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THE QUIZ AND QUILL

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THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

DIAMOND JUBILEE GREETING

By DR. T. J. SANDERS, '78

DIAMOND JUBILEE of Otterbein College! Seventy-five years of devotion, sacrifice, loyalty! Seventy-five years of growth, development, expansion!

This is the height to which we have come in three-quarters of a century. What a sight for those worthies who look over the ramparts from above. They laid the foundations in faith and prayer and longed to look down the vista of time and see the ever increasing stream of cultivated manhood and womanhood flow out to the ends of the earth with blessing to humanity.

These Fathers had the "historical feel". They were conscious that they were building for centuries to come. The founder of Otterbein, the father of higher education in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, the Rev. Lewis Davis, D. D., in delivering the diplomas to the first graduating class, said, "I congratulate you, ladies, in being the first graduates of this institution. If we could lift the veil that hides the future from sight, we should doubtless see a long line of educated Christians who will go forth from this institution, and you are the beginning, you are the first on the list. You will be remembered as long as this college stands."

That prophecy has been literally fulfilled so far, and now on the summit of these seventy-five years of glorious achievement, with foundations deep and strong, we look forward to a still more glorious future. It is for us and those who come after us to say whether it will be so or not. If we and they are true to the ideals and purposes of the fathers, holding fast to the fundamentals of a sound Christian education, then by the blessing of heaven it will be so.

"GIVE 'EM A RIDE"

DELNO ADAMS, '23

Be they from Harvard or Yale, All-American stuff,
Be they heroes from Hicksville, running a bluff,
Give 'em a ride!
When the ball is ours, with a yard to go,
Though they stick like wax, they haven't a show,
Give 'em a ride!

Charge like a bull, (a bull hits low),
Steel opposition must bend from a blow,
Give 'em a ride!
When they hit you hard, and you're bruised and sore,
If they knock you flat, come back with a roar,
Give 'em a ride!

If you're a player of fame, a gridiron star,
And you're knocked for a loop, come back with a jar,
And give 'em a ride!
If you're new at the game, a yearling or scrub,
If you're nothing more than a third string sub,
Give 'em a ride!
It's the "workenist, fightenist, scrapenist" bunch
That wins every time and wins with a punch,
Give 'em a ride!

THE DRIFTER

By DELNO ADAMS, '23

Winning Story in the Barnes Short Story Contest

"SOMEHOW, I always think of Jim Allen as a victim of the wanderlust. Men who never knew him would say that he was weak, but it is impossible for me to imagine Jim having a weakness. He was a man physically and morally; a great, kindly, good-natured chap, and above all he was clean. He was a clean talker; a clean thinker; a clean fighter; and a man like that was rather out of the ordinary in this country twenty-five years ago."

Whelan paused. It was one of those cool, quiet evenings of mid-summer which are in marked contrast to the dry, hot days of the great Dakota wheat country. The three of us had determined to make the most of it, and after supper, at the suggestion of our host, had hunted the veranda to smoke and to watch the stars come out. No man could have failed to enjoy the peace and quiet of that beautiful night, and to Joe Mack and me who were just off the noisy, sweltering streets of Des Moines, it was indeed a treat. There was no moon, but the stars shone so brightly that we could easily distinguish the outlines of the ranch buildings, and the posts encircling the corral stood out like sentinels. The stillness of the night added to its charm. Miles away we could see the glow of automobile lights. Closer at hand, as if in defiance, a coyote howled.

"It was in ninety-seven I think," Whelan resumed, "that Jim met the Dakota Kid. By nature a restless don't-give-a-hang sort of chap, the Kid had gone pretty much to the devil during his first year in the West. A gun, a rope, a deck of cards and a drink were about all he asked of life. Jim and the Spanish War changed that notion of his—but I am getting ahead of my story."

"The Kid first met Jim in Black Dan's place at Flagstaff. You know the kind of hole, half saloon, half gambling-house; a long dirty room open to the street, on one side the bar, on the other a row of card tables. The boys called it the "Devil's Dive".

On this particular day the Kid swaggered in with three months' pay in his pocket. After a couple of drinks he sat in at poker with two cowboys and a Mexican. The Mexican lost consistently. The Kid suspected the cowboys of something crooked. Suddenly the Mexican leaped to his feet drawing a knife from beneath his grimy shirt. Before he could use it the cowboy seated opposite him shot from the hip. His assailant slumped into an ugly heap upon the floor. A negro dragged him out.

The cowboy broke his gun and blew through the barrel. As the little cloud of smoke rose above the table he muttered something about "a dirty greaser". The noisy confusion of the place was hushed for only a moment by the shot, and then those careless cowboys continued to laugh and drink and curse.

A big fellow stepped over from the bar and spoke to the Dakota Kid. "Say, does that gray horse hitched outside belong to you?"

The Kid nodded.

"Want to sell him?"

"Sure I'll sell anything."

"Come on outside a minute then".

The Kid followed him out. He was glad to leave the game. The shooting made him feel sick. He felt a little responsible for the killing.

When they were outside the stranger seemed to have forgotten the horse. He turned upon the Kid almost sharply.

"I don't know you, youngster, but I know those fellows you were playing with. They don't play a straight game. Take the tip or not as you choose."

The Kid stared. Why did this man, a stranger, tell him that the cowboys were crooked? When the Dakota Kid found his voice he spoke warmly.

"Thanks, I'll stay clear of them after this". He

hesitated a moment and then stuck out his hand. "They call me the Dakota Kid," he said.

His new friend seized the hand heartily. "My name is Jim Allen. I'm with the Bar O. Where are you working?"

"Nowhere. Paid off this morning. Are they needin' men at the Bar O?"

"I think you could get on, if you are wanting a job," Jim replied.

"When you leavin' town?"

"Pronto."

The Kid looked into the saloon. Suddenly the cards had lost their attraction. The shooting of a few minutes before had upset him more than he was willing to admit. He turned back to Jim.

"I believe I'll ride out with you."

The Kid felt an instinctive liking for his new acquaintance and before they had ridden a mile, he was telling Jim something of his history.

"I'm the black sheep of our family," he confided. "Dad wanted me to be a lawyer but I got kicked out of school. The last time I was on the carpet the Dean told me that I was absolutely worthless. I cashed Dad's last allowance check and caught the first westbound out of town"

There was a pause of several minutes, when only the foot-falls of the horses and the creaking of the saddles broke the silence. Then Jim asked quietly.

"When are you going to finish college?"

"I doubt if I ever finish now. My Dad was pretty sore about the whole business and he wouldn't furnish the money for another try at it I don't suppose."

"Do you want to go back?"

"Yes, sometimes I think I do. Cow-punchin' is a great life, but it don't get a fellow anywhere, does it?"

"No," said Jim very soberly, "it doesn't. But if you would save your money for a year or two you could finish college without your father's help."

The Kid jerked off his big beaver hat and ran his fingers through his hair. "Yes," he grinned, "but I wouldn't have any money for poker then."

Jim did not press the point, he only laughed good-naturedly and spoke of something else.

At the Bar O, the friendship of Jim and the Dakota Kid grew as the days passed. As the boy became more fond of Allen he began to wonder about him. He knew that Jim was well educated. Why then was he content to be a cowboy? The Kid thought he recognized in his pardner the ability to do bigger things. One evening as they were riding in from a day of fence building he pointedly ask Jim why he was a cowboy. The Kid never forgot the look of suffering that passed over Jim's face when he put the question. There was a silence of a full minute during which the Kid cursed himself for a meddling fool.

At last Jim spoke. "Pardner I'm going to tell you a little of my story. When I was at college I dreamed of what I was going to do someday. Everybody dreams, I suppose, but I dreamed more than the most. Dreamed of doing big, worth-while things, you know."

Jim hesitated a moment, and then rushed ahead as though in a hurry to be done with his story.

"I have not realized even one of those dreams. I graduated in eighty-five. Since then I have just drifted. I have wasted the years which should have been my best. Drifting, with me, has been fatal. Kid, I am telling you this so you won't make the same mistake that I have made. Drifting will make a tramp of you!"

Jim was terribly in earnest and the Kid wished that he had not raised the subject.

"But why don't you start over now?"

Jim choked. "I can't" was all he said. They rode the remaining three miles to the ranch-house in silence.

The Kid expected Jim to drift further south for the winter, but Allen made no such move. The two became inseparable. Why Jim should become so strongly attached to the youngster was the subject of much speculation among the cowboys. That the Kid should have a great affection for Jim seemed only natural. Jim was a brother and a father to the boy. He was

almost mother to him Also he was the Kid's daily companion, his counsellor and his pardner. Love is a great and tender word, but if one man ever loved another then the Dakota Kid loved Jim Allen!"

Whelan paused abruptly. To Joe Mack and me, who had become deeply interested in the ranchman's tale, it seemed that his voice had taken a husky note. He cleared his throat noisily and asked for a match to relight his pipe. As the match flared it illuminated his face for an instant and I imagined that he was agitated, for some strange reason, by the story which he was telling. Tilting back his chair he continued:

"It was late in April before Jim spoke of leaving the Bar O. One night he said to the Kid very quietly, 'Pardner I'm leaving you tomorrow'."

The Kid was surprised and hurt. Jim leave him? He had never thought of that possibility. He finally blurted out. "Why do you talk of leaving me? Ain't we partners?"

Jim spoke very gently. "Don't make this too hard for me, Kid. I like you more than any man I ever knew. You know that. Remember what I told you last Fall. I am only a drifter. If you go with me some time you will regret it."

The Kid then saw Jim's point of view He laughed a little shakily. "You can't leave me—my horse is as good as yours," he said.

Jim sighed, but he knew when he was beaten.

"All right, we'll leave at sun-up together."

When they arrived in Flagstaff, the following day, they found the little town all a-flutter. War had been declared with Spain! Every building displayed the Stars and Stripes. Even the discolored front of the Devil's Dive was bedecked with bunting. In front of this saloon were a couple of cowboys who had spent the winter at the Bar O. Sandy McCall and Bucky O'Flinn had left the ranch ten days before; had had their semi-annual spree and were now thoroughly sober and disconsolate.

Sandy had not borne up under the weight of more than a week of bad whiskey and general "good time"

as well as his pardner. Bucky had carefully brushed his clothing. Sandy had not. Therefore it was a very dishevled and untidy cowboy who leaned lifelessly against the saloon as Jim and the Kid approached. His red hair was a mat; his shirt was soiled and torn; the handkerchief which should have adorned his neck was gone entirely: his "dress-up" chaps were covered with bits of straw and chaff; he had lost his right spur; his holster was askew and he had a headache. He had placed a huge celuloid badge upon the narrow strap which encircled the crown of his big hat. The badge bore the words—"TO HELL WITH SPAIN".

"Hello boys," Jim greeted the two, "what's the excitment?"

"The excitement is all over," growled Sandy. This here red, white and blue all around means that Uncle Sam is going to show the uses of firearms to the heathen Spaniards."

"Yes, and I'm goin' to help teach 'em," said Bucky.

"How you going to get in?" asked the Dakota Kid.

"They're raisin' a bunch of horse-soldiers down Oklahoma way, I hear. I figger I'll have as good a chance there as anywhere."

"I'm going, too," said the Kid. He spoke to Bucky but he looked at Jim.

Jim laughed and turned to Sandy. "I reckon you and I will trail along, won't we?"

Before he left Flagstaff, Jim sent a telegram which aroused the interest of his companions.

A week later all four were enlisted in one of the strangest, roughest and bravest regiments that ever carried the American flag in battle; the First United States Volunteer Cavalry.

When the Kid saw hundreds of weatherbeaten applicants rejected because of a lack of supplies to equip them, he asked curiously:

"How in the world did you do it, Jim?"

"What?"

"Get us into this outfit. That telegram you sent had something to do with it. Come on, tell us."

"That telegram was for Theodore Roosevelt, second in command of this regiment."

"But did you know him?"

Jim laughed. "He used to own a couple of ranches over toward Medora. I rode for him two seasons, was foreman of the Elkhorn outfit one season," he admitted.

Jim was happy with the turn affairs had taken. The The new venture promised travel, excitement and danger. But more than that, for once—for the first time in years—Jim felt that he would not be aimlessly drifting. That he would be called upon to sacrifice somewhat was certain. He felt that this sacrifice, whether it was only sharing the hardship of the army, or whether it was something greater, would atone just a little for those years since he left college. Those years of drifting when, as he told the Kid "he was no good to anybody", Jim counted worse than lost. Because of them he felt that he owed his country a debt which now he might pay.

II

One morning a little more than two months later as Jim was washing his cooking utensils over a small stream he heard a step behind him. Turning he saw a forlorn trooper moving listlessly in his direction. One of the man's leggings was gone entirely, as were three buttons from the faded blouse which hung open revealing a hairy chest. The breeches were in rags; one shoe was completely worn through; but it was the look of suffering upon the man's face that aroused Jim's concern.

"Good morning, Sandy. What's new this morning?" he called cheerfully.

"Aw, it's got me at last," groaned Sandy as he sank down beside Jim. "When Bucky took it I thought I was too tough a bird,—But, my Lord, I'm sick this morning."

"That's too bad. How's Bucky now?"

"He's bad. Got to ravin' last night," Sandy replied gloominly. "Have you heard of any more cases of Yellow Jack?"

Jim looked into the drawn face of his companion searchingly."Come on, buck up a little, old man," he said kindly. "There isn't any yellow fever in camp, it's just malaria. I was back to see the Kid last night," he added.

"How's the boy makin' it?" asked Sandy eagerly.

"He will be back with us again in a week if he don't take the fever. His shoulder is almost well and the wound in his leg was just a clean bullet hole, you know. The men in the hospitals are getting mighty tired of hard tack and water though. It's a poor diet for sick men. I'm going out after guinea hens for them today if I can get permission."

"The Colonel will let you go all right. Anything to help the men, that's him. I wish," Sandy added, "that there was a few like him left back in Washington so we would get a few of the things that we need. Look at this rig of mine; ain't that some outfit for a soldier to wear?"

"The officers aren't any better off, why should you kick?"

"That's all right too, and I ain't kickin." That Jim should accuse him of kicking made Sandy angry and he continued furiously, "What I want to know, what'd they send us down here and forget about us for? No supplies at all, and not so much as a jackass to move them with if we had them! They've shipped us down here to rot on this God-forsaken island. What kind of a government's that anyhow?"

"There's nothing wrong with the government, Sandy. It's the fault of some two-by-four official. Don't think to much along that line, old man; it won't do the fever any good. I've got to mosey over to headquarters now and report our little shooting match of yesterday."

As Jim got to his feet he yawned mightily. "I surely do feel lazy today," he remarked.

"I bet you're gettin' the fever."

"Oh, I guess not. Cheer up, Sandy," Jim laughed as he strode away.

A few moments later he entered the bedrabbled can-

vas tent which served as regimental headquarters. Inside he saluted.

"Sir, Sergeant Allen reports. The detail of six sharpshooters under his command yesterday killed six Spanish guerillas. Our men suffered no losses, sir."

The officer addressed at first glance appeared very young but closer scrutiny revealed a manly ruggedness that bespoke of much experience with hardship and danger. Two orderlies were seated near him at a small table. His faded uniform bore no insignia of any kind. When he spoke he disregarded military form; the crow's-feet about his eyes deepened and his lips curled into a smile disclosing two even rows of gleaming teeth.

"Good," he said, "You got one apiece, eh!"

"Yes sir." There followed a moment's hesitation and then—

"Anything else, Sergeant?"

"Sir, I would like permission to hunt in the rear this afternoon."

The officer chuckled, "Guerillas or guinea hens?"

"Guinea hens today, sir."

"You have the permission."

Allen had heard too many Rough Riders boast the Colonel knew every man in the regiment to be much surprised at his next question.

"Do you know the whereabouts of the Dakota Kid?"

"Yes sir, he is in the hospital directly in our rear."

"He is to receive the guinea hens I suppose?"

'Yes sir, if I am successful."

"He deserves 'em, Allen. I was near him when he was hit. It was when we were waiting orders to charge San Juan hill. Not a whimper out of him when he was struck. The next moment we charged. After we had taken the hill some of the boys found Dakota half way up the slope dragging his leg and crying because he hadn't had a chance at the Spaniards. He's a good soldier."

"I know that, sir."

"The Rough Riders form a regiment of good soldiers. They were tested at San Juan."

"Yes sir," Jim saluted and withdrew.

As he left the tent he marveled at the change of two short months. The Rough Riders as they had turned out for the first drill practice at San Antonio had been a picturesque group indeed. Cowboys, hunters, mining prospectors, ranchmen, college men they had been then, now each was a soldier. They feared nothing and they loved their Colonel. In battle Roosevelt led them; in camp he did everything that he could to make conditions bearable. He frequented the hospitals and always had a cheering word for the sick.

Thus it happened that one night the Dakota Kid saw the Colonel coming down the line of wounded men toward him. The Kid could hear him as he drew nearer. "Don't get up boys," as the men tried to rise to salute, "lie still. Ah Jack, how's your leg tonight? Better? That's good. And Bill, your back? Better too? Bully! You fellows'll be out of here some of these days."

At the Kid's cot he paused and looked down with that great, hearty, warming smile of his.

"Guinea hens for supper?" he asked.

The Kid was surprised. "Why yes, sir," he stammered. "How did you know, sir?"

The Colonel chuckled. "How long have you known Jim?" he asked in reply.

"A little less than a year, sir."

"Good pardner?"

Was Jim a good pardner? It was a question the Kid delighted in answering. Jim was the one subject upon which the Kid was eloquent and he forgot that he was speaking to his commanding officers. He was conscious only of a friendly, sympathetic listener as he told of his affection for Jim. His words tumbled over one another and before he finished the Colonel had seated himself upon the edge of the cot. The Kid told the whole of Jim's story as far as he knew it and unconsciously he emphasized Jim's disgust with himself because of his habit of drifting. "And so," he fin-

ished, "Jim looks upon this war as a God-send; a chance to make up to Uncle Sam, in a way you know, for all these years since he left college."

As the Kid finished he flueshed. "Oh, I beg your pardon sir, I shouldn't have bothered you with all that."

"Why not? I'm always glad to hear about an old friend. Jim rode with me on the Elkhorn Ranch, you know. When we get back home I'll keep track of him. Maybe we can induce him to give up drifting. I'll have to go now," he added, "good-bye Dakota."

"Good-bye sir."

The Kid raised himself a little with his good arm that he might watch the Colonel as he left the hospital.

"Some man! A great old boy!" were his thoughts as he painfully let himself back to his former position.

Confined to the hospital as he was the Kid did not know the wretched condition of the men in camp until one day Sandy McCall came to see him. Sandy was making the visit at Jim's request. Jim had taken the fever. He had cautioned Sandy not to tell the Kid of this. Sandy had stoutly declared that "hosses could not drag it from him" and had added that he would "cheer the Kid up!" Therefore as he approached the wounded boy, Sandy made a brave attempt at a grin and tried to force a little of his old, careless, happy-go-lucky manner.

"Why, how are you boy? How are you?"

The Kid eyed him in amazement. Could this sickly, tottering caller be the lively, robust cowboy-soldier he had known a few weeks before?

When the Kid spoke Sandy knew that he should fail in his mission.

"In heaven's name, what's happened to you, man? You look like a ghost."

"Oh," growled Sandy miserably, "I don't know how the devil a man can expect me to be cheerful when I feel like a corpse and every poor, sympathetic son-of-a-gun I meet, tells me I look like a ghost."

The Kid smiled in spite of his perplexity.

"But who told you to be cheerful, Sandy? I didn't.

I ought to get up and let you have this cot. You are sicker than I am."

"Aw, shut up that stuff! I ain't sick but I ain't feelin' a bit frisky and Jim can't expect me to be cheerful."

"What, in the name of sense, do you mean, Sandy? Why should Jim want you to be cheerful?"

"Oh, Jim is down now and—

And then it dawned upon Sandy that he had told the one thing that he had promised not to tell.

"Oh, my Lord," he groaned, "I'm a bright un! I wish one of 'em greaser bullets had picked me off and put me out of my misery!"

The Kid then understood the circumstances under which Sandy was making his visit. He was touched by his friend's futile attempt "to cheer him up".

"Sit down here and tell me the whole story," he urged, and as Sandy hesitated, "you might as well,

"He's made that way," said the Kid, "but how bad is he?"

you've already spilled the beans. How long has Jim been sick?"

Sandy realized that he had indeed "spilled the beans" so he answered.

"About three days, but he's got it bad. Most of the boys had it before Jim took it. He's been workin' day and night to keep the poor devils from dyin' in the mud. There ain't a cot in camp, not even in the officers tents and the men have to just lay under their tents and let the water run in on them. All of us help what we can, but most of the boys are like I am, sick half the time and weaker than cats, so most of the work fell on the able bodied fellows like Jim. Jim worked like a fool. He'd look after every man in his troop and then he never had time to take care of himself. Just worked himself down to where the fever couldn't miss him. He didn't have to do half what he has done to help the sick boys, I don't see why he did it, do you?"

Sandy shook his head. "Bad,—that's all I can tell you. Worse than most of the boys. He won't talk;

won't open his mouth even to groan. Just lays and fights the fever. That's a million times worse than fightin' greasers, Kid. If we don't get out of this hellish country, and mighty quick too, there won't be a dozen men from this regiment ever see home again."

"We may move soon, there has been a rumor about the hospitals that Colonel Roosevelt is trying to stir up the officials in Washington."

Sandy nodded, "I heard that too. If them deadheads can be wakened up, he's the boy to turn the trick. I don't understand this Round Robin thing, but I'll bet on the Colonel."

"I believe he'll get us out of here."

"I doubt if any of us ever get out. Well, I s'pose I'd better be goin' now since I've cheered you up," and Sandy grinned sheepishly.

The Kid smiled. "You have done me good, Sandy. It would have been foolish not to have told me. How is Bucky by this time?"

Sandy looked down at his nose, turned a shade paler, and pretended not to hear the Kid's question.

"Well, so long boy, and don't worry,' he said.

The Kid looked at him sharply and repeated his question.

"How is Bucky?"

"Ah-er he ain't any better," Sandy stammered painfully.

The Kid studied his friend's face and said very gently. "That's too bad, Sandy old boy."

"Well, goodbye Kid." Sandy's voice was almost a whisper and he gulped twice very quickly. He did not look back as he hurried from the tent.

"Bucky's dead," groaned the Kid when he was alone, for that was what he had read in Sandy's face, "Poor Sandy! Bucky O'Flinn was a good pardner and a bigger hearted cowboy never threw a rope." And then a thought struck him which burned itself into his mind. **"What if Jim should be next?"**

The Kid did not sleep that night. The next day, in spite of doctors' orders, he left the hospital. When he arrived in camp he found conditions worse even than

Sandy had pictured them. Jim seemed to be very sick. When the Kid reached his side Jim opened his eyes, recognized him, and a contented smile played for an instant about his lips. He said nothing and the Kid did not try to speak to him.

For three days Jim lay in a semi-conscious condition and the Kid hovered close to his side. On the third day a jubilant shout from the men outside caused Jim to raise up suddenly.

"What is it?" he demanded hoarsely. Those were the first words he had spoken in three days.

The Kid threw his arms about his neck. "The Colonel is taking us home Jim," he exulted, "we are going home!"

Jim sank back upon the ground. There was a smile upon his face. "Thank God, boy," he said, "I am ready to die now."

The boy leaned closer, "Don't say that, Jim," he begged, "Oh don't, we will get you North and you will be all right again."

But his Pardner slowly shook his head.

"I have fought it out, Pard, and I have lost. I have to leave you this time. I am drifting on but you cannot follow."

Then the Kid realized that Jim was speaking the truth. Jim, his pardner, the one man in all the world whom he loved, was dying. For a moment it seemed that grief would overcome him and then an aching calmness settled upon him. The dying man spoke haltingly now.

"Don't feel sorry for me, Pard. I would rather die like this than in any other way. I don't feel that I have been altogether useless now. You have been a good pardner, Kid. I hope you will remember me a little. Goodbye boy. Make something big for yourself. As big as you can and don't drift—Pard—don't drift."

That was all. Jim was dead.

His comrades outside continued to shout the glad news, but inside one of the soiled, tattered, little tents, a broken-hearted boy wept over the lifeless body of the

Drifter. He cried like a girl and before he rose from beside the prostrate body, there on the reeking, filthy ground, he swore a great oath.

"He would not drift."

Whelan paused, and silence again prevailed as the three of us sat upon the veranda. The story had plainly moved Whelan, and Joe Mack's voice was husky when at last he broke the silence.

"Yes, just another victim of the wanderlust," he said.

"But, the Kid," I questioned, "did he keep his vow?"

Whelan answered quickly. "Yes he owns this ranch now."

I started. "So you used to be the Dakota Kid?"

"My foreman, old Sandy McCall, still calls me that when we are alone," he said.

A MAN'S A MAN

HORACE W. TROOP, '23

First Prize, Russell Oratorical Contest

SOME one has stated that history is nothing more than a record of continued warfare. The casual student of history is likely to accept that statement as true, but it is refreshing to note that several times men have paused in the business of extending the boundaries and influence of nations by arms to consider the possibility of peace.

During the reign of Henry the Fourth of France, the Duke of Sully, then chief adviser to the king, suggested the formation of a Concert of Nations to promote peace. In 1815, Alexander, Czar of Russia, attempted to put into operation that which he chose to call the Holy Alliance, whose members, sovereigns of the leading nations, agreed to rule their subjects and to conduct their international relations in accordance with the principles of Jesus Christ. Later in 1898, Nicholas, another Czar of Russia, suggested that the leading nations of the world discuss the limitation of armaments and the possibility of universal peace. The representatives of the world powers that met at the Hague in response to his call did much to further the cause of peace, but were unable to accomplish anything definite in the matter of the limitations of armaments. In 1919, Woodrow Wilson startled the world by advocating the formation of a League of Nations designed not only to secure peace by means of mutual understanding, but also by placing in the hands of administrative authority sufficient military power, to enforce peace.

All of these efforts to obtain the settlement of international difficulties by sane methods have come as the direct result of ravaging and expensive wars. Each in its turn met with a hearty response on the part of war-sick monarchs and peoples, and each in its turn

was consigned to the scrap heap when some greedy monarch sought to enlarge his boundaries, or saw in the agreement into which he had entered the possibility of a limitation of power.

Just now the whole world is watching for developments resulting from the Conference on the Limitation of Armament. In response to the call of President Harding some of the master minds of the world in matters of government, came together to consider this subject, equally important to every nation on the globe. Perhaps it would be better to say that they came together not on the call of one man, but rather at the call of a war-torn world. In the opening of the conference Secretary Hughes surprised the most rabid of the pacificists by presenting a plan for the scrapping of a number of battleships. This plan and the problem of the Far East, so long a matter of international contention, have been discussed with equal thoroughness. Treaties have been negotiated, compacts and agreements have been drawn that seem to be concrete steps toward the accomplishment of the purposes of the conference. The frank statements of some of the leaders of the conference and the willingness of the representatives of Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States to enter into treaty negotiations in an attempt to settle finally these important issues, are encouraging to say the least.

Some things have happened however, that seem to suggest possible failure to secure the thing that the world demands—Universal Peace. The limitation of armaments by a few nations may be a step in securing the settlement of international difficulties by sane methods, but say what you will, the one thing most desired by the peoples of the whole world from the greatest to the least is a guarantee of continued peace. Such a guarantee was beyond the power of the conference at Washington.

Before the conference met President Harding blasted the hopes of idealistic folks by declaring that the world was not ready for universal disarmament. He

further declared that to establish universal peace would be to revolutionize human nature In the conference itself some things have happened that would indicate an incomplete accomplishment of conference purposes. The Japanese delegates quibbled over one battleship, the French reminded us that while Germany was in almost complete subjection, she was still a menace. An atmosphere of questioned sincerity pervaded all of the deliberations.

Consider a moment! The response to the appeal of the President was equally as hearty as on similar occasions in the past. The delegates assembled because they were sick of war and its resulting burdens. They came together realizing that they were to discuss a question while the whole world waited for their answer. As in the past only those things were attempted that seemed practical and within the reach of accomplishment. Shall we continue to rely upon those old theories concerning diplomacy, balance of power, and many others bringing only temporary results? Shall we again confine ourselves to those things that we, in our feeble reasoning, choose to call the practical, or shall we attempt to do that which seems impossible? Impossible! An American regiment started an advance during one of the engagements of the recent war, and while moving forward encountered a section of the retreating French army whose commanding officers warned them of their apparent danger and even advised that they retreat. To this the commander of the American forces replied, "Retreat, Hell! Retreat? What is that?" He defied reason, he deliberately did that which he knew to be impractical and he won. He was heralded throughout the world as a hero. But when someone suggests that we defy reason in matters tending to secure peace, he is called a fool. Is it not reasonable to assume that the defiance of things practical will bring equally as good results in securing peace as in winning a war?

Ah, but statesmen throughout the world declare that we are not ready for universal peace. Great God!

does America need 76,000 more white crosses to stretch out their arms in mute appeal on other foreign battle fields? Do we need to see the old world again torn and bleeding, with debts that will burden future generations, hosts of dishonored women, and millions of fatherless children? Ah no, the world does not need another such lesson.

But how shall we prevent it? By means of a 5-5-3 agreement? No. We cannot hope to minimize the probability of war by reducing the size, number or quality of those things with which we fight. Shall it be by means of a four-power treaty? No. All the treaties that were ever written cannot bring the yellow heathen to a place of respect and dignity in the estimate of the white man. Shall it be by means of any degree of disarmament or series of treaties? No. Let me remind you that at the time of America's entrance into the war she had but a paltry army of 200,000, yet in less than two years she had a formidable fighting force in the field and had inaugurated a system of training encompassing no less than four million men. It is needless to say that this legion together with allied forces conquered what military men had conceded to be the finest fighting organization in the world. Treaties will be mere scraps of paper. The scientific and mechanical minds of the world can bring into being great armies, navies and mechanical means of destruction in the twinkling of an eye, unless—unless there is in the hearts and minds of men an all powerful determination that war shall be no more, a determination based on this sample proposition:

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Impractical! Impossible! The dream of an idealistic fool! Perhaps; but remember that in all the history of the United States there has never been a fortress built to protect our thousands of miles of border, while the Franco-German border is a fence of concrete and steel picketed by the menacing muzzles of big guns. Our border line is fortified by international good-will, while that of our sisters across the sea is protected by treaties.

Help us, Great God! Help us to spread the simple lesson of good will throughout the whole world. Help us to inspire other nations to dismantle their battleships, and to beat their swords into pruning hooks. Help us and all the powers on the globe to understand that universal disarmament and lasting peace will be attained when we have razed the forts and blown up the cannon, when we shall guide our personal and international conduct by the fundamental principle that,

"A man's a man for a' that."

THE COUNTRY ROAD

By MILTON A. TRISLER, '25

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

DO you remember that old country road of your boyhood days? I can still see it, winding up the valley among the trees and rocks, through the dense wood, now disappearing round the sharp turn beneath the old willows where we used to make our whistles in the spring time, now circling the steep hill in the old pasture where the sheep climb, and now coming to view way off there in the distance like a white silk thread ever winding, winding, winding, through village, country side and meadow.

How beautiful the old road seems as I stroll along in the cool shades of twilight, while the birds softly chirp their last "good-night" and the cows low near the pond close by. Softer and softer the country sounds become, until all is quiet, a quiet such as is found nowhere else in the world. Then, as the last tinge of sunset fades, I can still see the old road winding, winding, ever winding, far off to the west and finally melting into the golden haze of twilight.

ON GOING BAREFOOTED

WENDELL H. CAMP, '25

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

BAREFOOTED! Immediately I can hear that flock (nay, I shall say horde) of knockers commence their wails. Unsanitary! Old Fashioned! Degrading! Needless bruises! Cuts! Blood poisoning! Lock jaw! Yes, and not one of the whole lot ever lived on the farm, their entire knowledge being confined to ten story buildings, stuffy corridors, conjested pavements and parlor cars. They know not the sensations of the freckeled lad in tattered overalls and torn straw hat as he breaks his way through the meadow grass in the early morning, splashing the shining dew to right and left. How cool the dripping clover as it brushes his sturdy brown feet and legs! The blush of the early morning, mist, dew and bare feet; what a combination!

Did you ever plow in the springtime? Then is the time to go barefooted. Around and around, furrow after furrow, each in endless succession, the odors of the moist upturned earth filling your nostrils, and the feel of cool earth on the soles of unshod feet. You stop and let your horse rest; leaning against the plow you thrust your feet into the fallow ground, involuntarily your eyes close and a tremor passes over your body as the soft loam encircles your ankles; you punch holes in the furrow with your big toe; you crush the mellow clods and do a multitude of foolish things. When one rests his horses while plowing, there is no time for philosophical thought, for one is too busy drinking the odors of the fields and enjoying the sensations he receives as he plants his feet in the cool, moist earth, moist from the shower that fell the night before.

What a pleasure just to be in the great out-of-doors, able to receive the messages that nature has for us. You may not believe it, but nature can talk, and if you

wish to find what she has to say you must come in direct contact with the source of all life, Mother Nature herself. What sensations we receive, what messages we hear, what forces and powers we feel, and all through our toes. If you have never known this fact, then the next time you come to a mud puddle, stop, take off your shoes and wade right in. As you wiggle your toes in the soft, oozing mass, feeling its cool depths, you will know what it means to go barefooted.

THE FOUR OF US IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

By PAULINE A. WENTZ, '25

Third Prize Story, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

LIFE is not a period of undiversified joy, if one occupies the position as head of the four of us. At the age of two, I began acquiring sisters and continued until the total was three. Our family is a solid sorority, if one excludes the paternal element. As the one having the most years and thus the most wisdom, I am shepherdess of the flock. In this right I am often disputed by the second of us who has no respect for my added years. The third and fourth of us are so much in arrears in the possession of years, that I remain omnipotent in the performance of duty.

As I have said, there are four of us; and being the children of honest, upright Christian parents, it is a rigid rule that we attend Sunday School. Indeed, the attending of Sunday School would be a pleasure if it involved only the singing of hymns and perusal of lessons, but,—when it devolved into a mere escort of three sisters, an entirely different light is thrown upon the subject.

On Sunday morning, when the entire atmosphere should be pervaded with nothing but cheer and good will, my own mind is always in a state of terrible anguish. I must conduct the four of us to Sunday School.

After a flurry of preparation, when apparently hair ribbons disappear and petticoats vanish in thin air, the four of us start for Sunday School. The two youngest are ahead. Suddenly, a gasp of horror, the fourth has a hole in her stocking. The hurried return to the house, the thrilling search for needle and thread, and the repair, return me to the church, faint and gasping for breath.

The house of worship, then becomes a house of

terror. The third has lost her penny and must traverse the length of the church for another. One lone nickle is revealed in the bottom of my purse and I hand it over to her, knowing that I shall be empty handed when the collection box passes me. A period of rest then the impish face of the fourth peers around the edge of the seat, eight rows ahead, while she stretches to the limit some gum just acquired from her seat neighbor. Several little boys snicker, then many snickers while she repeats the operation. A buzz to the left and I know the second of us is telling her dearest friend everything that happened on Saturday evening. Oh, was there ever such a family as ours, will this session never end? There, it is almost over. An avalanche comes tearing down the aisle. It is the third and fourth, come to tell how Jonah swallowed the whale.

Then while the minister tells us about the poor, heathen children, who have no Sunday School, I have a secret desire that the four of us might be transferred to such a place.

TRIPPERS

By MARY VANCE, '23

Philalethea

ALMOST daily we hear someone complain that we are living too fast, living entirely too fast. Perhaps it is true, but we are prone to laugh in derision and bestow our sympathy upon our grandparents and great-grandparents whose methods and means of travel were so poor that it would have taken them half a life time to go to the places which we can visit in a few short months. But in spite of their slowness, both in respect to travel and living they really saw more than we see now with our greatly improved methods and our never ending going.

However, reluctant as we are to admit it, it is true that a great many modern people in their "love of going" miss all that they "go to see". We could almost divide the goers of the world into two classes, the "trippers" and the "stoppers". Much as we would like to disown it, we are forced to say that the largest part of us are "trippers".

Perhaps the western explanation of the use of the terms "tripper" and "stopper" will reveal clearly their meaning and significance of these two terms, "tripper" and "stopper". A "stopper" is one who stops or stays awhile, riding and fishing, climbing and camping in the wilderness. "Trippers" visit the national parks, the mountains, the ranches, to see them, but not to use them, and "not to use them", is to derive no good from them, but merely to gain the faintest perception which is soon obliterated by the bold appearance of some electrical signs announcing a theatre program.

"Stoppers" are not occupied with the mad dash of rushing hither and thither to see, no one knows what, so they have time to see and enjoy the marvels and beauties of nature. Not so with the "trippers". They gulp down the sunsets and bolt the scenery. They

turn from the Grand Canyon, let us say, to buy picture postal cards of it; they spurn the trail horse for the rubberneck wagon; they turn their backs on the sunset glories of the mountains for the allurements of the curio store; their interest in wild life stops at the "bunny hug" and the "grizzly bear", they snap the Almighty with a two by four camera and pronounce their negative good.

The "tripper" may succeed in covering a great deal of territory, of traveling a good many miles, but if he does, that is practically the only thing that he has gained. In a conversation concerning some well-known place of interest which he is supposed to have visited, he could likely say, "a beautiful place, yes, a beautiful place, but wretched accommodations, and the meals were unspeakable, the meat was rare and the water as warm as that of their far-famed spring." Thus he could talk on for hours telling of some petty annoyance at this place, or added expense at another, until his bearers must smile ironically when he finishes, "Yes it was a wonderful trip, quite wonderfull."

The "tripper" neither seeks nor desires passive pleasures, but as soon as he has reached a place, no matter how beautiful or unusual the surroundings, his first question is, "What's there to do here!" The eternal American question, but it is rather misplaced when one is surrounded entirely by what there is to do, but refusing to open his eyes, leaves it undone. It resolves itself into this, that we are trying to apply modern methods to the business of having a good time in the open. Since living, working, and dying have been standardized, it is inevitable that vacations and amusements should engage the attention of the efficiency expert. He has done a thorough job and it is fast becoming that the "tripper", like the bricklayer, is allowed just so many motions in going through the day's amusement. No doubt this system gives one the maximum of sight-seeing for the money, but in so doing he has made Nature tiresome and joy dull.

AS A GIRL THINKETH

By LOIS SELLARS, '22
Cleiorhetea

WHILE the greatest ambition of every real American girl is the establishment of her own home, its maintenance, and its development, and she is ever planning to be ready to enter that great adventure, she is not content to sit, "just waiting", as it were. Her energy and her natural instinct for service demand a place in this work-a-day world. So she seeks some task, for which, she as a woman is peculiarly fitted.

But the term—American girl—is so indefinite, for there are so many of them, from so many different environments She is a "composite of all the daughters, of all the people". Just what does the term, "American Girl", mean to you? Probably, it means the buoyant and self-reliant girl of your own college group. The girl with high ideals, with a keen sense of right and wrong, alert mind and resolute purpose. She probably fits well into the scheme of things as suggested in a parody on one of Rudyard Kipling's poems.

"If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces not lose sight,
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
Play without giving play too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;
If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
And not acquire a priggish mien;
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,
Without despising calico and jean,
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,

Can sing when asked, without excuse or stammer,
Can rise above unfriendly snubs or slurs;
If you can make good bread instead of fudges,
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust,
A girl whom all must love—because they must,
You'll be—my girl—a model for the sages—
A woman whom the world will bow before."

The girl of the small college, especially the denominational college, is versatile. She has had opportunities which she does not appreciate and of which she is scarcely conscious.

But let us consider another type of girl. In the down-town district of one of our great cities is an attractive tea-room. The prices are not exorbitant, indicating that the patronage consists of substantial, wage-earning girls. Every where the girls sit leisurely smoking cigarettes while waiting to be served. Between courses sufficient time is given to smoke again, and then the girl may retire to a cozy reading room and smoke until the lunch hour is over. The surprise is to find that these girls are not those known in common parlance as, "the flapper", for they are reading substantial books and are doing good work as confidential secretaries, and heads of departments in our large stores.

People aim at ideals. The girl of the Russian Tea Room has an ideal. What is it? Does she ever go to church—perhaps she does. It may be that she even does settlement work, but it is more probable that she spends her evenings at the theatre and her Sundays doing necessary sewing and laundry work. But you say this is exaggerated, that girls do not smoke in such a matter-of-fact manner as that. Perhaps so, but at any rate her interests and money are all expended on herself and she represents a very large proportion of American girls who are seeking only self-indulgence and amusement.

Again, you say that for every girl of this type you have a country girl. She is a bit crude, of course, but faithful in a country church or interested in a canning

club. She is eager to learn, is earnest, and reliable. Tucked away in the mountains, away from the blare and excitement of the city and in close intercourse with nature, these girls form a sturdier, more wholesome stock than the cigarette smoking class. Fortunately, all over our country, such organizations as the Young Women's Christian Association are doing much toward cultivating an aesthetic sense among these girls. This picture looks more hopeful than the first one.

Then one hears the word "flapper". It is not in the dictionary but it is highly significant. She does all kinds of ridiculous things in order to attract attention. Her clothing budget contains a large item for cosmetics which, after all, make her look more like a painted model in a store window than a person of individuality. If it were possible to secure five minutes of connected conversation with one of these "rattle brained" creatures you would find that she believes in unlimited use of cigarettes, complete freedom to do as she pleases, whenever she pleases. She has utter disregard for form, and ceremony and believes that trial marriages are very satisfactory and should be allowed—a law against them being absurd—and that in most cases divorce is the natural and proper thing. And then she would end her conversation saying, "Poor Mother! I do shock her so. She simply can't understand that only the saints and frumps are not just like me". A typical American girl

Then we have another large group of girls—the industrial group. Here we find the most pitiful conditions, for this girl never have a chance. One admires her fortitude, one wonders what we would be like had our environment been the same. She leaves school as soon as her age entitles her to an employment card, even though, due to her limited mental capacity, she reached only the fourth grade. Her work in the factory exhausts her or else is characterized by a deadly montony. The surroundings are often unsanitary and in many cases she is surrounded

by dangerous machinery. Conditions, such as these are being improved as fast as legislation is passed and enforced, but Law is slow.

The industrial girl works long and hard to earn as much money as possible. At noon there is a meager lunch in the room where she works or perhaps in a poorly ventilated cloak hall. Half an hour later she is again at her machine. Her knowledge of authority is merely "the boss", who in a fit of anger has the power to "fire" or "kick her out". In the evening she goes home where her parents with seven or eight children are all of the same sort. Home life, and habits are coarse, so one is not surprised to find the evenings spent at a cheap vaudeville house or a low dance hall. Many times the girl may have to work at night to help the poor, broken-down mother to care for her many children, and the girl's hard earned wages may go toward the support of the family. What is her outlook in life?

Miss College Girl do you see any relation between yourself and these American girls You have an obligation to fulfill and if you fail in this obligation then the scheme of things will have one vacant place,—one person's work undone. You will probably go into a profession, you will, as an educated woman, be an example and an influence. As such, you have a moral obligation to fulfill toward people less fortunate than yourself. You might teach school, do Home Extension Work, become an Industrial Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, or teach a Sunday School Class in the home church, just so it is something helpful. The country girl ought to find you a person who will help her to overcome her shyness and her crude ways; the girl of the Russian Tea Room ought to find in you a person who understands her business relations, yet, one who has a higher standard for social life than she. The "flapper", although she may consider you a "saint", should find that you have sound arguments which contradict her wild ideas about society; the unfortunate industrial

girl should find in you an advocate for better types of amusement, an exponent of higher ideals for living.

But, you say, the large group of college girls eventually go into homes of their own instead of into business, and that their obligation is thus shifted to the rearing of their own families. This is true, the welfare of a family is a great obligation, but every woman can do more. For instance she can support through her vote such bills as the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill and see that through changes these bills do not become practically useless after they are passed. Perhaps you do not know that the United States stands fourteenth in the protection which it gives industrial mothers? If intelligent college women are not interested in legislation, who will be?

So, the College Girl should enlarge her powers and develop increasingly that steadiness of purpose and that passion for justice that will allow her to perform, in the best way possible her obligations as a College Girl.

MAKING OUR MARK

By EARL STOCKSLAGER, '22
Philomathea

EVERY college student, evidently must have an ambition to make some kind of a mark in life or at least exert some influence, else he would never have entered college. Granting that to be true, first of all the ambition ought to be realized or defined. Does it seek for its goal selfish ends and aims or does it desire to realize noble purposes? Supposing the latter condition to prevail, as it should, we still ought to be concerned about their lasting and far-reaching effect. And then the problem arises, how can we expect to achieve these very desirable goals? One thing is certain, situated as we are, under the influence of this environment, it is not only our privilege but a duty to make our mark in life. Every organization connected with this college provides for us some needed training and means of development as a preparation for making that mark, not only here, but elsewhere in the world.

However, the time allotted will not permit a particular reference to any of those factors which enlarge the student's life save one, that is, the literary society. Those of us who have entered these halls again from a previous year can testify to that influence, though perhaps it is inexpressible in words, for often, the measure of great privileges, benefits, and means of advancement cannot be ascertained by rule or line nor can their value be calculated in dollars and cents. But yet, the possessions which to us are the most precious and from which we would most regretably separate ourselves are the hidden and unseen treasures of the heart that abide not as material things, but as time and eternity. A Christian college, such as the one we have entered, has in store precious gifts for distribution among those who desire them, and the literary

society, we have found, is in no sense the least in significance and worth. To the student who has acquired an appreciation for the most beneficial and lasting assets of life, Philomathea and other societies offer helpful assistance in realizing them. Granted that some of you have caught the desire for the attainment of the highest ideals; yet there are doubtless some of us who will need to contract similar aspirations.

Within these halls, we come in contact with the rich heritage and fruitful achievements of the past. The faithful and devoted students of former days have taught us many lessons, and besides, we do well to profit by any of their mistakes and use them as a means of our own advancement. Their accomplishments and high standards have been handed down to us as rich and uncompensated traditions. Doubtless, we never shall realize what a debt has been incurred upon us because of the services rendered by those who have made this society what it is to-day. If there is any way for us to cancel and discharge that obligation it is through our untiring effort to make our best contribution in her behalf, and for the sake of those students yet to enter Otterbein. Moreover, we can extend our gratitude, best to those in the past, by doing our duty and performing our obligation now to those in the future.

Most certainly former students have set a noble record for us to measure up to. Nevertheless growing out of that very fact, it becomes our duty and privilege to elevate those existing standards to a still higher altitude, however impossible that may seem. Any difficult task carries with it a challenge, but the person who accepts that challenge and surmounts the barrier is always well repaid for the time spent and the effort put forth. If we, who are enjoying these benefits so lavishly provided, do not accomplish something worthy of note and commendation, our devotion and resolve to do greater things and live more exalted lives might be seriously questioned.

For you and me, therefore, a resolution is apparent-

ly in order to spend a little more effort in preserving the dignity of this society and likewise the college, by the uprightness and nobility of our own characters, individually; to be a little more enthusiastic in attempting to give our best to the larger good; and perhaps above all else, to be a little more loyal in fulfilling our responsibilities as a keen sense of duty may demand.

Now to those who are contemplating their preference of a society, as well as to those of us who are already members here, I trust that the challenge facing each and all will neither be too great for its realization, nor yet on the other hand, too small and insignificant to stimulate our best efforts. Although the selection of any new student here should be our brother society, the hope still remains that you enter her halls with a keen sense of your similar obligations to her for the benefits you will derive as an active member, and besides, for the influence your character will undoubtedly wield. The fulfilling of any obligation is always found worth while, and also a great factor in the preparation for a successful life. And the extent of that success will be measured not so much by what we receive as by what we contribute to others.

Previously, it is evident to you that the literary society has been used as a sort of basis for our consideration, and that has been true merely as a matter of convenience in having a specific channel in which to direct our thoughts; but also, it was sincerely intended to be just as applicable in a general way to Otterbein herself; and even a still broader interpretation can and ought to be made touching our activities in later life. We are learning to do now what we will do in the future.

Then in view of these facts, is it not imperative, my fellow students, that we give ourselves whole-heartedly to all the opportunities and duties here afforded us? Should we not make the most of them, thereby making a worthy mark here and preparing to make a greater elsewhere, by adding our fullest share, not only to our society, but to Otterbein herself? Things accom-

plished with little effort are little appreciated, and are perhaps less worth while. So may we now pledge anew to dedicate our lives to the realizing of more worthy achievements and the development of more enviable characters, knowing that their influence will go on forever. Let us no longer wait on the doorstep of opportunity, but let us enter and by so doing leave our "footprints on the sands of time".

MIST

By RUTH ROBERTS, '24

When winter's in her melancholy mood
A dreary cloud of mist, all dewy gray,
Enfolds me in a cheerless solitude,
And helplessly I strive to see my way.
A dense wall seems to shut the whole world out
No friend is near whose aid I can implore;
An awful silence closes me about
Through which I grope to see what lies before.
And then I think God might have willed it so;
The mist is his soft arms to prove him near,
And when I've thought things through and really know,
He'll lift the cloud and all will be made clear.
And as I think the mist grows gold and blue
For lo! The sun in glory shineth through.

"THE FLASK ON THE HIP"

By RAY M. JOHNSON, '22
Philophronea

NINE years ago the German Kaiser uttered this prophecy: "The next great war will be won by the nation using the least alcohol." Possibly he did not realize at the time that his own perfect military machine, because it was given to heavy drinking, would go down in defeat before the newly recruited, but for the most part, temperate troops of the Allies.

In our own country the struggle had been going on for many years, ever gaining momentum, until even before the final fight for national prohibition more than one-third of the population of the United States had been living under prohibition for more than twenty years. As Ernest H. Cherrington, General Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism, pointed out only recently, "Before national prohibition became operative in the United States, thirty-four states had adopted state-wide prohibition laws, while large sections of other states had been under prohibition by county and municipal action for long periods of time."

Then, with the growing conviction that the prophecy of the Kaiser might come true, and that the question of Prohibition was fast ceasing to be merely a moral issue and was becoming a problem of economic concern, the American people completed the work of constructive reform begun so many years before.

Now that we have lived for more than two years under this reform measure, we are able to examine in the light of experience the contentions of both the opposing camps in the struggle.

One claim that was often made by those who sought to clothe their taste for strong drink in an economic garb, was that Prohibition would cause all the brewer-

ies, distilleries and saloon properties to lie idle, and that thousands of men engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages would be immediately thrown out of work by the closing of these places of business. Of course it is scarcely possible to point with accuracy to just what happened to those properties which gradually changed hands during the many years in which the work of reform was growing. We are able to point with accuracy, however, to what happened to the seventy-four distilleries closed by War-time Prohibition on July 1, 1919. In that report of Mr. Cherrington's, to which we have already alluded, we find that thirteen of the large distilleries located in and around Peoria, Illinois, were taken over by a large food corporation. As a result, those distilleries which formerly employed a thousand men in the manufacture of an article which sapped the vitality of fathers and robbed children of their daily bread, are now employing more than four thousand men in the manufacture of some thirty different kinds of food products for the feeding of a hungry world.

Likewise the fairy wand of legitimate industry has touched the hundreds of breweries located throughout the country. A mere glance at the reports gathered by the Anti-Saloon League reveals some of these marvelous transformations. "Several of the important brewing buildings in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, have been converted into what has already grown to be the largest clothing manufacturing establishment in the world. The National Brewery in Washington, formerly employing fifty people and using $130,000 worth of raw materials a year, has been transformed into an ice cream factory, employing one hundred and fifty people and using more than $400,000 worth of raw materials annually. The Pabst Brewery of Long Island City, New York, is at present a printing and publishing establishment. The office portion of one of the large breweries of New Jersey is now occupied by a parochial school." We might continue to multiply illustrations like these until practically the whole

list of more than a thousand breweries closed by the passing of National Prohibition would bear witness against the short-sightedness that made many property holders fear the advent of "dry" measures.

Saloon properties, too, add their testimony to the fallacy of the argument that Prohibition would depreciate the value of such property. Two illustrations will suffice. The Philadelphia Daily North American is authority for the statement that in that city, soon after Prohibition became operative, more than twenty-six saloon properties changed hands at a profit of over fifty per cent on the estimated value under the saloon regime. One of the most notorious saloon squares in Chicago was that in which the renowned "Hinky-Dink" saloon was formerly operated under the name of the "Workingman's Exchange". This saloon retailed on the average over twenty barrels of beer a day. The building was formerly rented for saloon purposes at a rental of $500 a month. It is now rented at a thousand dollars per month and is occupied by two Chinese stores and a restaurant.

So the arguments of the liquor interests are overwhelmingly crushed in the light of the past two year's experience. In practically every case the property has at least doubled in value, and many times the number of men formerly employed are now receiving work.

What about the contentions of the opponents of this out-lawed traffic? Basing their statements upon scientific investigations they told us that certain definite results would follow the passing of laws forbiding the use of intoxicating beverages. They held out to us the hope that there would be a marked decrease in crime. Let us examine the records. In a pamphlet published recently by the World League Against Alcoholism, we learn that throughout the country the number of arrests for all causes has decreased nearly fifty per cent in the past two years. In the same pamphlet hundreds of public officials, including the mayors of practically all the large cities in the country, declare that Prohibition has revolutionized society for

the better, and the governor of practically every state in the Union adds his personal testimony to the salutary effects of the Eighteenth Amendment.

And yet in the face of the marvelous accomplishments of Prohibition we find an outlawed minority, blind to its own interest, and careless for the interests of the nation, at work to undermine the most progressive reform ever achieved by a self-governing people. For, to quote the words of the Hon. W. B. Wheeler, despite the fact that Prohibition is here to stay, "it may be nullified in two ways. First, by the Executive and Judicial departments of the Government; second, by the Legislative department. The President appoints the Attorney General who is responsible for the prosecutions in the courts. He also appoints the Secretary of the Treasury, who in turn appoints and is responsible for the Prohibition Commissioner, who is the representative of the Federal Government in the enforcement of Prohibition. The judge may so construe the law or impose inadequate fines upon law violators that law breakers are encouraged rather than deterred in their illegal acts. The Legislative department of the State and Federal Government may cripple the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment by enacting inadequate law enforcement codes, and thus make enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment difficult and impracticable."

Every edition of the daily papers brings the news of the violation of the law in this matter. Bootleggers, maddened by the lust for the gold into which their product is so easily converted, continue to increase their activities daily. And all the time the list of the victims of this poison booze is growing before our eyes, until it has reached the rate of more than one a day. Tonight five men are lying in the city hospital in New York merely waiting for King Alcohol to do his work. Disregard of the law has even entered many of the colleges and universities of the East. In many of these institutions no social event is quite complete without "the flask on the hip". The young

men think nothing more of imbibing some of its contents in the presence of the young ladies than they think of smoking under the same conditions.

But not to be satisfied with these things the Organization Opposed to National Prohibition, composed of more than 500,000 so-called American citizens is massing its forces to strike a death blow at the enforcement code in our own state, and to insert a provision allowing the manufacture and sale of light wines. They hope to win the fight here and then to carry the contest to other states. Once we allow the forcing of such a wedge, the whole structure may totter and fall.

In the face of such circumstances there is but one thing to be done. The public opinion of the best men and women in the country must rally to the support of the Eighteenth Amendment. Even if the prohibition law had not brought with it the many salutary effects which we have mentioned, it would demand the support of every law-abiding citizen. It has ceased to be a matter of opinion and has become one of faithfulness to the Constitution. John D. Rockefeller Jr., in a letter written recently to the Anti-Saloon League, said, "I take occasion to express my feeling of the vital importance of law observance and law enforcement as essential to the permanence of our free institutions. The question of the wisdom and propriety of National Prohibition is no longer at issue, having been decided by the adoption of the Federal Constitutional amendment, and the decision of the United States Supreme Court. To fail in the observance and enforcement of such a law strikes at the very foundation of orderly government."

We, the college students of America, can do our part. Let us rise to the opportunity. Let us lend our support to those high-minded public officials who dare to do their duty in such a crisis as this; and let us demand the impeachment of those officers who fail to perform their solemn obligations. Let us allign ourselves with those organized forces which are seeking to establish the victory already so gloriously won.

Let the college papers lead the journalistic world in their insistence for orderly government And let us individually do our part in the moulding of public sentiment in favor of law enforcement, to the end that the heel of public opinion, directed by such leadership, shall crush for all time the head of the writhing serpent of the liquor traffic in America.

BANQUET TIME!

By MARJORA WHISTLER, '23

Hurry, flurry,
It's banquet time!
Wave your hair, and cream your face,
Apply some rouge, and your eyebrows trace.
For hurry, flurry,
It's banquet time.

Helter-skelter,
It's banquet time!
There's your slippers, here's your dress,
Yonder's your scarf, your coat's in the press.
But helter-skelter,
It's banquet time.

O boy, O joy,
It's banquet time!
Now dab your nose, pin on your bouquet,
For your escort is waiting to whirl you away.
O boy! O joy!
It's banquet time.

SIR JOSEPH OLIVER LODGE

By JUAN RIVERA, '24

Read before the Otterbein Science Club

SOME men become great and recognized leaders because of the force of personality, backed by tremendous native ability which no barrier of adversity can stop. Still others come to be recognized as leaders, because of conditions and circumstances which, though their abilities might have been but ordinary, inevitably thrusts leadership into their hands. At this time, however, I speak of a man who not only possesses great native ability and miraculous insight into things which are seemingly impossible, but who also was favored by those conditions and circumstances conducive to greatness. I refer to Sir Joseph Oliver Lodge, the keenest thinker and one of the foremost men of science of the present age.

As Napoleon with his proverbial ability had the French Revolution as a condition and circumstance to lift him up to the highest pinnacle of military glory which the world, at that time, had ever witnessed, so Sir Oliver Lodge with his native endowment had the good fortune of making his entrance into the world when we, at the dawn of great discoveries in science, stood amazed at its achievements. The handmaids of knowledge must have been prepared for his coming and science must have awaited his advent. While he was cradled science started searching inquiry to secure illumination regarding the phenomena of organic life. Like Phoebus, when he drives out his sun-chariot in the morning, his eastern gate already strewn with flowers by Eros, so was Sir Oliver Lodge's portal strewn with powerful intellectual stimuli, which in no mean way helped to make a great man of him.

Joseph Oliver Lodge is the son of Oliver Lodge, an English physician, living in Penkhill, Staffordshire, England. He was born in June 12, 1851. As a lad he

was sent to grammar school at Newport. After this he went to London where he intended to learn a trade as his father's means did not permit him further educational advantages. While in London, in that great city, which more than once has made a great man out of a poor boy, Oliver Lodge took advantage of the evening schools. This was the boy, whom no impediments could hold, who later became the surmounter of seemingly impossible problems.

In these evening schools he delved especially in chemistry and prepared himself to enter University College, London, which he did in 1872. Five years later he graduated with honors in physics and later become a Doctor of Science at London University. In 1879 he has made an assistant professor of applied mathematics in University College, London. Two years later he became professor of physics at University College, at Liverpool. This position, he held till he was made first principal or president of Birmingham University. And in 1902, as has been the custom of the English nation to give recognition to her illustrious sons, Oliver was made a knight and henceforth was called Sir Oliver Lodge. In 1903 he was invited to give the Romanes lectures before Oxford.

This rapid rise to fame is indeed dazzling, but it is not devoid of solid structure. His unusual insight into chemical problems had attracted the attention of others outside of his college. The mysteries of electricity fascinated his imagination. He experienced with alternating currents, with lightning discharges and brooded over the possibilities of the ether. His discovery of oscillations was an epoch making discovery. He was on the brink of the discovery of the Hertzian waves when Hertz anticipated him. He is one of the discoverers of wireless telegraphy and even preceded Marconi with some practical demonstration of wireless communication. To him belongs the credit of inventing the coherer which is indispensable to the wireless system. In his investigations, his effort to find the seat of the electromotive force of the vol-

taic cell, the phenomena of electrolysis, the speed of the ion, electromagnetic waves, and the application of electricity to dispel fogs and smoke, are all included. In 1891 he was elected president of the Physical and Mathematic section of the British Association. He was president of the Physical Society from 1889 to 1900 and of the Society of Physical Research from 1901 to 1904. Among the most important writings which he wrote are "Lightning Conductors and Lightning Guards", "Signalling Without Wires", "Modern Views of Electricity", "Electrons", "Ether of Space", and his metaphysical books, "Raymond", and numerous others relating to science and religious philosophy.

His achievements in material science did in no way impair his kindly disposition. In 1877 he married Miss Mary Marshall, a gifted girl who at that time had already shown talent in portraiture. She knew the art of home-making as well, and for years her attention was withheld from the studio due to the demands of the home. To this happy union were born 12 children who are all living except Raymond, whose death was instrumental later in changing the religious trend of Sir Oliver's mind. In the Lodge manor, Sir Oliver meets his friends hospitably and he is known as a brilliant conversationalist.

Then came the World War with its relentless exaction of young lives. And like all English boys, Raymond Lodge, the beloved son of a superman in science, went to the front and died for a worthy cause. It was a great blow to Sir Oliver. He would have gladly given up all the honors which the world had given him if he only could have Raymond back. Not that he was selfish to the cause of England, but because great man that he is, he is not immune to the human sorrows which afflict mankind. It was a great tragedy to him, a tragedy which was hard for him to grasp, this man who has solved problems that more than once had baffled others. To what extent this tragedy affected him, can best be ascertained by know-

ing what his book, "Raymond", is and the line of thought to which he has turned.

His dabbling in spiritualism shows how deeply he felt grief, and how far the loss of his son affected him. His line of religious thought in regard to spiritualism is an effort on the part of a great man to alleviate the suffering of his human soul. It is an effort to materialize the spiritual. His incursion into the realm of spiritism or spiritualism reveal how limited the human intellect is in certain lines of thought, no matter how brilliant the intellect may be. And in passing judgment over his later seemingly childish effort to bring out something new, which in fact is as old as the kings of India, we must not forget that Sir Oliver Lodge is not only a lovable and affectionate father but also a great scientist who has lost a very dear son.

This later tendency of his in no way distracts from the honor and the respect due him, for in spite of all his ideas in spiritualism he still stands towering above all others in intellectual grasp, a demigod in science. Perhaps the leading factor that led to his success is his power of concentration. He can focus all his attention on a single point, and he has the gift of being able to abstract himself from his surroundings and give his mind undividedly to the matter under consideration. No wonder that the secrets of electricity and mechanics opened themselves at his bidding and poured their gems at his feet.

Because of his resoluteness against adversity and of his ability to take advantage of intellectual stimuli, he is today a great man, a benefactor of present civilization. As human beings with human problems we are better off than our ancestors because of that which Sir Oliver Lodge and others like him have given to us. Time was when great men have had to pay with their lives before people recognized the truths they had painstakingly sought for. Galelio and a great array of world benefactors have done so. But let it be said by posterity that this present age has taken advantage of the errors of the past, that it is no more necessary

to kill a benefactor before we can enjoy his contributions to the world. No man in the scientific world has been more jeered at than Sir Oliver Lodge, and all because of a peculiar twist in his line of thought. In spite of all these, however, he towers above others and stands as a superman among the thinkers of the world.

SPRING EFUSION

By VIRGINIA SNAVELY, '23

W'en the snow melts
An' the winds blow hard,
But kind, kind o' soft-like too,
An 'sparrows chatter
Loud and sassy,
I git awful tired
An' lazy
An' want to lie around
Doin' nothing.
'R else
Go out an' walk
An' watch the buds swell
An' smell the ground and things.
But mostly I don't want
To do nothing but
Lay 'round
Count o' this here
Spring fever.

A ROMANCE IN LITERATURE AND MUSIC

By BONNIBEL YANNEY, '23

"POLLYANNA", said "Molly O" to her clever little maid in whom she confided her secrets "N' Everything", "'Nobody knows' how 'Every Evening' I get the 'Blues' 'Because' I have 'Nobody To Love'. I envy 'Helen of the Old House' on 'Main Street'—she's 'Always' humming 'Love's Old Sweet Song' and she seems to have a 'Brimming Cup' of 'Happiness', while I sit 'Dreaming Alone In the Twilight', 'Where Shadows Fall', longing for that 'Lad O' Mine' who left so 'Long, Long Ago' for the land 'Where Irish Eyes are Smiling'."

"If you have 'The Great Desire' to hear someone 'Crooning' 'I Love You Truly', why don't you hearken to the words of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse'?" replied "Pollyanna". "You know that each one of them would go to 'The River's End' to bask in the 'Sunshine of Your Smile'."

"What warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors?"

"I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my affection", answered "Molly O" with the mock gravity which only "Her Father's Daughter" was capable of using.

"Have you 'Forgotten' 'The Mysterious Rider' who called at 'Dawning' "? queried the romantic little maid.

"Oh you mean 'The Sheik'!" exclaimed "Molly O". "How can I forget 'The Montebank' dressed in the daring robes of 'Red and Black'! He raved, positively raved 'My Dear' and spoke of nothing but 'All Those Endearing Young Charms' and 'The Magic of Your Eyes'. Indeed I would never be a 'Lamp In The Desert' for him—not even if he were the brother of 'Miss Lulu Bett' herself."

"If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him."

"There is the cousin of 'Alice Adams' ", urged "Pollyanna".

"Oh I call him 'The Poor Wise Man'—truly he is fit for nothing but 'Potterism'. He sighs: 'I Ain't Nobody's Baby' until in disgust I say: Well go home to your 'Maw'. He should have been born in 'The Age of Innocence'. 'I will die as chaste as 'Diana of the Crossways' before I'll marry him!"

"Well there's 'The Little Minister'," hastily put in Polly with a 'Great Hunger' for 'Romance'.

"The Thread of Flame" slowly mounted to the face of "Molly O" until she looked like "The Great Impersonation" of a radish in "An Old Fashioned Garden".

" 'You'd Be Surprised' to hear him talk! 'My Wife's Gone To the Country'," he confided, "There's a Little Bit of Bad In Every Good Little Girl' so come on with me. Let's drive 'Down Yonder' to 'Peacock Alley' and hear 'Harriet and the Piper' play 'Wabash Blues'. I called him, 'The Devil's Paw' and told him that if he didn't hasten toward 'Home Sweet Home' I'd call 'The Tin Soldier' to 'The Rescue'."

" 'I dote upon his very absence' if he be such a 'Moon-calf'," said Polly with a nod of her head to make it emphatic."

"What about the man with 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' who has lately become so changed?"

"You doubtless refer to the 'Recreation of Brian Kent' "; replied the "Daughter of the Land" of Shamrocks.

"If ever I feel that 'I want a Daddy' I'll call him. I have adopted him as well as a 'Dear Old Pal of Mine' as 'My Own'. The pal is 'Just David' you know, who is scarcely 'Seventeen' but every since we used to play 'Down In the Old Cherry Orchard' he has called me 'Sister Sue'."

"There is still one more", said Polly. "Surely you will not let 'Marjie' get the man who climbed 'Jacob's

Ladder' and reached 'The Purple Heights' of 'Prosperity'."

"Ah! 'he speaks an infinite deal of nothing' except of himself and his possessions. He points marvelous pictures of trips through 'Ohio', 'Sunny Tennessee' and 'Out Where the West Begins' but he has 'Forgotten' that 'all is not gold that glitters'."

"No 'Peg o' My Heart', I don't care if 'Everybody Calls Me Honey', 'They Are All Out-of-luck But Jim'. If he only knew that 'Somewhere a Voice Is Calling', surely he would return from 'Out on the Deep'."

"My Sweetheart!" exclaimed a voice from the doorway and the next moment, "Molly O" had gasped "Mon Homme" and was safely clasped in the "Open Arms" of "The Wanderer".

"Molly O" donned her "Alice Blue Gown" and they were still "Whispering" in the "The Glow of the Lantern of Love" when "Pollyanna" said, "Goodnight Dear" to "Officer 666".

"While others are 'Building Castles In Air'," Jim said softly, " 'I've Built a Cottage for Two'. 'Mother Machree' is waiting for us and we are going to have 'A Kingdom of Our Own', 'Molly O', in the land 'Where the River Shannon Flows'."

CONCERNING MUSICAL READINGS

By HOWARD E. MENKE, '23

INTROSPECTION is a wonderful faculty of the human mind, but once in a while it discovers unpleasant things for us. For instance, I have found, by introspecting my feelings and emotions upon those occasions when I could not escape hearing the rendition of a so-called musical reading, that I am not cultured and can never hope to be. I have found that I may as well stop trying to break into elite circles of society. My soul is too coarse and my intellect too gross. This I acknowledge with bitterness and with despair—all because I have not that aesthetic, ethereal, spiritual fineness of soul fibre which permits cultured folks to enjoy musical readings. I don't like them. To be frank, I loathe them.

Now, I am capable of enjoying any sort of straight, out-and-out song from a Tschaikowsky funeral dirge to a sentimental ode to a nut-brown maiden's pearly teeth, provided I've eaten a good meal beforehand; but the very ambrosia of the Gods could not keep my cheerful disposition in an equable state during one of these exhibitions of elocution served up "a la piano". And, inversely stated, this would be: I can appreciate any kind of piano solo from Beethoven to jazz; but away with your soft, excruciatingly expressive accompaniments to recitations of " 'Twas on a Stormy Winter's Eve", "Long, Long Ago in Old Madrid", "When Her Eyes Looked Into Mine", etcetra, etcetera, ad nauseam (as Cicero used to remark). Verily, they do provoke in my soul groanings that cannot be uttered. 'Tis well that mine is a phlegmatic, Teutonic temperament and not a high-strung, nervous one, for were it not for that I should have broken up the decorum of more than one assemblage by emitting a wild yell born of mental anguish.

I am ashamed of myself. This is a confession, not

a criticism. I weep to think that even the much advertised, magical, broadening influence of Liberal Education cannot overcome this aversion. But please understand that I have tried my best to do so. When a musical reading is announced, I immediately speak to myself in a disciplinary fashion and square myself to meet the ordeal with the hope of enjoying it by force as it were, something like the way one enjoys his first olive. But as soon as the sweet young thing (boys don't give musical readings) minces up to the piano, seats herself, and twists around in order to give as many of her hearers as possible the benefit of her facial coruscations, I foresee failure every time.

I can distinguish three stages in the sequence of my subsequent reactions. First, my neck begins to ache out of pure sympathy for hers. I have, by the way, deduced from numerous observations that women can get about thirty degrees more rotatory movement out of the cervical region than men can; nevertheless, it appears painful when a woman turns her head around past the point that would mean sure death for a man. It makes the sympathetic nervous system start functioning, and it produces a feeling something like one has after his first visit to the skyscraper district of New York City.

Second, after she starts to play with the approved delicate touch and to talk in the proper cadenced manner, I find myself invariably figuring out the real connection between the tune, the words, and the expression on her face. It's always a puzzle—and I don't like puzzles. Thus, a sort of mental irritation sets in.

This changes into bored tolerance during the third stage. Sometimes, as when the wandering boy stays away from home too long, when the loveship is slow getting into harbor, or when the lover and the ubiquitous lass unduly protract their inane amourosities down by the garden gate, my state of mind becomes considerably more passionate than that of bored tolerance.

But the climax comes whenever there is a sufficient number of cultured folks in the audience to have an

encore inflicted on the rest of us. When that happens there develops a fourth stage—but let that pass. It had best remain undiscussed. Not all feelings are expressable and not all words publishable.

After this fashion, and in these several steps, my efforts to attain culture along this line always fail. I am discouraged. My only recourse now is to take up the study of Amy Lowell's poetry, or New Thought.

DARN BILL!

By A. W. ELLIOTT, '23

The other day
In the drama class
The Prof. asked Bill
What was the most effective
Method of theatrical criticism?
And Bill
Rolled his Beech-nut
(Chewing gum)
Around in his jaw,
And said,
"That
The best thing
He knew of
Was a good ripe
Egg."
Darn Bill!

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY

By L. M. HOWE, '22

SAGES of all time agree that poverty is a virtue; that it is the secret of success and happiness in both this world and the next. But they do not simply make this statement; they substantiate it with facts, and have been able to cite at least six of the world's great men as proof. We accept these examples as proof that unless we are fortunate enough to be born poor, we have small chance of doing the world any good or of gaining any satisfaction for ourselves. Lincoln achieved greatness because the process was difficult. The inference is that if we find treasure in our back yard, we despise it, while, if we labor hard and surmount difficulties to win it, we cherish it.

That child is happy who is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth; who, when he wants to cry, is not pestered and fussed over by spectacled aunts and grandmothers until he cannot. He is happy who can tumble around in an old basket and squall without interruption, to his heart's content. That child is fortunate, who in childhood can enjoy his single plaything, a rag doll or a twine ball, through the entire day instead of being bored by not knowing which of a hundred playthings to choose.

The poor boy, not being surrounded by artificial culture, is privileged to grow up in the elemental life of streets and alleys.

When a penniless lad enters college he is not obliged to sacrifice time on the gridiron If one has his own living to make he is not troubled with athletic obligations, canoeing or skating parties or evenings spent in distracting leisure. Hard work several hours a day and hard study all the remaining hours spares his conscience.

When he arrives at maturity, as the poor always do,

he is never concerned with the disposition of a fortune after death, or with spending it wisely while alive. A mountain of debt towering ahead assures him that his sons will be self-made men.

Being the under dog, he is always the favorite in the game of life. It matters not whether or not he wins; it matters only that he has the sympathy of the historian and the crowd.

If he is to make the poets rave he must live in attics dusty with cobwebs and haunted with the scurry of rats, or in dim-lighted basements serenaded by the gurgling of water pipes and feline choruses. Then too, the rich miss one of the real thrills of life in not being able to claim themselves as subjects for such poems as "Maud Muller" and "The Barefoot Boy".

There is nothing so encouraging as advancement, therefore, start poor!

There is nothing so beautiful as Hope, poverty insures it because there is nothing else on which to live.

There is nothing so holy as sacrifice, the poor man knows nothing else.

There is nothing so blissful as ignorance, so those who cannot get an education have happiness thrust upon them.

There is nothing so destructive as satisfaction, thus, fortunate is the man, who always has a debt to pay.

Indeed the blessings of poverty are many.

AN INCIDENT

By ROBERT U. MARTIN, '22

"TALKIN' about nerve rackin' acci-dents." the old farmer attempted to gain the attention of the half dozen rustics who loafed by evening at Smith's General Store, "this un beats anything I ever did see".

The bewhiskered group glared curiously at the speaker, pulled their chairs and boxes closer to the friendly stove, spat unanimously on the floor and settled into silence.

"It happened last summer, long 'bout the middle of July," the speaker continued. " 'Member 'bout the time th' township roads was bein' oiled? Well, somehow a dozen barrels or so of that stuff leaked out on the buck pike next to my farm. Y' know the road slopes down hill goin' north 'long my place. Well, one blisterin' day 'bout two o'clock I was plowin' my corn right next to th' road. My sciatica bothered me some then, so I sets down on my plow handle t' rest".

"In about a minut I dizzerned a Ford comin' over the hill 'bout a quarter mile south. It 'curred to me then thet th' oil might be derned unhandy to a ca'less shofur. But the Ford wasn't worrin' me none so I didn't pay no more 'tention to th' thing. But at thet I couldn't help thinkin' as I looked at thet oil what might happin to a car goin' too tarnal fast over thet slippery surface."

"It must uv been instinct er fate, but by gum, nuthin' ever come true so fast in my 'xistence on this here planet. Like a greased pig scared stiff, only they wa'nt no grease on him yet, a big black car came roarin' over th' hill and gained on that Ford like a Jack Rabbit on a turtle. Swingin' to the left it walked right by thet Ford onto the oil. Right then, gentlemen, every hair on my head took a standin' vote to testify to my condition, and my temperatur' dropped

to the freezin' point. The stern end of that car acted like it hed some prohibition whiskey in th' differential for bedanged if it wasn't tryin' to beat th' front end home. If any of you ever see those new fangled movin' picture comedians y'got a faint idee of the real thing."

"Then of a sudden thet driver decided to do a little fancy work. He headed th' front end of the roarin' shebang for th' center of the road, and th' back end went plum crazy. From thet instant on all I saw was a whirlin' mess of black shootin' over the fifteen foot embankment and turnin' over to boot, an' then a roarin' crash."

"I reckon I suspended all operations fer awhile, even breathin'. I was clean paralyzed. Anyhow when my heart caught up with my idees, I hustles over t' th' remains and finds a young man plum unconscious 'bout twenty-five feet from the worst messed up car yet."

"The worst of it all was thet the young feller came out of thet hell-bent excursion all smilin' while my sciatica has been workin' double time ever since." The old fellow glanced around the little circle for appreciation. The unanimous squirting of tobacco juice on the stove served as high tribute to his narrative.

VENTURES OF THE VERDANT

By MARIE COMFORT, '24 AND RUTH ROBERTS, '24

Dramatis Personae

Olive Green—The Verdant.
G. Iura Shark—Student assistant.
Ima Frosh—A Freshman.
Rose Busch—Who freely dispenses knowledge.
Professor I. M. Faire—Head of the Chemistry Department.

Act I.

HALLWAY of a large white building. Young men and women in black aprons are running frantically to and fro in back of stage. Through window at R. can be seen people crowded around a game of tennis. From off stage can be heard sounds of pigeons cooing and dogs barking loudly in anticipation of their coming fate in adjoining Zoology Lab.

Olive Green enters through door at L. dressed in an immaculate white middy suit and a beaming smile. She walks through hall, enters door at R. raising her eyebrows in disapproval and sniffing Students can be seen bending over their desks.

Olive: Whew! Come on with some ventilation! Why Hello, Ima Frosh (addressing girl at nearest desk). Nice day. Where's your date?

Ima: Date? I dunno what you mean.

Olive: Can you beat this? Here I've jazzed off again without that key. Well, I don't intend to chase myself home after any fool chemistry key. Nothin' doin'. Hey, Shark! (Young man in black rimmed spectacles crosses room from L.) Say, I'm in a mess, won't you please open my desk?

Shark: Did you lose your key, Miss Green?

Olive: No, but do you realize that since the shrub-

bery has been installed it is exactly two hundred steps to Saum Hall? Think what I could get done in that time!

(Exit Shark. Re-enters with key)

Shark: Now I hope you will improve your time in return for this favor.

Olive: Thanks heaps. Ima, which one you doin'?

Ima: One hundred and five.

Olive: Goodnight! you're slow. I'm clear to seventy-two, but then, Shoot! If it would rain on Lab days I might get something done.

Ima: I don't see what difference that would make. Mamma said there wasn't any sense in anyone getting behind in their work.

Olive: Well, maybe not, but I can't see it that way. Say it won't keep this stuff from boiling to read this out loud, will it? There's so much noise in here, I can't hear a thing. Well, let's see. "Bases and Acids. Hydroxide-ion and hydrogen-ion indicators. Examine distilled water in respect to (a) taste—," Ima, where's the distilled water?

Ima: Why, isn't this water at the desk all right?

Olive: I don't think so. I'll ask Rose. Oh, Rose! (in loud voice that echoes through hall) What's distilled water?

(Rose Busch, a tall angular girl, crosses room on tiptoe).

Rose: Distilled water, Olive, is water from which the impurities have been removed by vaporization and condensation of the resulting vapors. I am quite sure the store room will provide you with some.

Olive: Thanks awfully! I understand perfectly, Rose, you are the smartest thing! (Olive starts toward door at L. and meets Professor I. M. Faire). Oh, Professor, could you take time to give me five grams of condensed water? (Loud laughs from students. Professor tries hard to restrain smile as he lifts his hands for silence).

Curtain

Act II.

Same scene three hours later. Louder barking of dogs. Laboratory deserted with exception of Rose and Olive. Rose bending diligently over her desk. Olive just locking up. Her middy suit is decidedly wrinkled and her tie is pulled around over one shoulder. One ear puff is at a 90 degree angle upward, the other at 60 degrees downward. Olive draws a sigh of relief and crosses to Rose.

Olive: Oh, kid, I know the most things! Just think, it only took me three hours to learn all about distilled water, it's odor, taste, conductivity, 'neverything. But I'm just dead. You know yourself that I kill myself every time I come to this old Lab.

Rose: Why Olive, what an absurd remark! (Shrill whistle heard off stage) My goodness! what an ear piercing noise!

Olive: Noise? Why kid, what's wrong with your sense of harmony? That's pure music, it's Dick's whistle! And I'm a sight too, but, oh dear, Dick won't care how I look just so it's me, will he? S'long. (Waves her hand gaily to Rose).

Curtain.

(We print one contemporary play each issue.)

LE JOURNAL D'UNE FRANÇAISE EN AMERIQUE

By PAULINE STUBBS, '22

Jeudi, le 8 septembre, 1921

JE suis ici enfin aux Etats-Unis, le pays de la liberté où tout le monde est égal. Je suis arrivée à New York hier soir avec mon institutrice, Madame Dupont, et je vais passer une année dans ce pays. Je suis si contente d'être ici car j'ai entendu parler beaucoup des choses des Etats-Unis et je pense que ce doit être un pays très merveilleux.

J'ai decidé d'écrire chaque jour dans ce journal. Puis, quand je retournerai en France je peux raconter à mes amis toutes les choses qui me sont arrivé en Amerique. Je ne peux pas écrire beaucoup de choses de mon voyage à travers l'atlantique. Pourquoi? Oh, parce-que j'avais le mal de mer tous les jours, et j'ai passé le plupart de mon temps dans ma cabine de luxe. J'étais très fachée d'être malade, parceque tous les soirs on se promenaient sur le pont, on dansaient dans la salle de danse, on riaient et s'amusaient et moi, j'étais miserable.

Je suis si fatiguée, je vais me coucher maintenant et demain-oh demain je vais faire visite aux magasins avec madame. Je suis si contente d'être à New York-c'est une très grande ville et je l'aime.

Vendredi, le 9 septembre

Je suis enchantée ce soir. Je viens de retourner d'une journée dans la ville. J'ai visité plusieurs grands magasins et j'ai acheté des robes Americaines. J'ai acheté aussi des "goloshes." Ils ne sont pas beaux mais ils sont trés à la mode. Tous les commis m'ont regardé avec surprise, je pense. J'ai peur que je ne parle pas l'anglais très bien, bienque je l'aie etudié trois ans dans l'école superieure. Il me semble que les Americains ne prononcent pas les mots comme je la

fais. Mon professeur en France m'a dit que je prononce l'anglais très, très bien, mais ce n'est pas le même en Amerique, c'est très different. C'est dommage que les Americains ne savent pas prononcer l'anglais correctement!

Samedi, le 10 septembre

Je n'ai jamais passé une telle journée; il a plu continuellement depuis six heures ce matin. J'ai dormi jusqu'a neuf heures et demi. Puis j'ai mangé mon déjeuner, et passé le reste du matin en lisant, "The Ladies Home Journal" et "Life." L'aprés-midi j'ai joué au "Rook" avec madame. C'est un jeu très stupid, je pense, mais il m'a aidé à passer le temps. Ce soir je vais écrire des lettres' à mes amies en France, puis je me coucherai de bonne heure. Je suis très malheureuse ce soir et je veux presque être à Paris au lieu de à New York.

Dimanche, le 11 septembre

Ce matin je suis allée à l'église avec madame. J'aimais la musique trés bien—c'était excellente, mais le ministre a preché bien longtemps, cinquante minutes je pense. Je n'ai pas compris toutes les choses qu'il a dit, il ne parle pas commé mon professeur en France. Je ne veux pas aller á l'église tous les dimanches mais madame dit que c'est necessaire.

Cet après-midi nous avons fait une promenade dans le parc. Je voyais beaucoup de gens, on se promenaient, on se promenaient en automobile. Je voyais beaucoup de "Fords," presque un million je pense. Je n'aime pas un "Ford"-c'est trop bruyant mais ils vont comme le vent. On avaient beaucoup des noms pour le "Ford,"—"fliver," "tin Lizzie," "jitney" et plusieurs d'autres que j'ai oublié. Les Americains sont très drôles.

Lundi, le 12 septembre

Maintenant je suis dans une petite ville près de New York. Demain je vais m'enregistrer dans le college pour jeunes hommes et jeunes femmes. J'étais fachée de partir de New York si tôt, mais madame m'a dit

que nous y irons souvent. Je suis trop occupée pour écrire maintenant.

Mercredi, le 14 septembre

Mais je suis heureuse maintenant. Je suis allée au College, ce matin et j'ai fini mes arrangements. Je vais étudier l'anglais, les mathématiques, l'histoire et la musique. Je n'aime pas l'histoire mais tous les professeurs m'ont dit qu'il me faut l'etudier.

Cet après-midi je suis allée au theatre avec madame et j'ai vu Mary Pickford et Douglas Fairbanks.

Jeudi, le 15 septembre

Je suis en Amerique depuis un semaine, mais ce me semble un mois, parceque beaucoup des choses me sont arrivés. Aujourd-hui je suis allée à la classe d'histoire et anglais. Je me sentais très timide et toute le monde m'a regardé quand je suis entrée dans la salle. Le Professeur m'a dit "Miss Fontaine, voulez-vous dire quelque chose du president de France?" et j'ai repondu- "Oh, monsieur, je ne l'ai jamais vu." Et tout le mond a rit comme des foux. Pourquoi? Je ne sais pas.

Mardi,le 20 septembre

Je suis si heureuse. J'étais invité à un "feed" donné par un 'Sorority." Nous avons pris notre "eats" et sommes allées près du bord de la rivière pour un piquenique. Nous nous sommes amusées en "canoeing." Pour le souper nous avons eu "hot dogs," les sandwiches, de la salade, de café des oranges, des bananes et beaucoup d'autres choses. Madame n'était pas là. C'est la première fois que j'avais été permise d'aller seule et c'était une grande joie. Pauvre madame, je l'aime, mais elle est si ennuyeuse.

J'aime les filles Americaines-elles sont très bonnes. J'aimes les "feeds" aussi.

Vendredi, le 23 septembre

J'ai passé la nuit avec les filles à la maison de la "sorority." Oh, je veux être une fille Americaine-elles sont si libres. Moi, je ne peux pas faire une seule chose

sans le permissión de madame-elles font comme elles veulent.

A minuit nous avons en une sérénade sous la fenêtre. Je me sentais exactement comme Juliet. Les filles m'ont dit qu'elles ont des sérénades très souvent. J'aime les sérénades.

Samedi, le 2 octobre

J'ai oublié mon journal-mais j'ai été si occupée. Je me sens maintenant comme une vraie "co-ed"--j'ai eu une "date." C'etait très drôle, mais je ne savais pas ce que veut dire "date." Je pensait que c'était quelque chose à manger, ou quelque chose qu'on étudie en histoire. Et quand ce jeune homme m'a demandé "avez-vous une date pour ce soir?" je l'ai regardé stupidement. Puis il me l'a expliqué et j'étais si embarrassée Mais il était si gentil que je ne voulais pas le refuser. J'ai accepté une date pour le soir sans le permission de madame (ce n'est pas permis chez moi). J'étais un peu inquiète mais j'ai decidé d'aller, permission ou non permission. Quand j'ai dit à madame mes desseins elle était furieuse. Mais j'étais determinée et-pour faire une longue histoire courte-j'ai eu ma date. Et madame est resté chex elle et je suis allée toute seule avec un homme au theatre. "Scandaleux" madame dit, mais comme les Americaines disent "I should worry."

P. S. J'ai presque oublié de dire que j'ai une autre date pour le danse le prochaines semaine.

P. S. No. 2. J'ai oublié de faire mention de mes études-mais ce n'est pas aussi important que ma date.

Mercredi, le 12 octobre

Je suis très embarrassée encore. Aujourd'hui le jeune homme-Monsieur MacDonald, (qui m'a invité à la danse la derniére semaine) m'a demandé, "voulez vous faire un "hike" le jeudi après-midi avec moi?" Mais que veut dire "hike?" Je n'ai pas une seule idée. J'ai demandé à madame mais elle ne savait pas. J'ai regardé dans le dictionnaire mais ce n'était pas là. Et que ferai je? Je ne demanderai pas un question si bête, d'une de mes amies (elles ne regardent

comme très stupide maintenant je pense) J'ai dit a monsieur MacDonald que je lui dirais demain à la classe d'anglais, mais comment puis je lui dire quand je ne sais pas ce que c'est un "hike?" Oh, piffle (c'est un nouveau mot que j'ai appris) je me tire toujours d'affaire.

Dimanche, le 16 octobre

Voici plusieurs jours que je n'ai pas écrit dans mon journal. Mais comme d'ordinaire j'étais occupée. Je dois dire de mon "hike." Eh bien, j'ai rencontré mon professeur d'anglais sur la rue et je l'ai dit "professeur, j'ai une question à vous demander-que veut dire "hike?" Il m'a expliqué que c'était quelque chose comme une promenade. Puis après la classe j'ai vu Mr. MacDonald et je lui ai dit que je serais charmée de faire une "hike" avec lui.

Puis je me suis demandée—quelle robe porterai je-quelle sorte serait convenable? Mais une des filles m'a aidé decider cela et j'ai fait mon premier hike. Je ne vais pas écrire toutes les choses qui sont arrivée mais nous avons en "swell time" et nous allons faire une autre hike bientot. Madame était "peeved."

Je suis allée á l'église se matin. Le sermon était très "dry."

Lundi, le 24 octobre

Madame me fatigue. Elle vient de me donner une lecture sur le sujet de "American Slang." Elle a dit que j'ai appris plus de slang que de toutes autres choses. Elle a dit que mes parents seraient très disappointés quand je retournerai à la France. Elle m'a dit aussi que je suis très désobéissante, parceque je vais au theatre, aux danses, et fais des hikes sans chaperonne. Ce n'est pas tout qu'elle m'a dit, elle a parlé et parlé et parlé. Mais que m'importe? Elle est vielle et "cranky." Elle ne comprend pas les jeunes filles. Je suis fière parceque je sais beaucoup de "slang" tout le monde l'emploient, même Mr. Mac. Et le "slang" Americain est si expressif. Et sur le sujet de "chaperon" je suis determinée. Ici toutes les filles font

comme elle veulent. Et pourquoi pas moi? J'ai vingt ans et je vais faire comme toutes les autres filles. "Quand on est à Rome, faites comme les Romains," (J'ai appris cette phrase de la Bible, je pense).

Monsieur Mac. est très gentil—nous avons beaucoup de "dates."

Mardi, le 8 novembre

Hier soir Mr. Mac. m'a accompagné à un "football rally." Je n'ai jamais vu une telle assemblé. Tout le monde a agi fou je pense. Il y avait plusieurs jeunes hommes et femmes qui ont donné "pep speeches." Et maintenant je me demande, que veut dire "pep?" Tout le monde a dit, "Ou est votre pep, "étudiants?" Un jeune homme a dit-"apportez votre pep avec vous au "football game" samedi. Où est-ce qu'on procure ce pep? Je me demande.

Mercredi, le 9 novembre

Oh les drôles Americains! Un jeune homme m'a demandé aujourd'hui si j'ai jamais "cut class." Comment peut on couper une classe-avec les ciseaux ou avec un couteau? C'est très amusant.

Samedi, le 17 decembre

Oh, mon pauvre journal-c'est plus d'une mois que je n'ai pas écrit un mot. Mais cette fois j'ai un bonne excuse, j'ai été malade, très malade, J'ai eu le "flu." J'étais dans l'hôpital trois semaines, et je ne peux pas encore aller à mes classes. Tout le monde était très bon pour moi quand j'étais malade—même madame. Les filles m'ont envoyé des fruits et beaucoup de lettres. Mr. Mac. m'a envoyé des fleures tous les jours. Mon infirmiere était si jeune et si belle-je l'aimait beaucoup.

J'etais fachée d'être malade et de manquer tous mes classes. Aussi j'ai manqué plusieurs danses, "football games" et "feeds." Je ne peux pas écrire plus maintenant—il me faut me coucher de bonne heure tous les soirs.

Lundi, le 19 decembre

Oh, je suis si heureuse! Demain les vacances de Noël commencent et Madamoiselle MacDonald (la cousine de Mr. Mac.) m'a invité a passer les vacances avec elle à Washington. Madame a consenti après beaucoup de cajolerie. Elle restera ici et j'irai avec Hélène pour passer deux semaines chez elle. C'est trop bon pour être vrai. Je vais jouir de chaque minute de ma visite et je vais etre libre deux semaines. Oh joie!

Dimanche, le 15 janvier

Adieu petit journal-je ne peut pas vous dire mes secrets de plus. Quand j'étais à Washington, (Oh cette visite était glorieuse) j'ai oublié de vous prendre avec moi. Et un jour madame vous a trouvé et elle a lu chaque mot que j'ai écrit n'etaient pas très flatteuses pour madame. Elle était furieuse et quand je suis retournée elle m'a defendu d'écrire de plus dans mon journal. Je suis fachée mais puisque je suis en Amerique et ici tout le monde croit "safety first," je vais garder mes pensées entièrement à moi-même, au lieu les écrire dans mon journal. "Such is life with a governess."

THE 18TH ODE OF HORACE

A "Free" Translation.

By DR. HOWARD HYDE RUSSELL

O Varsus, when the genial Spring has come,
And you are setting out your nursery stock,
Be sure in Tibur's fertile soil to plant
Plenty of good grapevines, and let them climb
In purple glory o'er Catilus' walls.
It is by Jupiter himself decreed
That total abstinence shall burdens bear,
And he who would escape fell fortunes frown,
His biting cares in flowing cups must drown.
The coward soldier, sulking in the rear,
A few good drinks relieves of all his fear;
And why should Poverty cast down the soul?
We're rich as Croesus after one punch-bowl,
And rising all our toils and griefs above,
We're toasting Bacchus and the Queen of Love!
But hold! All history a warning cries!
Near Alos at the foot of Mount Othrys
Cantaurs and Lapithae in mortal strife,
Inflamed by wine, destroy each other's life.
Bacchus himself pronounced a lasting curse
On Thracian revelers grown worse and worse,
Computing right and wrong by boundary line
Of their own lust as devious as the vine.
Oh Glorious Liber, I will moderate be,
Nor with your tempting favors prove too free,
Nor drag your hidden mysteries to the light
Modestly covered by the leaves from sight.
Cease wild excesses far into the morn
With clanging timbrels and the Phrygian horn,
Your selfish appetite with madness fed,
Vain-glory lifting high her empty head,
While lubricated tongues are wagging fast
Disclosing sacred secrets of the past,
And every riotous fool a window-pane
Sets in his soul, and courts the world's disdain.

THE LITTLE GREY LANE

By A. A. LUTHER, '23

There's a little grey lane winding down through the shade
Along by a sleepy brook.
And over a bridge and up the hill
To a cot in a sheltered nook.
And oft I've wondered what it would say
If its history I should seek.
What a tale the little grey lane could tell
If the little grey lane could speak!

In spring time the violets edge it with blue,
In Summer the daisies grow,
And the goldenrod in the Autumn sun
Makes it rich with its golden glow.
And the soft, white snow-drifts tuck it in
Safe from Winter, so cold and bleak.
What a tale of the seasons it could tell
If the little grey lane could speak!

What a tale of lovers it could tell
Forgetful of all life's care,
Who wandered through moon lit Summer eves
And whispered their secrets there.
Of the day when they came to the cot on the hill—
Of the blush on the bride's fair cheek!
What a happy story the lane could tell
If the little grey lane could speak!

If the little grey lane could only speak
And tell of the happy hours
When the boys and girls at their merry games
Were playing among the flowers!
If it told of the patter of wee bare feet
And the games of hide and seek,
What a merry story the lane could tell
If the little grey lane could speak!

What a sorrowful story of death's dread call
The little grey lane could tell,
Of the sad procession that slowly wound
Down through the shady dell.
It could tell of heart ach—of bitter tears
Which flowed down a mother's cheek.
What a sad, sad story the lane could tell
If the little grey lane could speak!

But the little grey lane has naught to say
As the seasons come and go.
And all of the secrets it could tell
Nobody shall ever know.
And silently still it winds along
By the sleepy little creek
And no doubt it's best for you and me
That the little grey lane can't speak.

JUST DAYS

By EDNA DELLINGER, '22

I like the morning when the blue gray skies
Shades slowly into glorious tints of rose.
The air is crisp. A rougish little breeze
Chases the fallen leaves ahead of me.
Into my pockets deep I thrust my hands
And hasten on to overtake the leaves.

I like the afternoon when breezes die
And slanting rays of sunshine cast gray shades
On old stone walls. The sky is dazzling then
And little children run about at play
Among the drying leaves and heap them
And play that they are bumblebees.

But best of all I love the night. It seems
So peaceful and each sound is musical.
The stillness makes one feel so far away.
A voice is laughing in a distant world,
A banjo thrums a lanquid, drowsy song
An owl calls wildly from his tree.

I walk among the crisp dry leaves. They sound
Like waves that swish and break on rocks at sea,
Down in the valley stand the trees so strong
And dark, they comfort and reach out to me.
They look like guards so staunch against the sky.
I have no fear for peaceful is the night.

Rich fragrance rises from the burning leaves
A few pale stars look down to earth and seem
To dream, while soft gray streams of smoke arise
From glowing heaps of embers red, as from
Huge censors filled with incense for the gods
And starward curls in solemn reverence.

I like the morning and the afternoon
But most of all I love the calm of night.

TWO POETIC VERSIONS OF "A SUMMER SCENE"

By A. A. LUTHER, 23

A dainty gold and purple butterfly
Flits lightly, gaily, midst the thistle blooms.
A lowering cloud invades the Summer sky
And low a peal of distant thunder booms.
A silver raindrop, naughty truant wight,
Falls full within the blossom's purple heart.
The butterfly is started into flight
And vanishes, a rainbow colored dart.
And then a battle royal in the sky
Between the surly clouds and smiling sun
Is waged. At last the vanquished clouds must fly,
The vic'try by the sunbeams bright is won.
And then, no longer fearing summer showers,
Two butterflies play tag among the flowers.

(Free Verse)

A dainty, purple and gold butterfly
Flits gaily from one purple thistle bloom to another.
A cloud appears.
A peal of distant thunder
Throbs on the Summer air.
A silver rain drop
Falls into the heart of the thistle bloom.
The butterfly darts away
Like a bit of frightened rainbow.
But the sun drives back the clouds,
And the butterfly returns
And plays tag with another butterfly
Among the purple thistle blooms.

THE JINRICKSHA MAN

By J. GORDON HOWARD, '22

RAIN poured in torrents. Driven by a knifing gale from the sea, it carried all before it, leaving victims drenched and cold.

The narrow streets threading through the city were rivers of mud, ice cold, forbidding passage to all but the most persevering, who oozed through the mass and emerged mud-caked and shivering.

Little shops, open far into the night, lined the thoroughfares, while feeble lights shown from the windows. The streets were desolate. None but urgent business forced men to leave the uncertain warmth of charcoal braziers around which huddled entire families. Tokio, indoors and out, was a dismal spot that night.

Winding painfully through the miry channels, called streets, Shimidzu dragged his jinricksha. With head down in fruitless attempts to ward off the biting wind, dripping clothes clinging to his numb body, he slushed through the mud. Occasionally a sob escaped his lips. A solitary figure, lashed by the storm, he was the picture of loneliness.

Peering through eyes veiled with sadness, a world of gloom confronted him, a world heartless and unsparing, for Shimidzu was dragging himself and his jinricksha to a home where hungry children and a patient wife waited for food. But he was returning empty handed. Nothing to nourish little bodies to keep them warm, no money to buy food. Shimidzu had tramped the streets all day looking for fares, but in vain. Just one passenger from whom to receive a few coppers to buy food would have helped, but his search had been fruitless. He had nothing, nothing to satisfy the cries of hungry children.

The rain turned to sleet, piercing his thin garments like half liquid bayonets. The wind fairly howled

through the streets. To Shimidzu all was gloom. The frozen, clinging slush of the streets, half revealed by the smoky light flickering through the shop windows, weighted his feet and encumbered the wheels of his jinricksha, until the mud itself seemed to clutch at him. The sleet formed an icy curtain. No fares, no coppers, no food, only crying children, hungry children, piercing winds, cold, bitter cold.

Shimidzu plodded along, churning the pasty street, head bent, straining muscles to make even meagre progress.

Then suddenly, before the wretched man lay a silver disk, just visible as it rested on the surface of the mire The man seized it and held in his hands a coin of value. A smile played over his blue lips, a ray of light, conquering the insufferable gloom of a moment before, seemed to clear the blackness that had hung about him. Here was food for crying children, here was reward for the patience of an uncomplaining wife, warmth, comfort, all these made possible by the silver coin.

The dark curtain was brushed from his eyes. Everything seemed suddenly changed. The particles of sleet now danced in the comfortable glow of the shop lights like so many elfin forms rejoicing at the fortune of the happy man. No longer mud and only mud, but pools of shimmering water scattered here and there, imaged the lights from the shops like so many fairy mirrors. The snow danced in honor, the wind sang in delight. Even the mud seemed changed for Shimidzu saw the world with happy eyes.

A shop was near and Shimidzu entered. A moment and he would be home to greet hungry children and a patient wife with food, with warmth and comfort. He ordered freely. An abundance of necessities and dainties were set before him, for Shimidzu bought recklessly that night.

He was ready to go and in payment flung the coin upon the counter, but it answered only with a hollow thud. The coin was a leaden counterfeit, and Shimidzu sobbed aloud.

Then out into the wild storm again, out into the cutting sleet, out into the desolate night, through the freezing mud, struggled the jinricksha man, miserably plodding homeward to crying, hungry children and a patient wife.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF ABNER

By A. A. LUTHER, '23

A robin set
In th' old apple tree
An' whistled his goodnight song
To th' Sunset.
And th' neighbor's kids
Was playin' ball.
An' th' dog was tryin' to fetch
Old Brindle up from th' paster
An' they come janglin' along.
An' I smelt th' fresh plowed ground
An' th' apple blossoms,
An' I sez to Heloise
(That's my wife)
"I'll be switched
If it don't act like spring,"
Sez I.

EATING CRACKERS

By ELIZABETH SAXOUR, '25

A dab of real butter and a blue tin box of crackers make a feast for the most demanding appetites. It is a sorry day for a friend who hasn't an appetite for crackers but who does have a sensitive ear.

Carefully buttered saltines, enticing, but nerve racking. Crunch! Crunch! "These are the freshest crackers I ever ate" A few crumbs escape at the utterance. Crunch! Grind ! Smash ! "Horrors is this gnashing perpetual?" Grinding, grinding, never ending grinding! Munch! Grate! Then tranquility at last.

The first six crackers disappear miraculously, but the seventh demands an effort. The pulverizing requires a few seconds longer and the swallowing calls forth a prodigious amount of spasmodic action. Evidently the walls of the throat are desert land. A glass of water will remedy that condition—gulp, gulp. No matter, politeness is obsolete when a dry throat is involved and still a half a box of crackers remains.

Number seven. Smack! That chewing with sure intent to pulverization is havoc to the cracker and is desperation to humanity. Smash! Shatter! Grate! Munch!

Cracker eating is conducive either to thicker ear muffs or to frantic escapes from the immediate vicinity. It is a joy to saltine lovers. So with a view to nerve preservation, it is advisable for everyone to join the cracker loving public.

THE BUILDER

By VIRGINIA SNAVELY, '23

I would like to write a poem,
A real poem
One with rhymes
And metres
And brave apostrophes
And stirring metaphors
An' everything,
But I can't.
My brain don't work that way
So I'll write my poem
In that new kind of verse
Where you say
Everything plainly
Without ornaments.
"The other day
A little boy
Came into the library.
He wore a ragged cap
And tattered coat,
A worn red coat,
That his brothers
And sisters
Had worn.
Two big brown eyes
Sparkled
In a round
Dirty face.
I think that he'd
Been playing in the gutter,
Making dams
To hold the water back.
His dirty hands
Clutched a little book.
The kind Mr. Rexall
Sends to tell about his pills.

He only stayed
A minute.
Everyone was busy
And there wasn't
Any mud
To play in,
So he went back
To build another dam."

AN ODE TO MONN

By A. W. ELLIOTT, '23

Here is a pun
On C. "Fat" Monn,
I'll tell it to you now, will I.
They said he was dumb
When he bit off his thumb
When eating an Eskimo Pie.

When "Fat" heard the tale,
He let out a wail,
And said he was ready to fight.
Said he, "My, my, my,
What a cold blooded lie,
I was eating a Yukon Delight."

BLUES IS BLUES

By H. LUCILE GERBER, '24

SIX A. M. Monday morning, a blue, rainy Monday morning. From somewhere out of the depths of disturbing dreams I vaguely realize that a bell is ringing. But a bell is nothing at all to me. I start after a pleasant little nap which is beckoning gaily, but alas, a red kimonoed figure, resembling in her attack the Assyrian who came down like a wolf on the fold, pounces on my unsuspecting self.

With an ear-splitting shout of "get up, you lazy bum", friend room-mate (for it is she, heartless thing) drags me forth to another day on this earth. With an energetic dash she quits the room and leaves me to my thoughts.

I put one foot into one bedroom slipper. I put another foot into another bedroom slipper. I am impressed with the fact that I have only two feet. Grabbing a purple monstrosity, which in real life passes as a kimono, I finally stagger down the hall with towel, tooth brush, etcetera, gathering up on the way a cake of soap which the mad owner of the red kimono has inadvertently left behind in her haste.

I arrive in time to "listen in" on a very "Colgatey" description of how Tom treated her last night. Uninteresting chatter! What fools we mortals be! Morning ablutions always were the bore of my life—and when I'm sleepy I always get soap in my eye and tooth-paste on my nose. But at least this succeeds in waking me up, finally, and muttering a few polite and legitimate cuss-words under my breath, I tear back to my room, jump into some clothes and survey the wreck which is my hair.

Another bell rings. I am spurred on to greater efforts. With a final pat at my head, I put to shame any veteran sprinter in my wild dash for the dining room.

Simultaneously, I reach the last stair step, button the last dress button and hear the last breakfast bell.

Breakfast is "brought forth". I should have known it would be prunes. I hate prunes. The chocolate is cold. Toast and eggs are "brought on". The toast is tough, eggs I abhor.

Then it is time to go to a seven o'clock class, and I start on my way, but not rejoicing. Who would rejoice at such a time, such a place and carrying an umbrella? I sneak into class seven minutes late—my usual hour of appearance. I receive a stony stare from Dear Teacher. So that's that.

How utterly unbearable is a rainy Monday morning on this terrestrial ball. Blues is sure blues!

A TRIP TO THE DORM

Ring the bell
Climb the stair
Turn to left
The Dean is there.

You're on time
But she is late
So all you do
Is wait and wait.

— J. G. H., '22.

IT HAPPENED ONCE

By HAROLD R. MILLS, '24

"I wish something would happen!"

Sick-call was over, and the patients had turned in for the night. Four of us were in the office smoking and reading and enjoying the rest and quiet after a hard day spent preparing for the next day's inspection.

"Don't worry, Briggs, when the Old Man sees that dirty braid on your dress blues, something will happen," said Smith, newly made third class mate, and anxious to exercise his supposedly greatly increased authority.

"Aw, I didn't mean that. I want something to happen, 'cause this hanging to the mudhook all the time gets on my nerves."

"Well, you-all might as well keep a-hangin' on right tight and forget about it, because here we-all stay for another month a-swingin' 'round with the tide," 'Rebel' Graham retorted. "All this fussin' and fumin' won't get you-all anywhere, will it, Chief?" addressing the C. P. O. who was reading and puffing away on his evening cigar, at peace with the world, now that the sickbay was ready for the coming inspection.

"No, don't suppose it will, but it doesn't do any harm for Briggs to wish because this life is duller than some old razor when you want it in a hurry, but, when it does liven up, it's just like that old razor, it bites all at once and about ruins you for life. Why, I remember back in '18 I was first class mate on one of the transports and wishing what Briggs wished just now, and, well it—." He tossed his book on the desk and turned around towards us, and we leaned our chairs back against the bulkhead to be more comfortable.

"I'd made seven or eight trips and was getting tired of the work and the monotony and the short leaves when we'd get back to the States. We'd take a cargo of doughboys over and bring a few sick and wounded

back. We'd evaded the 'subs' so long that we were tired of always being on the watch, and lights out at sundown, and abandon ship drills. What would come of it, anyway? No 'subs' could get us, even if they were out at sea.

We'd get together in the sickbay at night, scarcely able to see each other under the dark blue lights, and swap tales with the doughboy patients or who ever drifted back to talk to us, and would finally turn in, hoping that morning would soon come so we could smoke without too much bother. 'Subs' didn't mean anything to us even if the destroyers were darting around and we were steaming in convoy. Nothing would happen. We wished that it would,—but, it didn't.

Things went on that way for several more trips and it happened that we got over to Bordeaux on the 28th of May and started back the next night, not even getting a liberty over there to stretch ourselves. We didn't need to do that, but we were peeved just because we couldn't get that liberty. In our convoy were the the Antigone and the Rhinedam, another transport I can't recall, and a number of destroyers. They, the destroyers I mean, patrolled on each side of us and ahead, and darted between and around us on the lookout for 'subs' just like they thought they were there.

Everything went well the 30th and we figured we were out of the 'sub' area and this trip would be just like all the others. Anyhow, we could get them before they got us. We wanted to see one of them!

The 31st was just like the day before. I was out on deck getting some fresh air and enjoying my pipe, with one of the other mates. We'd walked around the decks a couple of times and had finally stopped about amidships and leaned over the rail, watching the water rush past us while th ship stood there. The Rhinedam was off to starboard a little ways and a little aft our stern. Everything was quiet, there was just a comfortable roll to the sea, and a few doughboys were sleeping on the deck.

We were planning on what we'd do when we got to New York, what shows we'd see, where we'd go, and were wishing that we were already there.

"Something happens there," said my friend, "and that's more than you can say of this packet. Why, there's not a 'sub' within two hundred miles of here and all this care and caution is just so much—."

"Periscope two points off the st'b'd bow!" bawled the lookout in the forward crow's nest. Instantly, everything was commotion, gun crews sprang to their nearby guns, engine-room men ducked below. The sleeping doughboys, aroused by the noise, jumped up. I started to run for the sickbay.

"Wait a minute," my buddy called, "let's see this. 'Quarters' hasn't sounded yet." I went back and, looking forward, tried to find the periscope. I couldn't, but I did see a white streak of churned water coming towards us and then I felt the ship stagger, I heard a crash, and saw a column of water rise up about fifty feet and then fall back, partly on the deck. The gun forward barked and a splash showed where the shell hit two hundred and fifty yards to star-board. A little ways from where we saw our shot hit, we saw another white streak coming towards us and the ship staggered and rocked again. Water shot up and sprayed the upper decks and we could feel the ship begin to lose headway.

The Bull Surgeon came tumbling down the ladder behind us and ordered us to the sickbay. We went! Half-way to the sickbay, 'general quarters' sounded. We jumped down the ladder and dove into the sickbay and got orders from the Pharmacist. By this time we could feel a list to starboard.

"You men detailed to the patients, get 'em lined up and on deck, and you detailed to the lifeboats, get your medical packs and travel," the Bull ordered, after a few words with the Pharmacist. "Where's Doctor Davis?" Just then 'abandon ship' sounded and his question went unanswered. We got our packs and life preservers and I went to whaleboat No. 4, on the

starboard side. One of the last there, I jumped in, the Ensign scratched me off the list, and we were lowered away. I glanced towards the Rhinedam and saw her going north at full speed, the black smoke rolling from her funnels. We struck the water, four seamen slid down the lines from the davits into the boat and we shoved off. We pulled towards the north for half a mile or so and then stopped and looked back towards the ship. She listed to starboard and her bow was almost under water. The Ensign swept the decks with his glasses and burst out, "Doctor Davis is still on her!" He passed the glasses to me and I could see the doctor standing there wildly pulling his hair and shaking his head to someone below. I lowered the glasses and saw the Old Man standing in his gig motioning to him to jump. Finally, he turned and gave an order to the coxswain and the gig darted away leaving Doctor Davis on the deck.

The ship gave up the fight soon after and her stern raised free from the water. Then she sank slowly, bow first, with her flag still flying.

After that, we pulled away to the north again. Most of our crew were seamen, but we had a Chaplain, two engineers, and a few of the black gang with us. We talked sometimes about our plight and made bets on how soon we would be picked up. Three hours went by. The seamen were tired and some of us changed places with them. Some started to grumble about not being pick up sooner, the Ensign began to look worried and finally changed our course due west. The Chaplain, trying to cheer us up, said, "Well boys, just remember that the Lord is with you." "Butch" Jones, a coxswain who would not let anyone relieve him from rowing, sang out, "Well, then, somebody kindly lend Him an oar!" The laugh was on the Chaplain but after that there was little grumbling.

"We'd been in the boat four hours and a half when a destroyer picked us up and later put us on board the Rhinedam, where they said that the 'sub' had escaped, as she submerged so close to them that the Chief Engi-

neer hit her with a monkey-wrench but the guns couldn't be trained down close enough to get her."

The Chief paused and relighted his cigar.

"Was anyone lost?" Graham asked.

"Yes, twenty-five, not counting Doctor Davis, who lost his head and wouldn't even let anyone put him in a lifeboat."

There was a slight pause, then Briggs asked, "Say, what ship was this?"

"The President Lincoln."

"Yeah?"

"Sure. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, I happened to be on her once myself!" Then he yawned. "Think I'll turn in. Got anything to drink in the dispensary?", turning to me.

"Yes, there's same citric acid and syrup and a bottle of peppermint water in the top rack."

"Any a-eh C_2H—? If there is, think I'll have a mint julep" His eyes began to sparkle.

"It's in there, but it's locked up!"

"Aw—guess I'll turn in."

He reached the door and then turned and grinned at the Chief—, "Just the same, I wish something would happen."

"THE INTERLUDE"

By MARY BOOHER, '25

I was drawn to Virginia partly through just a longing for something new and quaint to paint. I seemed to have all the restless temperament of an artist, and a desire to search for the eternal difference of everything. And in this quest I wandered into old Virginia. I must have seemed old to some pople, but at heart I had all the energy of a small boy, and all the wanderlust desire that comes at such an age.

I stopped at Palace Green, just because I saw an intense little face from the car window, and in it I saw a reincarnation of my own youth. The face had disappeared, though, when I had gathered together my possessions and descended the steps to the station platform. I would find it again I thought, as I wandered up the streets of the cool little town. Everything seemed typically Southern and there were many remains of Colonial quaintness. A single touch here that seemed ages old, a house, the leafed and arched driveways, and there passed through my imagination a vision of a gilded carriage drawn by milky white horses down the leafy driveway. I thought I could be content here for a while at least. So I spent days of idle gossip and painting, the old restlessness curbed a little. I couldn't find the owner of the intense little face, though perhaps I would later on I thought, a trifle impatient.

I wondered out in the surrounding country, lugging a heavy easel and my portfolio. Sometimes I forgot the entire weight in the beauty around. I always painted slowly, I don't know why unless it was because I tried very hard to make things live on my canvas. Some artists leave their sketches dead and think they have finished. I strove with feverish efforts to make my objects alive with a look that made you feel

that they could leave the canvas and become real. Everything, even the dull, dusty inanimate things become real, in the eyes of some artists—even old ones.

One day in my ceaseless wandering, I chanced upon a rather deserted street at the outskirts of the village. Why had I never thought that there might be a place like this? I walked slowly along, eyeing every detail that surrounded the few barren old houses. Then I saw just what I had been looking for. In my imagination, I had lately been seeing, a dead house, alive with memories, rich in rust, a picture that I called "The Interlude". Here is was in reality. Away from everything else, a small house—dead to some people, alive to others. The people around must have had a reverent feeling for the past, for there was no new paint to make it commonplace. Instead it was almost entirely overgrown with vines and moss, and a crimson rambler rose. A ferny path led from a postern gate up to a tiny Colonial entrance. I felt like a cruel intruder, but still I felt that I had a right here too. So I walked and with eyes half closed I dreamed the whole house into my heart. I loved it already. The windows seemed "brave with faint memories, rich in rainbow rust" and I didn't attempt to gaze through them.

From the back yard my eye caught a glittering from one window. It was heavily overgrown with an unusually fragrant rose bush, but I pushed it a little aside to catch the source of the brightness. There inscribed deep in the pane was this inscription:

F. B. S. B.
Nov. 23, 1796. O! fatal day—

Gazing at the little diamond points reflecting back a million lights to my puzzled eyes, I wondered what mystery could be hidden in these words. And while I wondered, I turned and saw the boy of the intense face close behind me. He belonged here too, I thought slowly. Then it wasn't long until we were acquainted and from his lips I heard the little story of the studded window.

A violinist, Sheridan Burgess and his wife Fenelle, had lived in this tiny little home for several short years, and then a world of broken dreams had crashed before the husband's eyes. Fenella, a young and vain little creature, was lured away by the compliments of a Northerner, like a rose petal borne by the wind. Thus was the the heart of the violinist broken. His mind wandered through the years forever after, seeking and imploring in vain for love to return to him. And now, late at night the villagers of the Green heard the high wailing of his violin, plaintive like a sob of real distress coming straight from a soul. Time went by slowly to him, but aged his body with rapid strokes. Then just before Death stalked in the tiny door, he carefully imbedded his sorrow in the little, rose covered window. The villagers disliked to break the spell that was cast over the little house, and so it was allowed to sleep through the years and not one touch awakened it.

What an Interlude between the years—would anyone ever dare to awaken the place I wondered? This had also been an Interlude for me and I felt the old restlessness beginning to surge and throb anew in my veins. Again I must wander on. Again intense boyish faces would attract me from car windows—and I would see my youth living on. Deep in my heart, though, I hoped that they never would have the terrible restlessness that possessed me.

"MY HOME VILLAGE IN WINTER"

By TADASHI YABE, '24

IN a deep valley, several scores of village houses, with barns and orchards, are spread under the cool autumn sky. As winter approaches the farmer hastens to reap the harvest in the rice field. The snow first falls on the top of Mt. Bandai, which stands in front of the village about three thousand feet above the skyline. This is the sign of the coming winter. The people talk about the approaching snow and begin to protect their crops.

In a few days, when a calm chilly morning breaks, we are surprised, on looking out of the window to see the earth transformed in one night to a white fairy land. All the landscape—hills, houses, farms,—is covered with the deep snow. Naked trees and bushes have white crystalline blossoms, and the birds are fluttering around in the branches, frightened by the sudden snow.

Thus the dreary winter visits this small village of northern Japan.

The depth of the snow ordinarily exceeds the height of our bodies. Almost all communications are cut off, even the mail and the train service becomes irregular. This isolated winter life lasts four or five months. Except for a few woodmen and charcoal burners who go into the woods for their winter work all the villagers are closely confined indoors, making snow shoes and baskets.

On a fine winter day, the scenery is so lovely that it reminds us of the picture of beautiful Caucasus or Switzerland. A chain of high mountains stands above the skyline beyond the hills covered by the snow, shining under the rosy beams of the sun, sometimes against the blue sky and sometimes in the purple fog. The sky above is clear and beautiful after the snow; the earth below is calm and quiet and the village is

peaceful with curling smoke which rises up in the air from the chimneys.

But there is another side to winter. I can not forget the snow storms of this season. At the age of ten or eleven, I always felt lonesome in my dark bedroom when I was awakened by the roaring storm outside. The whistling wind shook the house and rattled the windows. Nevertheless I liked the snow storm, the storm that whirls and roars around over the deadly wilderness of snow. All the landmarks, roadways, and tracks are obscured in a few moments. When the valley is buried by the deep snow, the hills stand hovering over the village. Often people perish in such a storm, being overcome by the cold, the wind and driving snow. Then, sometimes the snow does not fall, but the wind blows it wildly over the plain. At such times the snow rises in the sky as the waterspout rises in the ocean.

In my old village a stream flows at the foot of the hills making a melodious sound. On the morning and evening, a bean-curd vender, blowing a whistle, passes in the street. A cock crows at a distance , while there is the sound of pumping in the backyard.

This is a wintertime picture of my old village, that I can see from a distance of seven thousand miles.

CATALYSIS

Again that hideous sound cut the still night air. In the deathly silence that followed, Henry Smith slipped out of bed and crept across the floor. Into his tired eyes came a dreadful haunted look. From time to time a slight moan escaped from his parched lips. He looked around desperately for some weapon. "Good Lord!" he groaned, "Is that darn cat there again?"

—Harold Darling, '24.

SPEAKING OF THE DOOR KNOB

By FRED STEVENS, '25

A happy Fate gave Samuel Johnson his Boswell for an intimate friend. Boswell himself was not an ordinary man, or he could not have written so entertainingly of the doings of England's literary giant.

But Boswell will have a rival among the "best sellers" when Senor Doorknob publishes his record of the trials and adventures of his confidant and constant companion, Mr. Room Alone, the college student, whose fame has as yet been undiscovered to the world always waiting for the commonplace to be explained in unusual fashion and the unusual to be translated into captivating every-day language.

Senor Doorknob, himself a gentleman with a round brown face which sparkles in acceptance of each ray of sunshine and spotlight, who, as every biographer should be, is a very reticent and observing friend and philosopher, tells us confidentially that he is at present debating in his mind whether to release the awe-inspiring thoughts and actions of his hero, Mr. Room Alone, upon an unsuspecting world now overcome with the mediocre feats of W. Ireless Radio, Esq., or to carefully guard his manuscript for a more appreciative and cultured generation. Maybe, he thinks, after he joins the spirit-world throngs his writings will be more appreciated by scholars who at present know Mr. Room Alone as a very ordinary book-worm and rambler.

After a ramble, Senor Doorknob has intimated, Mr. Alone comes to his humble one-window abode with a mind filled with great discoveries, new joys, old sorrows forgotten, and having fixed most deeply in his mind a comfortable spot where he has been sitting gazing on a field of growing grain, green in its youth and waving as in response to the chorus of low flying birds, all around him the beauties of Nature in Spring, and especially near him one of Nature's beauties; all of which seem especially made to please him, and to

delight eye and ear with sights and melodies fit for gods.

Senor Doorknob further tells us that by far the greater number of the confidences he receives from Mr. Room Alone are of this nature; with oftentimes the additional outburst of joy in remembrance of the sunset's glories, a sky of deep, dark blue above, which towards the horizon glows in a million tints of red and gold. But Mr. Doorknob steadfastly refuses to repeat what has been told him of the happenings in the immediate vicinity of the young student as the sky reddens and darkens with the setting sun. Such a revelation will no doubt create a sensation in the best circles of all scholars and schools when the biography is published.

To further stimulate the sales of the book, and not in the least because Mr. Room Alone is desirous of displaying his knowledge of the world to his friends, Senor Doorknob has obtained Mr. Room Alone's consent to publish a full and complete account of all affairs in any way connected with "sunset and evening star", from the date of the first of Mr. Room Alone's remarkable rambles to the time when he reluctantly gave them up with the conclusion that the last one, exclusive of earth and sky's beauty, was an unmitigated failure.

But in the first chapters to be released, Senor Doorknob promises us an explanation of the general conclusion of Mr. Room Alone that it is a boon to be a bachelor. It is to be conclusively proven that the disadvantages of not having a room-mate's ties and overcoat to wear at convenient times are far outweighed by the advantages of not having a room-mate to wear your own ties and overcoat at convenient times. Again, Mr. Room Alone sometimes thinks that as it has been said "Familiarity breeds attempt", a roommate often does not take into the consideration the mood of his friend and may attempt to work on his good nature for a general overhauling of theme-tablets "to copy that stuff I missed when I went to the game".