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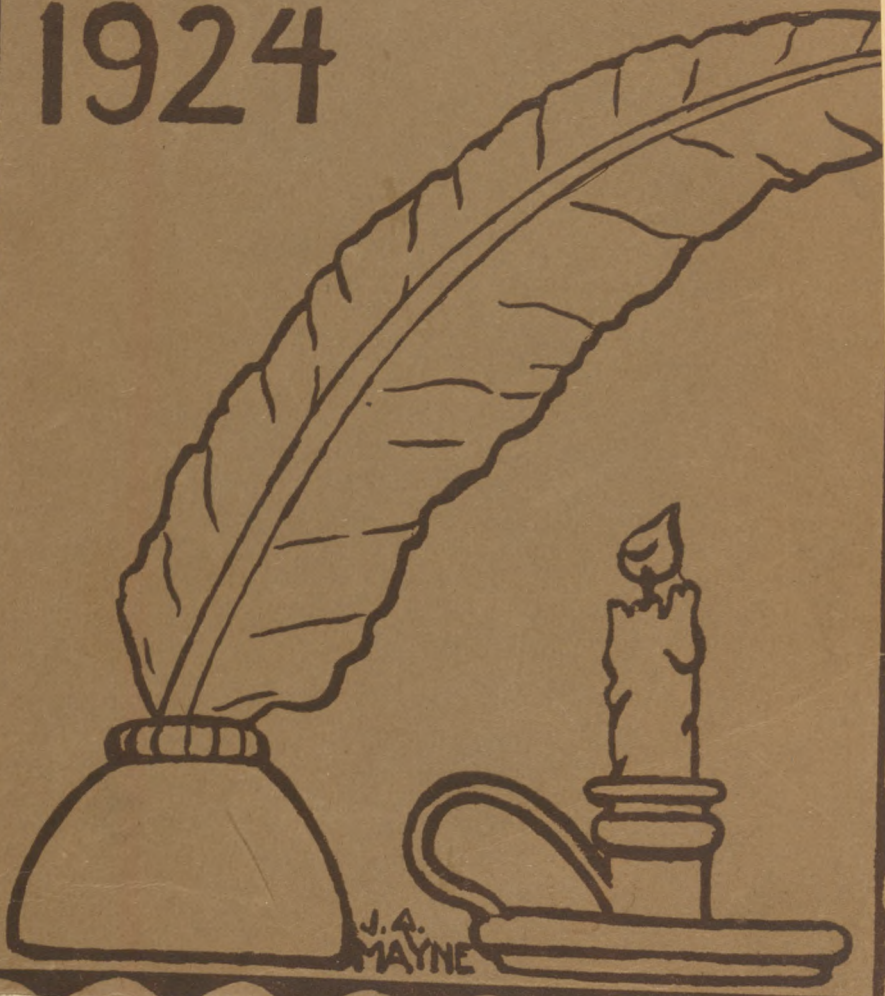
THE QUIZ AND QUILL

1924



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Center Row, Left to Right—Ellen Jones, Donald S. Howard, Bessie Lincoln
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THE QUIZ AND QUILL

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of
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GREETING

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES

DR. EDMUND A. JONES

The four literary societies have always had a prominent place in Otterbein College and they have produced results that could not have been secured in the classroom, on the campus, or on the athletic field. Students who have availed themselves of the advantage of membership in these societies have received a training in parliamentary customs and usage and in the control and direction of public assemblies that will be of great value to them in whatever line of work they may engage in the future. The practice in the various lines of literary activity, the essay, biography, story, criticism, debate, and extemporaneous speaking, is invaluable.

The opportunity to speak before a limited audience of one's fellows is a fine preparation for the larger field that may come to one after graduation. In the words of Chauncey Depew, "The gift of speaking, of being able to make people listen to what you say, to inspire men with ideals and convince them of truth: surely no more superb work can a man have."

One purpose of the Quiz and Quill is to encourage literary activity, to emphasize the importance of the work in English and a more thorough knowledge of the mother tongue. It brings together in a convenient and permanent form, the prize orations and essays, the best productions of the literary societies, and individual efforts that are worthy of praise.

In our present system of education we give too little time to reflection, too little opportunity for individual and independent thinking in reference to the problems of life. The poet Sax has well said:

"At learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;
And oft from books apart the thinking mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.
'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;
'Tis wise to learn, 'tis Godlike to create."

AT THE BEND OF THE ALUM

JEAN TURNER, '26

Up from the boat-house by a path they knew,
A path that wound the meadow through,—
What though the grass was wet with dew
And the sun had long been down!
The air was perfumed with clover scent,
As through the twilit fields they went,
The twilit fields where the path was bent,
Past the cat-tail swamp of the Alum,
The swamp at the bend of the Alum,
Where it skirts the edge of the town.

The youth by the moonlight made bolden,
In the summer night-time's glory golden,
Told his story as false as 'twas olden,
While pale pink stars looked down;
And the maiden trusted his words, believing,
(Words that had left other maidens grieving)
Never doubting his kisses, deceiving—
There by the cat-tail swamp of the Alum,
The swamp at the bend of the Alum,
Where it skirts the edge of the town.

Too soon she learns that kisses are lying,
And false is love; it is quickly dying.
One more sad-hearted maiden's sighing,
As the truth comes crushing down;
Blends with bullfrogs' croaking at ev'ning,
With sounds of crawling things, and creep'ning,
While ghostly purple shadows are deep'ning
O'er the cat-tail swamp of the Alum,
The swamp at the bend of the Alum,
Where it skirts the edge of the town.

BENEATH THE FLAG*

MILDRED ADAMS, '24
First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest

A THRILL of victory ran through Baltimore. A bullet-scarred flag waved above Fort McHenry. The British had quit firing a fortnight before. Inside the fort a baby girl was born. Her father, Colonel George Armstead, distinguished for his bravery in defending the little fort against the British, prided himself that his daughter was born beneath the American flag.

The American newspaper of Baltimore, for September 16th, 1814, printed the following headlines:

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD

For Any Clue Leading to the Arrest of the Man Who Last Night Stole the American Flag from Fort McHenry.

Colonel George Armstead pushed back his chair from the low kitchen table, pulled the oil lamp closer and read the lines carefully. Then, grabbing the tongs, he punched the fire, sending flurries of sparks up the old chimney. Settling in his chair he began to read a second time. The paper dropped to the floor and his eyes rested upon a large silver vase on the mantelpiece, which had been presented to him by the citizens of Baltimore, in recognition of his bravery in defending the fort against the British. That vase, shaped like a huge bombshell, brought vivid memories to the Colonel. He thought of that last night when the British were raining bombs upon the little fort—of the long night when it seemed that each moment the stronghold would collapse—of daybreak and victory.

"Thank God," he muttered half aloud.

His wife eyed him strangely.

*The flag about which this story is centered is now in the possession of the Appleton family, at Yonkers, N. Y.

"Have you seen the evening paper?" he asked.

A gurgling whimper from the corner attracted the mother and she went to the cradle, took the squirming baby in her arms and sat down beside her husband.

"The paper says that they are offering five hundred dollars reward for the man who took the victory flag from the fort," said the Colonel, hesitatingly.

"But they don't know who did it, George. If they knew, it would be all right."

The Colonel's eyes flashed. "No—and they never will know."

"But you must explain."

"Never! They wouldn't understand. The paper hints that it is the work of a coward. I have defended that flag too long to give it up now—and, anyway, it's for Mary."

With this Colonel Armstead took the infant in his arms, held her gently, and pressed a kiss upon the child's forehead.

"You will never know, little girlie, how nearly you came to being born under the flag of the British," he said.

"But Mary mustn't grow up feeling that she must conceal this flag," the wife protested.

The Colonel was beaten, he knew it and the thought troubled him. He wished to be alone. He climbed a ledge that overlooked the fort and gazed out across the bay. The water was still; there was no sound except the occasional cry of a sea-gull.

"What a contrast to two weeks ago," he thought. "There are no battleships, no bombs. Our homes are safe and our flag is still there." And he looked at the flagstaff, on which floated a bright American flag.

"There is no need to tell them that I have the old one," he thought. "I will keep it as a relic for Mary. Some day she will want to see the flag she

was born beneath and the flag her father fought to save."

It was breakfast time in the fort. A snapping fire roared in the huge fireplace. The odor of buckwheat cakes and coffee came from the adjoining room. On the mantel the large silver vase stood in its usual place. The cradle in the corner did not move. Mary was sleeping. The Colonel and his wife ate in silence, each fearing to break the stillness for fear of waking Mary. Presently the Colonel drew a handbill from his pocket and began reading it aloud.

"Bombardment of Fort McHenry, a poem, written by Francis Scott Key, an American, Prisoner," he read.

"Where did you get that, George?"

"It was under our door this morning." Then he read the poem slowly and carefully, and concluded:

" 'Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: IN GOD IS OUR TRUST,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.' "

A mist filled his eyes and his voice grew husky.

"That poem will live," was all he could say.

"Yes, as long as our children are born beneath the American flag," his wife added.

At that moment there came a sharp rap at the door and an excited woman with a shawl over her head entered.

"What's wrong?" asked Mrs. Armstead, seeing that the woman was crying.

"Oh, they've taken Arthur."

"Where?"

"To jail."

"What for?"

"They claim he's a spy. They called him a coward—a traitor! Oh, Colonel, I came to see if you couldn't help him! They won't listen to me. Because we are English by blood they claim we like those blood-thirsty Englishmen better than the Americans!"

"But what did your husband do?"

"He didn't do anything. But, you know, Colonel, the victory flag is gone, and—"

The expression on the Colonel's face stopped her. "You sit down and have a cake. I'll see what I can do about it," and he was gone.

Meanwhile in downtown Baltimore a small boy named Billy Appleton had attracted a large crowd. A newspaper reporter was questioning him. He wanted a story and the boy's tale promised to be a thriller. While the ruins of Washington smoldered, any tale was believable to the citizens of Baltimore. The boy's face twisted into comic expressions as he told his story.

"And how do you know all this?" questioned the reporter.

"I seed it wi'd my eyes."

"What time?"

"Last night, about moon-up."

"What were you doing out that time of night."

"Wall, sir, I was passin' out handbills fur Mr. Key, and jest as I was leavin' the fort I seed a man comin' down from the flag pole yonder."

"And do you have any idea who the man was?"

"Well, yes, I do, sir." The boy stared at the ground. The thought of five hundred dollars tempted him. "I have a *big* idee, sir."

"Who?"

"It looked like Edwards, what lives in that cabin next the fort."

"Thanks, kid, here's a tip," and the reporter was gone.

And so the news spread. Every family in Baltimore was rebellious at the thought of a man who would remove the flag that had stood the storm of British bullets. The handbills printed and circulated containing a poem written about this particular flag kept the matter fresh in the people's mind. The poem was soon set to music and was being sung in theaters, schools and around the fireside; and wherever the song was sung it kindled anew the flame of contempt. Doctor Beanes, the city physician, who was an expert in his profession but who had a failing for talking too much, expressed public opinion when he emphatically told his patients, "A man who will steal a flag ain't worth the powder to blow him up—but don't give me a shot at him!" That was the opinion of many and gossip spared no words.

As the Colonel stepped out into the crisp morning air he pulled his hat well down over his eyes and walked with long strides toward the center of town. Only a few people were moving about and as he passed Holiday Theater a seven-year-old boy turning somersaults on the frosty brick sidewalk attracted him.

"Good mornin', Colonel," yelled the boy.

"What's wrong with you, Billy?" the Colonel asked, sharply.

"I'm tickled most to de'f, Colonel."

"What about?"

"I'm a millionaire! I don't have to sweep Holiday Theater no more—I can go to school! My ma won't have to take in no more washin's, neither, and we're movin' into a real house!"

"That's fine. Have you been given a place as acrobat on the stage?"

"Naw, naw; you're a thousand miles off. I'm a detective!"

The boy straightened, swelled his chest, ran his

fingers through his touseled red hair, squinted his gray eyes and looked shrewdly at the Colonel.

"Oh, I reckon you've been made bodyguard for President Madison," laughed Colonel Armstead.

"Naw, naw. You'll never guess, so I'll jest tell you."

The boy came closer and talked in a confidential tone.

"I seen the man who got that victory flag from the fort night 'fore last. I got five hundred dollars for his arrest."

"And did you know the man?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

And so Billy told the Colonel the whole story. The Colonel could not doubt the boy's sincerity as to the truth of what he was telling. He noticed that his clothing was clean, although his elbows and knees showed large patches and one toe of his boot was out.

"Well, Billy, be *sure* you spend the money wisely," he said, and started on.

"Oh, yes, sir; ma will do that," grinned the lad.

The Colonel was puzzled. Instinctively he admired the boy. He remembered that Billy's father was one of the eight men in his battalion who died in the defense of the fort, and he felt that he could not spoil the lad's happiness by telling him his mistake.

Half-consciously he stopped in front of a lawyer's office. He had passed this same office nearly every day, but always before the shutters were closed. This morning a small silk flag hung in the front window and the front door stood half open. The Colonel went in and closed the door behind him. He was greeted by a man of thirty, with shrewd black eyes and prominent nose.

"Good morning, Colonel, what have you to say for yourself this morning?" he smiled. Everyone in Baltimore knew Colonel George Armstead.

"I have a matter that is troubling me and I would like to ask your advice."

The Colonel talked slowly. One hand fumbled his watch fob. His uncovered head showed gray-streaked hair. One shoulder sagged, the result of a wound not yet entirely healed. But the Colonel paid no attention to himself; he thought only of the flag, of Billy, and of the heart-broken woman who had sought his assistance. As he talked the young lawyer listened sympathetically. The Colonel could read in his face a certain understanding which made him wonder. As he told of the last night, of dawn and of victory, he noticed that the lawyer turned his face toward the open window and gazed into the distance and when their gaze met again the eyes of both were misty.

"And so," the older man concluded, "I felt that a flag that had stood the storm of British bullets should be saved. It was I who took it. I had no thought of stealing. I took it for Mary."

"And who is Mary?" said the lawyer.

"My daughter—now two weeks old."

"A nice birthday gift. She'll appreciate it some day."

"It seemed unnecessary to tell anyone, as I put a new flag in the place of the old one. But now I learn that they have arrested an innocent man and given a needy boy five hundred dollars for a good yarn." The lawyer smiled and cleared his throat noisily.

"Now it's *my* turn to confess," he said. "The joke is on me. I gave Billy Appleton the money."

The Colonel's eyes opened widely.

"You—but why?" was all he had time to say.

"That flag meant a lot to me, Colonel. And after my song met with so great favor here in Baltimore, I felt that I should make an effort to save the flag that inspired the poem."

"And you are the British captive, Key, who composed the poem on the handbill?"

"*I am*," said Key.

There was a moment's pause.

"Tell me about it," said the Colonel.

It was the Colonel's turn to listen.

The lawyer cleared his throat, tilted back in his chair and looked straight into the older man's eyes.

"President Madison gave me permission," began Key, "to sail to the British fleet, under a flag of truce, to obtain the release of my friend, Dr. Beanes, who was captured at Marlborough. When I was ready to return they took me captive for fear I would come back here and tell *you* the British plans for seizing Fort McHenry. And so all night long I paced the deck! I heard every bomb that was fired! I prayed each moment that the American flag would remain. And when, at the first peep of dawn, as the heavy mist cleared away, by the aid of my glass I could see the Star-Spangled Banner still waving, I drew from my pocket my mother's letter and scratched the poem on the back of it. I had to express my joy in some way—and my British guards were poor company," he added, half-apologetically.

The Colonel rose. His voice trembled as he said, "Congratulations, Key, that poem will live."

"Thanks,—and don't worry about the arrested man. I'LL see that he is released," volunteered the lawyer.

"Let Billy keep the money," and the Colonel handed the lawyer a roll of bills. "Five hundred dollars for your services, Key," he said.

As the Colonel walked home, feeling more lighthearted than he had for years, he could not help thinking of the little acrobat. Somehow he liked the boy. His needy appearance had touched him and Key's story had filled him with admiration.

Almost nothing was said in the neighborhood

about the strange release of Arthur Edwards. The papers said the man was acquitted.

At the fort life ran on smoothly. Mary Armstead grew. From the time that she was six years old, she liked to take walks with her father, climb the steep ledges overlooking the fort and look out across the bay. The neighbors said she resembled her father both in looks and actions. In school she stood highest in her class. She had a flashy temper and when she became angry could outfight any of her playmates. And so, when she appeared in the kitchen one evening with one hair ribbon missing, a scratch under her eye and a heroic look on her face, her mother guessed the reason. It was her father who questioned her.

"What's the matter, Mary?"

"Oh, Margaret and Margie said you wasn't the bravest man in all Baltimore and didn't save this whole city, and I said you *did*."

Margaret and Margie were the Edwards twins, and the Colonel's eyes twinkled.

"And so they took your ribbon and gave you a black eye—is that right?"

"Black eye, nothin'!" That's *mud!*" She wiped her eye vigorously with one fist. "And besides,—just look here!" And she pulled two rumpled red ribbons from her apron pocket.

Her mother stood, dumbfounded.

"You win," chuckled the Colonel under his breath.

While in the grammar school Mary learned to sing all the popular songs, and foremost of these was the "Star-Spangled Banner." She loved to sing it and often climbed the ledges back of the fort, and looking out across the bay, would sing to imaginary ships far out at sea. The sudden death of her mother, when Mary was eight years old, was a cruel blow, and especially did her father realize its force. Mary and the Colonel became even

closer companions, and it was one evening at sunset, when they were seated upon their favorite ledge, that the Colonel told Mary the story of the prisoner, who when far out on the bay, had composed the song which she liked best.

"A man who could write a song like that must be a good man," Mary said quietly.

"He *is* a good man. He loves his God," said the Colonel.

"Yes,—and the flag, too," Mary added.

This story stuck in Mary's memory, and often, while doing her work, she would visualize Key, on a wave-swept deck, writing the words which she was humming.

For Mary time passed rapidly, but these years of growth for her brought white hair to the Colonel. And when her father became lame in his wounded shoulder and was unable to cut wood for the fireplace, Mary took the ax.

One frosty morning in December, when she was chopping vigorously at a tough old sycamore bough, a little distance from the fort, she heard a footstep behind her and a boyish voice said, "Workin' hard, sister?"

Mary was startled. She let the ax fall. Her blue eyes grew bluer. One pale golden braid, now partly unbraided, hung over her shoulder and the old gray shawl which had been her mother's did not conceal her hands, purple with cold.

"Yes—this bough is almost stronger than I am," she smiled, "and father is sick today."

The boy grabbed the ax.

"Colonel Armstead,—sick? Is it serious?"

"Well,—yes; I had to go for Doctor Beanes last night, and he said his condition was critical."

"That's *too bad.*"

Mary watched the boy closely. He seemed to have no difficulty in cutting the bough that she had tried to cut for what seemed hours to her. She

also noticed that he knew her father, so she ventured a question.

"What is your name?"

"I'm Billy Appleton. Thought you knew me. Your father knows me. Tell him I hope he gets well soon."

"Thanks,—I'll do that. You came along at just the right time," she smiled, as they gathered up the last stray pieces. "How did you know that I—" she stopped.

"Oh,—I'm a detective," he grinned sheepishly.

Meanwhile, in a lawyer's office in central Baltimore, two men were talking.

"I'll tell you, Key, I've discovered the clue," said the city physician.

"What's that?" questioned the lawyer.

"The whereabouts of the missing flag which you wanted so badly," and, surprised that the lawyer did not seem more interested, he went on. "It was all an accident that I found it."

"Is that so?" Key knew Dr. Beanes better than any other man in the world and so was not surprised at his hasty judgment.

"As I've often said, a man who would take a flag ain't worth the powder to blow him up, and if the man hadn't been so near the end anyhow, I—"

Key started. "You mean Colonel Armstead is ill?"

"Can live only a few hours. I saw the flag in the lower drawer of the safe, and when I recognized it, he asked to see you. It seemed he could not get it off his conscience, as he repeated your name again and again."

That evening, at the bedside of the dying Colonel, sat Francis Scott Key and the city physician. In and out of the room moved twelve-year-old Mary, bringing water to moisten the parched lips and plasters to relieve the suffering. After several hours a smile lighted up the Colonel's face,

and he looked into Key's eyes and whispered, "Take care of *Mary* for me." Then, from under his pillow he drew a note. "Give this to her when she is old enough to appreciate it," he said.

For the first time in fifteen years the fort was deserted. In the churchyard, near by, was a new-made grave, over which floated the year round, and was planted anew every Independence Day, a small American flag.

At the Key home Mary Armstead was treated as one of the family. Her talent for music was soon recognized by the lawyer's wife, and she began taking lessons. Her ability soon became known throughout the neighborhood. Oftentimes she became lonesome for the fort and then, with her music book under one arm, she would stroll down toward the bay and sing to the ships that she could not see. *She missed her father.* She planned how that some day she would live again in the fort, and build a fire in the old fireplace, and have a wonderful man to cut the wood,—then with a jerk she would awaken from her day dreams and hurry back to the lawyer's home.

One afternoon as she came home she found Doctor Beanes at the office. She tiptoed in, supposing some one was ill,—even the lawyer did not notice her.

"Yes, we love Mary," he was saying. "We would be very lonely without her.

"Key, if I had your foresight I wouldn't get into the trouble that I do," said the doctor. "If it hadn't been for you I'd have hung from the arm of a British frigate fifteen years ago, but you, with your cool head, saved me and in the scrimmage composed that wonderful song! I was a fool to suspect Mary's father."

"Yes, a more honest man never lived than Colonel George Armstead," answered the lawyer.

Mary was pleased,—they were talking about

her father. Stealthily she tiptoed upstairs to her room.

Three years passed and Mary was eighteen. One morning while she was practicing her music lesson there came a rap at the door.

"Good morning, Mary," said a friendly voice, and she saw in the doorway a tall man with gray eyes. At once she recognized him as the boy who had chopped the wood for her.

"He is much better looking now," she thought. Then, with a startled smile, she found words to say, "Won't you come in, Mr. Appleton?"

"I'm always glad to do that," he answered.

"I have recently been made manager of the Holiday Theater," he continued, "and we are putting on a pageant commemorating the victory over the British eighteen years ago. I have heard that you have an excellent voice and would like to engage you to sing in the last scene."

Mary was pleased. "I'll do my *best*," she said.

And so every day she went to Holiday Theater to practice. The pageant promised to be a success. And when she found that the Key family was proud to have her singing, she was determined to make the last scene best of all.

It was the final practice before the performance and Mary was ready to leave when the manager stopped her.

"You are doing fine," he said. "That last scene is wonderful; but we should have some relic of the battle."

Mary studied. "I'll see what I can do," she said.

At supper that evening she was strangely quiet. The lawyer was the first to notice it and so asked his usual question.

"Well, Mary, how is the pageant coming?"

Mary did not look up from her plate.

"Oh, pretty—good," she faltered; "but Billy says we should have a relic of the battle."

Key looked at the girl. It seemed to him only six months since Mary had come to live with them, when in reality it had been six years. He loved her as his own daughter and now as he looked at her it seemed as if overnight she had changed from a little girl of twelve into a beautiful young lady. He noticed that she spoke familiarly of Billy and he stole a meaning glance at his wife,

Mary felt the silence and so daringly sprung a proposition.

"Tell you what, Pop Keys, if you'll get me a relic of the Battle of Fort McHenry, I'll sing that song of yours so well that folks will be singing it a hundred years from now."

"That's fair enough; leave it to me, Mary," the lawyer smiled and cleared his throat noisily.

On the evening of September 14th, Holiday Theater was crowded. The people cheered freely. In a rear seat sat Francis Scott Key. Anxiously he waited for Mary to appear, and when the band struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the curtain rolled on the last scene, a hush settled down upon the audience. The lights were dimmed. Before his eyes stood Fort McHenry. Above it waved the victory flag with its bullet scars. In the distance stretched the bay. The band stopped playing, and Mary Armstead, with flowing hair and dressed in filmy white, stepped from the door of the fort.

Above her waved the American flag and from her lips, accompanied by the music of a single violin, came the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The audience sat motionless. Tears trickled down the faces of many. There were white-haired men in the crowd who had fought to keep Old Glory waving above the fort. There were sons and daughters, whose fathers had died in its defense.

All eyes were fixed upon Mary. The melody of her voice and strains of that familiar hymn, known and loved by all, held them spellbound.

And as Mary finished:

"'And this be our motto, IN GOD IS OUR TRUST,
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

a dozen voices called, "Key!" "Let's see Key!" "We want Key!" Others took it up. Almost as in a dream Francis Scott Key walked to the platform. Drawing from his pocket a note, he gave it to Mary.

Anxiously she opened it and read aloud:

"To my daughter, Mary, who was born beneath its folds, I give the American flag which waved over Fort McHenry during the bombardment and remained until removed by me."

"Her loving father,

"COLONEL GEORGE ARMSTEAD."

A lump welled in Mary's throat. Two large glistening tears rolled down her cheeks; she turned, gave one upward glance at the flag, and then, lithe as a bird, stepped through the fort door and disappeared.

Then, turning to the audience, Key spoke for the first time:

"I have composed a song, but it takes a *great* man to defend a flag such as that one," and he pointed to the Star-Spangled Banner.

When the curtain had fallen, amid a roar of applause, Mary found herself face to face with the manager.

"A wonderful success, thanks to you, Mary."

"Thanks to my father and Mr. Key, you'd better say," and Mary wiped her eyes.

"And so I was mistaken. It was your father who stole the flag."

Mary's eyes flashed.

"How *dare* you say that!"

"Oh, come now,—let me explain," said Appleton. "You see, there was five hundred dollars offered for his arrest."

"And do you mean to—" Mary was plainly angry. Her eyes grew deeper blue and her cheeks became crimson.

"Oh,—I beg your pardon, Mary. I meant no insult to your father. Just sit down here a minute and I'll try to tell you what I'm talking about."

Mary sat down, half-heartedly. She wondered if her evening was going to be spoiled by a lie that had been started years before and by a man whom she considered her friend, but she was determined to fight it out. She listened. Appleton seemed deeply anxious that Mary should believe him. He had liked Mary, and she had grown up idealizing the lad who had chopped the wood for her. As he talked she became composed, and her face grew sympathetic. Occasionally she asked a question.

"And so," he concluded, "I was the lad who received the five hundred dollars. And, with it, mother bought a house and was able to care for me until I was old enough to earn money to support both of us. Without that money I wouldn't be here today. Now—do you believe me?" and he placed a warm hand upon Mary's wrist.

"Yes,—Billy,—I more than *believe* you," she smiled.

"I knew it," he grinned, understandingly. "I'm a detective!"

THE LITTLE NEWS LASSIE

MABEL WALTER, '25
Cleiorhetea

LITTLE Nellie Thomas rested on the curb and murmured to herself. She didn't mind selling papers to buy her own food and clothes, but she never cared much about going home with her pockets heavy with coins to pay for things for her brothers and sisters.

"I don't see why I have to do it," she muttered crossly to herself. "Now there's Helen Morris—all she has to do is play and ride around in a big automobile and has all the pretty clothes and goodies she wants. When night comes she goes to sleep in a nice soft bed and stays there until late the next morning. But we newsies have to stand on the streets day after day to earn money for the few things we get. Sometimes it's not so bad, because we can sell our papers fast, but sometimes it's—"

"Say, who in the world are you talking to?" asked a merry voice. Dorothy Adams and her sister Peggy stopped along the curb, resting themselves on the soft bundle of wash which they were carrying in their wagon. "What's wrong with you now?"

"That's it," said Nellie, quickly rising to stand beside the two sisters. "Things are all wrong, to my notion. It's too bad I was ever born."

"Oh, dear me, what's wrong now?" laughed Dorothy. "Want to change places with us?"

"I should say not!" replied Nellie Thomas. "You may have seen me go home with my pockets filled with pennies, nickels and dimes, but you've never yet seen me pulling a cart loaded with wash through the streets. No, ma'am, I wouldn't be a washwoman's girl for anything in the world!"

"Oh, I don't know," giggled Dorothy. "I'm pretty well satisfied, aren't you, sister?"

Her sister nodded her head and picked up the handle of the cart to start away.

"Well, as long as we're pulling the wagon," she smiled, "we're not sitting around complaining, and I guess that helps some."

"Say, see here, now," complained Nellie. "No offence, but I'll just tell you the truth. I'm tired of wearing this same old dull dress with its pockets sagging. I would rather be a rich little girl like Helen Morris, who is beautiful and has nice, pretty things, so people would notice me. If it wasn't for my crying 'P—a—p—e—r, Mister!' folks would never know I was around, while Helen can be seen a long way off going about proudly in a dainty dress and a hat to match."

"Too bad that we can't all see alike," mocked Dorothy, and the two started away with their wagon, leaving Nellie alone.

Nellie sighed. She would rest just a little longer and then hurry to the two-roomed hut along the railroad, about one hour's walk from the heart of the city. There she would find her mother hard at wrk sewing for other people, while patiently waiting for her little girl to come home safely. But the sandman came too early that night and it was not long until Nellie's eyelids became heavy and she was fast asleep.

In dreamland, Nellie found the woodlands where Willie Bee, who often came buzzing around her during the day, lived with many other little creatures. There was Willie Bee himself, settled on a leaf and buzzing wearily. He didn't mind searching for his own food, but he never cared much about going home with his pockets loaded with honey for his brothers and sisters.

"I don't see why I have to do it," he buzzed crossly to himself. "Now, there's Golden Butterfly, all she has to do is to fly around, eat all the honey she wants, settle under any old leaf she happens

to be near when night comes, and stay there until morning. But we silly bees have to go back to the beehive loaded with honey and pollen. Sometimes it's not so bad, because we're not far from home, but sometimes it's—"

"Say, who in the world are you talking to?" asked a merry voice, and Tilly Tumble-Bug and her sister, Lottie Tumble-Bub, stopped under the rose bush and leaned against the mud-ball they were rolling. "What's wrong with you now?"

"That's it," buzzed Willy Bee, flying down on a blade of grass beside the two sisters. "Things are all wrong to my notion. It's too bad I was ever hatched out of a bee-egg."

"Oh, dear me, what's wrong now?" laughed Lottie Tumble-Bug. "Want to change places with us?"

"I should say not!" replied Willy Bee. "You may have seen me go home with my pockets filled with honey and pollen, but you've never yet seen me shoving an old mud-ball over the ground for exercise. No, ma'am, I wouldn't be a tumble-bug for anything in the world!"

"Oh, I don't know," giggled Tilly Tumble-Bug. "I'm pretty well satisfied, aren't you, sister?"

Her sister nodded her head and gave the mud-ball a pat with her front feet.

"Well, as long as we're rolling mud balls," she smiled, "we're not sitting around complaining, and I guess that helps some."

"Say, see here, now," buzzed Willy Bee. "No offense, but I'll just tell you the truth. I'm tired of wearing this same old dull suit with its pockets always bulging. I would rather be a gay butterfly with soft, velvety wings, and attract attention by my beautiful colors. If it wasn't for my buzzing, folks would never know I am around, but Golden Butterfly can be seen a long way off by her gaudy suit and flashing wings."

"Too bad that we can't all see alike," mocked Tilly Tumble-Bug, and the two started their mud-ball rolling and away they scampered, leaving Willy Bee alone.

* * * *

A man riding through the downtown streets in his big car was the first to notice the little figure on the curb. As he approached, he saw it was the huddled-up form of a little girl. Her head was nodding up and down, almost touching her knees. Not knowing what might happen to the girl, and acting upon first impulse, he picked her up in his big arms and laid her carefully in the rear of his luxurious car, never disturbing the child's dream.

Nellie breathed a deep sigh as she saw Willy Bee sigh, but when he started to fly back to the rose bush he found his whole makeup had been changed. He was no longer a buzzing bee, but a great golden butterly, with delicate golden wings.

My, but wasn't he proud! And, spreading his wings, he sailed back toward home, but a black-bird, seeing him, swooped down and soon gobbled him up, golden wings and all.

Suddenly Nellie awoke, startled by her terrible dream. "Oh, Mother, where are you?" was her first childish cry. When fully awake she looked about her and could hardly believe she was riding in a big automobile; she was sure, too, that the nice man driving the car looked just like Helen Morris' daddy. "Please, Mr. Morris, take me home, so I can tell mother I don't want to be a butterfly."

THE MAGIC WORD

HAZEL V. BARNGROVER, '24
Philalethea

AT some time in the course of her college career almost every girl receives the startling bit of advice, "increase your vocabulary." And the longer the period required for her education, the more frequently is this advice repeated until, at length, it becomes a command rather than an admonition. Finally, having been driven to a scientific study of this branch of learning, she discovers that there are many kinds of vocabularies. Among these she notes particularly the nonsensical, the slang, the critical, and a few others that are being developed to an alarming degree of fluency. Then, there is the one perhaps most sadly neglected, the rarely spoken vocabulary, the vocabulary of the mind, the conscience, the inner self. It is here that the magic word belongs.

We may not find a faultlessly correct definition of this word by merely referring to Webster's Dictionary, for Webster records only a brief series of synonyms and antonyms. Its history dates back to the very beginning of time and its true meaning was partially realized and applied in daily life before man had attained the degree of intelligence to utter it. Small wonder, then, that Webster fails most hopelessly in his effort to condense so mighty a fund of knowledge, so lengthy a history into a few detached sentences! Small wonder also that volumes have been written to explain its meaning and priceless worth! For the present, however, we are interested only in so far as it concerns the college girl.

So gradually and unconsciously do we acquire the wealth of knowledge contained in this word and so readily do we apply it that we scarcely realize the process by which it has become a part of us.

In college we form various types of associations and friendships, some so unusual and startling, at times, that we are often led to remark, "in college all things are possible." Here the spoiled only child, after a time, becomes a close friend of the child from a family of ten or fifteen. After a few shocks to her somewhat selfish pride, she learns that her friend has problems and struggles as great or even greater than hers. And, finally, she accepts these for her very own. In like manner, the child from a large family learns the art of sympathy and tolerance for her misguided friend and realizes that environment only is responsible for the differences in their characters. Thus, the magic word has embedded its first spark of life within the vocabularies of both.

The college girl learns, too, that each of her acquaintances has somewhat different tastes. Mary likes Science and hates English. Jane likes English and hates Science. Mary likes movies. Jane does not. And so, she must frame her actions and bits of conversation to conform with all these varied likes and dislikes. The magic word is increasing its power.

Very early in the course of her college life she is recognized as a brilliant student. At the close of one semester, she receives four or five A's and gaily boasts of her achievement to her acquaintances. Much to her disgust she learns that one of these has received six or seven A's. And she hears whispered comments upon her own selfish egotism. At once she resolves ever after to shun any word or action that bears the mere semblance of egotism. The magic word is thrusting its meaning upon her, this time more forcibly than before.

At times she becomes discouraged and disheartened. The school work seems too taxing. There are not enough social functions to provide

for her the necessary recreation to which she has been accustomed at home. Some of her associates whom she foolishly trusted and believed to be her best friends have proved themselves her bitterest enemies. She sighs and complains and longs for vacation time, when she may go home and be free. But, strange to say, no one seems to care. Now and then a friend smiles half-sympathetically and passes on. But nowhere does she find the real interest and tender sympathy such as Mother bestows. She has learned at last that even close friends do not like sighs and laments. They have troublesome problems enough of their own. The magic word has all but completed its work.

One day she commits a questionable act. She is strong enough to resist any temptation. Why worry? An admiring friend imitates the act, is too weak to resist the temptation that it holds, and her character is ruined. Gradually our strong college girl is led to see that she has been the cause of her friend's downfall. Her influence is far greater than she had realized. And now a voice softly whispers, "Have you learned, my child?" And she replies, "I have. I thank thee for the magic word."

There are thousands today who are longing for this word which the college girl has acquired, though often they know not what they crave. And none better than the college girl can bring to them the beauty, the wisdom, the power of the magic word, whose every letter means happiness, knowledge, success, life itself, the word whose name is "ADAPTATION."

THE GOSPEL OF WORK

HOWARD MENKE, '24
Philomathea

THE first institution of learning was an apple tree. It grew in the Garden of Eden and was named the Tree of Knowledge. Adam, the first man, was thus provided with an easy means of acquiring knowledge. All he had to do was to eat an apple. He did not spend a fourth of his life with books and teachers; he received all his schooling and graduated in less than a day. In the baccalaureate address to which he listened were the words: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and straightway he was thrust out into the world to earn a living.

Times have changed since Adam's day. For one thing, the Tree of Knowledge never reproduced; science has not developed another; so that today a college senior has behind him sixteen long years of schooling. This change has not worked any appreciable harm, nor could we of the present age be to blame if it had. After Adam ate the apple he threw the core away, failing to plant the seeds for his descendants' benefit. We can't help that. But there is a change now in the process of establishment for whose results we will be responsible. That is the removal of the divinely-imposed obligation to *earn* one's right to live.

No commencement-day speaker today would be so foolish as to say to the graduates: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," even with the most figurative meaning. This sentence has come to be regarded—in America, at any rate—as one of the curses pronounced upon Adam and the human race. Work is to be avoided, pleasure is to be sought—that is the sentiment of twentieth-century America, and it is acting in society like a noxious leaven.

It is the animus at the root of Bolshevism. The communist declares that society owes a living to

every individual born into it. The motivating passion back of the inflamed utterances of the soapbox orator is not righteous indignation; it is covetousness. He covets for himself a life of ease such as is lived by the rich men whom he attacks.

The erroneous notion that work is a curse is found at the other extreme of society—the Christian church. One instance is sufficient proof. Take a hymnal, turn to the hymns about Heaven and the future life, and notice how many picture Heaven as a place of glorified idleness, a place where burdens will be laid down, where labors shall have an end, where flow rivers of pleasure.

It has created a class we call the idle rich, a class of non-producers. It is the most envied class in America. The proletariat rails at the capitalist who does nothing harder than clip interest coupons; but back of his raillery is not so much contempt as envy. Others frankly admire the idle rich. The press exploits them and much of our fiction depicts their lives in most alluring fashion. It is the shame of American civilization that no longer does a man stand in civic life according to the amount of useful work he does. Success is measured in dollars instead of service to the commonwealth. The democratic ideal is endangered.

Worse than this—worse than the worship of riches—the youth of our land is being taught to despise labor as inglorious. The mechanic scrapes and saves in order to send his son to college, saying, "John shall never slave as I have. He must make more of himself than just a common laborer." John hears it, learns to associate "common" with any kind of manual labor, and at college learns to shun mental labor as well. If some sort of psychic lightning should strike his mind it would follow the course of his life purposes just as surely as physical lightning follows the path of least resistance through the sky. Sister Mary, too, must

"get" an education. And for what reason? So she may serve better? No, so she may live an easier life. She hears her mother say, "Mary is so refined; she does not like to work." She conceals from her associates the fact that her mother is a hard-working woman. She scorns housework, believing that no matter how weak or silly she is, she stands a good chance of becoming a social success if she can but demonstrate herself to be utterly useless. Inability to do useful work is synonymous in her mind with "being a lady." Thus it comes about that thousands of college students pervert the uses of education, making it contribute to themselves alone without thought of their obligation to humanity. That is why an ignorant, illiterate coal-heaver who works hard six days in the week makes a better citizen than many a collegian.

Besides Socialism, Christianity, our democratic ideal, and student standards, the idea that work is a curse has affected a host of other things. It may be said without fear of contradiction that it has tainted every aspect of civilization. It is bound to bring evil results if allowed to go unchecked.

Rome has furnished the example for all time. In the latter days of Rome's glory her work was performed by slaves, setting free a large leisure class which gradually sank to the depths of immorality and vice. "An idle man's brain is the devil's own workshop." Occupation does more for morals and happiness than can be accomplished by laws and police. America needs the gospel of work. Better that men should be forced to spend every waking moment wresting from Nature their sustenance, than that out of an abundance they should lose their self-restraint in the pursuit of pleasure. Better another Stone Age than an Age of Jazz.

However, we need not go to extremes if the gospel of work is preached aright and taken to

heart. A too-easy life *must* be avoided and drudgery **can** be avoided. The gospel of work must teach that useful work is worship, that if approached with enthusiasm it will bring contentment, happiness and success; physical health, mental vigor and moral stamina. We need exponents of this gospel who are workers themselves, —men like Theodore Roosevelt, who said:

> "I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

THE EINSTEIN THEORY OF RELATIVITY

DWIGHT L. WARRICK, '23
Philophronea

WHAT one of you has never heard of Einstein? His name and his theory have almost become the popular joke of the day in scientific circles. Yet who among you would like to explain just exactly what Einstein's theory is. We call him crazy and christen him the "Bolshevik of science," both because he is a Russian Jew by birth and because his theory so radically departs from Newton's laws, which are the very fundamentals of our physics, and he would rudely lay aside the Euclidean geometry, upon which all our concepts of space are based. It is little wonder that we are deadly opposed to him at the start, since with a stroke of the pen he would knock down universal conceptions which have required centuries of the best thinkers to build up, and would make us begin all over again in our thinking. Yet, until we know what the theory is, how can we be able to judge whether it is wrong, and we are right, or whether it is only another step of progress in our science. Until we prove or disprove it by experimental observation the theory will continue to be in the spotlight of scientific research. Leading scientists of the day are working upon it and so far have obtained both favorable and unfavorable results.

When we attempt a comprehensive study of the theory of relativity, we at once encounter three huge difficulties. In the first place, we must imagine ourselves way out in space somewhere, where we can look on our solar system without being influenced by it, a very difficult stretch of imagination, to say the least. In the second place, the theory becomes so involved in mathematical formulas arising out of the theory that all but the best mathematicians get lost in them before they get fairly started, and so cannot arrive at the

conclusions which he predicts. At times it seems as if he does not care to make his mathematical deductions clear, and perhaps even purposely obscures them so that we will not be able to follow them, and so cannot point out the fallacies, if any. It is then that we call him crazy and request him to speak in intelligent language if he wants us mortals to listen to him. The third difficulty is that the conclusions he reaches differ so very slightly from Newton's theory for all observable cases, that up to the present time our instruments have not been accurate enough or our observations exact enough to determine whether the slight discrepancies of certain observations in astronomy are due to Einstein's theory, or are merely due to inaccurate measurements. Again, the cases of deviation are so few in number that we are scarcely able to say at present whether Einstein cleverly invented his theory to fit the few special known cases and made up bogus mathematical formulas to match these cases, or whether it is actually the result of discovery of the theory and actually working his way through on that basis.

It would be impossible to give a very detailed and comprehensive explanation of the theory in so short a paper, even if our knowledge of the subject were sufficient to warrant it. However, a little explanation, together with a statement of the theory, may be worth while here. Any illustrations I may use must not be regarded as attempts on my part either to prove or disprove the theory, but only to help to make the meaning clearer. My purpose is to explain and not to criticise.

Suppose yourself to be on a train which is moving uniformly on a straight track. If you were to drop a ball from the ceiling of the car it would appear to you to fall straight down and would strike the floor directly below the spot on the ceiling from which it was dropped, even though

the car had moved on in the meantime. This is strictly in accord with Newton's laws, for the forward motion which the ball had when it was dropped is continued during the fall and so enables the ball to keep pace with the moving train.

Einstein generalizes upon this phenomenon and says that relative to a reference body K (which is represented by the train), which is moving uniformly in a straight line with respect to another reference body K (represented by the railway embankment) all natural phenomena behave exactly according to the same natural laws as with respect to K. So far the principle is true for simple laws of mechanics, but it was thought that it was not true for the velocity of light. Light was supposed to travel at a constant rate in the ether, and was independent of any motion of masses through which it traveled. Nearly all observable velocities of masses are so small compared with that of light, that the difference between stationary and moving objects is almost negligible when compared with light. Very careful experiments by Fizeau, relating to the velocity of light in a flowing liquid seemed to indicate that the velocity of light was greater in the direction of flow of the liquid and that the increase depended entirely upon the rate of flow. This supports Einstein's theory.

Now Einstein further generalizes his conception and states that "all bodies of reference are equivalent for measuring natural phnomena, regardless of their state of rest or motion, whether it be uniform or accelerated motion, linear or curvilinear motion. In other words, the laws of nature are dependent upon the nearest large body of mass. According to this theory, the laws of nature are not the same on Mars, for instance, as they are on the earth, but if we were to stand on Mars our viewpoint would be so much changed that the

laws of nature would then appear to us exactly the same as they are on the earth." Right at this point we are all prone to pause and say, "Wait a minute, Brother Einstein, I did not get all of that; won't you please explain it again so we may understand it? Suppose we are on a moving train and someone suddenly applied the brakes, then we will know that we are moving, won't we, because we tend to pitch forward? How will your theory explain that?" Einstein gets around this difficulty by saying that it is reasonable for the man to assume in this case that he and the train are standing still, but that there is a gravitational in the direction of the forward part of the train, and gravitational fields are not an uncommon thing in nature.

Without further discussion as to the nature or justification of the theory, let us consider some of the results, for it is the results which interest us most at the present time.

(1.) Einstein infers that it is possible that our whole solar system may be moving through space at a tremendous rate, but that we will never be able to detect it, even with the most delicate instruments, because, to use the figure of the train, we cannot look out of the window or hear the rumbling, and so we do not know that we are moving at all.

(2.) Einstein conceives of the universe as space of four dimensions, time being the fourth dimension. If we knew exactly how we could measure time by the yard as well as by the minute, he says.

(3.) The lines of space and time are twisted out of shape as they pass through a heavenly body, instead of going straight through, as in the Euclidean geometry. The reason that we do not see them curve is because we see such a small part of a line in comparison with the whole. It is an

illusion similar to the illusion that the earth is flat. The curvature is so small the eye cannot detect it. According to this, our conceptions of time and space are only local conceptions peculiar to the earth.

(4.) According to Newton and Kepler's laws a planet revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, with the sun at one of the foci of the orbit. After taking into account the influences of all the other planets, it was found by astronomers that the planet Mercury still had a little motion that was not accounted for in Kepler's laws, namely, the orbit of Mercury rotated in the plane of the orbit to the extent of 43 sec. of arc per century, a very small difference to be sure. Einstein says that this is exactly what should happen according to his theory, and that the same is true of all the other planets, but the amount is so much smaller in the cases of all the other products that it has never been detected at all.

(5.) If it were known that the Einstein theory were true, we should have a method of measuring the size of far distant heavenly bodies, the stars. Since we have no other method of obtaining the size of the stars we are wholly at the mercy of the Einstein theory for this information.

(6.) The most important result of the theory for our consideration is this: Einstein says that when the sun gets in the path of the light coming from a star, the gravitation of the sun bends the light rays in such a way as to make the star appear farther outward from the sun than it really is. The displacement is very small, amounting to only 1.7 sec. of arc. This can be observed only by very careful measurements during an eclipse of the sun, for at all other times the sun is so bright as to obscure the stars near it altogether.

During the total eclipse of May, 1919, this was first put to the test, and some strikingly favorable

results were obtained. Weather conditions were bad, however, and they were not sure of their results. The first total eclipse since that time occurred Sept. 21, 1922, and was visible only to Australia and the Indian Ocean. Eight parties of astronomers were sent out to different points on the path of the eclipse, some to Australia and some to the islands of the Indian Ocean. Some had favorable weather conditions and some did not. So far as I have been able to learn they have not yet rendered their verdict at the present time. In the meantime we await this report with interest, for that more than anything else will test the truth of the theory as far as we can test it at present or in the near future. Upon the results of Sept. 21 will depend whether we are to rank Einstein along with Newton as one of the world's greatest thinkers, or to regard him as a candidate for a lunatic asylum somewhere.

THE COMING AGE

PAUL W. SHARP, '24
First Prize, Russell Oratorical Contest

IN no age of the world's history has the race enjoyed such material prosperity as now. Science and invention have so liberated the forces of nature that man is no longer a mere creature of the earth, but is fast becoming its master. The power of electricity has been made to light and warm our homes, carry us from city to city and drive the wheels of industry. With the same power we are able to talk around the world so that the events of one continent are known simultaneously in every part of the world. Hand in hand with electrical progress there has been development in means of travel. No longer is America separated from Europe by three months of untold hardship and dangers. Today we cross the ocean in less than a week. In coaches drawn by the power of steam we can live sumptuously night and day while being hurried from coast to cost at the rate of sixty or more miles an hour. We have gained such control of the physical forces that now we fly through the air with exceedingly great speed and with comparative safety. On every hand we are discovering new forces and inventing new harnesses for known forces with the result that man's life is being graced with heretofore undreamed of indulgent ease and gratification.

Not only are we taking great strides of progress in science and invention, but the piling up, justly and unjustly, of massive personal fortunes is a further evidence of our material civilization. The wealth of the world is being concentrated in the hands of a few who, all too often, have used that power for the exploitation of the masses. The power of money is dominant not only in the business world, but in the affairs of state and even

in religion. Our unparalleled material prosperity has unbalanced the world. Everywhere man's energy is being directed toward the attainment of a material standard of excellence, and the question of this present hour is, can a civilization thus founded long endure?

The nations have been vying with each other in the building of mighty fleets and in the training of powerful armies. The life of a nation has been determined by the number of men it could place on the field of battle, and the rights of a people have been fixed by the amount of organized brute force which it mustered. It was the testing of this principle which brought upon us the unprecedented disaster of 1914, engulfing the world in the most horrible struggle it has ever known. Our civilization cowered and retreated before the sudden presence of war. Civilization collapsed. There was not enough of stabilizing force in the world to make it secure. Humanity sank beneath the waves in the sea of materialism which she herself created.

While men and nations have been absorbed in the acquisition of material things, our civilization has been very rapidly tumbling down, and we have been trying to build it up new with material things. While Europe today resounds with the marching of mightier armies than ever before in time of peace, she is rotting in the decay of her social, political, religious and economic order. At the same time America is hastening selfishly on her way, little regarding the woes and hungerings of mankind. Although it has been nearly six years since the war, it has hardly dawned upon our consciousness that we have failed in the building of a new world. In this dark hour, humanity is groping blindly for those principles upon which she can build a stable and secure civilization where brotherhood, co-operation and good will

shall become not only the law within the nation, but also the law of the nations.

Have the nations not yet satisfied their desire for self glorification? Have they not yet learned that any civilization founded on material principles cannot long endure? The lesson of history is plain. Greece, the land of scholars and of the beautiful, perished while dazzling with outward splendor because the vitalizing streams of her inner life were very rapidly drying up. Rome, whose eagles glittered in the rising and setting sun, by her own display of pomp and power was blinded to the real elements of true greatness; and Roman civilization fell. And now, when men and nations are greedily grasping for wealth and power, when all that is true and good and beautiful seems to be slipping out of our possession, what is the message for this troubled hour?

Surely it cannot be one from the god of Gold, or from the god of Greed, for these have nothing with which to make our material structure stable and durable. The salvation for our prodigal civilization is not more material power, for material, in itself, is powerless. It is spirit that gives life. There can be no hope for the social, political and economic structure of the world unless it be spiritually vitalized.

This saving spiritual force must first of all permeate the life of the individual in such a way as to direct aright his social and economic thoughts and activities. Human life dare not be exploited. The institution of personal property must be recognized as sacred. Justice must be meted out to all. Civil rights must be respected, whether of king or peasant, millionaire or pauper, lord or page. We can hardly get beyond Plato's Silver Rule of life that "It is never right to do unjustly," and certainly not beyond Christ's Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that men

do unto you." The kingdom of a better, happier and more peaceful world is within us who are citizens of this world. No economic organization or socialized scheme of life, no league of nations or federation of any sort can insure the peace of the world until first there shall have been set up in the majority of men's hearts everywhere a kingdom whose king is Righteousness and whose queen is Justice.

But this is not sufficient. Personal morality cannot save the world. The coming age cannot be made secure unless the ethics of nations shall be made to coincide with our accepted standard of personal morality. Man's spiritual conceptions which establish the relationships of one individual with another must be extended into his largest organized unit of life in its dealings with other like units, else the whole order shall be set in confusion.

Let us test this in the light of the history of the race. In man's social and political evolution from barbarism to civilization, it has been his socialized spiritual conceptions that have stabilized each advancing unit of life. The earliest group consisted simply of the male with his wife and children. In this period there was hatred and bloody strife between families, but in time they learned how to live together so that they co-operated on the principles of honesty, fairness and mutual good will in a larger group, the tribe. After a period of hate and warring, tribes learned that the interests of each would be advanced by sacrificing to the common welfare their desires for selfish aggrandizement. Spiritual force again conquered, and thus was born the nation. But while we have long been living in the age of the nation, we have not yet spiritualized the nation as a unit of life. We have not yet learned to live together as a family of nations. We are now in the midst of the critical

days of transition to the coming age, when, if we extend into international relationships our spiritual concepts of individual life, humanity can become a great family, a world co-operating unit where each shall be for all and all for each. Within the nation the desires of the individual must be parallel with the welfare of the unit of which he is a part, and unless we can transfer that idea to embrace the whole race, and as nations learn to live together as a world unit, there is no outlook, no hope for the future.

But there is hope. While it is yet dark, there is a ray of light. Men are believing in and striving toward the realization of a universal family of nations. More and more, men are coming to realize that international relations must not be based on material power. Dr. Frederick H. Lynch says, "There is a universal feeling in Europe that no Christian civilization can be built on force." Force has been tried again and again, and has failed. It is on the spiritual forces of justice, mercy, brotherly love and good will that the coming age of world co-operation is to be established. Nations must realize that they are bound by the same moral code as are individuals. If it be wrong for an individual to destroy human life, then it is wrong for a nation to destroy life; if it be wrong for a man to plunder his neighbor's property, it is also wrong for the nation to plunder; if we hold that for individual men it is only great to serve then only those nations are great who unselfishly strive to uplift humanity. The coming age demands that we apply to international relations the same principles of co-operation and justice that must cnotrol the relations of individuals composing the nations. Here and here only can we have hope for the future.

It is your task and mine to see to it that these spiritual principles shall be deeply implanted in

our national and world life. Let us here resolve that our now tottering civilization shall not fall. Instead of bowing down in worship to the idols of materialism let us reverently dedicate ourselves to the inauguration of a spiritual regime in the world where prejudice, malice and selfishness shall be outlawed. Then we shall cease to believe that our civilization is doomed. History shall not then record the collapse of our whole social structure, and the losing in the debris of that wreckage the most of which is worth while of man's attainments. The arts of peace shall take the place of the arts of war. Men shall not know hate, and fear shall not determine the destinies of nations. In deed and in truth, the world shall become one great family of men.

A FANTASY

KATHLEEN WHITE, '24

FROM a tiny spring that bubbles forth down among the mosses, where the ferns grow deep, it comes—the Brook. So small and yet so crystal clear that the wee fairy in the bluebell bends her bright face to see her lovely image in the limpid pool. It starts high up on the hillside in the deep shadows of the old, old trees and as it tinkles down over the mossy stones it catches here and there a stray sunbeam and each diamond drop flashes back a tiny rainbow to the blue sky above.

At last it reaches the flat meadows below and begins its winding, carefree way. Bright birds flash from tree to tree—streaks of blue and gold and crimson over the little stream. Gaudy-winged dragon flies hover over it, while clusters of yellow butterflies flutter like flakes of living gold above the sparkling water.

The Brook loves all these, but, best of all, the golden haired child that plays near its edge, gathering bright pebbles or dipping his wee bare toes into the cool water.

The way grows wider and the Brook sings a louder and merrier song as it gurgles over tiny cataracts and, whirling, leaps into the twisting eddies below. The sunshine dances over the surface of the laughing water as it bubbles along—chattering to the silvery fish that dart about deep down in the green pools.

The Boy is here again. This time he sits on the roots of the old willow that extend far out into the water. A true Barefoot Boy he is now. A ragged straw hat covers hair of burnished gold, and bare knees show through torn overalls. Fishing—but his mind is afar off. The blue eyes, with a distant look, follow the course of the stream.

"Dreamer!" laughs the Brook. But the Boy heeds not.

Moonlight bathes the stream in its slivery whiteness. One star, more brilliant than the rest, is reflected far down in the dark, limpid water, while the crest of each tiny ripple sparkles in the moonlight. Fireflies float dreamily through the whispering willows which cast long, velvety shadows as they droop caressingly over the clear, cool water.

The Brook still sings—a low, sweet strain of fairies, of romance and misty dreams. A note of sadness weaves itself into the song, for, though the Boy is here, another shares his love with the little stream. Beneath the willows, forgetting all save each other, sit the Lovers, speaking in voices hushed by the magic spell of the moonlight.

It is sunset and the Brook has grown wider and smoother as it pursues its way through the broad meadows. Long ribbons of glowing color waver in the crystal water as the great crimson ball of the sun sinks slowly behind the distant hills. The stream repeats in its depths the rose-tipped purple clouds. A slight breeze ruffles the willow leaves which flutter with a soothing, silvery music. The Brook sings in a deep, harmonious key of difficulties overcome, of storms survived, of rough ways made smooth,—of affection for the Boy as he sits pondering beneath the willows. No longer is it the Boy, but, instead, the Man—the Philosopher. Burnished hair is streaked with gray; blue eyes reflect in their calm depths a greater understanding of all things.

On and on flows the stream, sometimes laughing, sometimes sighing; sparkling or somber, rippling or quiet, but always with its song of love, while the Philosopher—a boy again—dreams once more by the side of the little Brook.

RANDY

PAULINE WENTZ, '25

"WELL, what the blazes," muttered Randy, as he swung around to find easel, brushes and pencils generally mixed up with arms, legs and lavender linen.

"Yes, that is what I say," answered a tiny little voice from the midst of the tangle. "It is rather uncomfortable and if you'll help unmix me I'll be ever your faithful servant. I'm sure my hair's a lovely shade of green and I know I have most of the blue sky on my nose."

"Jove," murmured Randy, as he gathered up brushes and paints and made himself generally useful, "you're the best picture I ever painted." Then the young man went off in a gale of laughter at sight of the desolate little figure before him.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but it isn't the greatest joy in the world to find yourself catapulted down a hill right into the midst of a sketching party. And when you weren't even invited."

"Intruders forgiven already. The delight of entertaining a colorful guest like yourself is sufficient recompense," laughed Randy.

"Sure it's a delight to find so nice a host," smiled the girl, her gray eyes shining. "But your picture," she moaned, "I've spoiled it."

"Well, if you hadn't, the art buyer would. He hasn't an appreciation for real art," the young man laughed mockingly.

"Oh, I see," murmured the girl; "Art buyers must come from the same place editors do."

"So you write?" said Randy, giving the slender little figure in front of him a closer inspection, "and you imply that editors are cruel, even to you."

"That's just it," she cried, vehemently, "just

because I'm small and look like I'd escaped from a girls' boarding school, they won't even read what I write."

"The wretches," frowned Randy.

"The wretches," echoed the girl.

"Are you hungry," asked Randy, suddenly.

"I'm starved," stated the girl.

"Here are some sandwiches and cookies; let's eat"; and they spread out on the grass the contents of a basket. "Lucky it was the picture and not this basket you landed in. A picture is of no consequence, but food—that's what I live on," murmured Randy in quiet content.

And so they sat and talked about everything, —the beauty of the warm, sunny hillside, the latest books, their work and the general disability of ordinary people to understand the really best of art.

"Gracious goodness," sighed the girl. "I've got to run. Today is my last day in the country and tomorrow I'm going back."

"Where?" queried Randy.

"Why, where I came from, of course."

"And you came from?"

"Let's not bother about that. You have given me two of the nicest hours of my whole vacation. I thirsted so for someone to talk real life with, books and plays and all that; things that really count in life."

"But why can't we continue talking about things that count," implored Randy.

"Because chance meetings, if lengthened out too much, often prove disappointing, and besides, I like the romance of it all," answered the girl.

"But if we chance to meet some time?" asked Randy.

"Let's leave that to fate," she smiled, "but I must admit I'm glad my foot slipped on the hilltop. Now, goodbye."

"Goodbye, friend-that-might-have-been. If I ever find you again, I'll not let you go."

"If you ever find me again," she called back over her shouldr, "we'll be friends." And the lavender linen frock vanished over the hilltop.

"And so endeth the story," said Randy. "I don't even know her name. Jove, she was a dandy girl; just the kind who would play around with you and not get serious about it. Darn the blasted luck and the romantic sense of woman."

But alas for Randolph Chester. He discovered on his return to the city that the placid waters of his life had been violently disturbed. A tangle of arms, legs and lavender linen had landed squarely in the middle of them and the ripples caused thereby had made quite a sensation in the region of Randy's heart. He awoke to the fact that every time he saw a slender, lavender-frocked figure swinging down the street his pulse beat faster. One day he followed a red hat for two blocks because the girl under it reminded him of the girl of the hillside. When he discovered that he was mistaken, Randy came to a standstill.

"Randy, old lad," he muttered, "it's time you stage a reformation. Here you are, absolutely nuts over a girl you talked to for a couple of hours on a sunny hillside. And there's not a chance in the world that you will ever find her. Buck up, old man, go and paint a real picture for a change."

Randy retraced his steps to the studio, but it was of no use. On every canvas he saw her face. She was constantly in his thoughts. "And I thought love at first sight was all bunco," he groaned, as he flung himself before an open window with a magazine.

The city's sky line was clouded with smoke no darker than the shadow over Randy's heart, he thought, as he opened the magazine and began to read.

Suddenly he clutched the magazine tighter. "What's this?" he cried; and read again:

" 'What the blazes?' muttered the artist, as he swung round to find picture, easel and brushes entangled with arms, legs and a lavender linen frock.

" 'That's what I say,' cried a small voice from the heap. 'But if you'll untangle me, I'll be your—' "

"Thank the Lord," shouted Randy, "There is only one person in the whole world who would write those words, and her name is—" his voice trailed off in midair as he clutched the paper closer. "Her name is Anne Stevens. It sounds just like her. Anne Stevens, Ann Stevens. I've found you at last. Lucky this magazine's published in this city. Now we'll be friends. Friends? It's more than a friend that I'll be to you, Anne Stevens."

It was a tired and bedraggled Randolph Chester who rang the doorbell of Anne Stevens' apartment. He had spent the last twenty-four hours in pursuing elusive editors in a vain attempt to secure Anne's address. A kind stenographer, taking pity on his despairing face, finally found it in the office files and gave it to him.

The wheels that carried him to Anne had turned far too slowly. Now, at last before the door, his heart was beating a rapid tatoo.

The door suddenly opened and she stood before him, eyes bright and cheeks flushed, her gay calico apron a riot of color.

"Why, it's the man of the picture," she cried, her soft voice warm with pleasure.

"Randolph Chester, at your service," he bowed low over her hand.

"Wont you come in and have dinner with me? It's just pure luck that there are two chops instead of one. Remember the sandwiches on the

hillside? I can't offer you a sunny hillside, but then neither will I carry off half of your picture," glowed the girl, looking up into Randy's face.

"Anne Stevens, you're just as nice as you were on the hillside, and far prettier."

"Really," smiled Anne; "but how do you know who I am?"

"First, let me tell you that I've been looking for you ever since I met you on the hillside."

"Yes," encouraged Anne, her warm gray eyes shining.

"Twenty-four hours ago I read your story, and now I've found you."

"Then it worked," gasped Anne.

"What worked?" questioned the young man, his face lighting up.

"Why—why," stammered Anne, flushing rosily, "my story."

PROGRESS AND CONTROL

LESTER M. MITCHELL, '24

I DO not hope to say anything new and perhaps may not succeed in saying anything which will make some of you think. But if what I say does stimulate thought, I will have fostered sentiment and opinion, and hence enhanced at least a progressive attitude. For opinions are indicative of differences and progress can exist or attain only where there are differences. For society is not like-mindedness, but co-operative mindedness of individuals. In so far as progress is development from the simple to the complex, all progress must follow this law. We go from the amoeba to man, biologically; from the isolated man to the community socially, and from manufacture of stone implements to our great factories, industrially. Thus man cannot retrogress. Individually and collectively he cannot know less ever than he does at present.

The biological progress is purely organic, but progress as a social factor must be considered as having a deeper source. All progress finally is social in the sense of being ethical. Each man must build his character anew. He is born a non-moral being and grows to be moral. This, then, is the true progress. It is consciousness, a living being's power of choice. As Henri Bergson in his "Creative Evolution" states: "Consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself, but it cannot pass through matter without settling on matter, without adapting itself to it." This adaptation we call intellectuality. Progress now becomes purposeful, depending on the human intent and aim. It becomes cultural, because of these intentional intellectual acts. It is now a dynamic and consequently and subsequently it becomes control.

We cannot consider all the forces which are

elements of social control, but let us consider the strongest and most salient of these, namely, the religious force, the moral self-consciousness. Man is born religious only in the guise of having ethical capacity. Thus all men are religious. As an individual or as society there is a constant striving to understand and to live in accordance with those ideals which give self-contentment, fellow approbation, and moral security. Religion is finally the great principle of unity in human life and is essentially the same the world over. The differences arising among our religions is not one of kind but of degree. The truth of Buddha is not less than that of Christ, but it is less sufficient. But you may ask if religion is the embodiment of truth, must there not be only one religion which is true and must not all the others be false? It is not a question of their truth, that does not change, only a greater truth in the sense of a more comprehensive grasp of the truth is perceived. Any religion at present is the whole truth to itself. Truth is immediately the whole.

The force of religion has grown as religion itself has become more comprehensive. Man first took the principles of religion into his life because he found they were good for him physically and socially. Then he learned to see them as being good in themselves. What was good was right. No act was relatively right or wrong but inherently so. Thus society needed, public opinion sanctioned, and the social mind created the Decalogue. Society had no place for the murderer, liar and thief. This, then, is the standard. How does man apply it to himself? How does it function as a force of social control?

Any student of society at once perceives that man is continually building ways by which to avoid coming in contact with this standard. A man is condemned if he steals money from a bank;

but merchants, some of them, misrepresent their goods, charge exorbitant prices, and are considered reputable citizens. A man must not kill another for violating the sanctity of his home, but he may kill him in war. Now the great influences entering to make such a cross-roads in our morals are public opinion or sentiment, and interests. To begin with, society has less time to watch the flagrancies of the group life than of the individual. A nation may go to war to defend its interests against the infringement of another nation. It may, in other words, go to war because of national prejudices, but it is wrong for one man to give vent to his prejudices against another. Public opinion will honor the man in the war, but condemn the man in private life. In the field of private morals, we readily divide people into good and bad, according as they meet or repudiate the moral obligations which public opinion has set. In public morals, our standard is often indefinite and our needs obscure.

It may seem from these deductions that the moral fabric lacks certainty and firmness. Perhaps such is often the case, but certainly more often the fault is to be found in society's application of the moral code. Yet, whatever the standards, whatever the applications, the fact remains that religion, morality or ethics, whatever we choose to call it, is and must continue to be a vital energy in society. Every man follows to a degree the law of his own life; but society, the social mind, and public opinion serve ever as a control upon his ambitions. To be sure, there is often much which may appear non-essential, non-significant, and even unworthy, but in our eagerness to control we must not be hasty to pluck up the tares, lest we pluck up with them the untried possibilities of human excellencies.

A MEMORY

ALICE SANDERS, '26
First Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest

A memory haunts me closely,
  A picture I fain would keep,
Of russet rind of pumpkin,
  The frost on its mellow cheek.
And out through the latticed willows,
  The clear, cool voice of the creek;
Of the pulse and throb of the night
  And a silence vast and deep.

Of shadowed wigwam lodges,
  Where the Indian corn slept fast,
The tassels tipt with silver,
  Where the frost beam's fingers passed;
Of the cheery pipe of a cricket,
  Perhaps the very last . . . .
Of a peace that touched my spirit
  And a soul song, vibrant, vast.

WHO AM I

ELIZABETH COCHRELL, '26
Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest

FAR down the street I see a group of small boys playing marbles. Upon my approach I hear one of them whisper "Here he comes," as they gather their marbles together and stand back in awe as I pass. My friendly greeting or cheery smile seems not to change that awe-stricken expression upon their faces. It is not till after I have turned the corner that they resume their playing. Who am I or what have I achieved that these boys should cease their playing as I pass!

As I go by the school that bears my name the children come pouring forth, eager to play in the warm spring sunshine. I hear a buzzing among them, then a sudden stillness and I see them quietly looking at me in awe and admiration. Who am I or what have I achieved that these school children should forget to play as I pass!

As I walk up and down the old familiar streets I see many an old friend who replies to my greetings in the same strange and awed manner. I meet my old friend and pal of the days when I went to the little red schoolhouse. He answers my greeting in a manner which seems to say "We are proud of your success in life, but you have gone far above us."

Who am I or what have I achieved that these should stand in awe of me!—only a lonely man whom fortune has cast upon a solitary pinnacle called Fame.

AN OLD-FASHIONED COUPLE

HELEN PALMER, '26
Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest

IN an old-fashioned town, in an old-fashioned street there lived, years ago, an old-fashioned couple in an old-fashioned house. Their names were Uncle John and Aunt Barbara, or rather Aunt Barby, as she was commonly called. Everyone called them "Uncle" and "Aunt," from the little children who were just learning to talk, to the new Baptist minister, who was straight from the theological seminary and who believed in being quite precise about everything. The forty-seven years of their married life had been spent in this same town where Uncle John had been the notary public. It seemed as though none of the local romances were quite complete unless Uncle John had the words which bound the two young hearts for life; and Aunt Barby was always a witness, weeping a little, just as mothers do when their daughter or son marries another boy or girl who is not quite good enough for her own.

Quite in harmony with its surroundings was the home of this good old couple. It was a quaint affair with a steep gabled roof. Ivy clambered up the sides as if trying very hard to reach the top before the frost came and put an end to its efforts. The tiny porch in front seemed to turn a cold shoulder to passersby, but once inside you felt a warmth of welcome.

From the living room one could get an easy view of the kitchen. The drop-leaf table was always set with blue china. If company happened in for a meal, food seemed to spring into view under the magic of Aunt Barby's hand. There was a cooky jar on the kitchen cabinet, always full of cookies.

Then there was the back yard. I wish you might have seen it, especially in the summer time. The grape arbor, the old-fashioned well, the ram-

bler roses, pinks, lilacs, johnny-jump-ups and bachelor buttons, all helped to make it a veritable paradise. Add to the scene, Uncle John sitting in the cool of the grape arbor, with Aunt Barby near him and the picture is complete. Here they passed their dear, quaint, old-fashioned lives in the peaceful, old-fashioned way.

OTTERBEIN PEACE PLAN

LORA ADDIS, '24 (First Prize)

A summary of the chief points of the plan:

1. The suppression in the press of all expressions of race hatreds. The creation and cultivation of ideas and ideals of peace through the education of public opinion by means of the press.
2. The fostering of peace through an educational system of universal public schools. Toward this end, histories must be written to honor generous and magnanimous characters and countries, not to provoke and foster nationalism. The youth must be taught that "Humanity is above all nations."
3. The holding of peace conferences to be arranged for by the League of Nations.
4. The establishment of international commissions for the investigation of economical, political, educational, physical, and moral needs of nations.
5. The gradual reduction of armaments through co-operation with the League.
6. The establishment of an advisory committee to which nations shall submit their grievances.
7. An insistent demand that all aspirants to office be capable, honest, upright, and love mercy.
8. The diffusion of a spirit of peace and good will through public speakers, lecturers and motion pictures.

SUNSET

LESTER M. MITCHELL, '24

Deepening shadows growing grotesque
And more deep o'er the mountain's face.
The heavens rich hued
Like some poppy dew'd
Wherein we cannot mark
One color's close, another's start.
The sun—
Glaring white then colder red—
An instant poised
Blazoned with bars of gold the heavens,
Tarried a moment more, grew red
And sank.

NIGHT

LESTER MITCHELL, '24

A robin chirped its goodnight note.
Dark grew and deepened.
The stars, like candles
Angel-lighted for day's wake,
Blinked forth.
But Vesper,
Glowing in the sable black
Of heaven's onyx floor,
Kept brightest watch of all;
Like a rich, pendant jewel
Upon the velvet doublet of a courtier.
The crescent moon,
Like a silver barge,
Dip't beneath a cloud-wave, then
Clearer and resplendent soon—
And sooner at the cloud-wave's marge—
Burst rich in view again.
So, o'er a silent world,
Night her palled cloak
More silent furled.

MY SAVIOUR

PAUL J. STROUSE, '25

Out of the joy that envelops me,
The greatest yet from pole to pole;
I thank my God for all that He
Has done to save and keep my soul.

Since in His love my life I've cast
I do not weep nor cry aloud;
Because of Him my heart is fast,
My head with happiness is bowed.

Beyond this vale of sighs and tears,
That love of His for me has paid;
Despite the sins of other years
It finds and keeps me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
He took the sin from off my soul;
Though I am the master of my fate,
Christ is the Captain of my soul.

THE SEA

JEAN TURNER, '26

Oh, weary's the toil on stormy nights,
In the drench of the spume and spray,
And uncertain the path when no beacon lights,
Nor heavens enguard the way
Along dim stretches of sharp rock coast,
Through wild wastes of wind-blown foam—
Yet no fear nor dread may the ocean boast
In the wanderer who calls it home.

Ah, lonely ways, and lonely days,
Lone stars o'er the moaning sea,
And lonely graves 'neath lonely waves,
Lone winds from a lonelier lee—
Ye cannot harm the sea's weird charm,
Nor its lure for the soul of me.

Special Feature Section

LORD ULSTER'S BRIDE

ALICE SANDERS, '26

The mail-clad knight drew sudden rein
Where rushed and roared the river Aine;
Behind him sat his lady fair,
With gems asparkle in her hair,—
One white arm clasped around his waist,
The other free to shield her face
From scratch of twig or thorn or briar,
From splash and spatter of the mire.

The gallant steed had sped that day;
Far leagues behind the castle lay
Where boldly, at the morn's first light,
Lord Ulster claimed his Ellen bright,
And spite of father's angry frown
Lightly galloped thru the town,
His milk-white steed in sliver straps,
His lady fair in golden wraps.

Then loudly blew the bugle call,
And kinsmen feasting in the hall
Right quickly to the saddle sprang
With vow the robber lord to hang.
The angered father rode the first
And brandished high his weapon curst;
His velvet cloak flapped out behind,
His silver spurs dripped blood like wine.

The chase had lasted till the night,
When spoke the trembling maid in fright:
"My lord! my lord! I hear the tramp
Of horses' hoofs, and bit, and champ—
Spur on! Spur on, or we are lost!"
And wild the wind her tresses tost,
Her jeweled cap hung on awry,
And tear-drops glistened in her eye.

"Take heart, my love, and courage yet,"
Lord Ulster kissed her cheeks, tear-wet;
"But one more stream lies in our way
Till you'll be queen of fair Dunsay!"
Then louder came the clash of arms
And wilder rose the maid's alarms,
When steep upon the river brink
The charger halts with silver clink.

His nostrils wide are all aflame,
The snowy lather flecks his mane,
While trembling yet and all dismay'd
He gazes at the river's rage.
The tawny current tosses high
And thunders threaten from the sky.
The tree-tops writhe and moan and scream,
The kinsmen but a spear's-length seem.

Then loudly rang Lord Ulster's word,
And deep the charger's flank he spurr'd.
With gallant grace the steed plunged in,
The water swirl'd about their chin.
Against the stream his might was match'd,
Tho' strong the current tugg'd and snatch'd.
Against the stream his might prevailed.
The kinsmen loud their fate bewailed.

The steed, adrip and panting hard,
Paced close beside the warrior bard.
Fair Ellen, clad in golden gear,
His strong arm held and still'd from fear.
The Dunsay lord, agleam with wet,
Now mocked the father's empty threat,
"Ye kinsmen all, I do invite,—
The wedding feast takes place to-night!"

SEED CATALOGUES

LAURA WHETSTONE, '27

SEED catalogues are made by the same man that names the Pullman cars. He is a man of imagination, a man who in another age would have been an immortal poet or a famous general. Cheated of his rightful calling by adverse fortune, he rises above his unkind fate and finds, in spite of all, a field for his peculiar talent. His masterpieces are not epics or well-schemed victories, but high-sounding, mouth-filling titles for cucumbers and squashes, and, crowning glory of all, those profusely illustrated seed catalogues which arrive at almost every home some time during the late winter.

With unfailing accuracy he selectes the proper time to scatter abroad his dazzling booklet. Invariably an overburdened, chilled-looking postman delivers the seed catalogue on some icy winter's afternoon, when the wind howls around the corner of the house and sleet glances smartly off the window panes.

We find it with the evening paper, and before we realize it, oil and divorce scandals are forgotten and we are rapturously pouring over a full-page illustration of a ravishingly beautiful rose garden, where blooms, the size of a man's head, rival each other in richness and splendor of coloring. Enraptured we gaze, and hypnotized we read the merits of "Mary Garden, large, luscious, pink, long-stemmed, heavy-headed, extraordinarily hearty grower, will bear the first season," etc. etc. Fondly we plan that rose garden we have always meant to have, plant a border of Japanese irises, and lay out beds of those "decorative annuals, unrivaled in elegance and grace."

How fortunate it is that our resolve to place a generous order with the genius who compiled the catalogue seldom outlives the sober reflection of the

following day! How fortunate, for disillusionment is always unpleasant. How many blistered palms and aching backs we avoid by not ordering half a pound of that "Impatiens Balsamina, quick-growing annual of matchless exquisiteness of form and tint." Of course, we've not the least idea what the plant may be, but the name is so lovely that it requires real effort to thrust it from our minds even when the next day comes. Yes, it is well that we do not heed the luring call of the man who makes the seed catalogues, or we would all have to experience the painful and incredulous disappointment of those friends of ours who, last season, eagerly planted a large bed of "Mirabalis Japala" and raised nothing but common pink and white four-o'clocks.

Yet, let us not be too severe in our judgment of the man who makes the seed catalogues. He is a genius in his way, and may be excused much on that ground. And, further, he is unwittingly a benefactor to mankind, for we who have a seed catalogue and a cozy fireside have companionship and comfort for a winter's evening.

THAT SCHOOLBOY LOOK

E. H. HAMMON, '27

THE press has always been insistent in its demands that the members of the fair sex retain "that school girl look." Large, full-page, lavishly colored pictures in the periodicals throughout the land—pictures of lovely ladies in charming gowns—always bear the inscription, "Keep that school girl look." We are brought face to face with the same injunction when we board a street car, for there is always one car card which says, "Keep that school girl look."

I have no critical comment to make on this valuable propaganda. It is good. It is excellent. It has obtained results that even the propagator never dreamed of. It has done more than to beautify complexions. It has revolutionized dress. Women who formerly thought that it was unbecoming to wear low-hanging skirts and long, heavy masses of hair, now find that they are more tastefully dressed if they adorn themselves in garments more suggestive of youth and cut off their hair until it barely hides their ears.

But it is not of the women that I wish to discourse, but of the men of our nation. Obviously, the injunction spoken of above does not apply to men; but there is a challenge which comes to them. It comes to every man throughout the land. It is universal in its application. It means the future happiness of the human race. It is, "Keep that school-boy look."

A few men of our country have had a vision. They have acknowledged this challenge, even before I had an opportunity to voice it. They have formed a great movement with this challenge as their slogan, and they have taken a great forward step toward making this movement a tremendous

success. They have done much for our nation, and our nation will long remember them for it.

We need not go far from home to find these heroes, for our own little school has in its midst a goodly number of them. We need not look in the ranks of the mighty, for they are not necessarily found there. But we do need to look for men of indominatable courage, for they are men who, in opposition to ancient traditions and customs, in the face of criticism and ridicule, have had the courage to don the garment which symbolizes their great and excellent slogan. All honor to the members of the Knicker Club, the leaders of that most worthy movement, "Keep that schoolboy look."

MARKET WARES

By W. H. CAMP, '25

There are strange things sold in the market town
In the great big public square;
There are the venders gaily dressed,
Each one with a price for his ware.

I stopped near by an old grey man,
And said, "What sell ye here?"
He looked at me with calm grey eyes,
(His countenance was seer)
And said, "The price I ask is great.
Knowledge I sell. But you must pay.
Long years of work, the price." I paid
And then went on my way.

Another vender did I find,
Careworn and spent was he.
Fame it was he had to sell,
And he sold a share to me.
Much I paid for that bit of fame,
Loneliness, cares and tears.
I bought it, no matter what the price,
But it cost me restless years.

I carried my bundles around with me
Till near the close of day,
When I found a little vender girl,
So happy and so gay.
"What do you sell, my pretty maid,
What do you sell?" said I.
Laughing, she quickly glanced at me,
Dimpled and coy and shy.
"Love," she said, "It is love I sell.
Come, sir; would you buy?
Let us bargain a price for love," she said,
With a queer little wink of the eye.

I gave her the package with knowledge filled.
"Not enough," she cried to me.
Upon it I piled the sack of fame.
"Not enough," she cried in glee.
Upon them both I tossed my gold.
She threw it from the pile;
"Never," she said with haughty scorn,
"Can gold true love beguile."

"What," I asked, "what must I pay,
If I true love would buy?"
"Keep your fame and your knowledge, too.
Love's price," she said, "is high.
Many falter and many fail
When they hear of true love's toll.
You will pay the price for love?—Then, lad,
You may give to me your soul."

There are strange things sold in the market town
In the great big public square;
There are the venders gaily dressed,
Each one with a price for his ware.

BUSHEL O' WHEAT—BUSHEL O' RYE

BESSIE LINCOLN, '26

"Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye,
All who're not ready, holler 'I' !"

The shrill, childish treble cut the sluggish afternoon air and, as though it were some magic charm, I sat suddenly erect with my pen poised in midair. I was no longer working in a stuffy office writing statements; the sharp click-clack of adding machines and typewriters, the steady whirr of the multigraph were forgotten. I was back again in the small oil country town where the very little girl who had been "I" was standing, face to the big barn door, eyes carefully covered with sun-browned hands, as she chanted "Bushel o' wheat."

How breathlessly I waited for the faint "I" which often came floating back. That meant that I must turn again and count by tens to two hundred or by fives to one hundred. I usually chose the tens—they were easier to remember than the fives—"ten, twenty, thirty" came as ntaurally as my own name.

It was surely fortunate for us that none of our neighbors objected to noise, for almost every fine summer evening, as soon as it grew dusk, too late for baseball or croquet, the hunt began. Of course no one liked to be "It"; so we counted off with some such magic formula as "One potato, two potatoes," or "Eeny, meeny."

The victim then began to count as rapidly as he could, while we scooted for cover. The distance of the hiding place usually varied conversely with the speed of the counter. I remember distinctly that when "Chink" counted I always rushed for the wagon shed or the elderberry bushes near the barn—there was no time to seek more distant cover.

All was quiet as the hunt began; but it was merely the lull before the storm. Suddenly there was a wild scream and a flash of a gingham dress or brown coat as the first one caught leaped over the terrace and scurried to goal. Then the action quickened as signals were called. It was an unwritten rule of the game that the first one in should warn the rest of the seeker's approach. "Tobacco-Tobacco," or "Cucumber-Cucumber" meant as much to the hidden players as ever the "twenty-thirty-sixty-five" of the football quarterback means to the waiting eleven.

At any time of the year "hide-and-seek" was delightful, but it was best of all when the hay was cut and stacked in the tiny field near home. With twenty or thirty haystacks added to the more permanent shelters, hunting became an art. Then, too, that evening the neighbors came en masse—even our grown-up high school students—and joined in the frolic.

Oh, you may talk of modern physical culture with its dumb-bells and Indian clubs, but give me a crowd of youngsters, a big barn and the out-of-doors. I wish—

The clock strikes three. My boss is frowning coldly. I come back to reality and work. In through the open window floats the childish treble. It seems the echo of my dreams. "Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye, all who're not ready holler 'I'."

DARN BILL

With Apologies to Al Elliot, '23
C. E. CUSIC, '26

T' other day
Bill Frakes—
You know
Bill,
He's my chum,
We wuz in school
T' gether—

Bill he
Went down
T' Columbus town
T' see
One o' them op'ry shows
Where they have snow
'N everything—

Bill he
Got a seat
In the chicken roost 'n
Purty soon
The curtin went up 'n
Showed a big storm
All snowin', 'n
Bill sed—

H'm,
T' wasn't snowin'
When I kum in
Here.

Darn Bill!

BOZO WRITES A POME

N. H. RICHTER, '25

In French I try to "Parley-vous,"
In "Math" I work some problems, too,
But now with this poetic stuff,
All I can do is work a bluff.
The words go down one at a time,
The lines I then try to make rime,
The words do come and words do go,
But ones to match them I don't know.

Some people think I am a freak,
I'll never try to be a sheik;
A public speaker I should be,
My voice, it sounds just like the sea.
Instead of writing verse or prose,
I'd rather go to picture shows;
And as for trying to be a poet,
I won't be one, I guess you know it.

A TUNE IN JUNE

HENRY W. OLSON, '24

While wandering thru the Campus
A certain night in June,
My love and I together heard
A foolish little tune.

It must have come from happy lips,
So clear it seemed to rise,
And every time I hear it since,
I see my true love's eyes.

And every time I hear it now,
I touch my true love's hands,

And know that somewhere in the world
Is one who understands.

It was a foolish little tune
As any I could meet;
But in my life I'll never hear
Another tune as sweet.

KNICKERS

MILDRED ADAMS, '24

Spring is in the air
And many a college lad,
Whether dark or fair,
Has taken up the fad—
Knickers!

Like small boys they look
In this garb of nobby style,
Under every arm a book,
And on every face a smile—
Knickers!

The professors think them wise
And grade them one and all
According to their age and size,
For they look so young and small
In their Knickers.

You must buy a Sibyl book,
For many decades hence
You will want to take a look
At these up-to-date young gents
In their Knickers.

SCIENCE TRIUMPHS AGAIN

JOSEPH B. HENRY, '26

The most revolutionary discovery of the ages has just recently been disclosed in scientific circles. Mr. Larva Grub, a needy author and literary hack of Milton Street, London, is destined to be known as one of the world's greatest benefactors. While in southern France gathering data for his new story, "The Cocoon," Mrs. Grub noticed a nice, fat silk worm feeding on a rubber tree in the courtyard. With all the intuition of genius, the discovery came like a flash.

After a few weeks' experiment with some of the caoutchouc (ku chuck) fed larvae, Mr. Grub was ready to broadcast his "eureka" to the four winds. At once the advance information in commercial and financial circles created a furore, foreboding the collapse of certain industries. Offers, amounting to billions, from all sources seeking to bribe the discoverer or to purchase the idea in order to withhold it from further development. But Mr. Grub, in a beneficent spirit toward all mankind, thundered his answer, "Nothing doing. The world needs and must have elastic stockings."

Here is part of Mr. Grub's statement as translated from a special supplement of the "Revue Generale des Sciences," Paris:

"After noticing a silk-worm partake of the leaves of an India rubber tree, I wondered what would be the nature of the silk it might spin. When the worm did put forth, I immediately appropriated the product, and after submitting it to exhaustive laboratory tests, I found that the silk thus produced was *elastic*."

Mr. Grub has enlisted private capital and has already begun the manufacture of the new type of

hosiery. The claims for this new apparel are all-inclusive. Only one size need be produced, as the elastic nature of the material cares for all requirements from the tiniest babe to the largest circus lady. Contrary to all the laws of rubber, a puncture or hole does not tend to enlarge, but knits itself together so that mothers need no longer worry about darning socks and hosiery. The factory will send with every pair a "never-wear-out" guarantee that states in very simple language that every pair is guaranteed "to wear and give a snug fit from the cradle to the grave." Children are already clamoring for these new stockings for use at Christmas time.

Further developments of this discovery are being watched with keenest interest. The American attitude is one of pessimism—fear being expressed that the supply of rubber plants won't hold out. Nevertheless there is hope so long as America has Luther Burbank to produce a multitudinous leaf-bearing rubber tree.

SONNET

JEAN TURNER, '26

When youth grows tired, when hands unseen, unknown,
Strike the heart's strings, and all are mute save grief;
When fervid litanies bring no relief
To one too sad for tear, or sigh, or moan;
When length'ning days and nights have wearier grown,
And hopeless, filled with pain past all belief—
May not the peace of youth, however brief,
God give again to heal wounds grief has strown?

Remember, God, how oft at eve we talked
Of life, and love, you had made mine, and his?
And, God, we knew not joys You gave must cease.
Times since, past scenes where once we strayed, I've walked,
And sadly thought of him, who was, and is
Not now. Remember, God, and give me peace.

THE FLAPPER

(With Apologies to Mr. O. W. Holmes)
KATHLEEN WHITE, '24

I.

I saw her once before,
As she fluttered by the door
With her chum.
Flirting eyes and merry banter,
Sweater, skirt and tam-o'-shanter—
Chewing gum.

II.

It was not so long ago
That I saw her, laughing, go
In sandalled feet,
With her short bobbed hair and skirt
Whisking high above the dirt
Of the street.

III.

National bobs, Egyptian cuts,
Imitating old King Tut's
Harem queens.
Powder, lip-stick, rouge and paint,
Oriental ear-rings quaint—
Quite a dream!

IV.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the dresses she loved best
A year ago.
For short skirts are quite passe,
Modes come in, but not to stay;
Ain't it so?

V.

Now she wears a tight basque waiste,
High heeled slippers, leather laced,
And her skirt—

Low about her heels it flows,
Whirling 'round her as she goes,
Gathering dirt.

VI.

My grandmama has said
(She's a flapper, too, instead
Of being old),
That the styles of nowadays,
Though like hers in many ways,
Are more bold.

VII.

Fashions come and fashions go,
But milady still must show
She's in style.
Dresses long or at the knee,
Yet in style I want to be—
Let 'em smile!

PHILOPHRONEAN HALL

CHARLOTTE OWEN, '27

It was late afternoon and the rays of the sun streaming through the western windows of Philophronian Hall fell softly upon the head of a lone musician. The vibrant chords that filled the room were those of Rachmaninoff's incomparable "Prelude." They echoed and re-echoed throughout the empty hall, blending finally into each other with a harmony that was transcendent. The soft rays passing through the stained glass windows bathed the room in a warm glow of color. Rich purples mingled gently with the dull blue of the heavy plush floor covering. The pale turquoise of the walls was touched here and there with a deep tan. A soft mauve tinted as with a magic brush the pure whiteness of a bust placed high upon the wall. The grand piano's dull mahogany was transformed by the colorful lavenders and buffs that played upon it. A gleaming yellow falling upon the bowed head of the musician touched his dark locks with burnished gold—the solemn benediction of the sun.

STORIETTE

PAULINE WENTZ, '25

Tillie Watson watched her young son through the steam clouds rising from her wash tubs as, arms akimbo, he sat on the floor dreaming fine dreams.

"When I gets to be a big man, Mummy, I'm a'gonna buy you jewels,—white ones like the ladies wear where I takes the wash."

"Some green ones, sonny, and some blue ones with rose and yellow lights, like the sky has in the morning," smiled his mother.

"We'll have a pianer that plays fine music and

a house with a big porch," added Petie, and returned to his dreams. Tillie Watson's eyes grew big and bright with hidden tears. "Oh, sonny," she crooned softly.

And then, just before the day of jewels and piano arrived, Tillie Watson wiped her hands dry of their soap suds, hung her apron behind the kitchen door and went to see her son off to war.

"What kind of jewels do you want from the kaiser's crown?" he laughed down at her from the train window, "white, blue or green? He's got all kinds." But she could only wave a tremulous goodbye and stumble back to her steaming tubs.

A year later they brought the telegram. She took it in her wet hand and held it, unopened—for she knew.

Someone pinned a bright gold star on her faded waist.

"My jewel," she said simply, but her eyes were those of a dead woman.

A CITY IN VIRGINIA

ALICE SANDERS, '26

It was the South, July and a hot day. The heat sizzled up in crooked little waves from the street; the sun glared down in unrelenting fury upon the bleached and crackled earth. Nothing stirred. The streets were deserted, the trees stood silent and limp, the very stones panted for breath. Only incredible numbers of tiny gnats zigsawed up and down in the stifling shade. A yellow dog with tongue lolling stumbled 'round the corner and dropped flat in the grateful shade of an alley. The sun scorched down with fierce rays, an absolute monarch in his tyrannical reign.

DRIED GRAPES

MARY MILLS, '27

"Have you had your iron today?"

Almost every magazine I pick up asks this normally unusual question. I find it confronting me everywhere—in the richly colored advertisements of magazines, in the newspapers, on billboards and most of all in the groceries. There I invariably find tiny, red boxes lined up within convenient reach on the counter and from these a healthy looking little maid in a gingham dress and a big, blue bonnet beseeching, "Give your body the iron it needs. Sun Maid Raisins. Five cents a package." Now I never have been able to refuse a pretty girl anything within reason, so I soon surrender and find myself nibbling at this "inexpensive, healthful and nourishing product of the sun-kissed San Diego valley."

What does all this mean, anyway? Am I only a silly member of the male species who is easily imposed upon and managed by a woman's wiles? No, at least there are many others who spend their nickels just as I do. The significance of the whole thing is that the humble, dried raisin, hitherto despised and insignificant, is coming up to its rightful place in the diet of our land. We are only just now beginning to recognize raisins, not merely as dried-up fruit, but as luscious grapes, rich in mineral value, changed by mellow California sunshine into large, plump, flavory raisins.

Wheat bread, cereals, rice and bread pudding become more tempting to our fickle and variety-craving appetites by the addition of this magic fruitiness. Take bread pudding as an example. Now you must confess that bread pudding holds a humble place among desserts. Yet when prop-

erly made, filled with big, plump, juicy raisins, rich with stored-up sunshine and fine flavors of clustered grapes and touched lightly on top with a thick meringue whose mellow gold top is beaded with drops of liquid topaz smiling up enticingly—this hitherto plain pudding becomes heavenly, celestial. And then, to dainties already given high rating, such as cakes, cookies, pies and numberless other desserts, this fruit of the vine adds an incomparable, inimitable flavor, making these delectable dainties doubly enticing and calling for just one taste more.

LIGHT

MABEL CASSEL, '24

Thy beaming eyes are like the sunrise, love.
When from the rosy East with glorious light,
Bursts forth in splendid radiance above,
The Sun, before whom stars and moon take flight,

My soul soars up from sordid things of Earth
In vain attempt to rise, to live, to shine.
And from that mad desire is given birth
A thing of beauty — but a thought divine.

And so, when fell of light and love you lift
Your wondrous eyes, my heart within me glows.
'Tis then is born my soul's divinest gift,
A holy thought, which naught but love bestows.

Thy beaming eyes are like the sunrise, love
They lift my soul to lofty climes above.

'N

Did j' ever
On a nice sunny day
Git out the fishin' line 'n
Go out in th' garden 'n
Turn over
Some rocks or somethin' 'n
Git some worms?

Y' thought I wuz gonna say 'n
Go fishin'
Didn't cha?
Well, I wuz, on'y
T'ain't the way
T' tell it s' quick.

I wuz gonna say 'n
Go in th' house 'n
Git some lunch 'n 'en
Walk down t' th' crick
Thru th' purty country 'n
See all the purty birds 'n
Th' purty flowers if
They wuz any 'n
When y' reached th' crick
Stick th' pole in th' bank 'n 'en
Stay there 'n watch
Th' bubbles bubble 'n
Th' bobber bob—if
It did.

Great sobbin' salamanders
Wuzn't it great?

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