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### 1923 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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THE  
QUIZ AND QUILL



1923

OTTERBEIN COLLEGE







PROF. C. O. ALTMAN



## THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB





## LIFE'S INSPIRATION

By N. E. CORNETET, Dean of Otterbein College

ALL literature is an expression of life. He reads well who can discern in words, soul, spirit, full-orbed life. Writings may give us our best conception of all civilization. Too few feel the heart-throb of generations gone when they peruse the pages of books.

Life has two roots. One is emotion, the other will. The former produces sensitiveness, sentiment, grace. The latter calls out decision, determination, destiny. "So from the heights of will Life's parting streams descend."

Language is a medium by which we convey to one another our emotions and purposes. Thus we inspire our associates with hope, and aspiration, also incite them to noble achievement. One cannot become great in language and literature except through assiduous effort and lofty thinking.

Few inspirations are more significant than those experienced in college. This is highly true of the Christian college. Otterbein is such a college and she has entered into a new era of service. Our college is now giving vision to hundreds of young women and men. The pages of this magazine present examples of literary excellence due to the inspiration the college has given the authors.

The college furnished thousands of helps no tongue can tell, nor pen can write, nor artist can paint. These are the resultants of the contact of personality with personality in class room, and social fellowship, in chapel and church. The Christo-centric life is developed with earth's charms and heaven's grandeurs without and within. Our college aspires to create such an atmosphere in which to form inspired and inspiring character.

## CANADIAN STATESMEN

By TIRZAH BARNES, Read before New Century Club

THE history of Canada divides naturally into three periods: 1st. From the first discoveries to the end of French rule in 1761; 2nd. Under the British to the union of the provinces in 1867; and 3d. The period of prosperity and growth under the Confederation to the present day. During the first period the country was under French control and influence, sometimes exercised by explorers like Champlain and sometimes by officials under appointment from France. Some of these were men of vision with far-reaching plans for the growth of New France and also for the ultimate expulsion of the English not only from Canada but from the entire continent. To this end explorers and priests worked hand in hand. They extended their explorations westward and then southward down the Mississippi river building forts as they went and making prodigious efforts toward a future policy of closing in upon the English settlers and driving them out of the country. But France was too busy with wars at home to be able to further the schemes of her representatives in the western world. In addition to the obstacles of climate, Indian inhabitants and a vast and largely unexplored country, new France from year to year reflected the wars of Europe and even became at times a battle ground of European dissension. Conditions were not favorable for the development of statemanship. That seems to require a definite centralized government—something stable and growing to build upon, and yet one remembers the gallant Champlain and his dreams of colonization and Frontenac and others whose names dot the pages of this early history. But these were not Canadians—they were only ambitious foreign soldiers and explorers whose patriotism was for France rather than for Canada.

The next period was still unfavorable to the growth of Canadian statesmanship. The provinces of upper



and lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward island were separate, each with its own governor. True there was a governor-general sent over by England but he was little more than the chairman of a committee whose members were governors of provinces. There was no union of sentiment or purpose. French settlers were largely in majority but they had been defeated by the English and were resentful of their injuries. The dispersion of the Acadiens was fresh in their minds and it is not to be expected that the French should be able to see that their own conduct had anything to do with bringing about this deplorable measure of war. French Catholics and English Protestants in the relation of conquered and conquerors could not blend easily. It took a hundred years to develop a common ground of patriotism and to awaken in the minds of all Canadians a desire for a united government to take the place of the groups of settlements. By that time Canada had seen the American colonies form a centralized government, growing stronger year by year. This was an inspiration but it might become also a menace unless the weak condition of the Canadian settlements could be improved. Little could be done to open up the country and develop its great resources while there were contending interests within its borders. A spirit of patriotism began to grow, fostered by some of the leaders in each of the provinces and encouraged by statesmen in England. In the summer of 1864 the coast provinces called a meeting on Prince Edwards island for discussion of the situation and this meeting resulted in a conference of all the provinces in October of the same year in Quebec. This was a wonderful meeting; there were representatives of all races and faiths involved, Catholics and Protestants, French and English, all animated by the same purpose, though with their individual ideas as to the best means of accomplishment. The account of this meeting gives us a sympathetic thrill by its similarity to the meetings of American



patriots in revolutionary days but there was one striking difference—the Canadian patriots were not seeking separation from the mother country and they had the approval and not the displeasure of the English government. The hope of union had given great impetus to the growth of statesmanship and there were men in that conference who knew how to plan and measure and conciliate and finally to accomplish. They were the statesmen of the new government assisted by the statesmen of the home government. The plan devised by this conference was presented to the provinces and then to the British Parliament and in 1867 became a reality. An English newspaper of that day expressed the sentiment of both countries when it said, "The Confederation scheme of Canada solves not for itself alone but for other colonies the problem of how to transmute a jealous dependency into a cordial ally which should in all respects evince an unbought and unforced loyalty, an allegiance without constraint, co-operation without coercion, bonds without bondage." This statement of the situation has been for the most part prophetic. We hear rumors of discontent sometimes, but where and when do we not hear rumors of discontent?

The new government of the Dominion of Canada went into effect July 1, 1867 and that day is annually celebrated with general rejoicing as "Dominion Day." The scheme of government provides for a Governor-General appointed by the Crown, a Council consisting of heads of departments as in our Cabinet, a Parliament of two Houses, the upper called the Senate whose members may hold office for life and the lower the House of Commons whose members are elected by the people in proportion to the population of each province. It was suggested at first that the Governor-General should be a Canadian citizen but the wiser heads among the Canadians objected to this on the ground that such an appointment would emphasize party distinctions and be likely to produce

political strife. So the appointments were made as heretofore, from England, but with careful consideration of the wishes of the people. Sir John MacDonald said in 1867, "Whether the Queen may send one of her own family, a royal Prince, to rule over us or one of the great statesmen of England to represent her, we know not. But we may hope when the Union takes place and we become the great country British North America is certain to be, it will be an object worth the ambition of the statesmen of England to be charged with presiding over our destinies." His words were prophetic; members of the royal family have been intrusted with the government of Canada and the office has been and is an object of ambition to the statesmen of England. The duties of a Governor-General are complex and important. He is the connecting link between Canada and the mother country and must guard the interests of both. He is expected to "give his advisors (members of the Council) cordial co-operation and support regardless of party and as long as they keep within the law to accept any advice they tender." His powers are really large but it seems to have been the custom with every man who has held the position to hold those powers in abeyance and to exert his influence only quietly and diplomatically. Lord Dufferin, who is recognized as the greatest of the Governor-Generals, humorously compared the duties of the office to those of a humble workman in attendance upon a complicated machine, who seems simply to walk about with a little vessel of oil in his hand and to pour in a drop here and a drop there as occasion requires. He did not extend the simile to say how very necessary that functionary is to the successful running of the machinery. Through the 56 years of history of the Dominion of Canada the Governor-Generals have to say the very least, been highly successful oilers of machinery. The subject of this paper being "Canadian statesmen" would seem to rule out any personal reference to the Governor-Generals but their influence having been really a large contri-



bution to the history of Canadian progress justifies their being included. The first one, Lord Morck, had been Governor-General of two provinces before the Confederation and was continued in office during the difficult months of adjustment to the new conditions. His great merit was a dignified common sense and England recognized his services in Canada by giving him upon his return home the title of Baron and a seat in the House of Lords. There was some difficulty in finding his successor because the Canadian Parliament at this time saw fit to reduce the salary of Governor-General from \$50,000 to \$32,500. England interfered and restored the salary to the original figure (one of the few times that England has ever interfered with Canadian laws) and Baron Lisgar was the next incumbent.

Lord Dufferin, to whom I have referred as the greatest of the Governor-Generals held office from 1872 to 1878. He was an Irish nobleman already distinguished in government service at home and in the Orient. He was of a very genial disposition and won the real affection of the Canadian people. His most important service consisted in his efforts toward the development of the Northwest, he and Lady Dufferin travelling in person through Manitoba with this end in view. He was extremely cordial toward the United States and always tried to foster a pleasant relation between the two countries.

The Marquis of Lorne was the first to fulfill the Canadian hope of a Governor-General from the **royalty**—his wife being the Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria. The people received them with enthusiasm but to their disappointment the Princess Louise, on account of her health, was obliged to remain in England most of the time during her husband's appointment. The Marquis of Lorne was very conscientious in the performance of all the duties of his office but his special service was in the development of the arts and sciences. He founded the Royal Society of Canada in this interest and wrote some



very acceptable literature with the Canadian atmosphere.

It fell to the lot of Lord Lansdowne to steer the Dominion safely through the Atlantic fisheries controversy between that country and the United States and the tactful statesmanship he displayed in that delicate situation won him approval in both countries.

The problem of Lord Stanley, afterward the Earl of Derby, was an anti-Jesuit agitation and he handled that difficulty with credit to himself and the Dominion. He was followed by Lord Aberdeen, an appointee of Mr. Gladstone. There is some tendency on the part of writers to poke fun at Lord Aberdeen because he was rather over-shadowed by the more aggressive character of Lady Aberdeen. One quotes of her the Scotch phrase, she "wore the breeks." She was a born reformer and probably the Canadians did not always take kindly to her well-meant efforts to put things to rights morally and otherwise throughout the Dominion. Both, however, were democratic and approachable and sincerely anxious to do good and they lent cordial support to every enterprise looking toward the advancement of Canada.

The Earl of Minto comes next—the only one who had no serious problems to solve. He had been secretary to Lord Lansdowne and was popular, especially in social circles. The South African war came during his term of office and he distinguished himself by the enthusiasm he showed in despatching Canadian troops to South Africa where they did such fine service.

His successor, Earl Gray, was a nobleman of high rank who had a fine reputation in public service at home and he did not disappoint the Canadians in their expectations of him. His term of office was distinguished for at least two important things—a great advance in friendly relations between Canada and the United States and a growth in cordiality between the two races, French and English who share in the

making of Canadian history—both owing to the gracious tact of the Governor-General.

The Duke of Connaught was the first Governor-General of Canada who was a prince of royal blood, the Marquis of Lorne being a member of the royal family only because of his marriage to the Princess Louise. The Duke of Connaught was the last surviving son of Queen Victoria and his appointment was looked upon as a recognition of the fact that Canada had become the strongest and most important of the component parts of the British Empire. I am not able to say what were his gifts of statesmanship but it is said that he was sent to Canada to strengthen the ties between that country and England. He was succeeded last year by the present incumbent, General Lord Byng of Vimy.

But the outstanding figure in Canadian government is the Prime Minister and there have been some shining examples of statesmanship in the list of Prime Ministers.

The Governor-General gives brilliant entertainments, leads the social life, watches carefully the connecting lines between the Dominion and England and keeps his unostentatious oil can busy, but the Prime Minister is the real head, the responsible head of the Dominion of Canada.

Of the two Houses in the Canadian Parliament, the Senate and the House of Commons, the Senate, the upper house, is of lesser importance. It is a sort of refuge for broken-down politicians and would-be politicians who have made large contributions to campaign funds, etc., but the House of Commons is the real seat of power. Here the statesmen serve their apprenticeship, here their mettle is tested. When a new Governor-General takes his seat he selects a Prime Minister to form the new government and now that the Dominion has grown out of its infancy, he is reasonably sure to select some one who has been trained in the strict school of the House of Commons and with his aid a new Council is formed. So long as



this Council is supported by the people, it stands, but if the people vote against the Prime Minister upon any issue, he resigns and a new Council is formed, according to the political method of England. The first Prime Minister, Sir John MacDonald, a Scotchman, came to Canada as a child, became a lawyer and served in the Parliament of Upper Canada for twenty years before the Confederation of 1867. He was a national leader, had fine intellectual ability, enjoyed the game of politics, was a strong debator. He was called to form the new government at a time of unusual difficulty. Provinces and parties and races were to be conciliated and united but it was just such a task as the new premier delighted in and one for which he was eminently fitted. He selected political giants to form the ministry, leaders of all parties and races and with great tact brought them into harmony with each other and with the demands of the new government. Within his first term, however, he was obliged to be in Washington for some months during one of the periods of fisheries negotiations and chaotic conditions resulted at home. His ministry was sustained by the elections of 1872 but just about this time a charter had been granted to a company to build the Canadian Pacific Railway and it was discovered that Sir Hugh Allan, the president of the company had made large gifts of money to help the ministry to carry the election and it was charged that American money had helped to swell the fund. Feeling ran so high and there was so much clamor against the so-called bribery case, that the ministry resigned and Alexander McKenzie was called to form a new ministry. He was a man of unsullied character, of thorough information and loyalty to his duties as a statesman and the country passed a fine vote of confidence in him and his ministry. Sir John MacDonald was still the idol of the people, however, and in 1878 he was again called to the premiership, a position which he held to the time of his death in 1891. He wielded an authority which was recognized in both England



and the United States and his fascinating personality held the unwavering allegiance of the Canadian people.

Another Prime Minister of even more attractive personality and of no less triumphant political career is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was called to the head of the government in 1896 and held the position until 1911.

He was a French-Canadian and a devoted Catholic. Articles written about him dwell upon his unusual beauty, his exquisite refinement, his keen sense of humor, his wide scholarship, and his persuasive oratory. But at the time he was appointed to the premiership there was some doubt in the public mind as to how he would measure up to the standard of the former prime ministers. He was a young lawyer of no wealth and little known. But he selected men of prominence and experience to form his cabinet, and the following year a fortunate circumstance brought him into favorable prominence. It was the Queen's diamond jubilee and prime ministers from all over the empire were invited to London to take part in the ceremonies and thus Sir Wilfrid Laurier was brought into comparison with statesmen and political officials of world-wide distinction. His skill in oratory and diplomatic tactics and his distinguished appearance in the imposing state ceremonies attracted general attention. This was not only a personal recognition but it brought the Dominion of Canada into a new importance. Surely a country which had produced a representative of such attainments was worthy of attention. This was the first introduction to the British mind of a new relationship between mother and daughter states and Kipling's lines

"Daughter am I in by mother's house  
But mistress in my own"

as applied to Canada seems not to have been unpleasant to England when suggested tactfully by so agreeable a personality as Laurier's. In the person

of this strong premier there was interesting proof that the daughter country was becoming able to influence imperial policies and England was not resentful of so unheard-of a result, of her colonial system. Certain British treaties that had fettered Canada's tariff policy were terminated under Laurier's skillful representations.

The prime minister's sincerity and integrity were above question, but there were contradictory impulses in his nature that made him at times difficult to interpret—he was something of a puzzle to the ordinary diplomat. He was a Catholic by birth and choice and unflinching in his attendance upon all his churchly obligations and yet there were sometimes animated differences between him and even the Archbishop. He was French by birth, but he was so loyal to England as to sometimes give offense to his French-Canadian friends. In speaking of his warm regard for the United States he says, "I love the United States" but he adds to that, "As a Canadian of French origin, I love Britain still more." He is the author of that sentiment that we all love to quote, the ideal that "we the two nations which now share the continent shall give to the world the spectacle of brethren living in peace. We have the longest frontier dividing any two nations and on that frontier there is not a fortress, not a gun, not a soldier."

He was criticized in both Canada and England for permitting thousands of Americans to cross the border and settle in the Dominion. He smilingly replied that he not only permitted it but urged it. When asked once by some over-anxious Englishman, "Are not the American people coveting Canada?" his pleasant reply was: "It would be quite human if they did and certainly quite American, because every American knows a good thing when he sees it." One of his dearest plans was to bring about a system of commercial reciprocity between Canada and the United States. For this he worked and planned and faced opposition in both countries until finally in 1911



partly because of some pro-British sentiment in Canada and partly because of some incautious American remarks about annexing Canada to the United States the people who through many elections had supported him overwhelmingly, suddenly turned and defeated the Laurier ministry and with it the hope of reciprocity.

He was succeeded by Sir Robert Borden who is referred to in a magazine of that date as "the incarnation of the average and ordinary." The same magazine, however gives him credit for one lone personal asset—an absolute honesty which inspires confidence in every one who comes in contact with him—not a bad quality for a statesman however it may be for a diplomat.

This was the opinion of Canada at the time of his appointment to the premiership and when he resigned eight years later because of worn-out physical condition, the Literary Digest quotes from a member of the Canadian Parliament a fine article of appreciation of Borden's eminent services. This quiet scholarly man, without a single shining trait of statesmanship, had stood at the helm through all the years of the European war and no one can point to a mistake in his administration for which he was responsible and every one is familiar with Canada's heroic part in the Great War.

But not all Canadian statesmen have become Prime Ministers. There are many who have worked for Canada just as unweariedly and as unselfishly as those mentioned. Some have been rewarded by titles and honors, some have not and some coming into notice just now who have their opportunities yet before them.

Space fails to tell of Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, who thought that one essential for the advancement of Canada was railroads to open up the country for settlement and to market its resources and who spent years and strength and money to this one end: of Robert Rogers, the "Wizard

of Dominion politics," who is not a lawyer, an orator or a debator and has no special knowledge of British constitutional history but who does have three outstanding traits that give him his influence as a statesmen—knowledge of men, fearlessness, and loyalty: of Tupper and Mackenzie and Cartier and Cartwright. Canada's history has been made so rapidly, and her growth has been so great, that her pages are crowded with the names of those who have played conspicuous parts in the drama of her development. It may be, as one writer says, "This very intensity has given an increase of stature to her political leaders." It may be that a hundred years from now when the cool discriminating finger of history has traced the lives of these statesmen the verdict may be somewhat modified, but now they are so near at hand that we see them as contemporaries clothed with their faults and their virtues.



## A MORAVIAN ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA BLAGG, '23

Winning Story in Barnes Short Story Contest

IT was in 1731 that William Penn gave to his daughter a portion of the Seignory of Windsor in Pennsylvania; the demand for her share of the Lord's bounty being one red rose each June. Thus, these five thousand acres of Pennsylvania's most beautiful hill country came to be called the Barony of the Rose; and it was here, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a small village snuggled down between the Lehigh and Blue Ridge Mountains, that Erdmuth Bohler sat at her mother's knee one May Day in the year of our Lord, 1775.

The two women were seated in the garden of the Sisters' House, as was called the home of the single Sisters of this Moravian colony, knitting bright shawls. They talked as mother to daughter; the girl pushing back her black curls beneath her white cap from time to time, when she bobbed her head in gay assent or laughed merrily. She was of medium stature with small feet and hands, blue eyes, and a beautiful complexion. Indeed, she was an exact duplicate of the older women, except that her face lacked the lines of care, and her hair the grey, while her eyes were care-free instead of a trifle tired and sad.

"My mother," she questioned, "what was the date my brother said he should return from the great school at Nazareth?"

"Daughter," answered the good mother, "I have told thee some three times that thy brother returneth on the twentieth of the month. And why questioneth thee so very much as to his return?"

For answer the girl rose sedately, smoothed her starched skirts, and walked slowly over to the fountain. Her mother watched her with thoughtful eyes, while Erdmuth fed the tame trout and dawdled her hand through the water. It was most unlike her child

to be so sober-faced on a bright spring afternoon. Was she ill? But soon the mother-mind was relieved as Erdmuth returned, picked up her brilliant-colored yarn, and laughed.

"Why knowest thou not, mother, that I am always interested in my brother's school? Oh, if only the good Count Zinzendorf had needed another castle for himself and his followers, then perhaps I should be going to a female seminary instead of being taught across the street in our village school. My, what pranks the lovely Dorothea and I should play."

"Tush, child, that is no way for a gracious Moravian daughter to speak. Albeit, thou hast thy full measure of tricks when Thomas comes home, bringing his friends with him."

A silence fell while the needles were plied more diligently, a Sister passed through the garden carrying a basket of mint patties, a Single Brother came along the walk leading to the milkhouse, the fish jumped in the fountain, the sun was lowering. Finally, the silence was broken.

"My mother, do thou not thinkest that I am outgrowing my childhood? Do thou not thinkest that I should have a pink ribbon for my cap? \* And, mother, if Thomas does bring Master Edwards home with him, do thou not thinkest that I should stay at the Sisters' House? \* \*

Mrs. Bohler sighed. At last the time had come for her to give up her baby. For when Erdmuth suggested going to the Sisters' House she knew that it was young Edwards who was the cause for reflection.

"Yea," answered Erdmuth's mother sadly, "if thou feelest that way it is correct for thee to go."

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\*The women of the Moravians were known by the color of ribbons they wore on their caps. The children wore light red, young girls dark red, Single Sisters pink, married women blue, and widows white.

\*\*This Single Sister House was a home for un-married women. However, no vows or pledges were taken. It was more like a retreat. The Single Brethren were the same.



Nothing more was said, but soon the two gathered together their work, crossed the cemetery, and entered their house nearby. And, as a supper was prepared, there were two heavy hearts; the mother-heart weighted with anxiety for her child, the girl's heart burdened with the mystery of the future and loath to leave the past.

However, it was not so at Nazareth, some twenty miles away, where the school for boys, Nazareth Hall, was situated. Thomas Bohler and Nicolas Edwards were seated on the same bench, arms about one another, while the "Room" Master read aloud to them. Thomas was a true Bohler, dark, rugged, and strong; while Nicolas was his opposite with fair hair, blue eyes, a thin face, high forehead and protruding cheek bones.

As the master read to them of the great Moravian, Spangenberg, the boys looked thoughtfully into space. When the Indian massacre was being loudly expounded they huddled more closely together, while at the end of the story they sighed profoundly. It was most irksome having to listen to their tutor's sonorous voice while the fresh spring breezes crept through the open windows. But instead of running out of doors when the evening vesper was dismissed they ambled toward their room, stopping to speak to some younger fellows on the way. However, when they were alone their faces became more alert and as Nicolas fished out a sheet of dilapidated paper from his telescope, Thomas opened the window-hole so as to admit more light. Quickly they sat down together, both reading the first article on the one-sheet journal.

"That's the second congress," ejaculated Thomas.

"Second Continental Congress you should say, Tom," corrected Nicolas.

On through the article they read, their faces becoming more sober as they perused.

"And Colonel Washington was there in his uniform, too," burst out young Bohler.

"I told you he would be elected commander-in-

chief," announced Nicolas when he threw down the paper." It looks like war, Tom."

"Yea," answered Thomas, lapsing into his vernacular speech, "but as our religion forbids us fighting that doth not affect thee or me."

"Nay?" drawled Edwards, "well, we'll see. Come on, let's go down to the Bushkill before dark."

As these two friends went down to the romantic and beautiful stream they lost themselves in their own thoughts. Thomas's mind was less nimble, but Nicolas was looking forward to the next month when they should have completed their course and he, he, Nicolas Edwards, from Bath, should be betrothed to Erdmuth, Thomas's sister.

It was five days later when Masters Thomas and Nicolas descended from the coach in the square at Bethlehem, seeing on one side the sunset over the mountains, and on the other the familiar Sisters' House, the cemetery, the school, and the church. They were greeted by Mr. Bohler and his wife at the door of their home, a hearty, profound, and courteous greeting, expressing true Moravian hospitality.

"Where's Erdmuth, father?" asked Thomas when the two boys had come down after taking their bags upstairs.

"Why not sayeth, Thomas, 'where goeth my sister, Erdmuth?'"

"Yea, my father. But where doth goeth my sister?"

"She hath gone to reside at the Sisters' House, thy mother having given her her pink cap strings."

Nicolas's heart leaped. It was a certain sign that she understood how he felt toward her! But quickly the conversation was changed.

"What thinkest thou, father, of the continental congress?" Thomas was asking.

"Nicht gut! Colonel Washington is a great man, but he can never get those troops together. They are hot-headed farmers and workmen. I tell thee no, he cannot do it. And how cometh it, young man, that



thou hast heard of this congress? Is that the sort of rubbish the good tutors teach thee?"

"Nay, father——"

"Come thou," interrupted Mrs. Bohler, "the three-quarters \* bell hath rung. Our meal is prepared."

After the supper of hot Moravian buns, ham, and coffee, the whole family and their guest walked through the cemetery, as was the custom, and conversed with the townspeople. Suddenly, there was a hush, a sweet trill drifted out on the soft air. It was Erdmuth playing the organ in the Sisters' House. The organ built by Tannesberg of Litiz, was the best in the country and Erdmuth did it full justice as the notes were caroled forth through the twilight to Nicolas. And there, that June evening, these two young people, although apart, plighted their troth.

When the young men returned to their school the time went very quickly until it was commencement day. There was no pomp, no ceremony, because of the hovering war clouds. The head-master simply, and beautifully, read them an address. Then the diplomas were given out and the two friends were graduated. So, on June 20th, 1775, Thomas Bohler and Nicolas Edwards again took the coach to Bethlehem amid the same conditions as a few weeks previous. However, much had happened in another part of the country. Washington's commission was signed and he had ridden from Philadelphia to Boston, creating a profound impression among the inhabitants.

As before, it was the twilight hour, but instead of walking through the dusk Mr. Bohler and Nicolas were seated on the flagstone pavement in front of the house.

"Sire," Nicolas finally said, "it hath been just this day since I have come with my friend, Thomas, from school, but I canst tarry no longer. And—" he falter-

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\*A novel custom of ringing the town bell for meals, all the town eating at the same hour.

ed, "before I go I shouldst like to ask for Erdmuth as my betrothed."

At last, the older man answered.

"Yea, Mr. Nicolas, I have seen it coming. I am agreed. But first it goeth before the Elder's Conference to be ratified. Foresooth," he said as he brought his fist down on the arm of his chair, "it shall be done tonight as they meet in the church."

Nicolas was so dumb with joy that he said nothing as the father crossed the square to make his appearance at this ruling head of the colony.

Thus it was on the morning of June Twenty-third that it was announced at the service in the Moravian church that Erdmuth Bohler and Nicolas Edwards were to be married within the customary week.

Several days later Erdmuth knelt at the fount in the hall of the Sisters' House and thanked the Lord for being so kind to her, while Nicolas waited in the court. Lost in reveries, he was startled by a horseman.

"What-O," the rider shouted, "do you know a man by the name of Edwards, Nicolas Edwards?"

"Yea, what has happened? Has my father been hurt? Is my mother ill?"

"I know not what, but here is a letter for you if you are Nicolas Edwards."

"Yes, man, quick, give it to me."

"I have rid far this day, clear from Bath—where can I get a drink of ale?"

"The letter first, I say—then I'll show you."

Quickly the courier gave Nicolas the letter and he in turn directed the messenger to the inn. As the man rode away Nicolas bit his lip to keep his fingers from trembling. At last the sheet was open.

"My dear Son," he read.

"Since when tarrieth thou over a haughty wench? Didst thou not hear the news of Bunker Hill? Come home at once and prepare to join General Washington's forces. Thou art a Moravian, but nevertheless, fight like a man."



It was signed by his father, John Edwards, one of the old pioneers of Bath.

Poor Nicolas! What should he do? The girl he loved was here. Could he leave her? Should he leave her? His country's freedom was at stake. He knew that. Yet should he break the custom of his Moravian and Bohemian ancestors by fighting? What did his father mean? Bewildered, Edwards turned towards the Bohler house. He found Mr. Bohler sitting at the entry. Quietly he handed him the letter and voiced that helpless cry, "What shall I do?"

The older man read through the missive, not moving a muscle of his face, nor changing expression; then calmly handed it back to Nicolas.

"Thou knowest, young man, that my belief and your belief doth not accept war. We shall pay our taxes, yes, we shall help keep up the war, but we will not kill. Make a choice."

Nicolas was stunned.

"You mean, sir," he said, "that I cannot stay to marry Erdmuth if I go to war?"

"I mean just that, no more, no less."

Mr. Bohler strode through the entry into the inner court of his home, leaving the younger man standing alone. Hopelessly Nicolas went back to wait for Erdmuth, his mind in a turmoil, his thoughts confused and vague. At last she came out.

"Erdmuth," he said, running toward her, "I do not know which I should do. I love you more than life, yet if I do not go what will happen to our country if these red-coats continue their hectic invasion! What shall I do?"

And he handed her the letter to read.

Erdmuth said nothing when she had finished, but walked through the court yard into the cemetery. Here she sat down on a head stone, put her hands to her eyes and wept. This was most unmaidenly according to Moravian tradition, but when one's heart is breaking one forgets worldly things. Eagerly, but awkwardly, Nicolas tried to console her, whispering

to her of his love. Finally she took out her pocket handkerchief, dabbed at her eyes, and tried to smile. It was a pitiful, wistful attempt, however.

"My Nicolas," she said softly, "it seems as if this all must be. I cannot bear it, but I must. Your country, my country, is in danger. I cannot let you go, but go you must. Oh, my dear, I cannot bear it."

This was too much for Nicolas. He gathered her closely to him and there, under the linden trees, among the graves of their forefathers, they wept out their anguish.

When saner moments had returned they sat hand-in-hand trying to realize what had befallen them.

"It means, Nicolas," she said, "that our banns are broken, that I will live with the Single Sisters and according to our faith never marry, but I do all this willingly for you. Always remember I love you."

"As the Fountainbleau trees grow along the paths of this courtyard, I promise to come back to you, unless I do die for my country—and then I will be dying for you."

It was toward sunset when they arose from their trysting place and walked sedately under the majestic trees, through the gardens, down the path facing the west—it was the last time they were alone before Nicolas left for Bath next morning.

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When Nicolas arrived in Bath his father met him as he descended from the coach in front of the tavern. They walked home slowly, speaking only of generalities; avoiding the topic of the war. It was not until they came to the square that the subject was mentioned.

"I want thee to wait here, my son, it is most time for our colonial militia to drill."

"Yea, my father."

That was all that was said, but as the some hundred men gathered at the grounds a thrill of expectancy went through the boy. There was something behind all this display. He had not seen it in Nazareth or



Bethlehem, but here it was quite noticeable. He also observed that it was the younger men who were soldiering arms.

"Son," said the father as they continued on their way, "that is why I have sent for you. The sons of all my fellow-townsmen are there. Though not all Moravian, there are even some of them. You are all I have, but I give you willingly."

It was the longest, the most affectionate, and the most stirring speech Nicolas had ever heard his aristocratic father make. Instead of answering the son bowed his head in submission.

It was a joyful reunion that took place between mother and son. And, as the days passed, the only cloud which dimmed this happiness was in the twilight when Nicolas went to drill. Here, with his coat off, his musket on his shoulder, and his heart heavy and sad, he marched with his comrades. But this was not to last for long, for in the latter part of July Congress gave a more continental character to their army by ordering companies of militia from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia to Cambridge.

The dispatch came to Bath early in the morning. All day there was an atmosphere of haste and commotion as the company prepared to depart. Then, in the deepening dusk, lovers walked down the lanes, children clambered at their fathers' knees, and mothers and sons held communion. Nicolas sat between his father and mother in the garden behind their cottage and there he poured out the story of his love for Erdmuth. His father blew his nose loudly when he had finished, while his mother wept softly.

"My mother, I pray thee, do not cry," he said, "I love Erdmuth and I know she loves me, but above all we both love our country and freedom."

The next morning these brave Pennsylvania lads started their long march to meet their comrades of the mighty cause.

It was during this summer that many distinguished men were seen on Cambridge Common, among them

Daniel Morgan, Henry Knox, and Nathaniel Greene. Unnoticed and unobserved, Nicolas Edwards worshipped them as he passed them in the street, for the company from Bath was stationed in Massachusetts Hall. And then in the long summer evenings he worshipped his sweetheart left behind in the Barony of the Rose. Love was in his heart, his very thoughts, but never once did he send a letter to her for they had agreed that that was how it should be.

The summer was quite long, the army being in a state of enthusiasm, but with no idea of discipline, tactics, or subordination. They received no pay, but from the mountains and villages the people drove in with their heavy carts filled with inadequate supplies. It was during the latter part of the summer that Nicolas was chosen to act as one of General Washington's own guard.

Deeming the selection an honor, the Pennsylvania boy did his duty well, thoroughly and commendably. He very seldom came in contact with the General but idolized him from afar. He was with him in New York, Philadelphia, when he crossed the Delaware, capturing Trenton, at Morristown in the winter of 1777, and in the Jerseys.

All this time, in the small Moravian village the Single Sisters were cutting bandages as white as their robes, and with all the resourcefulness of refinement and culture were nursing back to health American soldiers. Erdmuth was one of the most adept of the angels of mercy and at the time when the Continental Congress issued a proclamation that Bethlehem should not be molested, she rejoiced, for now it was safe for the colonists. All during the day she worked, nursed, and comforted, while at night she sat by her window and dreamed of Nicolas so far away. She knew he was travelling with the great General for Thomas had carried the tavern gossip to her. How her heart beat when these small scraps of news reached her! Always she prayed that he might return to her, and as the trombone choir wafted its music from



the tower of the church to speed on departing souls she asked God to keep her Nicolas.

On the first of August General Washington was leaving Germantown when there was presented to him Marquis de Lafayette, a French nobleman whose services had been accepted in behalf of the colonies. He was only twenty-one, this French adventurer, tall, red-headed, and gay. Washington immediately took a liking to him as did his least prominent guard, Nicolas Edwards. It was from this time forth that the Moravian boy had in his heart three objects in his memory to worship—Erdmuth, his country, and Lafayette. It was during this summer that he, and Lafayette's aide-de-camp, Gimat, became close friends, both worshipping the same adventurer. In September on the evening of the eleventh they were stationed at Brandywine Creek where the masterly Washington wished to thwart Howe's line of march to Philadelphia.

"Does the Marquis of Lafayette accompany the general as usual?" questioned Nicolas of Gimat.

"Yes," replied the Frenchman in good English, "but I do think that he wishes to go to the right wing where General Sullivan is stationed."

A little later Gimat sped to the guard's tent.

"Yes," he whispered, "it is so. He has gained permission to go from General Washington."

"I am coming too, Gimat," answered Edwards.

And, as the discipline of this half-starved army of patriots was not great, Nicolas followed Gimat to where the Marquis of Lafayette was sitting.

"What are you doing here, Edwards," demanded the Marquis, "don't you know that I have had hard enough time getting permission for myself and Gimat?"

"Please, sir, allow me to go. The General has no need of me now."

The boy's voice trembled. Lafayette with all his gay impetuosity said,

"Come along."

They had scarcely reached the right flank near the woods when the English commander, Lord Cornwallis, started to attack. The brisk fire of musketry and artillery cut off each end of the American line; then with force, fired on the center.

"Careful, you two boys," shouted Lafayette as he rushed onward to rally the troops.

"Careful yourself!" yelled Nicolas. "Oh!"

And he rushed at Lafayette. It was just in time; for a ball hit Erdmuth's lover as he spoke. Lafayette and Gimat kneeled down amid all the confusion and danger.

"Edwards! I shouldn't have let you come. And to think that you did it to save me," sobbed the nobleman.

Nicolas smiled.

"Sir, if you ever see Erdmuth, tell her—"

But that was all. Nicolas Edwards had given his life for Lafayette, his country, and Erdmuth.

"Monsieur," gasped Gimat, "your leg—it bleeds!"

"That is no matter, Gimat," and Lafayette knelt there in the twilight worshipping the American lad who had given his life to him.

But he could go no farther. The lines were retreating, and where was Gimat?

"Here's a horse, sir, quick, sir."

It was Gimat. All went black, but he heard General Washington say as he sank down, "Take care of him as if he were my son, for I love him the same." \*

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After regaining consciousness Lafayette found his limb dressed and Gimat at his bedside.

"Where?" he asked.

"At Philadelphia, sir, but they are moving you to Bethlehem tonight because Congress is quitting the city."

All the way to Bristol on the boat the Frenchman thought of the dead Nicolas. Erdmuth! A queer

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\*These are the General's exact words.



name, he thought. If only he could find her to tell her of her sweetheart! And from Bristol to Bethlehem he seemed to be possessed with the idea.

It was night when they arrived at the Moravian colony. Preparation had been made for him.

"Erdmuth," said the Guardian of the Sisters, "here is our famous French visitor."

"Yea."

The voice was sweeter, lower, sadder, than it had been two summers ago, but still carried with it the lilt of maidenhood. Lafayette aroused himself from his coma. Erdmuth! Perhaps he had found young Edward's sweetheart! Then he sank back in sleep.

For several weeks Erdmuth nursed with the greatest care her patient. When, one morning, the doctor pronounced him out of danger; there followed a rapid attachment between the Moravian maiden and the romantic Frenchman.\* Through the long fall evenings she sat at his bedside while he told her of his wife, his baby daughter, Henriette, his love for fighting and adventure. And, in turn, she told him of her brother Thomas, who had volunteered, her home, her lover, Nicolas. When she came to this part of her story the Frenchman turned his head and a tear wet his pillow.

"Monsieur, do not weep. If my Nicolas doth not come back I will know he has done his duty."

"Yes, mademoiselle. But it is hard," answered Lafayette.

It was the last of October when Lafayette walked again. Although his wound was not healed thoroughly, he was anxious to be back to the side of his friend, General Washington. But a surprise awaited him. One dark night Washington came to see him.

"My dear General," he said.

"My dear Marquis."

After the greetings were over Lafayette said, "Be-

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\*In James Henry's book of Moravian life he mentions a romantic attachment between a Moravian sister and the chivalrous Lafayette, the lady dying a spinster.

fore you go I wish to present my nurse, Erdmuth Bohler."

Erdmuth was introduced, and then, there in the small, candle-lighted room, Lafayette told them, Erdmuth and Washington, his story of Nicolas Edwards. Lines sunk into Washington's face. This was the price of war. But Erdmuth only lifted her head high, pressed close her lips, and looked into space. When at last he was finished she said,

"Monsieur, it is an honor to give both my lover and myself for your safety. While to you sir," she turned toward Washington, "I have given everything."

She fled from the room.

Later that night the Marquis and the General were leaving. They asked to be permitted to see Erdmuth. She came in slowly, her face composed but showing signs of weeping.

"Madame," said Washington, "I love my country above everything, then Marquis de Lafayette. You have given everything for both my ideals. I wish to thank you with all my heart, and profess you to be the most gracious Rose of the Barony."



## THE LITTLE GRAY HOUSE

By PAULINE WENTZ, '25

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

**D**OWN at the end of our street a little house has grown gray with the passing years. Like an old lady it sits rocking back and forth with every gust of wind, its roof like her cap a bit to the side and over one ear. The weathered beams sag from the weight of years and of vines that have blossomed and withered on its walls, and the doorstep is hollowed by the feet that have crossed it and found welcome on the other side.

It is a dear little house and I love to wander through the bare and lonely passages. I clothe the empty rooms, and people them with the men and women who have lived there. They come back and as of yore, they laugh and cry, their faces glow with happiness or quiver with pain, while I look on and smile with their laughter or sigh with their tears. Once upon the stair I caught the flitting fancy of a white robed figure who threw her bride's bouquet at me. I felt the soft tulle slip through my fingers as the sweet fragrance of roses and mignonette brushed past my nostrils. With the starry twilight children trip back to play in the dusky rooms. Soft thin laughter tinkles in the shadows and there is the ceaseless rush of skipping feet over the trackless dust of years. New souls, venturing into life timidly, have found their cradles in the gray house rosy mists of dreams and tired souls about to leave have drifted peacefully away on their soft biers. But now all this is past and an occasional passerby pities the little house that sits so lonesomely at the end of our street. He cannot know as I do that the little gray house is never lonely for it dwells with the loveliest of company, its memories.

## THE MAN OR THE PARTY

HORACE W. TROOP, '23

First Prize, Russell Oratorical Contest  
First Prize, State Oratorical Contest  
Placed Second in Division Contest  
Placed Fourth in National Contest

NOT all American institutions were perfect at their inception. The government itself has proved to be inadequate to meet all needs; consequently adjustments have followed at intervals since our constitution was adopted. Our present American school system is the result of an evolutionary process, each step being made to meet a new demand. American business and financial institutions have developed from small, unstable, poorly organized units to powerful, well organized banking systems and corporations capable of vast enterprises are forming a solid foundation for progress and prosperity. The developments of our American institutions has been in the direction of efficiency. The movement forward, in every instance, has been accelerated by the wisdom and idealism of great personalities. Careful reflection will permit us to conclude that this is true concerning every institution but one in the history of our country, the political party.

The American system of party politics, in contrast to the usual order of development of our institutions seems to have approached more nearly the goal of perfection at birth. It operated at that time in response to a national demand and gave to the nation a president who was supremely fitted for the office. Washington stands alone as the one man unanimously chosen President of the United States. He was called to that office from his Virginia plantation home to which he had gone at the close of the Revolutionary War intending to remain in retirement and to devote his time to personal interests. He was chosen to be the nation's first chief executive because he was peculiarly fitted to guide the infant republic safely



over shoals likely to be encountered in its new national and international life.

The idea that fitness for office is an essential qualification of every public servant was present at the birth of political parties, but since that time has been gradually pushed aside. Only once in the retrogressive process has a great personality left an impress. Lincoln exemplified the cardinal virtue of the political leader,—personal conviction; and might have changed the course of American party politics but for his untimely death at the hands of an assassin. He went to the President's chair realizing that he was confronted with a seemingly insurmountable task. The nation was threatened with destruction because factions opposing him believed that he was in earnest when he said, "If I ever get a chance I will hit that thing and hit it hard." Early in his life while on a trip to the South on a flat boat he had firmly resolved that should the opportunity ever come he would destroy the traffic in human life whose results were evident all about him. That conviction he carried to the President's chair, and it was that conviction that cost him his life.

Contrast if you please these facts with the present day situation. The ideals of the days of Washington and Lincoln—the ideals of personal fitness and conviction as attributes of the political leader—are no longer a consideration. The movement is from, not toward, the ideal. Men are no longer called into public office because of personal fitness, but instead professional politicians spend their time and abilities to secure the office. Men of conviction suffer the loss of their political heads if they dare to assert themselves without party sanction. The American public has unconsciously become the victim of a thoroughgoing and efficient political machine designed to secure personal and party success regardless of the welfare of the nation. This ever increasing power of the politicians, the American public sought to arrest by the inauguration of the direct primaries system,

but with little success. The politicians have learned to control the vote by means of their chain of under-studies—the ward heelers and precinct handshakers. The last primary election in the state of Ohio is evidence of the power of political machinery. In one of the major political parties only one man received a nomination for a state office who was not a machine choice. In the other party the machinery operated with equal efficiency.

The state convention, the supposed purpose of which is to frame the policies of the party, has become merely a political rally where a representative crowd of party enthusiasts gather to be made the party dolts whose burden is to win votes in their home territories. These representatives return to their home communities after listening to a program which has set forth the crowning achievements of the day, all of which are of course the work of their illustrious party. A zeal for the party's success has been instilled into their swelling bosoms and shallow heads by orators skilled in the art of salve spreading and thoroughly acquainted with the psychology of the crowd.

We must admit that civil service laws have been put into force, not because the politicians were desirous of creating more efficient governmental departments but because popular opinion demanded their passage. The legislators, however, guided by party authority, have been careful to keep the most important and the more remunerative offices within their grasp so that these offices might be used to strengthen the political system.

So throughout the entire nation, from President to town councilman, the only requisite for political success is submission to the party hierarchy. Personal fitness is not essential if a man is a good working tool. A smooth working political machine also demands men who have the excellent quality of not thinking for themselves. Time has demonstrated that no man can continue long in politics who dares entertain a



conviction. Only two men since Lincoln have dared to defy party authority. Theodore Roosevelt was able temporarily to break the power of the party which he defied, but paid the price, that of having an abrupt end brought to his political career. Woodrow Wilson, to whom history will award a unique place, died a political death because he did not first seek party sanction for his convictions.

Two major political parties struggle for supremacy. The combined efforts of trained organizers, expert pulse feelers, and fine sounding mouth pieces, together with a large following of handshakers and petty understudies point toward party success. They have evolved an expensive campaign system that requires more money than the offices which they seek can supply,—hence the intimate connection between politics, big business, and questionable practices. Everything must contribute to party success. Nothing must be said or done to create popular disfavor. The party in power weighs carefully each administrative problem in order to determine the possible political results of any decision or legislation in its regard. The tariff, taxation, and budget making are political playthings. The President and his cabinet hesitate to settle a strike situation because they are afraid of the political outcome. In the whole category of politicians from the members of the inner circle to the least of the smaller division organizers not one man of conviction can be found.

The great American public is conscious of these existing evils. Orators, editors and men of affairs have pointed out the weaknesses of our political system. Reform measures have been introduced, blocs have been formed, and numerous movements to undermine the power of the machine have been started, but nothing lasting has been accomplished. We have enjoyed brief periods of good government only to slip back into our state of lethargy and continue to blindly follow the bidding of politicians.

Will American citizens permit the continuance of

these flagrant evils of party politics? Are we going to permit the ever tightening grip of the party machinery to strangle democracy? Shall every public office from the greatest to the least continue to be dominated by the political organizers? For the present system to continue means the death of all true democratic institutions.

The consciousness that we are an integrant part in this great democracy is not dead, it has only been put to sleep by the anaesthetic administered by the party organizers. Political spokesmen have told us that the party is essential for the successful operation of representative government. The voting public believed the propaganda, and consequently the political system has fastened itself upon us so securely that we cannot hope to destroy it. To advocate revolutionary changes in system would be foolish. Any system can be corrupted. The voters of the United States must discover and elect some Washingtons and Lincolns. The solution to the problem is men, not systems. Men fitted for certain governmental tasks and men possessing convictions not to be destroyed by party domination. Both major political parties will place the names of such men upon the ballot when the voice of thinking voters is heard above the loud hurrahs of those who are content to follow where they are led. When you and I, citizens, having the right to exercise the franchise, shake off our submissive attitude and exhibit more than a passive interest in government and political affairs, then and then only will the political machinery turn its attention to the securing of men fitted for office and possessing convictions.

The day is not far distant when national party conventions will function in response to the voice of the voters instead of in response to an autocratic message from a Boise Penrose. The representatives to the state convention will no longer be a crowd of simple followers who sit open mouthed like gaping fools as the party mouth pieces tell them what to do. Instead of the senseless zeal for party success there will be



found an intelligent demand for efficiency. The chief business of the public servant will be to carry on the affairs of government without regard to party affiliation, his only concern being the advancement of the general welfare. Petty political differences will not creep into our foreign policy to endanger our good relations with the other nations of the world. At home and abroad, intelligence, efficiency, and right will be the determiners of government activity.

A Utopia? Idealistic fancy incapable of realization? No! A possibility when you and I are no longer content to remain the playthings of political bosses maintaining a passive silence as the machinery operates for personal and party success.

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## TODAY

By JEAN TURNER, '26

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

'Tis dawn and waking time  
And crimson shafted the skies;  
Dew brushed from the tiny grasses  
As they open sleepy eyes;  
But lone is the heart of the garden  
For a beauty that could not stay  
Gyved in the thought of the fading  
Of a rose of yesterday.

'Tis dusk and dreaming time  
And weird is the sunset glow,  
Where mists and wisps of fancies  
Once dead, now come and go;  
And lee is the heart of the maiden  
For love will roam away,  
And still keen is the pain of the dying  
Of a dream of yesterday.

## SOLILOQUY

### Signs of the Times

By JOSEPH MAYNE, '25

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

**S**IGNS of the times: they weary me. Of course there are signs—and signs. I must not be too broad. I cannot embrace them all. I cannot consider all signs of the times,—flappers, bobbed hair, knees, Fords, cakeeaters and all the motley crew. Nor do I mean methinks the signs of the times which would announce the name and occupation of such and such a worthy wight. Not Chinese signs traced vertically in tortuous paths of gold, not Russian signs written backward and upside down, nor barber poles in stick of candy style; no, none of these. They do not weary me. 'Tis others on which I think.

I then must mean the untidy work of some unmindful mottomaker which offends my gaze both hither and yon, those ill-matched maxims of philosophy as yet unripe. What they lack in sound and in sense is made up by vulgarity. Unknown to rhythm and from reason free, yet the scrips have been exalted by them who know not dross from gold. But so, methinks has it ever been, the mediocre or worse has been preferred to the excellent.

O, I would we had a renaissance in our own present age. Not merely art and china painting, and music and poetry and peasant overtures, but a revival of thinking. Methinks our mental machinery grows dusty and the time draws near to sneeze. And our disuse of mind mayhap betrays the reason that we do choose such tawdry talismans to grace our homes, our business places and our boulevards. Signs of the times: they are possessed of little thought, besides they weary me.

I must get down to cases for it is cases and not commonplace which man must meet, cope with, and quell. Some slovenly mechanic has devised this motto, "Do it Now." Some worthy thought may be here, but



I would not have it so blatant, for to suggest is to reveal, but to name is to destroy. Surely action must be preferred to procrastination, and yet—why do it now? Why should I not think before I act? What consequences might result from "Do it Now!" Gone would be the days of lazy meditation. Ours would be a barren race, so far at least as poets and philosophers would be concerned. The man who would improve his station may not have time to think on methods. "Work On!" the merciless maxim cries. To stop would be criminal. Do it now and continue to do it. If I should stay at home, do it now. If I should go abroad, do it now. If I should sign the pledge, do it now. If I should get drunk, do it now. If I should jump into the lake, do it now. 'Tis folly! One cannot do everything at once. "Do the right thing at the right time" would be better.

Signs of the times: they weary me. Another one is "Safety First." What ill-advised acts or negligence does this suggest! If I play safety first I may not ride on trains lest death o'ertake me in a wreck. I may not walk in houses lest the roof cave in and crush me. I may not wear clothing lest perchance my collar strangle me. If safety first be true then Edison is arch-criminal, for his contrivances bring death to many every twelvemonth. If all the world played safety first 'twould soon be in sorry plight. If they did take no chance how many folk would marry, come to college, ride in airplanes, drink homebrew and the whole category of illogical acts? Surely the maker of this text did not ponder long upon it.

Signs of the times: they weary me. I would that I could banish all mottos urging one to smile. This one, obnoxious and unsound I'll take for instance: "Keep Smiling." In other words to bare my teeth and essay the role of Cheshire cat. Yes, keep smiling. In time I may hope to emulate Monsieur Hooligan. Insidious teaching, this!

But that is not its limit. If your bad manners cause you to trample a lady underfoot, keep smiling.

If your house and all your possessions burn, keep smiling. If you are robbed and beaten, keep smiling. If you beg for your bread and end your days in wretched poverty, keep smiling. Its a jolly old world anyhow! That is what that iniquitous little placard of blue pasteboard would shriek at me. But I have torn it to bits and cast it into the blaze.

Keep smiling! It is the most outrageous sign of all. Why should I not frown occasionally for variety's sweet sake? Is variety such a mistress that I may flout her when I choose? Once on a time methought sincerity was called a virtue. But now I feel I must in fair or foul weather greet all with an inane parting of the lips according to the fabricator of this maxim.

Signs of the times: they cannot survive because they are uncomprehensive. Besides, they weary me.

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## A SEA SONG

By WENDELL CAMP, '25

Down to the sea in ships, boys,  
Where e'er the Flag may lead me.  
Out to the sea in ships, boys,  
Where e'er the Flag may lead me.  
Carrying thru, steadfast and true  
To fight for the flag above me.

Down to the sea in ships, boys,  
When the guns are booming round me  
Out to the sea in ships, boys,  
When a piece of shell has found me  
Among the dead, bloody and red  
I'll fight with the lads beside me.

Down to the sea in ships, boys,  
With the roaring gale behind me.  
Out to the sea in ships, boys,  
O that's where you will find me.  
Never a care, ready to dare  
And die in the boats if need be.



## CAVE MAN STUFF

By ARTHUR A. LUTHER

This Production Won a Prize of \$100 in The Citizen  
All-Ohio Short Story Contest

IN ancient days the rocky gulches near what is now the site of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, on the banks of Lake Erie were inhabited by bands of cave men. Powerful and unemotional indeed were these primitive citizens of Ohio. No bit of sentiment could be tolerated for was there not much work to do? In the primeval battle with Nature there was no time or place for aught but the most serious of duties so it was no wonder that Abu was an outcast.

Abu was an outcast. The cave men had driven him from their midst because he had dared to refuse to take the mate selected for him by the council of his elders! He had refused point blank to go to the cave of the husky amazon in question and by the brutal custom in vogue in the cave man clan to drag his victim forth by her long hair and compel her to share with him another cave which should be their future home. "No," he had said, "No." "Abu will not mate with Goo La. Abu will have Hi Ah or none."

The counselors had been astounded by this unheard of thing. "Hi Ah!" The one condemned, the laughing stock of strong men who scorned her as too frail and dainty to mother the usual motley crew of "cub." They went into council. At high noon the clan had gathered at the shrine of Ooh Ah the Sun and having executed their savage worship dance on the hard trampled clay floor had driven Abu fiercely from their midst to die among the fierce wild life beyond the limits of their little world.

Abu's first care had been to find a shelter. Luckily he discovered a clean new cave which he lost no time in fortifying and thus having taken the precautions dictated by nature's first law he wandered down to the great blue lake and seating himself upon a great rock he tried to think through his strange experience.

What was this strange new feeling which possessed him! When he thought of Hi Ah, the dainty lass who was the innocent cause of all his difficulty, what was that strange new feeling inside, that strange thumping in his hairy breast? Ah yes! He wanted a mate. That was it. What was more he wanted Hi Ah. He would return and fetch her. They should not deprive him of the thing he wanted so much. He would fight his way back and bathe his war club in the blood of any who dared to oppose him. If Hi Ah refused to come he would stun her with his club and the rest would be easy—and he raised his voice in the savage mating call of his tribe—But no, he could never strike pretty little Hi Ah. He did not want to knock out any of those pretty pearly teeth in the cruel marriage ceremony prescribed by the tribe. But what should he do?

Abu was a cave man of more than ordinary intelligence but thinking was a task. As he sat moodily upon the great rock a gentle wave from the lake rolled in and just touched his great hairy feet. A glistening shell caught his eye. Absently he picked up the shell with his toes for not yet had the feet of men lost their similarity to hands, but the iridescent lining of the shell only made him think again of the pearly teeth of Hi Ah and he hurled it far out over the water. He was in despair.

Abu gazed over the great lake. The great water was his friend. Vast and incomprehensible as it was he loved it. He loved the soothing cadence of its gentle surf. He exulted in its power when Whoo the North Wind raged across its storm tossed waves. He wished that Whoo would come now. He wanted to see the storm. He felt like storming himself!

A dozen paces from where Abu was sitting lay a turtle shell. Victim of some disaster the turtle had been cast ashore and buzzard and summer sun had soon disposed of all the easily destroyed parts of the unfortunate turtle leaving only a few dried sinews stretched tightly over the curved shell. While Abu



was sullenly wishing for Whoo to come and stir the great water into a raging turmoil, Ah Ah, the gentle south wind, playfully blew her zephyry breath across the taut strings of the crude turtle shell harp and Abu heard, for the first time in human history, the eerie harmony of an Aeolian harp!

Subtly the sound bore in upon his consciousness. What was that? As if in answer to his startled query Ah Ah blew with a slightly stronger breath upon the strings of her new found plaything and, starting softly, the sweet sound increased to a ravishing fortissimo and then trembled away into silence with such a glory of musical harmony that Abu's head fairly whirled with the delight of this new experience. He located the source of the strange new sound and his hair raised in terror as Ah Ah once more blew a thrilling harmony. But his primitive curiosity soon overcame his fear and he approached the strange shell cautiously.

After many attempts he managed to summon sufficient courage to place his hand timidly upon the shell just as Ah Ah blew once more upon the strings and he felt the vibrations of the shell and saw the quivering strings as they trembled forth their voluptuous harmony. Curiously he plucked at them. To his surprise he found he could thus produce the sweet sounds at will. His fear vanished and he carried his treasure to his cave and fed his hungry primitive soul all day long on the crude music.

Forgetful of all except the delight of possession of his treasure Abu sat at the door of his cave and swept his clumsy fingers over the strings again and again. He even forgot to retire to the security of his cave when the sun sank to rest in the waters of the great lake. He played on and on when suddenly he looked up to behold the full moon rising in queenly splendor and suddenly he thought of Hi Ah!

The music alone might not have done it. The moon alone would have sent Abu terror stricken to bed. But music, moonlight and Hi Ah! It happened.

Forgetting the many dangers of the night he tucked his harp under his arm and started bravely forth to the distant cave of Hi Ah!

The valley of the cave men lay silent beneath the moonlight. All were safely sheltered in their caves awaiting the return of Oo Ah the Sun. The native wolves were scouring the valley for chance bits of food which might have been left by the inhabitants but none of the night prowlers harmed Abu perhaps for very surprise at his audacity. He arrived safely at the cave of Hi Ah.

Abu then and there invented "Free Verse." Striking his crude harp with all the fervor of an Orpheus he sang the first serenade!

"Hi Ah, Oh Hi Ah!

Fair one

Come forth into the moonlight

Come to Abu

Abu wants you

Oh Hi Ah!——"

And the while Abu poured forth his primitive emotions as a flood the inhabitants of the little valley trembled with fear. The scavenging wolves slunk into the shadows and whined apprehensively. The huge bear that had stalked Abu across the hill drew back in snarling dismay. And the first poet and musician continued his roaring serenade.

Hi Ah was the first to recover. She remembered Abu. She had pitied him when he was so cruelly driven away. She had half suspected that he cared for her in some way that was different from the ordinary cave man interest. She wondered at his daring to come to her through the dangerous night. Suddenly she rose and forcing her way past those who sought to restrain her she rushed forth into the moonlight.

Abu laid down his harp and stretched out his arms. Hi Ah hesitated. What was she to do?

As they stood thus motionless in the moonlight Ze



Ze, the mischievous night wind blew upon the strings of Abu's harp. Sweet, piercing, clear the eerie harmony rose in a trembling crescendo until the silent night was filled with the most wonderful sound that had ever delighted the ears of Hi Ah. Then gradually the dulcet tones shivered away into a silence that could be felt. It was enough. Even primitive woman possessed intuition. With a little inarticulate cry of joy Hi Ah threw herself into the waiting arms of Abu and he instinctively crushed her to him in a savage embrace. Then he whispered, "Come, we go?" and submissively she followed him across the moon lit valley to his distant cave.

We are frequently reminded by a purist friend that the final "O" in Ohio is a long vowel but most of us persist in saying "Oh Hi Ah" and who can say but what that pronunciation is much more musical?

## THE AMERICAN JEW

By ALICE DAVISON, '23

Philalethea

EVERY keen American is wide awake to anything that assumes the earmarks of a national problem. The subject of immigration, especially since the war, has been brought to public attention time and time again—not only immigration, but immigrants. One of the most interesting of immigrant races is the Jewish, whose members, statistics show, have been literally flocking to our shores in such numbers that today New York City is the home of practically a million and a half Jews.

The story of the Jewish persecution in the old world is familiar to all. When the glorious new country beckoned from across the sea these people heard her call and went to her, hoping that at last they had found the land where they would not be spat upon and called dog. The first shipload of Jews to come to America landed at New Amsterdam. They were rich and well-educated Spaniards who were compelled to flee because of the Inquisition. These proud and exclusive Jews were practically the only kind who lived in this country before the American Revolution. They played an honorable part in the war and were respected as friends by other racial elements. Their number has been steadily decreasing because of their intermarriage with Gentiles.

The second wave of Jewish immigration was from Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century, when Germans were migrating for economical and political reasons. These German Jews were rag-pickers, itinerant peddlers, petty tradesmen, not factory workers nor laboring men, a fact which necessarily caused them to distribute themselves throughout the country. Many of the best-known Jewish families in the United States founded their fortunes in these humble occupations. Until 1881 there was no such thing as a Jewish problem because the Jews did



not make up the mass of wretchedness in the large cities, nor did their education, manners, and social opportunities compare unfavorably with other immigrant races.

The third class of Jews to find their way here were Polaks from Russia where the Jew had been a cursed creature set apart. The Spanish Jew had been enough a part of Spain to speak Spanish and the German Jew of Germany to speak German, but the Polaks who had lived in Poland and Russia for centuries spoke neither Polish nor Russian, but an outlandish combination of German and Hebrew known as Yiddish.

Russia restricted the Jew's right of residence, causing him to live in the crowded Pale of Settlement, forbidden to own land, obliged to follow certain occupations, and heaped with numerous restrictions from which the mass of the population was free. Russia, with her ignorant and indolent peasantry and her proud nobility, needed business men. Since the restrictions did not keep the Jew from filling this need he became the shop-keeper, the banker, the commission man, the grain merchant. He became the manager for the nobility, the obnoxious person who collected the last kopec of rent from the burdened husbandman. In the Pale there were artisans of nearly every occupation, especially the tailoring business. In 1881, when the Polak was invited to leave Russia, there began that great migration which has increased the Jewish population of our country from 200,000 to 3,000,000.

These people came to America to carry on their old line of business and to make their home in the settlements of New York. And such a home as it is! For those of us who have never visited a Ghetto it is hard to imagine the condition of a million and a half Jews living huddled together in squalid tenements, eating as little as is possible that they may save the precious money which they have earned by the greatest perseverance and hard bargaining. Their Yiddish and their deep-rooted religion, which calls for almost

hourly prayer, and the strictest observance of their Sabbath, prevent these immigrants from finding employment in American factories and shops. So working at whatever they can, they scrape enough capital together to start a business. Some are successful, others hope that their dreams may be realized in their children. The children go to school, learn English, and begin that long struggle to the top that their old age may be easier and happier than that of their parents.

Today we are hearing about the powerful Jewish control of business, of the terrible Zionistic movement and the like. We read one magazine—it stresses the growing financial power of the Jews and their antagonistic designs against the best interests of the rest of the world; we read another—it emphasizes the Jewish lack of co-operation, which makes them weak as a radical power. For instance, the Dearborn Independent says, "The Jew is poor in masses, yet control the world's finance." The World's Work has published a series of articles, giving statistics which absolutely explode this theory. The World Almanac contains a list of the Rich New Yorkers, and since half the Jews of the United States are in New York it ought to be a test. True, a considerable number of Jewish names appear, but it is not the number of names, but the amount of money represented which counts in this case. Let us select Astor, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Carnegie. Any one of these represents larger fortunes than those of all the Jews in the list combined. And isn't it a little strange that Mr. Ford, who has more money at his disposal than any one group of Jews in the country, should be so concerned about Jews controlling finance? He says that the Jew has won his power by a certain characteristic stick-togetherness which the entile does not have. This statement seems rather extreme when we realize that when the Jews do combine their money in any enterprise, it is usually a family partnership affair while



the large trusts and corporations of the country are directed by Gentiles.

Again, here and there, we hear whisperings that the Jews are only lying in wait until they can overthrow the government and take it in charge. This, too, seems very far-fetched when we know that the Jews have no political organization and their vote may never be depended upon to go one way or the other—may it be said to their credit. In 1917 New York would have had a Jewish mayor if the Jews had supported the candidate of their own race. The lack of religious organization is also interesting. The religion of the Jew is the only one in the United States which has no organization, no bishops, no presbyters, no conferences, no convocations. Even the leaders of Zionistic movement are despairing of ever realizing their hopes because the Jews are failing to co-operate.

Sociologists and other broad-minded people are doing much to overthrow our aversion to the negro, but seem to be ignoring our prejudice toward the Jew. We think of him as a caricatured Shylock, an idea which is by no means changed when we see him in his pawn-shop or with an armful of second-hand clothing, or have been cheated in some business transaction. But do we stop to realize that many Gentiles exhibit similar characteristics? If we happen to be cheated by a Gentile, we say "He is a shrewd business man," not, "He'll beat you out of every cent he can. He's a Gentile." Our prejudice against the Jews keeps us keenly alert to any faults they may possess, either individually or collectively.

No problem is solved by prejudice. In studying any race of people we find that they may be explained in terms of their environment and heredity just as we can be explained. They have the same hopes, fears and loves as we, and are just as capable of responding to affection, good treatment and justice. The Jews are by no means an exception to this rule. All the things which tie us to them as fellow creatures are

greater than those which separate us from them as members of a different race. Let us pay back once for all the enormous debt which the illtreatment of the Jews has laid up against Christianity, with broad-minded justice and humanity.

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### PETITE MERE

By AL. W. ELLIOTT, '23

CLOSE to the soil she lived. She busied herself each day working with the brown rabbits which she kept in pens and fed with close-clipped greens the garden spared. Stiff with her years of work, she still found time, when the Yanks were quartered in her hay lofts, to boil a pot of coffee and find eggs for pampered youngsters in Khaki who had learned to call her Mere and to bring her chocolate and soap, and track with muddy hobnails thru her house, singing "Katy" and "A Long, Long Trail,"—boys who would jump up when she entered the room, find her a chair, or help her build a fire in the old open fireplace. One raw March day these khaki dressed youths left her barn and she wept unabashed and kissed them on both cheeks and asked each one to come back and visit her. This old French mother, who had lost her sons was now losing others. The boys turned, in their march, and waved a last *au 'voir* to Mere, as she stood shivering in the open door. And then her brown old hands grew accustomed to emptiness again. I wonder if she lives there yet and what she's thinking now.



## THE HARP OF THE WIND

By ELLEN JONES, '23  
Cleiorhetea

My house stands high  
Where the harp of the wind  
Plays all day  
Plays all night  
And the city light is far away.

Where hangs the harp that the winds play  
High in the air  
Over the sea.

The long straight streets of the far away town,  
When the lines of light going sweeping down  
Are the strings of its minstrelsey.

And the harp of the wind  
Brings to the wind  
A song of the city's tears  
Thin and faint, the cry of a child  
Plaint of a soul unreconciled  
A song of the passing years.

TODAY the tones of that harp are sad and bitter. They come from a world that is confused, that is restless and being restless it does not know how to satisfy itself. Its cry is one of need and of hunger for peace and rest. Somewhere there are those who must answer that cry, who must soothe the weary world.

There are wars, tho we thought we were thru with war. We imagined that hatred had vanished away. There are strikes because capital and labor still misunderstand each other. There are governments that are unsettled and are only temporary structures which may topple over at any time. The harp of the wind plays louder than ever before. To those who listen, it makes an appeal which must not go unanswered.

Have we heard the harp of the wind? Perhaps we have closed our ears to its plaintive call. We have determined that we shall not care. There are many like us who never hear the harp of the wind or if they do they will not listen. They even refuse to allow their thoughts to dwell on the need that is all around them. They shut their eyes and go thru life encased in the shell of self believing they are happy. They live in some low hovel and not in the house that stands high. They never realize that it is a privilege to hear that harp tho its song be that of need and that its tones are rich and deep, bringing to us a glorious opportunity.

Ones ears must be keen to catch those notes. They only come to those who are attuned to the call of duty. But if we are willing and desirous, if we are ready, we cannot fail to hear the notes and hearing them, how shameful, if we are indifferent. We make a great many excuses. We complain that the tones we hear are too far away from our sphere of endeavor, that they are too great in their scope for us to heed. Perhaps we are straining our ears for those far away tones. If we tried we could distinguish the thin, delicate ones that bring us a song of the commonplace and the world which is within our reach. (The harp of the wind does not hang high in the air or over the sea for all of us.)

But what does the harp of the wind mean to college students? We live in an atmosphere that is apart; that is untouched by such serious problems and it is difficult for us to believe that we can grasp that harp of the wind if it plays of the struggles of the great, wide world. We may not be able to do so in college but will we be ready to do so when we have finished if we are not thinking of preparation now.

First there must be knowledge in order to understand present conditions, in order to sympathize with struggling people. We let so many opportunities for gaining knowledge that will mean something slip by without our taking advantage of them. With know-



ledge comes vision. Our vision must be ever broadening out until we can look on both sides of a question and find the essentials. The world has radicals in every cause to spare. What it needs is vision which is far seeing and which will bind together its discordant factors. If we have the truth and sound ideals we are not likely to be led away by the wrong vision. Tho there be knowledge and vision we may fail to use the opportunity if we have not had practice. There seems to be few calls for service in college and those such trivial ones. However, in them we have a beginning. This learning to think of service is going to remain with us thru life. This learning ever to be awake to our duties toward other's needs will mean much. There are so many college men and women who never wake up to what they might be learning of discipline and of service in college activities. They are thinking entirely of self and not even the faint echo of the harp of the wind ever comes to them.

College should mean a training that not only will enable us to hear the harp of the wind but to answer its appeal. It is challenging us in whatever profession we enter. If we are awake, we are in a better position to answer that challenge than those who never reach college. We live in a house that stands high, that in our ideals are more apt to be those that will serve best. We have caught the principles that underlie a worth-while life.

In our dream of future success do we consider the harp of the wind? On the one hand there is a vision of ourselves snugly complacent, with a smile of satisfaction for what we have attained. Our thoughts are in terms of our little family or our little group. We close the doors of our house and sink down in a comfortable chair by the fire. We pick up the evening paper and read of this and of that and we sigh and wonder what the world is coming to. Far away the harp of the wind is playing. We can scarcely hear it for our habit of ignoring is driving it farther and farther away. We go down town to our business and

try to make as much money as possible or if we are working for some one else we do just enough that we may continue drawing our salaries. We cast our vote in an election for the man who we know is not going to do one thing for the needs of our country but still he is the party candidate. If we are women, probably we don't even bother to vote. Perhaps we are asked to join some good cause but we haven't the time. Perhaps we aren't even alive to the real needs in our neighborhood.

On the other hand there is a vision of ourselves climbing the mountain to success. We stop often to help some one who has lost the way. We are delayed awhile. We will not reach the top so soon. Everyday we use precious time for some one else that might be for our own personal gain. We do not allow ourselves to go to sleep over the world's problems. We are doing small things but our influence is greater than we know. We are constantly taking away from the column of our material wealth but we add to the column of our immaterial wealth. The top of the mountain that so many are rushing toward may never be reached by us and some will say that we are failures but still we will be coming nearer that pinnacle that we ourselves know is the time measure of success. To us the harp of the wind is playing its greatest melodies. By the greatest we do not mean the gay, luring ones of pleasure alone for the cry of the world is not for selfishness but the melodies that throb with the strains of the struggling, the tired, the needy and the unreconciled. This is the vision of our real success.

The harp of the wind is the need of the world and its melodies the pleas of the world. In our house that we think stands high do we heed its call?



## THE OPPORTUNITIES OF TODAY

By S. A. WELLS, '23  
Philaphronea

COME with me mentally if you will to a union station in any one of our large cities. There amid the hustling and hurrying throng we can see all manner of life. To the confusion we give little heed, for our attention is fastened upon the steel gate through which all must pass who desire admission to the trains. The door slowly swings shut. Far down the passageway we see a number of people, some are hurrying, while others are slow and indifferent in their movements. They arrive at the gate and to their dismay find the door closed. In vain do they call for admittance. They entreat; they beg, but all to no avail. The train is gone. They were too late.

This my friends is but a simple picture of yesterday. Yesterday, the day that is gone forever. How many are there in the world who have failed in life simply because they did not act yesterday. Failing to do yesterday's duties does not strengthen the character for the future, it only weakens it the more. So let us on the tomb of yesterday forever dead write these words: "Yesterday you are dead and gone and I can do nothing with you or for you. But I have learned from you to make better use of your brother today.

Again we stand with our interest centered upon the steel gate, and the throng of people. The gate is closed as before, but now we see a large crowd waiting for it to open. Yes waiting for it to open, as it is not yet time for the train. Some are impatient others are indifferent.

This my friends is but a simple picture of tomorrow. Tomorrow not yet and never to be here. It is this crowd that always says: "What is one day more or less, or what do a few hours amount to in a life time. Why do this today when I can put it off until tomorrow?" How easy it is to close the book and say, "I will

study tomorrow!" How easy it is to say, "I will write to mother tomorrow," but that night she is taken away. How easy it is for a man working on the railroad to say, when it is time to quit work, "I will drive this spike tomorrow," but that night when the midnight express goes thundering through, and strikes the loose rail, many are killed. Ah! then the excuse, "I was going to fix that tomorrow," has little weight. The person who says "I will wait until tomorrow has little chance for success. Tomorrow is too late, we must live today.

Once more we stand watching the throng. And as we look this time we see that the gate is open. Through it are passing old and young, representing all stages of life in all its fullness.

This my friends is the simple picture of today. The only day. For there isn't any tomorrow; there isn't any yesterday; there is only today. It is the things we do today that count in life. Mourning for yesterday stops the working of the mind; mooning about tomorrow causes all action to cease. To live today means that we must be wide awake, attentive, eager, interested, only then can we grasp the opportunities that come to us. Would Newton have been able to associate the law of universal gravity with the falling of the apple, if he had not been attentive? Would Jenner have discovered what benefits might be derived by vaccine; if he had not been interested and attentive when the opportunity came to him? So it is necessary to concentrate our minds upon our own progress, success, and opportunities.

Do we as college students have any opportunities? If we were told that we would find gold by digging in a certain place; would we not dig in an effort to find it? But the gold is not out there; the only real gold mine we can ever find is within ourselves. However, we must dig for it today. This is the opportunity we as college students have, the privilege of study, investigation, and development. Let us therefore take that motto as our own, "Know thyself."



Franklin says, "One today is worth two tomorrows." So let us make use of today. If we would have pure thoughts let us think them today. If we would do kind acts let us do them today. If we would have good habits let us form them today. If we build a fine character let us start today. If we would live a beautiful life let us live it today.

Yes, I know we will have our dark days, but others have had them and they never gave up. Carlyle once wrote a complete and magnificent history, but through the carelessness of his servant it was thrown into the fire and destroyed. He sat down and wrote it again. He did not say, "Tomorrow perhaps I will find courage to begin it over again." When we have a blue day let us say with him:

"So here hath been dawning another blue day,  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?  
Out of eternity this new day is born!  
Into eternity at night will return.  
Behold it aforetime no eye ever did;  
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid."

If we think of our disappointments and failures of yesterday let us repeat these inspiring words:

"Today is yesterday returned; returned  
Full powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn.  
And reinstate us on the rocks of peace;  
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,  
Nor like its elder sister die a fool."

The world cares nothing for what we were yesterday; nor does it care what we will be tomorrow. Only today counts in life.

"Happy the man and happy he alone  
He who can call today his own."

As we enter upon each new day let us decide to make it the best. For yesterday is gone forever and tomorrow will never come.

## "OUR BANE"

By H. V. MILLER, '23  
Philomathean

"ONE of the aids to a thorough education is a good literary society. We are happy to know that there are enough 'lovers of learning' among us to establish and sustain an association of this kind."—with those words Cyrus Hanby introduced a president's valedictory in the hall of Philomathean Literary Society on April 16, 1858.

Sixty-five years have elapsed since that thought was given expression; sixty-five years laden with remarkable changes,—but Philomatheans and friends, that enunciation lives today. Why else should we be here?

It would slander your intelligence were I to more than remind ourselves of these great changes. We pity the student of '58, with all his limitations. But his life had its advantages. He had time to do a few things right; he had time to meditate, to think. His was not a life of hurry and scurry, of breathless haste, of nerve-racking confusion. He had no need to wonder whether social groups were necessary or harmful. He knew every other student in college. His literary societies were no larger than our modern social groups; his contacts with the members of those societies were more constant, more intimate, yes—more partisan than the internal social group contacts of today.

I wonder if that feeling of pity wouldn't be reversed if the student of '58 could see us trying to conduct four literary societies, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Volunteer Band, Gospel Team, intercollegiate and intramural athletics the year around, fifteen social groups, two glee clubs, banjo-mandolin orchestra, varsity debate and oratory, college orchestra and band, Quiz and Quill Club, Christian endeavor, Science Club, International Relations Club, French Club, Men's and Girls' Leaders Corps, Varsity and Oratory



"O" association, Chaucer Club, Cap and Dagger Club, Sociology Club, and student self-government. Yes—we publish a weekly paper and a year book. How many have I missed? Yes,—we have found it necessary to have "movies," radio nights, rallies and pushes, until every night and afternoon in the week is taken up with extra-curricular activities.

Did I say that they were not good—were not necessary? Have I discriminated against any one or all of them? Each one of them is necessary to the type of program we are attempting to foster.

What have other colleges that have specialized to the Nth. power done with their literary societies? They have permitted them to die,—and willfully. They maintain that literary societies have long since outlived their usefulness.

And a bit of irony enters. We are neighbors to a wonderful, highly developed university, Ohio State University. Today a few thinking professors of that university are trying to put on a program—amid the manifold campus activities—that will challenge its students to go out into the world using common, every day, good speech. Quoting from professor Graves—"The campus is infected with a large number of young men who neither know nor care what correct speech is, who are concerned merely with getting from their courses material which, after a while, they can turn into cash—"

That last clause—can turn into cash—pictures the composite mind of the modern college and university student. Oh—Otterbein students are not that way? Otterbein turns out men and women who have altruistic aims, who appraise highly features of service, of mutual help to their fellow beings,—citizens first of all, specialists afterwards.

We must be disillusioned. We think falsely that the deeds of our predecessors have rendered us immune from modern tendencies. We boast of our high-grade literary societies, burlesques of former stan-

dards. But the time is here when we can no longer live upon a reputation.

How much better is Otterbein's campus speech than that of Ohio State, or any other school? Do members of this year's senior class have a keener insight into proper parliamentary procedure than seniors elsewhere? Are Otterbein students more capable of appearing well in public than other students? What are the earmarks of an Otterbein student? They are orthodoxy and provincialism.

Do I advocate that any one or all of our clubs should disband? Do I say that we should return to the old time society with its formal oration, that dealt with an abstract theme, that was evolved rather than written? Do I recommend the stock program of the seventies that contained five scholarly essays, three orations, and a four-man debate, and five extemporaneous speeches void of anything but serious thought? No,—that would entail disaster; it would be impossible.

I do maintain, however, that if the words Philomatheia, Philalethia, Philophronea, and Cleiorhetea, are to be known and understood by Otterbein students ten years hence, we must take inventory;—we must cease to advertise wares that we cannot deliver. We must eliminate two of the biggest thorns in our side. They are conflicts and conscripts. It is common knowledge that no Otterbein literary society has enjoyed a program this year that has not been hurt by conflicting activities. I need not mention them singly. In the mens' societies, session after session has been paralyzed during the past eight weeks. Why is it that ablest members give weak productions? Because they have so scattered their efforts, have concentrated upon specialized endeavor until society is a drudge.

Then we have taken stock in a false premise—that numbers makes for strength. When were our literary societies at the zenith of their power? When they had from twenty to thirty members on their rolls.



Following that line of thought, a solution is—let men and women who aspire to good speech, parliamentary knowledge, forensic ability;—let those people compose our literary societies. Eliminate the deadwood. Revive old standards by enforcing the letter of the law. The men whom we claim to imitate did not hesitate to write the word—"Expelled" across their records.

Then we have conscription—a peculiar term to be associated with a democratic college. But we have it. Nearly two years ago an article was incorporated into the newly-formed constitution for student self-government which compelled every member of a social group to become active in a literary society before the beginning of his fourth college semester. That article was passed by the student body and assented to by the faculty. A conscientious effort was being made to bolster up our literary societies. Why not be honest with ourselves and admit that the plan has failed?

In times of stress men have been drafted to shoulder a gun and go forth as fodder for enemy bullets. Under the lash, discipline, they responded with physical achievements—a vastly different matter from cultural and mental achievements. Such must be bred in unconquerable desire.

We have men on rolls who wilfully neglect all duties of society, who crave and hunt for excuses to avoid them. We have many more who discharge their duties in a perfunctory way because they cannot afford to pay the fines that will be imposed for infractions upon the rules.

These wilful delinquents, who unintentionally, unconsciously diminish the value of Otterbein's literary societies—to a man they are engaged in too many activities, are in society against their own free will and accord, or have been inveigled by misrepresentation or misapprehension of what will be expected of them.

Strenuous efforts to minimize conflicts, and a joint

demand from the four societies calling for a repeal of Sec. VII of Article II of the Otterbein Constitution for Self-Government, which requires every member of a group to be an active member of a literary society, before the beginning of his fourth college semester,—that is the solution I would offer.

You will seek fallacies in my argument. You may find them. But as long as we tell ourselves the lie that Otterbein literary societies are not on the downgrade, are not headed toward extinction—that long we accelerate our decadency.

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## A RIVER

By MARGARET WIDDOES, '26

ON the banks of a great wide river flowing smoothly on its way to the ocean stood the great tall buildings of a large and prosperous city. The sky above was as dark and murky from the smoke of the many factories as the water beneath polluted by the refuse of many such cities. Streams of people constantly hustled over the bridges together with trains, street cars, automobiles and drays; while up and down the stream plied all kinds of water craft. Only the river was peacefully slow after its long journey content to let nature take its course; everything else struggled against some unseen force which drove them at their utmost speed.

Far, far away up in the high mountains, surrounded by gigantic trees and protected by overhanging rocks, a little spring sparkled in the morning sunshine. The clear water refreshed the creatures that came to drink. Around this spot, the source of the great course of water which ran for so many miles was not a sound save the soft swish of the wind in the pines and the gurgle of a streamlet as it seeped through the porous rock and trickled over the pebbles down the hillside. Other rills joined their waters to this one in its happy journey. As it tripped along it laughed and sang as if from the sheer joy of living;



it played jump the rope over the rocks and hide and seek with the shadows. The water danced on, came to a ledge of rock, jumped over in a white veil of spray and for a while lay still in the pool at the base of the falls as if to recover from a foolhardy stunt. From there carefree and light hearted it wound its way through deep canyons, rich valleys, on and on, becoming more sober and aged as distance passed. Finally mistreated by man, tired and dirty, it lost itself in the vastness of the ocean.

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### ONE-ARM JACK

By DELNO ADAMS, '23.

You say there's no good in him? No good in One-Arm Jack?

Because he swears and cusses, you think his heart is black?

He's a hardened sinner is he? And surely bound for Hell?

Well youngster, just you listen, and I will try to tell, A little Christmas story, not the kind you mostly hear, There ain't no angels in it, but it fits this time-o'-year.

'Twas in a dirty oil camp in the old Wyoming hills, And the first real cold of winter, the kind of cold that kills,

Had blocked the trail they called a road, and shut us in, you know,

Fur the sixty miles to Salt Creek, was sixty miles of snow,

I've rid them trails fur forty years but never I believe 'Ave I seen a blizzard like the one that come on Christmas Eve.

We had gathered in the cook shack fur it was warm in there,

'Ad started up a game of stud, but Jack played solitaire,

He said he never fought when he played the game alone,

There was Skinners, there was Swampers, and a man  
by name of Stone,  
Bill West, the Crumb-boss, and Texas Pete from Idaho  
was there,  
And then a dozen others that come from God knows  
where!

It was a jolly gathering, and to spread the Christmas  
cheer,  
The cook rolled in some brandy an' a couple kegs o'  
beer,  
Then the talk grew louder an' the stud game livened  
up  
Fur there's nuthin makes a gambler, like a good 'ole  
sudsy cup,  
The Skinners laughed and shouted, an' the Swampers  
cussed an' swore,  
It was a celebration like I'd seldom seen before.

Some folks would have damned us, fur a low an' rot-  
ten crew,  
Because we swore from habit an' among us were a few  
With as vile a lot of cuss-words as ever rent the air,  
But the boys all stopped to listen when Jack begun to  
swear,  
To him there was nothing sacred, either in Life or  
Death,  
Mother, Country, God he'd damn in one foul breath.

We wasn't any angels, we'd seen the worst of Life  
We knew of lust and battle, we'd fight with gun or  
knife,  
There wasn't a man among us but would finish what  
he begun  
And Idaho, from Texas, had three notches on his gun;  
But still, of Big Jack's cussing, we had a kind of  
dread,  
For he swore as if he meant exactly what he said.



We could smell the fire and brimstone when he cut  
loose alone,  
With the line of rot we'd heard before, all except the  
man named Stone.  
There was a hush when he finished—then came a  
crash at the door,  
We leaped to our feet, but before we could speak, a  
man fell in on the floor.

He was as near to freezin' as a man could be and live,  
He 'ad fought the killin' blizzard with all he had to  
give.  
We slipped him a shot of brandy and he came to  
enough to say  
That the mail was in a snowdrift a mile or so away.

He begged the boys to get it, an' Stone reached fur  
his coat,  
It was foolish idee an' it kinda' got Jack's goat,  
"The mail be damned," he hollered, "no varmint  
leaves this shack  
With the wind a blowin' hell bent he'd never leave  
a track,  
We don't want no men to bury, the ground digs hard,"  
said Jack.

We knew it was sense he was speakin', it was flirtin'  
with death to go,  
So we took the shoes off the postman and packed his  
feet in snow.  
We thawed the ice from his beard an' shook him out  
of his coat,  
Fur he was asleep an' limp as a rag—and then Jack  
found the note!

I watched his face as he read it, I could only stand an'  
stare  
Fur he turned the color of ashes, and' I saw fear writ-  
ten where,

I never before had seen it. And he nearly forgot to swear.

"Boys, its from my woman, the little brat is sick, Boys, I'm goin' to Salt Creek, a bottle-o'-brandy, quick!"

We stood an' gaped like monkies, what was wrong with the man?

"Bill get me some matches an' a compass too if you can."

We couldn't believe that he meant it, it was too much brandy or beer,

Fur he talked of goin' to Salt Creek as if the road was clear.

Well, we argued an' we pleaded an' we begged him not to go,

We told him he'd leave his carcass frozen somewhere in the snow,

We told him to wait till morning, that to start at night meant death,

We cussed him fur a fool, but we might' ave saved our breath,

Fur he kept right on a rollin' some things into a pack, An' he didn't say a word till he'd strapped it on his back.

He put his snow shoes on, an' then he turned to us, "You boys mean, allright," he said, "an me an you won't fuss

But you better put 'em up an' put 'em up, damn quick! I can't be takin' chances with the little feller sick:

Higher; That's good; now line up along the wall.

Now boys, it won't be no picnic, I may not get there at all.

If you don't hear in a week let the little woman know Mak' it as easy fur 'er as you can, you tell 'er Idaho.

If a make it then I reckon two weeks 'ill see me back,

If I don't we'll meet in Hell an' get thawed out;" said Jack.



He slammed the door an' was gone into the storms  
sullen roar,  
We looked at each other like fools, took down our  
hands an' swore,  
Stone was fur following after an' tryin' to bring him  
back,  
But the rest of us knew it was useless fur Stone  
didn't understand Jack.

It took the kick out the stud game, Jack goin' off  
that way,  
We dealt the cards but somehow we hadn't the heart  
to play,  
The vision of Jack was before us a ploddin' along out  
there,  
We "hoped to God that he'd make it," 'twas as near  
as we come to prayer.  
You've heard the rest of it, youngster, it cost him an  
arm you know,  
An' before you say he's all bad remember **what made  
him go.**

Well, that's my Christmas story, I ain't told it very  
well,  
If I was a preacher feller, I'd go ahead an' tell,  
About that other baby an' the stuff he came to teach,  
**Jack had a little of it**—but you know that I can't  
preach!

What? the kid? Jack's kid you mean? O, come out  
all right,  
Chicken pox or somethin', he was only sick one night,  
When Jack got home he was on the floor an' well  
enough to play,  
When he saw his Dad he laughed like—you know  
what Jack would say.

## BOY

By JEAN TURNER, '26

**R**AISING a kid sister is a tremendous responsibility. I undertook the raising of Boy when I was three. That was when she joined our family. She has now arrived at that delightfully exasperating age of fourteen to sixteen—the age at which every girl stands, confused and questioning, between childhood and young womanhood, as though loath to leave the outgrown freedom of the one, yet eager to prove the promises of the other.

Just last summer Boy was essentially the child. She played hide-and-seek and baseball with all the youngsters of the neighborhood. I have seen her often as we came in from the creek, stopping in wet bathing suit to climb up into the neighbors' apple tree, or racing to be first to reach the line fence. Now she has assumed an oddly fitting air of conscious dignity and almost blushes to recall such childish actions.

Boy is my only sister and it has made the raising of her easier. We have always been pretty good pals, down through my high school days and to the beginning of hers. My crowd was her crowd, and her crowd mine—with one exception. There was the I. F. E. That was my crowd and she was excluded from our formal meetings. Now there is the J. O. D. That is her crowd and I am excluded from their formal meetings.

But the I. F. E. never attained such unity and solidarity as the J. O. D. The members of the secret sisterhood attend the same classes at the same hours, and must be seated together regardless of alphabetical order or any other arrangement. The dramatic director must take care to cast them all in the same play. The sewing teacher is resigned to having sets of six in each project assigned. They as a group decide upon pattern, material and color, and the group decisions is followed faithfully by each J. O. D.



The six of them represent extremes of type and mediums, but no two are similar, and their insistence upon uniformity of dress is the source of much vexation on the part of anxious mothers. Boy, fortunately, is a medium type, and her Little Lord Fauntleroy curls, dark eyes and rosy cheeks save her vain little heart much secret unhappiness over unbecomingness of the club costume.

As with most adored and adoring younger sisters, mimicry is not an acquired art with Boy, is not even second-nature, rather first. She began it in babyhood but it long since ceased to be flattering and is only occasionally amusing. The incident of tonight is not amusing.

A couple of hours ago she slipped off downstairs to see "a friend who was coming in to explain some Latin constructions." I just came home today for spring vacation and have been waiting up for her to come back and tell me the late town gossip. Just now I heard a voice, low but clear and distinct, underneath the window. The words were oddly familiar—yes, it was the same little speech in which I had once achieved a remarkable combination of masterly rhetoric and suppressed emotion.

I looked out the window—I had a right to look—and saw Boy, standing with eyes raised to distant stars and hands outstretched dramatically, and she was speaking to—Gail. I don't so much mind her assuming my gestures and tone of voice or repeating my words verbatim, but she might have had the grace to repeat them to some other boy than one who heard them at exactly the same place on just such a night three years ago. The J. O. D. would enjoy the story but I shall not tell them. One owes something to younger sisters. I shall be asleep when she comes up. It is after nine and mother will be calling her soon. I wish the raising of Boy were finished.

## THE GROCERY STORE LOAFER

By LEWIS HAMPSHIRE

"Prep"

THE Hellenistic age boasts its Alexander; Caesar caused the Roman tribunal to bow at his feet; Napoleon swept over the continent of Europe, conquering, slaying, and ravaging. Even the Kaiser of Germany started a conflagration that cost the lives of ten millions of men. But greater than all of these is the man who we find sitting on a soap box in the back of a country grocery store. His knowledge is infinite, his wisdom unquestionable, his insight uncanny, and his power important.

Close up to the red hot stove he sits, but never does he think to put coal in the stove once it dies down. That is below his dignity. Tilted back periously on two legs of a creaky chair, that protests with every movement, he expounds words of wisdom to his faithful followers. An old black cap, long since passed from a gloss to a muddy color, sits rakishly on the back of his head, revealing a few strands of uncombed hair. One jaw seems to have a tumor growing on its side. The characteristic thing about the tumor is its ability to roll from one side to the other. At times other ingredients collect there, in which case they are fired at a sawdust pan pulled out half way from under the stove, with more or less success. As he tells what is wrong with government, in oratory that rivals that of Abraham Lincoln, his breast rises and falls with rhythmic action revealing a soiled shirt minus half of its buttons, open at the top. Under this is a flaming red shirt, shouting to be heard. The red shirt is a part of him; that is it "sticketh closer than a brother" for six months of a year. "The tariff bill is causing the country to go bankrupt and soon 'a feller won't have a gol' darned show to live.'" He crosses his legs at the ends of which hangs a pair of rundown, runover, twine-laced felt boots. Reeking still with the smell of the barnyard they hang sus-



pended in mid air, while the chair is tilted still farther.

"These days hain't like they used to was." He takes out his long bladed Barlow and selecting a pine board from the pile of kindling in the corner begins to carpet the floor about him with shavings.

"Why, I reckelmember the time in the '79's whin you could get a poke of flour fer twenty-five cents. Now jest look attit."

The pile of shavings has grown to enormous size. The groceryman looks on them with a frown of disapproval. The autocrat perched on his throne is just getting warmed to his subject. He chews his Beechnut a little faster. It is getting warmer. Tiny river-lets start from the corners of his mouth and try their best to fill up the wrinkles.

"Yes siree!! William Jennings Bryan will be our next president. The hule blamed country is gettin tired of the way the Republicans is runnin' everything. A few more yers of this bloomin' nonsense and we might as well move off."

His mouth is too full now to continue. While he takes careful aim,—only to miss it,—of the unpatented cuspidor some one remarks that Phil Bloom has just sold his good coon dog for twenty-five dollars.

"Aw, that's nothin', you know that red spotted hound that I used to own, wal, one day two city sports came out and wanted to buy that thar dawg. Said as how they hed herd it would run a coon all night before it would give up. They wanted to see it work and if they liked it would give me one hundred dollars fer it. Told them 'I wouldn't take a farm in Texas fer it. Wal I let it run that night and swan to goodness if it didn't tree four coon that night. Tell you what boys that was the best coon dawg that ever dug its nose in a slab of bacon."

The Beechnut has worn out long since and has been thrown towards the open door of the stove. It has hit the edge, part of it going in, part falling on the floor and the remainder hanging, sizzling to the

stove, where it threatens every moment to lose its perilous grip on life and join its brother.

A remark is made by old Si Perkins, about putting a match to a magazine of powder.

"Did I ever tell you about that race I had one fall with 'Squib' Hatters. Wa'll you know Squib had bin tellin every one as how he could husk more corn in a day than any one in Pickaway County." Here he stopped his talk long enough to stuff his mouth full of wrinkled prunes, that was in a dirty box nearby. "I herd of it and made up my mind that I would show that thar onery cuss somethin' first chance I got. Well it happened that we both started in the slate stone field in Kinney's bottom farm just before Thanksgiving, Squib sorta waddled over to me and say's 'Jim they say's as how you claim to be a corn husker and se'en as how tomorrow is Thanksgivin' and I'm sorta a corn husker myself, I calculate to beat you to the end of the row. If I do you pay for a turkey. If you do, I pay.' Wa'll the row had thirty shocks in it and would do bettern' three and a half a shock, but I swore I beat the critter or bust. Let me tell you the way we made the corn fly was a caution, yessiree! Did I beat him? Ha, ha, when I tied my last shock of fodder, 'Squib' was still two to go and maddern' a hornit." He looked up to see the awed admiration of his followers; but they have vanished. Only the grocerman remains. Just then a small dirty faced, ragged urchin pokes his head in the door and yells:

"Pap, maw says fer you to come home right away, the beans are gittin cold and the hawgs harn't been fed this morning."



## "POOR MAN, RICH MAN"

By LORENE SMITH, '26

He was only a poor old beggar;  
Dirty, ragged and grey,  
Whose bleary eyes looked, but dimly,  
At the people, who passed his way.

Some stopped and spoke to the beggar;  
Others, hurrying, passed him by,  
Or dropped a coin, in the outstretched hand,  
Then turned away with a sigh.

For he was so feeble and wretched,  
Such a poor broken wretch of a man,  
That you could not pass, with a sneering smile,  
When you saw that outstretched hand.

All day the beggar sat there,  
All day the people passed  
'Till weary, at night, he stiffly rose  
And stumble home at last.

Trembling, with fear, at the crossings  
He cautiously made his way;  
Then stopping outside a rich man's gate,  
He turned—but, beggar, stay!

You must not enter here;  
They will turn you away in scorn,  
You, with your hair disheveled,  
Your dirty coat, ragged and torn.

But now the door is opening,  
The butler is bending low,  
With quick, sure step, he enters;  
The beggar before so slow!

The beggar's shoulders straightened;  
On his face, there spread a light,  
Then turning to the man, he said,  
"I'll dine at home tonight."





