who was beginning to suspect that he couldn't have everything he wanted. And thus Billy assured and reassured Dot.

Which merely goes to show that, for once, Billy Forbes didn't exercise the necessary amount of caution and foresight; for fifteen minutes after he bade Miss Dot "good morning" and ran down her front steps, he found himself powerless in the grasp of two sturdy Japanese, who hustled him through a gate in the palace wall. Sooner than you can imagine it, he was safely shut away from daylight in the innermost strong dungeon of Toto Ki's palace.

CHAPTER V—In Which Dot Makes a Decision.

Just before luncheon, a messenger arrived with the usual hamper of lotus blossoms for Dot, and with ex-

aggerated ceremony, handed the housekeeper a note which she promptly delivered to her mistress. Toto Ki had written:

"Pardon the seeming lateness of the arrival of the flowers today, kind lady, as they were delayed with a purpose that I might have the opportunity to enclose some information in the letter I send you.

The American Billy Forbes has now disappeared. No one but I, the Prince of Tokio shall know where he has landed. I trust and implore you to now send back the favorable answer soon. When you have become the wife of Toto Ki, he will grant any wish or request you make or desire. With eternal devotion,

Toto Ki."

Now some girls would have fainted, no doubt, or succumbed to hysterics, but our heroine was made of sterner stuff. Her quick mind flashed over the sitution, but she was, at first, unable to reach a decision. If only she could consult Billy! But that was manifestly impossible. Marry Toto Ki? Never! Yet Billy couldn't be expected to languish the rest of his life in some dank dungeon. He had fortune and a name to make for himself. Yet how to secure his release! She thought till she was dizzy, but could not discover more than one solution,—to marry the Prince, and then request Billy's release. Toto Ki was under promise to grant her any wish she voiced. But marry the Prince! The main objection to that was that she had someone in mind she would rather marry. But would he want to marry her? Maybe there was another girl back in the States or somewhere. He never had said he liked her, though sometimes he really had acted as if he did.

"Well, anyway," she concluded, "it seems to be my duty to promise to marry the old thing, and rescue Billy. Then if Billy Forbes doesn't care enough about me to turn around and figure out some way of rescuing me, I guess I could commit suicide or something." Thus she made her heroic decision and wrote the desired "yes" to Toto Ki.

CHAPTER VI—In Which The Hero Conquers.

The late afternoon sun bathed the lawn in golden light and was reflected in the little lake at the foot of the terraces. Dot stood on the top step with a resolute expression upon her fair countenance. The old housekeeper stood near at hand. She was visibly excited. Was not her beloved mistress to become the revered bride of the most glorious Prince Toto Ki? They were waiting even now for the royal servants, who were to conduct Dot and the old Mimosa San to the palace.

They would be here any minute now, Dot was thinking to herself. Ah! there were footsteps now,—hasty ones, too. Slowly she turned her head just in time to see a figure emerge into view from around the corner of the house, and take the steps all in one flying leap. Could it be?—it was, Billy himself! A scream—and in another instant she was in Billy's arms and had kissed him once before she thought.

Then sudden confusion and a hasty retreat. "But Billy, what happened? Where were you? How did you get away?" she questioned a little later when they were each settled separately in porch rockers.

It really was quite simple, and it didn't take Billy long to explain. You see, the young men of Tokio had, for some time, fostered languishing hopes of a democracy, since that form of government seemed rather popular elsewhere on the globe, and had, at last, decided it was time for action. They had stormed the palace, interrupted Toto Ki's wedding preparations, overthrown that scoundrel, taken charge of things themselves, and incidentally, freed Billy from the dungeon. And it all happened at precisely the right time, just as it always does in the movies.

Now it's getting dusk, and since you really understand just how it all happened, let's you and I silently steal away and take a walk or something; and let Billy and Dot have the porch to themselves as they watch the moon come up.

THE SECOND HAND SHOP

GILBERT E. MILLS, '20
Philomathea

ONE day, while idly walking down a side street of Chicago, I came across a small store, the sign of which read, "Moses Sovaski, Second Hand Shop." The sign was plain enough but I did not need it to tell me what the store was. It most certainly was not a first hand shop. The street in front was cluttered with old furniture of all kinds, ranging from a rocker-less rocking-chair to a dish-pan which some happy youngster had used for a drum. I took a look inside the store. It reminded me of a junk-pile. It seemed as though all the old furniture of the neighborhood had been thrown in there. Among other things, I saw upon a dusty shelf a bust of the myriad-minded Shakespeare looking out over the confusion. That bust at least was appropriate. It would have taken all the myriads of Shakespeare's minds to know what was in that store. Things were scattered here and there with no visible attempt at order, not even an aisle down the center. If, by any chance, one should see anything that he wanted, he would have to make his way to it as best he could. Considering everything, you could hardly say that it was an ordinary second hand shop but it was not much worse than the most.

If you were to express your opinion of the owner of that store, you would probably say that he had a very poor way of doing business and would make a few remarks about that class of people in general. Did you ever hear that old proverb about how people should act who live in glass houses? Before condemning that fellow too much, I wonder if it might not be well to take a look at ourselves and see how we are conducting our own business. I hear you saying to yourself that you are not in business, that you have

no store. Are you sure of it? Let us see. Why are we here in Otterbein? To get an education, you answer. All right, and when we get it, what are we going to do with it? Take it up and put it in the bank-box? No, we are going to use it, we are going to make our living by means of it, we are going to sell it. Be it for money or be it for love, we are going to sell it. While we are in college, we are gathering a supply of facts and experiences to be used after we get through school. In other words, we are stocking up our store. We may not have a place of business on the main street of some town, we may not be selling stoves or automobiles but we will be selling ourselves, or at least our ideas. This is the business in which we are engaged.

If we are going to make a success of our business, we must know something about the principles that govern it. The question comes,—Upon what does success in the business world depend? Briefly put, it depends on what you have to sell and the methods that you are using. Do the same principles apply in our case? Certainly they do. If a merchant does not have good articles behind his counter, he will not have much patronage. If we go through college without laying in a good stock of ideas and experiences, we are not going to have much to sell when we open up for business. Then too, if a merchant does not use up-to-date methods in managing his store, he cannot expect many customers. Just so, if we do not have our knowledge in a shape readily to dispose of it, we are going to lose out. Evidently then, the thing in which we are concerned is: Are we getting ready to do business along modern lines, or are we going to run a second hand shop some place around the corner? This may appear to be a foolish question to ask a group of college students, but let us consider it for a moment and see if it is so far out of the way.

The first thing to do is to examine the goods that we are putting in stock. What kind are they? Have they just come from the factory or have they been

used before, are they new or second hand? In other words, are the ideas with which we are filling our minds, while we are here in college, the product of our own thinking, or are they just facts that we have found in some book and merely memorized? Do you imagine that a college student **thinks?** That is what he is supposed to do but really he does very little of it. This is not true of all, for some do real constructive thinking. Yet it is surprising how many simply go poking around here and there, getting a fact from this book and an idea from that one, like a person picking up chips, without stopping to consider their true value. I know that you are challenging this, so let us investigate. I did not say that the college man does not study, for he does. But there is a difference, sometimes, between studying and thinking. You can be studying and still be only memorizing. That is what the most of studying, as the student does it, really is, merely taking the ideas of some one else and storing them up. The most of the time, we do not even bother to test them to see whether they are any good or not. If we find them in some book, all well and good, that is enough for us, we store them away. How often have you heard the professor ask for the reason for a certain statement, and the only one the student could give was, "The book said so." If you would like to find out how comparatively little there is of real thinking in the college course, go over the curriculum with me. The most of it is only memory work. Languages are so classed, as are History and Literature. Science and Mathematics are a trifle better, but take even Mathematics, that classical example of a study requiring reasoning power. As far as the student is concerned, even that is mostly memory work. He does a certain thing because he is told to do it that way, because "the rule says to." If he had to reason out his own rules, how far would he get? I mention this, not to criticise these studies, but to show that we are not such great thinkers as we pride ourselves on being; to show that we just think

we think, that we are not getting new material, but are filling our minds with second hand ideas.

The question naturally comes, "Why this lack of thinking on the part of the college student?" Surrounded as he is by so many opportunities, why does he leave so much of his thinking to some one else? The answer is, "Lack of purpose." Of course, some people have not the required amount of gray matter to do any real thinking, but granting that they do have enough, and it is very few who do not, the usual reason that they fail to make use of it is that they have no definite goal towards which they can work. In these modern times, education is getting to be very common. It is not so much now, as it used to be, the question, "Are you going to college?" as, "To what college are you going?" A college education is coming to be something that is taken for granted. We go to college as a matter of course. Indeed, some of us are sent merely to be in style! When one does come to college with no definite purpose, he is not going to have an incentive back of him sufficient to spur him on to the best he can do. He does his class work because it is required, but without seeing its real value. I do not mean to say that such a person does not get along well. One may make a grade of "A" in all his studies and still be a poor student. He is poor because he does not get into the spirit of the study and give it the best he has. The professor assigns a lesson. The student gets over the required number of pages, then throws the book aside and promptly forgets all about what he has studied till class time. He takes too little interest in the subject to go any further than he has to. He does not dig into it to see what there may be that he has missed, he does not think it over and make it a part of himself. He lacks the persistent effort to find out all about a subject which marks a real student.

What then is the remedy for this condition? If we are correct so far, the obvious thing to do is to get a purpose. But to put it this way is too indefinite. It

does not mean anything to us. It would be more to the point to say, "Get interested in the world around you." Recognize that there is something bigger than your own little circle. Get awake to the fact that your studies are alive, that they are not something apart from everyday life but that they are a part of it. Instead of leaving all your interest in your studies in the class-room, take them with you out into your other activities. You will be surprised to see how many times you will find in your associations outside the class-room the same principles that were brought out in the text-book. This connecting of your studies with everyday associations will reveal to you that in your classes you are studying not books but life. With this revelation, you will find that a supposedly dry subject takes on a living interest, and when you approach them in the right attitude, you will see that all subjects have this human element. Once you discover the real connection which a study has with outside affairs, you are not going to be content to stop with the few facts given in the book; you are not going to believe a thing merely because "the book said so." You are going to keep at it until you know why the book said so. It is when you are studying out this "why" that you are really thinking, that you are making the fact your own and are not merely storing away second hand goods.

This habit of analyzing is useful not only in getting, but also is disposing of our knowledge. It helps us in the business of selling our ideas. If we are able to analyze a fact, if we can go back aand know the reason for each thing, know why each statement is made, we are going to be better able to present it to some one else. We will be better able to present it because it will be more nearly a part of ourselves, we will be more at home in the subject, and will be able to talk more convincingly. You go to buy an automobile and the dealer tells you that a certain make of machine has an excellent engine. You ask him why. What would you think if the only answer he could

give was, "The makers say so"? Would you be very likely to buy that machine? Yet for the dealer to try to sell his automobile on the argument, "The makers say so", is just as consistent as for you to take an idea out into the world and try to use it with no more of a reason than, "The book says so." People are going to demand more than that and you must be able to give it to them.

Another gain that comes from going into a subject thoroughly is the ability to think more clearly. The most of us not only fill our minds with second-hand ideas while in college, but we also pile them in any way that comes handy. We do not pay any attention to where we put them and then wonder why we cannot find them when we want them. How often have you heard some one say, "I know what it is but I can't think." In other words, that fellow had stored away some fact, but had forgotten where he had put it. This disordered state of one's mind is only to be expected when we consider the haphazard manner in which we usually stuff things in. When we have no more interest in our lessons than merely to get them, we are not going to be very careful about how we store them away. We just take them to the door and sling them in without paying any attention to where they fall. Then we throw something else on top and soon forget all about them. Later when we are talking to some one and want these facts, we cannot find them. And, just as a merchant, who cannot find an article on his shelves when he wants it, misses many a sale, so do we miss many a chance to make use of the knowledge which we have stored away. But when we are interested enough in a fact to go into it thoroughly, we are going to classify it and put it where we can find it. In analyzing it, in finding out the reasons for its being, it is inevitable that we should associate it with something else, that we should group it with a central thought, and, by thus classifying it, we will be better able to use it when we want it. It is this ready command of our knowledge, this ability to lay hold of

the right idea at the right time, that marks clear thinking.

All of us have the hope of marching up on the platform some fine day in June and receiving from a black-gowned dignitary a long roll of sheepskin. This little document may mean much or little. It may mean that we have ideas of our own and know how to use them, or it may mean that we are content to be carried along on the thinking of some one else. If it is the latter case, we are starting out with a handicap. We may have "gotten by" with such a method while in college, but once through school we are going to find different standards and are going to come into competition with people who do their own thinking. In this competition, it is the man who has something more than secondhand ideas who forges ahead.

THE HEMLOCK

The hemlock in its majesty doth stand
With tow'ring head of green, and outstretched hand;
Through all the various seasons of the year
It stands sublimely thus without a fear.

No other tree in grandeur can compare,
None with its fallen leaves can ever share
The glory of this tree, which wears a sheen,
And by the world is called the ever-green.

An artist, searching for a fitting theme,
Points out the pine as subject of his dream;
For Nature gave it beauty manifold,
And clothed it in a raiment rare as gold.

So stands the hemlock with its oft-told fame,
In stature queenly, ever robed the same.

IDA KITTLE.

"THE MAN OF THE MONITOR"

J. Gordon Howard, '22
Philophronea

I BOARDED the train at Riverside and took a seat at random. I had had to hurry for the train and by the time I regained my breath and collected my thoughts some little time had elapsed.

I am usually a friendly soul and start a conversation upon the least provocation, but that day I was so thrilled at the idea of being discharged and of being on my way home after two strenuous years in the navy that I remained silent.

After some minutes however, I felt instinctively that my seatmate was eyeing me with more than passing interest. As I turned toward him I encountered the gaze of a man well advanced in years, yet robust and active.

"How'd you like the navy," he greeted me, looking at the uniform I still wore.

"Well enough," I replied, "only of course I'm glad to get out."

"I know how you feel. Was in the navy myself once,"

"That so?" My interest was aroused. "Must have been back in the old days," I ventured, hoping to draw him out.

"It was that," he rejoined. "Last ship I sailed on was the Monitor, if you can call such a freakish craft a ship."

My eyes fairly popped from my head. How often I had gloried in the tale of the victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac. And here fortune had thrown me with one who could tell me the tale as probably no other living being could.

"Freakish looking did you say," I asked.

"Yes, but she did the work though. Hard telling just how the Rebellion would have ended if we hadn t

showed up with the old floating barrel-head and cheese box." He stopped and gazed out of the window.

I held my breath, reluctant to say anything that would tend to break his trend of thought, yet fearing that silence might show a lack of interest.

"Yes indeed," I finally ventured, "the Monitor surely put up some fight."

"Some fight—well I guess. You know we left New York before we really tried out the boat. But we heard about the Merrimac being nearly ready and we wanted to be on hand to meet her. On the way down to Hampton Roads we nearly smothered. In rough weather, you know, we were supposed to close and batten down our hatches and let the waves wash over deck as they pleased."

"I see," I said by way of comment.

"Well as we passed Sandy Hook we hit a right stiff breeze. We closed everything up and the little boat took her first storm like a veteran, but we folks inside had an awful time. That's when we nearly smothered. Our ventilating apparatus hadn't been tested for want of time and proved to be of no account. But we finally got there and two o'clock Sunday morning we pulled in alongside the Minnesota."

"You must have been good and tired."

"Tired? Well I guess. But there wasn't any sleep that night, young fellow. We were told that we would be expected to meet the Merrimac the next morning, so we all fell to with a will and put the old Monitor in order.

"We got done just before dawn and were lying about taking a few minutes rest when we saw a strange looking vessel approaching. It was the Merrimac. Son, I got the thrill of my life that minute. Here we were on a little craft, looking like a toy beside this monster Merrimac that loomed up like a floating fort. And when we thought that the naval supremacy of the North rested with us we sobered down considerable, let me tell you.

"Our commander, Captain Worden, was a man,—a

real man, and he gave us a little talk and we all went to our posts with a cheer. We started around in a circle with the Merrimac near our course at one side of the circle and far from it at the other. While we were on the side of the circle near the Merrimac we would let loose with both our guns and then load them up as we travelled the far side of the circle. Once the Rebels tried to ram us. You could always see the mark after that. They gave us a nasty jolt, all right, but that was all.

"During the middle of the fight Captain Worden was stunned by a shell striking the pilot house where he was. That was enough to take the heart out of any crew, but Lieutenant Greene stepped in. He wasn't much older than you, son, but he knew what he was doing all right and we fought for the boy as well as we did for our captain.

"Well, we kept right on circling the Merrimac, planting shells at every chance we had till finally she showed signs of weakening. About this time our machinery began to show a little flaw and we pulled out of the circle to make adjustments. Friends watching from the shore thought that we were leaving the fight; the Merrimac thought so too and took the opportunity to head for Norfolk. We gave chase a little distance and fired a couple shots but we didn't know the channel, except that it was filled with bombs and torpedoes, so had to let her get away."

"That sure was tough luck," I said.

"Yes it was, but there's another side to the thing that hardly anybody knows except those on the two ships. One of our men, Sam Ramsey, had a brother who was chief engineer on the other ship and the idea of the two brothers fighting each other just because they didn't think the same about slavery made all the boys feel a little bad. All during the battle Sam went around tight lipped and trying to do his duty but just the same he kept praying that the other ship would pull out unharmed. I guess all the boys felt better for Sam's sake when the thing was over."

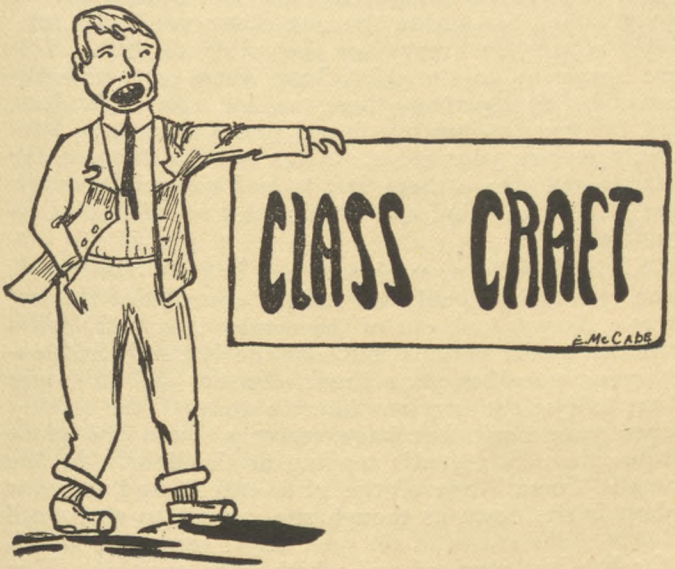
"What was the chief engineer's name," I asked, wondering why my friend showed so much emotion concerning this particular incident and too much engrossed in what I was hearing to ask a really important question.

"Ashton Ramsey," replied my companion.

Just then his station was called and he prepared to get off.

"Good bye my boy," he said in parting, "and good luck to you."

It occurred to me just as he turned down the aisle and it was too late to call after him, that I had neglected to ask his name; but as I strained in an effort to get a last look at my recent companion I noticed on his suitcase the inscription—Samuel Ramsey, U. S. N.


CLASS CRAFT
E. McCABE

DIFFICULTIES OF KEEPING A SCHEDULE

MARY VANCE, '23

YOU rush into the Dormitory at eleven o'clock, after three straight classes, and hasten to the stairs, for within the next hour you must prepare your French for the following day. You are nearly up to the third floor when you suddenly remember that perhaps there is some mail in the basket for you; so putting down your books, you hurriedly retrace your steps. After waiting impatiently for the girl who is there first to leaf leisurely through the letters, you find one or maybe two addressed to yourself.

Sitting on the edge of your bed in your own room, you read and probably re-read the contents of the letters. As you look out of the window, your thoughts wander to the various items of the letters. Suddenly you remember your French lesson, and discover that half of the precious hour is gone. You quickly open your book, but have scarcely found the place when there is a gentle tapping at the door. At the word "Come!" one of the girls enters, and to your despair sits down as though she intends to stay until lunch. She starts to tell you about the letter which she has just received and which is so exciting. You become interested and forget the time until she starts up with the exclamation that she must go, as she has to comb her hair before lunch. You return to your French, but scarcely get the vocabulary studied, when the lunch bell rings.

Your classes keep you in the afternoon until four o'clock, and you start across the campus with the firm resolve to study until dinner-time. You pass a crowd of girls, and one of them asks you to please wait a moment, as she must talk to you. Not wishing to appear impolite, you wait not one minute but five. Finally she comes, and putting her arm through

yours, you walk slowly to the dormitory, arriving there twenty minutes later than you had intended. As she is not through talking, she accompanies you to your room, and stays until so late that you have just time to wash your hands and powder your nose before dinner.

You have a meeting immediately after dinner which lasts until seven-thirty, and it is nearing eight o'clock before you finally get to studying. For half an hour you study without interruption, and are getting into a good frame of mind when the house phone rings, and you are summoned to the phone in the library. You scarcely get re-established when one of the girls rushes in with the announcement that you are invited to a spread in her room at nine o'clock. As lights are out when you return, you decide to study by candle-light, but after studying five minutes, your eyes refuse to stay open. You decide to get up early and finish your studying then.

Alas, your room-mate's alarm clock fails to alarm, and the first thing you hear is the seven o'clock bell. While you are hurriedly dressing, you solemnly decide to let nothing whatever interfere with your plans for the following day.

STAGE FRIGHT

CATHERINE MINTON, '21

HAVE you yet made the acquaintance of Mr. Stage Fright? If so, you will hear with perfect sympathy what I say about him. If not you will laugh my lines to scorn and exclaim between your bursts of laughter, "There is no such person!" But let me tell you, derisive people, such a being does exist, a subtle creature, and omnipresent too, although some of you professedly braver folk may not be aware of him. How do I know? Well enough. He is my constant companion in all my work, and even in my hours of recreation is he with me, sleeping sometimes, it is true, but always with one eye open, ready at a moment's notice, should any one in my presence chance to let fall the remark that he is scheduled for a public performance of some kind at a certain date, to whisper in my ear, "What if that were you!"

Having now thoroughly convinced you of the reality of this creature, let me proceed to tell you of some of his work. How often has he wrought havoc with masterpieces of instrumental music, song or literature!

Just imagine with me that you are attending a program consisting of varied numbers, original orations, and different kinds of music, for instance.

First there appears a boy or a girl with a bright happy face to pour forth eloquent words of his own choosing bound together in a manner highly pleasing to himself (and in a measure pleasing to his audience) and, as soon as he is well under way, along comes Mr. Stage Fright and sweeps away his climax as a mighty wind would take the roof off a building. See his face. He casts one long, agonizing look at some one in a front seat holding a manuscript, strains his ear to catch the words the latter mutters to him, and pro-

ceeds. His bright look is gone. He finishes his oration with a few more promptings, and then leaves the stage at a speed which rivals that of Jehu in its swiftness.

Next comes the pianist to exhibit his skill. He gets the same good start as the preceding performer, but alas, for some reason his arms begin to ache, his hands wax cold, and he plays two notes where he had intended to play only one. All the feeling leaves him, whither it goes he knows not, but let us hope, for the sake of the audience, that it finds its way into the piece he is playing. His face grows pale, his eyes become fixed, and he finishes his performance he supposes, but he does not know. Any way he leaves the stage by and by.

Ah! Here comes a singer, all smiling. He will surely escape the clutches of that cunning creature. Like the others he makes a good beginning, but what has happened? Has some evil fairy touched him with a magic wand? Truly there has, for into his voice comes that tremulo effect which he coveted perhaps in youth, and for which he no longer cares. All the forces seem to have united to help him. Even his knees render him assistance by beating time for him, in spite of the fact that his weaker self is telling them to beat a retreat. At last it is over and he is gone. But he is "done for" until at length he forgets about it.

The above are examples of his best work, but without doubt, Mr. Stage Fright never fails, by some means to remind you, in a trying time such as those just described, that you have one friend at least who has not forsaken you.

RUBBER ICE

M. L. Howe, '22

THERE was a schoolhouse in the country, with a creek near it; and there were a half-dozen barbarian boys who learned much along this creek and little at the schoolhouse. Their school learning was in another world, not to be taken seriously except as required, and not to be applied to their other selves. The boys were great enough and few enough in numbers to have real fun together. They learned to play and to pass the time only as they taught themselves, naturally turning to the creek for much of their sport.

The creek was rather large, with almost no current. In summer, the water dried up, leaving catfish and sunfish in the mudholes, fair prizes for the boys. It was a dreamy, rustic place at this season, with its flitting snake-doctors and with its frogs making the quiet more intense by their croaking. In winter it was the only source of adventure and sport. Here Nature entertained them at chasing rabbits, smoking squirrels out of trees, and digging muskrats out of their holes. But when after a thaw, a cold, still night spread a thin layer of rubber ice over the quiet waters, the boys were assured of their favorite sport.

Lots of courage is required to test the ice on such occasions; so the one to be on it first is a hero. After the usual preliminary tests with rocks and poles, which are quite undependable on rubber ice, the boldest makes a flying attempt to cross the creek at the narrowest place. As he reaches the other bank in safety, the others shout, "That's nuthin;" and follow him across. However, they are all very careful, crossing one at a time and yelling wildly as the ice dips under the weight of each boy. Or, if the leader or one of his heavier followers breaks through, the others dance and laugh as he flounders in three feet of water.

But, a moment later, they all unite in common cause against the teacher. They build a fire to dry the outside clothes of the unforunate one lest the much feared pedagogue should stop their fun. In either case they continue, unless skating is more than impossible. After crossing the creek at different places, one fearless fellow starts down the middle from one end to the other. Then, back and forth they all race, not daring to skate close together, lest the thin ice give way under them. For the same reason, at the ends of the strip of ice, they must shoot onto the bank before stopping. The boys skate incessantly. As the ice continues to crack and small holes are broken in, the excitement and fun increase and they travel faster and faster to avoid breaking through.

Of all pastimes and sports, few are better than skating on rubber ice.

FRIENDSHIP

To all true friends we owe our happiest hours,
To them our song of praise and joy we sing.
They greet us as the sun doth greet the flow'rs,
Yet oft their kindness to one side we fling.
Should not we harken when our friends advise,
As paths loom dark and drear upon life's way?
True friends can judge our ills, and sympathize,
And thus inspire us to a brighter day.
Ah, count not lightly what you've tried in fire,
Nor change from one old friend to someone new,
For friendship mellows as the days transpire,
And life friends with their wisdom are so few!
Hold high and priceless those you really trust
With silver bands of faith that cannot rust.

MARJORA WHISTLER, '23

WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN I HAVE WRITTEN

S. A. Wells

FOR the benefit of those who do not know, and perhaps, who do not care, I wish to say that I have been with this Institution of Learning for five years. In all that time I have never complained, nor have I ever spoken a word. I take the privilege at this time to write these few lines not for fame, or for the Sibyl, but just to try my hand. No doubt if you use all your mental ability, and a little imagination, you will recognize me, before you read my name at the end.

I am very prominent, and also very popular. I have supported many students when they felt weak and wobbly. Many professors have leaned heavily upon me, but I have never pined, for in the eyes and actions of the students, I could see that they were suffering more than I was. I have been touched many times by missionaries, who have returned from the foreign fields, and who spend their time urging others to become missionaries. And once I was completely carried away by a few students, who were strangers to me, although I heard the names "Soph" and "Freshie," whoever they might have been.

It is one thing to be in Chapel during the Chapel period, and it is another thing to be in the Chapel in the dead of night. What has mystified and perplexed the faculty and the student body, to me has been as an open book. My attention has been attracted more than once to the squeaking and straining of a window, and after a short time this same window would be raised, just far enough for a form to crawl through. I remember, (and this is a secret), that one time after the usual squeaking and straining, the window was pushed up and a form dropped on the inside. There was enough light in the Chapel for me to recognize the young man, but I will not tell his name. In his

right hand he carried a small bottle. I did not know what was in it, for all I could see of the label was LaPage's, perhaps you know what it means. The young man made his way to the platform, and poured a portion of the contents of the bottle on each chair, and then covered it with a hymnal. His mission fulfilled he soon vanished. As you know the plot failed, but it was not tried again.

I do not wish to take the time to tell how late one night the Chapel doors were mysteriously unlocked, the seats removed, and the doors relocked, or of my strange disappearance, which I hinted at before, but as this is my first attempt at writing, and no doubt the last, I close with these few words. From my position on the platform I can look directly into the eyes of the noble Seniors, but I see no guilt. Against the Juniors I make no charge, for next year I must face that august body. The Sophomores have been forgiven, and the Freshmen are guiltless as they know nothing about the case. May these few lines be quickly read and forgotten, for they differ very little from Philosophy, Greek, or Science.

PUL-PIT.

LA PETITE RÉFUGIE

J. R. Howe, '21

"COMPAGNIE, halte!" L'ordre du capitaine rétentit vivement et une compagnie d'infanterie Américaine, toute épuisée, se ranga sur le gazon du petit hameau de St. Biez, au moment quand l'horloge de l'église sonnait trois heures. Depuis onze heures du matin ils avaient marché sous sac et fusil, sans répos, sans rien manger, et tous couverts de sueur et de poussière qui appartiennent à une marche de midi au mois de Juillet.

Dix jours en France et quelle France! Depuis qu'ils s'étaient débarqués au Havre ils n'avaient vu que les pires types de Français,—des gamins en haillons demandant toujours des "cigarettes" ou des "souvenirs," —des pedlars qui les volaient en leur vendant un peu de fruit ou quelque bagatelle à quatre prix,—des coquines abandonnées qui s'occupaient de leur métier dissolue autour des camps.

"Repos! On restera en place jusqu'à nouvel ordre," et l'officier s'en alla faire les nécessaires pour loger la compagnie. Un murmur de mécontentement passa d'un à l'autre des soldats.

"Zut! Rester en plein soleil quand on meurt de faim et de soif!" dit un grand caporal du cinquième escouade en agitant son bidon, si peutêtre il pourrait y égoutter encore un peu d'eau.

Le village de St. Biez se réveillait. Il s'apercevait qu'il était hôte des Américains dont toute la France parlait avec tant de reconnaissance et tant d'espoir. Partout dans les rues tortueuses paraissent des habitants ardents et curieux, qui, voyant les nouveaux venus, accourent les recevoir avec des cris de "Les Américains! les Américains! Vive l'Amérique!" Une troupe d'enfants tumultueux, tous habillés pareillement en tabliers d'écolier, se précipitent sur eux. Quel-

ques grosses réjouies de la campagne, venues chercher leurs rations quotidiennes de pain, quittent leurs charretes pour y courir, leurs gros sabots claquant sur les galets de la rue de façon qu'on les croirait un régiment de cavalerie. Enfin viennent des vieilles dames, des grand-pères courbés mais encore solide à quatre-vingt ans, quelques jeunes filles et un seul jeun homme en militaire dont le bras perdu expliquait sa presence là. Les Américains furent touchés du bon accueil, et de l'hospitalitè de ces simples villageois. Enfin ils avaient trouvé des vrais amis! Ils se sentaient chez eux.

Le capitaine revint les trouver entourés de la populace braillarde. On était en train de faire un tumulte à cause d'une grande bouteille de vin rouge que tenait Jacques Brooks, le grand caporal du cinquième escouade. Jacques avait déja fait la connaissance d'une charmante petite fille d'environ sept ans, qui, ayant remarquée ses actions avec le bidon vide, s'était empressée de lui fournir à boire de la cave de son grand-pére. C'était Suzanne Harreau, une petite réfugie d'Amiens, qui, avec bien d'autres, s'était enfuie pendant le bombardement, laissant sa mère veuve et blessée à mort. La petite, grâce à une amie, était arrivée finalement chez son grand-père dans ce village lointain. Le caporal tenait sa petite amie dans un de ses bras et tachait vainement de déboucher la bouteille quand le capitaine le remarqua et comme un bon officier empêcha le désordre en la confisquant lui-même! N'était il pas à lui à conserver la paix parmi ses hommes? En outre, n'était-il pas défendu en France d'offrir ou de vendre des liqueurs aux militaires avant cinq heures du soir?

Le capitaine rangea la compagnie sur la pré où ils habiteraient pendant leur exercice intensif avant d'aller sur le front faire la guerre. Les joyeux villageois suivirent. Ils regardèrent avec étonnement l'adresse avec laquelle ces soldats avaient, dans quelques minutes, dressé leurs tentes, arrangé leurs effets et s'étaient mis à manger le peu de biscuit non salé et de la viande conservé qu'il leur restaient. Près de Jac-

ques courait toujours sa petite favorite, lui tenant la main, lui offrant ses services et tachant de se faire comprendre les drôles gestes et les mots bizarres qu'il se figurait être parfait Français. Enfin elle comprit.

"C'est de l'eau que vous voulez?" et elle s'en alla précipitamment remplir son bidon au vieux puits tout à côtè, suivie d'une trentaine d'Américains, chacun avec son bidon, et d'un cortège de Français qui se tenaient frappés d'un étonnement enjoué de voir ces gens du Nouveau Monde boire de l'eau.

"Les pauvres gars! Ils boivent de l'eau comme des chêvres."

"Leurs estomacs s'en rouilleront."

"Ils vont mourir de la colique."

Les Américains acceptèrent d'un bon naturel la rôle de donner la comédie à leurs hospitables amis et se mirent à mettre en ordre leurs couvertures pour s'y reposer.

Les jours passèrent,—jours bien pénible aux soldats qui faisaient l'exercice dur de six heures du matin jusqu'à six heures du soir, mais jours pourtant assez heureux de la camaraderie qu'ils éprouvaient avec ces chaleureux amis du village; de gaité et d'une admiration illimitée pour les "Yanks;" jours, à la petite réfugie, comblés de joi et de dévoument à ses "grandes frères," les Américains, et surtout à son grand ami Jacques Brooks, pour qui elle éprouvait une amitié infinie.

Suzanne adorait les Américains. Orpheline de guerre, elle se souvenait bien des récits que sa mère lui avait racontés de l'Amérique qui "viendra nous aider." Elle n'avait doute en rien qu'ils viennent venger son pére, fusillé sur le front, et sa mère, tuée plus tard dans le bombardement d'Amiens. Maintenant qu'ils étaient venus elle manifestait en toute occasion sa reconnaissance. Elle portait partout sa gaieté et sa bienveillance, comme une esprit féerique parmi les gens inculte de ce petit hameau. Elle était petite soeur à chacun, lui rappelant ses bien-aimés d'Amérique et

l'animant à tout ce qu'il y a de plus digne et de plus généreux.

Les Américains à leur tour adorait ce petite ange qui, tellement aimable et gracieux, leur semblait l'incarnation de l'esprit de la France dont ils avaient tant songé,—la France qu'ils n'avaient pas vu dans les types des environs du camp, ni même dans les rudes paysans et les boutiquières incultes de St. Biez. En congé ils cherchaient toujours "la petite réfugie." Aux parties qu'ils faisaient les soirs pour les jeunes gens, elle était la favorite. La musique, la boxe, les jeus de la pyramide et de "baseball,"—tous étaient pour elle.

Un jour l'ordre de partir est venu. Tout est activité et précipitation; les adieux sont faits à la hâte à tous les villageois et surtout à Suzanne que cent soldats embrassent en la priant de se souvenir d'eux. Un dernière mot de Jacques à sa petite mignonne,—il lui promet de revenir un jour l'emmener avec lui en Amérique quand il aura fait son devoir à l'humanité.

La compagnie se mets en route. La populace en masse encombre les trottoirs et se lance dans les rues en suivant les rangs marchants, poussant des adieux et des cris de "bonne chance!" Les "grand frères d'Amérique" sont partis. Ils passent la petite épicerie, la vieille église, la grand calvaire carrefour, et se perdent de vue derrière la vieux chateau de la Brazelaire qui s'ecroulait à côté du village. Un fois de plus ils paraissent, une toute petite ligne de "khaki," serpentant au loin sur le grand chemin, entre les rangs de peupliers qui dessinent les belles routes de la France. Ils allaient se battre—et avec des coeurs pleins de reconnaissance pour la France de leurs rêves.

Le petit village de St. Biez était comme mort. Plus de jeus les soirs, plus de chant et de l'allégresse des joyeux "Yanks," plus de toute la gaieté dont ces gaillards soldats avaient réjoui leurs petits amis.

Et Suzanne,—elle était désolée. Les jours lui semblaient longues comme des mois. Reviendrait-il,—son Jacques? Un jour vient une carte. Il est sur le

front. Alors plus de nouvelles. Qu'est-ce qu' il est devenu? Les semaines, les mois passent. Enfin une lettre! Non, il ne reviendrait pas. "Il est mort," écrit un camarade, "en benissant la France et sa petite Suzanne."

Et la petite réfugie murmura, les larmes aux yeux, "Mon pauvre grand frère Jacques! Il est mort pour la France."

MY LOVE

By ripling brook, through shady nook,
In fair or stormy weather;
O'er hill and dale, meadow and vale,
My Love and I together.

Cho:
Come, my Love, come;
Ne'er can I live without thee,
Come, my Love, come,
You are the world to me.

The stars above speak but of love;
The moon its beauty lends,
All heaven seems to aid our dreams;
And to us blessing sends.

All nature knows, how our love grows;
And gladly lends her hand,
To help kind fate our lives to mate,
As they together planned.

BERTHA HANCOCK, '21.

AND SO FORTH
E. McCABE

THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT

A. W. Elliott, '23

THE sun may be shining when you read this but it is a dull day now.

The sky is an ugly, drab smudge. There is no sun, no rain, no flowers, no nothing.

Across the campus is the stupid college building. In it are stupid students and stupid professors. I know them. I wish I didn't. There are many people you are sorry you have met.

I would have a fire but it is too close to have one and too cold not to have one. Is anything hollower and drearier than a fireless fireplace?

A bird is on a tree outside but he is not singing. His head is all drawn down into his shoulders and his feathers are all ruffled up, and he is just sitting there hating himself.

A bunch of students is passing down the campus. They are the dullest, homeliest bunch of human beings I have ever seen. I abominate students.

A crash! Someone has broken a chair downstairs and no doubt the best one in the house. I would go down and give them a going-over but I hate to move. Why move on such a day as this? If you must be miserable, why spread it around?

Some "pimple head" has been in my room smoking and I loathe smoke. I opened the window to admit some fresh air and a mosquito came buzzing around. I tried to chase him out and upset my can of talcum powder. All powder cans will be destroyed some day, as all men must die. All women must die too, also all dogs, cats, horses, cows, and grizzly bears. A hundred years from now everybody and everything will be dead and there will be a new crop and after awhile they too will die. What's the use? I ask you kindly.

The gas is low today. So am I. So is the universe.

I would read the paper but there is no news in it—only Germany and Bolsheviks and H. C. L. and who will be the next President. Newspapers are all poor. Why read? Aren't you miserable enough as you are?

Two of my Professors are sick but they are likely to be well by tomorrow. I am trying to enjoy my vacation. This morning I played a game of Rook and was beaten by a poor boob that played worse than I. Then I played two games of solitare. Lost both.

Wish I had something to eat but I guess I am not hungry.

The weather is thickening. It is going to rain.

I would go to sleep but I would have to get up again and it is hours and hours till bed time. Ain't it awful?

A PERFECT SQUARE

(By Geneva Braley, in *"The Ladies' Lamp"*.)

When you come to the end of a perfect square,
And you know that your problem will prove,
Oh, there spreads 'cross your face, then, from ear to ear,
A smile that can't be removed.
Do you think what the end of a perfect square
Can mean to one tired of Math,
When you've worked and worked on it, hours and hours,
And you've finished it at last?

Well, this is the end of a perfect square,
Near the end of a Math book, too;
But we leave it without the least regret
That with it we now are through.
For Glover has painted the perfect square
So firmly in our minds,
That though we should live for a hundred years,
We still square roots could find.

THE ROBIN HUNTERS

(By A. A. Luther in *"The Firefly.*)

THERE was a little Robin, he sat up in a tree. The spring was coming, he was glad, he sang right merrily. But this poor little robin had a shock in store, you see the Robin Hunters started in and oh! what misery. They followed little Robin up, whatever he might do. They trailed him through the campus and about the village too. They trailed him up along the creek, and trailed him to the bridge. Poor little Robin was not safe in valley or on ridge. Whatever he might chance to do, no matter when or where, a backward glance, and sure enough, those hunters still were there. They do not thirst for Robin's blood, they do not seek to slay, but oh, they bother Robin so the whole darned livelong day. He cannot find a little mate, he cannot build a nest. How Robin hates those hunters! They're such an awful pest. If you should see the Robins some day in session grim upon the Science building or perhaps upon the gym; if you are men of wisdom you will probably conclude that they surely are discussing ways and methods to exclude those pesky Robin Hunters who have made their lives a bore. And when Robins get to voting they'll be banished evermore.

POOR ROADS

(Lucille Ewry, in "O".)

Property holders living about the two mile square have petitioned that Otterbein students walk all over the road. A deep rut the width of two persons is being worn into the road. The petition asks that pedestrians walk at least four feet apart, and weave back and forth over the road. These property holders are very much concerned about the "awful ruts" into which some Otterbein students are drifting.

POOR PUSSY!

Alice had a dear little cat
Which was her pride and joy;
She loved him very nearly as much
As a mother loves her boy.

One day she made him a lovely dress,
Very pleasing to her eye;
But, alas, she found that it was too short,
And then she began to cry.

She looked through her tears at the well dressed
cat
Who seemed to be in jail,
Since the only visible parts of him
Were his head and the tip of his tail.

The offensive tail was the cause of her tears;
But them she did quickly dry,
And soon, instead of a saddened look,
She showed a brightened eye.

Laying him tenderly on the bed
She almost ran from the room,
And quickly returned with scissors in hand,
Where kitty awaited his doom.

Gently she smoothed the folds of the frock,
And he gave a contented yawn
Which, at last, merged into a mournful wail
For the tip of his tail, it was gone!

CATHERINE MINTON, '21.

---

eXams exAms
Which way do you see them?

—GEORGE HEITZ, in *"The Impos-Sibyl."*

WATCH YOUR CRITICISM

FROM THE TAN AND CARDINAL

EVERY person is a born critic, the desire to criticize being a thing inherent in most of us, a thing that we must control.

Sometimes, of course, criticism is an aid and stimulus to greater effort, but it is so only when one knows where-of he speaks, when the critic is one whose judgment we cannot doubt. Too often, though, criticism is destructive in purpose rather than constructive and is mere fault-finding rather than an honest desire to help, and so instead of influencing for the better it only causes rancor and malice.

More frequently than it should around Otterbein, it happens that when any group of individuals gather, the conversation has a tendency to develop into a rehearsal of all grievances, all unpleasant phases of college life. Seldom is any remedy suggested; seldom is the question thought through systematically to discover the fundamental causes of the evil and how it could be corrected. No, such effort is seldom shown, but on goes the knocking. Everyone has a hammer, so to speak, and taps, bangs, smashes at random, anything and everything.

Just as the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone, so this constant "knocking-criticism" will wear away and undermine the firmest school patriotism.

During the late war, criticism of our government was in disfavor and even unlawful. Why? Simply because criticism, at least the bitter, vitriolic brand that was prevalent, threatened the morale of the nation. The same is true here; thoughtless, unsound, haphazard criticism of our Alma Mater is dangerous to our morale or school spirit, a thing without which any institution is worthless.

Come, let's discard our hammers and grab a lever, a

jack, or anything that boosts and pushes upward. If we have some fault to find, some criticism to make, let us first discover a remedy, analyze it carefully, make sure of its soundness then publish to the world not only the grievance but the remedy as well.

DECISIVENESS

FROM THE TAN AND CARDINAL

BE enthusiastic, be loyal, be quick in your decision! Nothing is more disheartening than to ask a boon of someone, and have him answer in a far-off weary tone of voice, "Well, I'll think it over, and maybe I'll let you know in a week or so." To have several answers like that would completely quench our ardor for the project.

The saving power is the friendly voice which says in a crisp, determined fashion, "Why, sure I'll do it. I'll be glad to." We have all received both kinds of answers, so we know the feelings they both produce.

What are we here in college for if not to learn to make quick, firm decisions, and also to oblige people when asked? So if we are naturally the faint-voiced, half-hearted, "think-it-over" folks, let us change right now and be the whole-hearted, big souled, "sure" kind.

Have you heard that while Patrick McGinn
Was shingling his roof with tin,
  He slid from the top,
  And before he could stop,
He had worn his new trousers quite thin?

"THE INEVITABLE"

(By R. U. Martin and E. W. Miller, in *"The Latest,"* 1919.)

Ashes to ashes
  Dust to dust,
If "Louie" don't flunk me
  Prof. "Rossy" must.

Cinders to cinders
  Rust to rust,
If I take any more English
  My poor brain will bust.

Pray and pray
  Trust and trust,
You'll never need dough
  When you've got the crust.

Thunder to thunder
  Gust to gust,
If the Sophs fight the Freshies,
  They're sure to get mussed.

Sinner to sinner
  Just to just,
When called before Prexy
  In God we trust.

A young lady that lives in our dorm,
Was quite smitten by Poetic Form.
  When she got "F" in a test,
  She said, "I will be blest
If my love for that stuff is so warm."

EXCERPTS FROM EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

JOSEPHINE FOOR, '20

WE thank Mr. Martin these days for his efficient training in gym when we call upon the dorm, find the chairs all full and have to drape ourselves gracefully upon the chandelier or else be festooned on the stair banister. Boys, take a camp stool or folding chair with you.

—From the January number of Tan and Cardinal

Of course this all happened last January and seems entirely out of season but when the principle of a thing is at stake times or seasons do not enter into the question. We have always been proud of Otterbein and her ideals. Many is the time we have stood boldly and sung lustily, "Oh, We're Proud of Our Alma Mater" and it isn't exactly a pleasant sensation to feel that her ideals have been lowered. How many are the times when we have heard old Otterbein extoled, her praises sung and how often do we hear the remark that her halls and atmosphere make the ideal place for true romance. We have fostered this idea and exploited it not a little. Alas, we realize that the time has come when we must give up our rose-tinted dream and face the facts. Otterbein has lost that treasured prestige, when such an article as the above quoted appears in her weekly organ. Of course, we realize that the greater part is figurative and that nobody has ever been festooned on the chandelier but the last sentence is the one to which we are alluding: "Boys, take a camp stool or folding chair with you". If the need is so pressing, why in the name of common sense not take two?

—From the "Spring Grass Blade"

"THE INEVITABLE"

(By R. U. Martin and E. W. Miller, in *"The Latest,"* 1919.)

Ashes to ashes
  Dust to dust,
If "Louie" don't flunk me
  Prof. "Rossy" must.

Cinders to cinders
  Rust to rust,
If I take any more English
  My poor brain will bust.

Pray and pray
  Trust and trust,
You'll never need dough
  When you've got the crust.

Thunder to thunder
  Gust to gust,
If the Sophs fight the Freshies,
  They're sure to get mussed.

Sinner to sinner
  Just to just,
When called before Prexy
  In God we trust.

A young lady that lives in our dorm,
Was quite smitten by Poetic Form.
  When she got "F" in a test,
  She said, "I will be blest
If my love for that stuff is so warm."

EXCERPTS FROM EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

JOSEPHINE FOOR, '20

WE thank Mr. Martin these days for his efficient training in gym when we call upon the dorm, find the chairs all full and have to drape ourselves gracefully upon the chandelier or else be festooned on the stair banister. Boys, take a camp stool or folding chair with you.

—From the January number of Tan and Cardinal

Of course this all happened last January and seems entirely out of season but when the principle of a thing is at stake times or seasons do not enter into the question. We have always been proud of Otterbein and her ideals. Many is the time we have stood boldly and sung lustily, "Oh, We're Proud of Our Alma Mater" and it isn't exactly a pleasant sensation to feel that her ideals have been lowered. How many are the times when we have heard old Otterbein extoled, her praises sung and how often do we hear the remark that her halls and atmosphere make the ideal place for true romance. We have fostered this idea and exploited it not a little. Alas, we realize that the time has come when we must give up our rose-tinted dream and face the facts. Otterbein has lost that treasured prestige, when such an article as the above quoted appears in her weekly organ. Of course, we realize that the greater part is figurative and that nobody has ever been festooned on the chandelier but the last sentence is the one to which we are alluding: "Boys, take a camp stool or folding chair with you". If the need is so pressing, why in the name of common sense not take two?

—From the "Spring Grass Blade"

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

HELEN BOVEE, '19.

OFTEN and often is uttered or printed the big vague phrase, "The Spirit of the Age", with always the same comments, explanations and apologies. We are fast and furious,—we rush,—we live to get dollars,—we spend them,—we are uncultured.

And yet, almost every day some woman in the United State takes an afternoon nap; some horse goes to sleep, standing in the sun; a couple of men can be seen seated on a park bench, reading a funny paper, and almost every Sunday, some preacher goes leisurely through his sermon. Then somebody is always overpaying his newsboy, or inviting somebody else home for a regular ninety-cent dinner. And lots of people read the "Literary Digest" and "World's Work," and know that Trotsky isn't a Russian ballet dancer.

Such instances and impressions as these should have more publicity. All the nations should know of them, and we should believe in them ourselves. For if historians do not set them down, posterity will paint big yellow-winged dollars on our tombstones instead of the lamb and the dove; and the Shakespeare of a thousand years from now will write:

"Take a lesson from those, our ancestors,
Those who lived in the Fast Age.
The birds in the trees sang jazz music
As the people went rushing, jostling,
Shoving, pushing after many dollars,
Until headlong they plunged into their graves
Amid a cloud of dust."

THE REVOLT OF PERCIVAL AND PETUNIA

A Playlet in Two Acts

By Esther Harley, '21

ACT I

Scene—A small island in the Pacific Ocean about 20 x 40 feet in size, most of which space is occupied by a cottage. When the occupants sit on the porch, they must dangle their feet in the ocean, so close to it are they.

Characters—

Percival Pennypole—a happy groom of two days.

Petunia Pennypole—effervescent bride of the above mentioned groom.

Time—that bewitching hour of the evening when the mosquitoes commence to sing and cut up capers.

Petunia: Percival, my love, aren't we having the darlingest honeymoon that ever was?

Percival: Um-hm.

Petunia: Why, of course we are. And isn't that ocean out there too sweet for words?

Percival: Um-hm. Also the mosquitoes, confound them!

Petunia: Now dear, you mustn't swear in front of me. You know I wasn't brought up that way. I was never even allowed to say "the dickens". So you won't swear, will you, darling?

Percival: No, my love,—only when my feelings are too strong for expression in common ordinary words.

Petunia: And just look at that sea-gull out there, flying over the briny deep! Isn't he picturesque?

Percival: Yes, yes, of course.

Petuna: You mustn't be so gruff with me, dear Percival. And there's another despicable little habit of yours that I want to tell you about,—and that is smoking that dirty, vile, wretched, abominable pipe of yours. Of all the disgusting habits.

Percival: Mrs. Pennypole, when you married me,

you were aware that I smoked. Smoking isn't nearly so detestable as that low-down, chorus girl, chewing gum habit of yours. If I had known how you chewed before—

Petunia: (sobbing wildly)—I suppose you wouldn't have married me. Oh dear! Oh dear! Here you've brought me away out in the Pacific Ocean to tell me that you w-wish you hadn't m-married me just because I chew gum—Oh dear—

Percival: (collapsing dutifully on his knees before her)—Now darling, I'm sorry I talked like that—I am a low-down wretch to smoke those dirty pipes, and I will take all seven of them and pitch them into the ocean—

Petunia: (brightening up)—Oh! you darling! I will get out my nine boxes of Juicy Fruit, and throw them into the water to let the fishes chew awhile—

(Exeunt hurriedly, Petunia and Percival.)

ACT II

Scene—the cluttered-up-back porch of the cottage.

Time—midnight of the day on which occurred Act I. Inky blackness envelops the scene.

(Enter Petunia, cautiously pushing one foot before the other.)

Petunia: Oh dear, I wonder if I can find them. I threw them out here, and now I want them so much! Sh-sh—here comes someone—

(Enter Percival, stealthily in stockinged feet.)

Percival: Ouch, my toe! Confound that chair anyway,—good thing Petunia didn't hear that swear word. Where did those things land anyway? I threw them out here instead of in the ocean—hello, who's there?

Petunia: What are you doing here, sir?

Percival: And if I may ask a lady, what are you doing here, madam?

Petunia: Sir, I am looking for my Juicy Fruit.

Percival: And madam, I am looking for my old brier pipe and Prince Albert.

Curtain.