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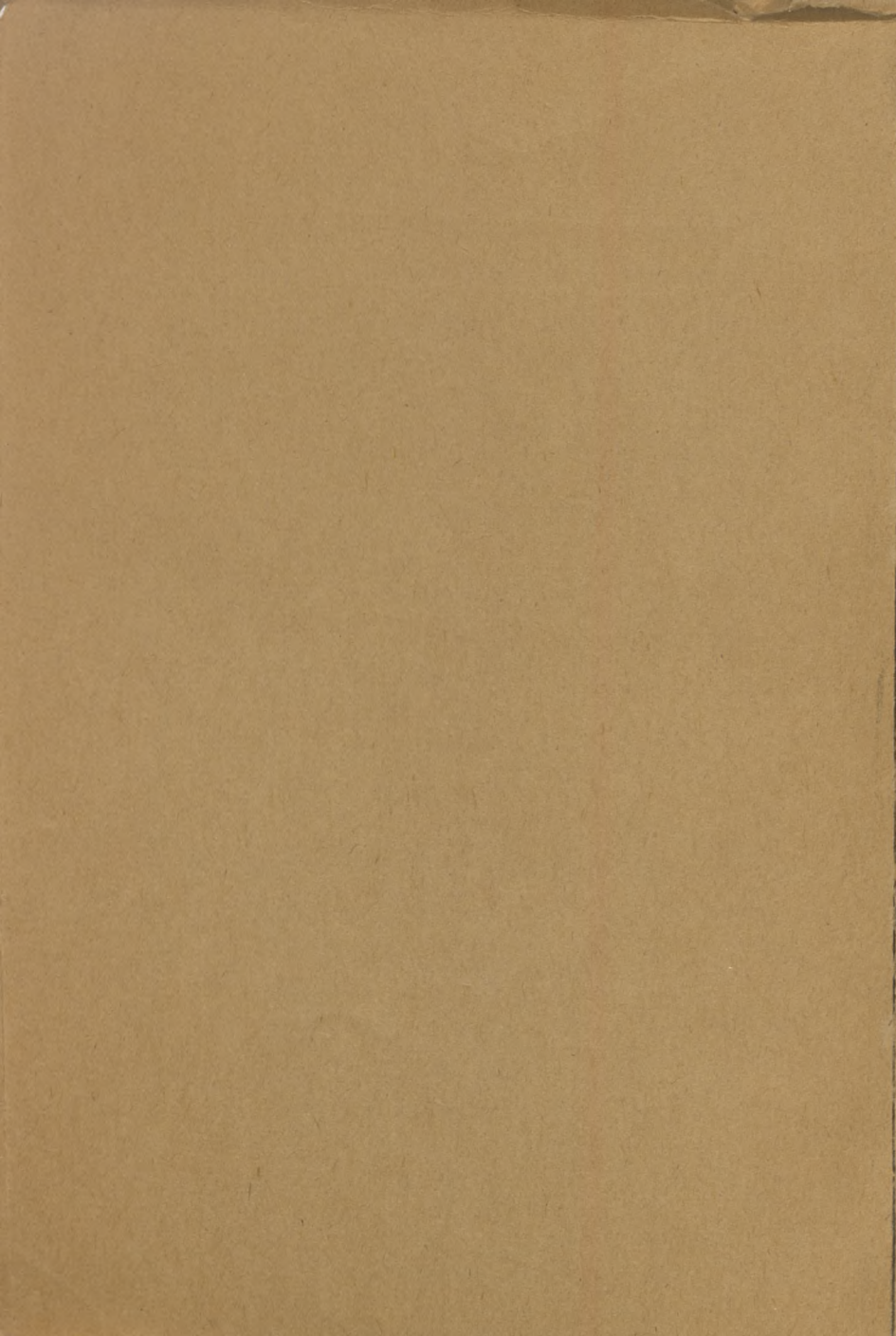
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1925



THE QUIZ AND QUILL



THE QUIZ AND QUILL



Published Annually
by
The Quiz and Quill Club
of
Otterbein College

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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FOREWORD

Again the Quiz and Quill Club presents the Quiz and Quill Magazine. For a year we have met, bringing together our rhymes, our satires and—our platitudes. The best will be found in this volume.

In addition we have gathered material for this, Otterbein's literary annual, from the work done in the literary societies, the class room, the departmental clubs, and the literary and forensic contests. So, along with the more intimate matter produced by the Club, we have sought to retain the best literary productions of the college as a whole.

We wish to thank our subscribers for the generous support in our undertaking. The magazine is yours—you have helped to produce it; and we hope you will have as much pleasure in reading it as we have had in editing it.

—The Editors.

THE DREAM LIVES ON

RUTH ROBERTS, '25

First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest

The willows rocked gently above the drowsy stream. High in his slow-swaying nest one little bird looked out over the wide Iowa plains and called softly. As if in answer, the mist-veiled arms of evening closed tenderly around the little village of Amana. The grey-clad figures kneeling in prayer were lost in the twilight, and their chanting voices sounded far away and sweet:

"This day, too, has passed away,
Darkness covers me.
In the shadow of Thy wings,
Grant, oh Christ, Thy peace.
Amen."

Silently they left the hillside and separated down fast-darkening paths. At the quaint wooden bridge that spanned the sleeping stream, Janna laid one hand upon her father's arm.

"Father," she said, "I must leave thee for the present. My heart calleth me to seek Mother Barbara and I would answer."

"As it seemeth best, my daughter," the minister answered. "I will await thee at home."

So she passed along the rows of vine-covered houses and finally paused before one open door. Within, the brass clasps of a great Bible caught the flickering lamp-light and threw it in bright patches upon the blue walls of the cottage. Against this azure background Mother Barbara's bent head seemed like a soft white cloud.

"Peace be with thee," Janna said at last. Mother Barbara's white head was raised quickly. "Ah, my dear," she took the young hands in her frail ones. "How kind thou art to come."

"We missed thee at evening prayers," said Janna and wondered at the warm color in the usually pale face.

"I felt I must wait here," the little lady explained. "For look—" and she held out a telegram.

"Dear Grandmother," it said, "I need you and Amana to help me decide a problem. Coming Thursday night. Signed—Mario."

"I fear something is troubling him, and I pray I may help," said Mother Barbara. "But to see him will be a great joy. It has been ten years since he left. Dost thou remember him, child?"

"Only a very little," Janna answered. "I could never understand him, for he was very different from the other children." She looked up at the picture above the table. It was the only one allowed in the Community and well she remembered the day Mother Barbara had obtained permission of the Bruderrath that she might keep the precious image. Black eyes laughed down from the picture; dark hair curved back from a pale face, and sensitive lips drooped a little.

"He was always very happy," she said.

When Mother Barbara spoke her voice trailed off dimly into the past. "Yes," she said, "Thou wert too young to understand, and now the sisters in kindness never speak of it."

Her eyes sought the picture. "The laughing black eyes and the gay spirit are the gift of his mother—oh, so dearly paid for! My daughter," the voice was low in its earnestness, "Never let malice enter thy heart as I did when she took my son away from me—away from Amana. I could not see then that she, the Maritz of such radiant happiness, might love him, too."

After a pause the low voice went on, "But when little Mario was brought to me, I knew that

God had wrought a miracle. Truly, He works through mysterious ways."

"Yea, and He will bless thee for thy love." Janna whispered, "If Mario is indeed troubled, thy faith must guide him in his trial, dear Mother. And now, Good-night." She slipped out of the door and down the flower-bordered path.

Gray little Amana maiden, so far from the world of men, so near to the heart of God.

"Learn at all times to be silent," says the Amana Rules of Conduct for our Daily Lives, but tiny Sophia found it very hard when the bell on the kitchen-house sent its pretty message for breakfast. For was she not now four years old, and was she not to begin the Spielstunde this very day?

"I am ein gross girl now, nicht wahr?" Her little German tongue confused words and oatmeal, and her fat yellow braids bobbed anxiously up and down over her bowl. But soon the clatter of spoons and bowls ceased in the girls' corner and tiny Sophia trailed sturdily after the solemn procession of little gray dresses and bonnets. It was not long until her brother waiting before the kitchen-hall heard from across the village the sound of childish voices singing,

"Armes Haslein bist du krank
Das du nicht mehr heipfer kannst?"

He smiled at a kindly elder as they climbed into a waiting wagon. All the farm wagons had gathered now and were rapidly being filled with men ready for the day's work. Broad straw hats shaded clear faces, and tanned glazed arms showed warm in the sunlight as the wagons, one by one, drove off into the waving fields.

Only the women stayed to work in the kitchen—and the old, old men who had no work but to

plan for the others. Their tremulous voices drifted in to Janna as she passed to and fro between the dining-hall and kitchen. There they sat on a long bench in the garden. Near them bloomed the four o'clocks and candytuft with now and then the velvet leaves of a geranium showing its promise of future flowers. But they saw none of those. Old Friedrich Gruben through the slow-curling smoke of his pipe looked back—back to the feudal cloister of Marienborn in Germany before the Lord's hidden prophecy was revealed. For the hundredth time he is telling it to those who have heard a hundred times—but it is not old—that gracious promise:

“ ‘Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,
He was with us on our journey
And from many perils saved us;
His path and ways are wonderful.’ ”

“And now, brethren, these many years have we prospered. See our thousands of rich acres and our seven villages, living peaceably as the Lord intended mankind.”

“Peace!” there was a sharpness of tone seldom heard in Amana as a withered old man brought one hand down hard on the bench. “Nein! gar nicht! How can we say we have peace when our sons have gone to fight our own blood? Hans, Karl, Fritz!—all of mine—gone to kill—Ach Gott!”

A stillness, very solemn, followed the sudden sharp lash. The garden transplanted from Germany breathed a sad, old-fashioned fragrance; the old men, transplanted from German soil into this new land, saw through a filmy smoke the dear old Homeland fields with their peasant folk, cousins and nephews, toiling peacefully and singing simple hymns in fervent prayer. How could they understand?

To Janna, listening, their words came with a painful meaning. Her thoughts flew back to five months before.

"Johann," she had asked, "why must thou go?"

And her brother had stood tall and true. "Because, Janna," he said, "it is our duty and we can never be happy until it is done."

"But, Johann, it cannot be right! You are going to kill people—our own people——"

"Please don't, little sister," Johann pleaded. "I dare not think of it. I must remember only that the country which has sheltered us asks us to right a wrong. Perhaps there is no other way."

And he had gone. Many had gone, strong German sons who believed only in Peace, going to meet German cousins who were made to believe in war; and both to die.

The voices of the old men drifted through the old-fashioned fragrance. Janna's eyes were wet as she set out for the guest hall. But it was not a morning for tears. Two joyous butterflies danced down the path to lead the way; the leaves quivered ever so slightly in the morning breeze. Suddenly a gay whistle whipt through the air. Janna looked up and smiled instinctively. Just above her head a cardinal swayed and called directly to her. She stood quite still, afraid he would move.

"Ah, I wish—" she whispered.

From behind her came a quick answering whistle. The cardinal tipped sidewise and waited—then he hurled a flaunting challenge and like a scarlet flame flashed through the green leaves.

A gay laugh followed him. "Not often you get a performance just like that," a strange voice said. Boyish black eyes laughed down into hers.

There could be no doubt of it. "Thou art Mario?" she asked slowly.

"Yes. And you—Janna, is it not? My grandmother told me I would find you at the guest hall

where a lazy sleeper might obtain wherewithal to refresh himself. But then, she didn't know of the cardinal."

They had reached the cool, clean porch of the Hotel now. It was very quiet, for as yet there had been no tourists. "Did Mother Barbara wait long last night?" Janna asked as they entered.

"Yes, indeed, she did. It was almost midnight when I came, but she was waiting. There's not another like her in the whole world!"

He looked away a moment, then rushed on enthusiastically, "Wish I were a painter! I'd set to work and get that expression and those blue eyes on canvas before I started on another thing. Say—" he snapped his fingers in an impulsive gesture, "I know the chap could do it; I'll write—"

"Have you asked her?"

"What? Heavens, no!" Mario came to earth abruptly, "She wouldn't think of allowing it, would she?"

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders, "But then, I didn't want to, anyway. He'd take all her time and where would I come in?" He stopped short. Janna waited for him to speak again.

"Ah—" he drawled delightedly, "At last—strawberries. Do you know," he explained, "I've been telling Chef Benoit for the last three years that his are mere ghosts of strawberries? Now these in Amana—!" He drew an appreciative sigh.

Janna set down the strawberries and cream. A car had stopped in front of the Hall. "I'm very sorry," she said, "but it is not permitted us to speak to people of the world unless it be to answer questions. To be sure, thou art one with us, but others might not understand—so please—"

The people from the car entered: a man, his wife, and two daughters. They were voluble in their excitement. "A most quaint, old-fashioned

place, really, John. I'm so glad we drove here instead of straight through Iowa City."

"Oh, Mama, did you see the funny old man with his queer black pipe and baggy trousers? We met him on the bridge."

"Mary, you tell them about the baker we saw who took great big loaves of bread out of a long brick oven in the wall with a big paddle. He talked so funny!"

But Mary was not interested in the baker. "Mama," she said, "I'd simply die if I had to wear sunbonnets like that all the time. I can't see how in the world they tell themselves apart."

Janna brought in the lunch. There was a lull; then the man spoke, "They all talk German, don't they? I wonder how they feel about the war. Some slackers, I suppose. Can't blame them much, 'way off here."

"No, sir," Janna spoke quickly, "our young men are all loyal."

"Really," the man was quite apologetic. "I beg your pardon. No offense whatever, you understand. I thought it natural, being German, you know."

Janna smiled. "I spoke in haste, sir," she said, "Wilt thou forgive me, please?"

But Mario was glad when they were safely outside. He swept a graceful gesture of dismissal. "Exit the happy family enjoying the sights," he exclaimed. "I don't see how you stand their curious remarks. You'd think we people were a side-show."

Janna smiled at the "we" he had so unconsciously used. "No, they intend to be kind, we think," she said. "But they cannot understand. Sometimes they ask us to go with them and often I have wished to go, but something forbids me."

Mario looked at her quite steadily. "No," he said, "You must never leave. You were made to

stay here. I would not have you like the women I know—never.”

Janna was thoughtful. “Am I very different?” she asked. But Mario did not answer.

Outside, a big engine purred steadily and a long green car rolled under the shade of the trees. A slender man in black stepped out and looked about questioningly, then turned to help a lady from the car. They came up the steps. Janna watched with a quiet eagerness. No wonder Mario thought she was different. Oh, to be like that! The lady walked with a stately step as if she were accustomed always to look straight ahead of her. A long veil floated from her hat and swayed with each graceful movement. She came straight to Janna. “This is the Guest Hall?” she asked in German, and her voice vibrated like a chord of many strings.

Janna replied simply, “Ja, meine Dame.”

The young man pulled chairs to the table and ordered dinner. His eyes were blue and clear, Janna noticed, and his face rather pale.

The lady seemed interested in the pretty Amana maiden. “You have always lived here, I presume,” she asked.

“Always.”

“It is a pleasant village, I think, and most unusual. Not a great opportunity for advancement. Don’t the young people run away?”

“Sometimes they do for a season. But usually their hearts call them to return.”

“How demure the maid is, Heinrich. Did you notice her speech? Are you all German?”

“Very nearly.”

The lady looked at her companion. “We, too, are German,” he said. “Perhaps you wouldn’t know, but I wonder if you ever heard of Mario Rintelen?”

The question came so suddenly that Janna was unprepared. She looked around to the place where Mario had stood. She had not noticed that he was gone. She was almost frightened to feel the slow color mounting in her cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I know him."

When she looked up both the strangers were watching her. "Oh," exclaimed the lady, "Then he is here! May we see him?"

"No," said Janna, her voice now calm. "He was here, but he has gone."

The lady rose eagerly. "Hurry, Heinrich," she urged, "Let us go."

But the young man pushed back his chair slowly and bowed low. "A moment," he said and turned to Janna. "You are very courteous to strangers, my friend, perhaps you can tell us when Mr. Rintelen arrived?"

"Last night, I believe, Mein Herr."

"Thank you; and could you tell us where we might find him now?"

"I fear not, mein Herr. He but stopped for breakfast."

Again the young man bowed. "We are exceedingly grateful to you," he said.

Janna watched them as they walked down the path. It was very strange. She might have directed them to Mother Barbara's cottage, but she did not. Other tourists came and went. The big green car stood under the trees and Mario did not return.

At last, late in the afternoon, the two strangers appeared. "Has he been here since we left?" the lady asked immediately.

"No, mein Dame, he has not."

"Oh, he is such a temperamental soul! There's no knowing what he will do next. Of course, you know all about him?" Perhaps it was because she was tired that she seemed less beautiful to Janna.

"No," she answered. "I know very little. He seems kind."

"Kind! Is that all you know, child? Surely you have heard that all New York is simply storming because he ran away! But it's no more than you can expect. His managers can't handle him. One night he sings as though the very stars were laughing and all the crowds go mad over him—and the next night the wonderful voice will be so sad and mournful that great men cry like fools; and then he will see no one. But his eyes have a far-away beauty, and then we call him the dreamer."

"No," said Janna, "I didn't know that."

"No one has found his secret yet," the lady hurried on. "There have been all sorts of write-ups on a lost love and things of that kind. But he's so young!"

For a moment there was silence. Her eyes wandered out to the blue sky and the little Amana garden. "Heinrich," she said softly, "you remember when he sang that little Schumann number,

"Thou art so like a flower,
So pure, so sweet, so good?"

The man nodded—she seemed to understand; she drew a long breath. "But, of course, all that wouldn't interest you, child," she said. "If he does come again, though, please give him this." She held out a heavy white envelope. "And we thank you."

They were the last of the tourists for that day. Janna cleared the guest tables and finished the kitchen work. When the Hall was immaculate, she took the envelope and walked quickly down the flower-bordered path and across the old bridge. As she neared the tiny cottage, the only one that twined red roses in the grape vines, she walked more slowly. The elders did not like music, so there was little in the colony. But now

the tones of a violin blended with a voice—oh, such a voice! One calm night she had watched the snow on the prairies, rising slowly in little drifts, and melting softly at the edges as it fell. She had decided then Mother Barbara's voice was like that. She had thought there could be only one, but now—this voice was the same, but deeper, much deeper, and underlaid with a beautiful joy—

“Du bist wie eine Blume

So hold und schon und rein,” it sang to the white-haired, flower-like Mother Barbara. And if the strangers could have watched her answering smile, warm as sunshine on the shadowy Amana stream, perhaps they would have understood his secret, the mystery of a lost love.

Janna waited until the end. She wished he might go on forever, but it could not be. As she entered, Mother Barbara arose. “Peace be with you, meine Tochter,” she said.

But Janna could think of nothing to say. The strange lady's words came to her mind. “But his eyes have a far-away beauty and **then** we call him the dreamer.” She decided to break that dream. He **had** run away. It was her duty. She handed Mario the letter.

He turned it over slowly as if he were deciding whether or not he would open it. “The Blood-hounds!” he said at last, and tore it open. When he had finished reading, he laughed queerly. “It is as I expected, grandmother,” he said. “Not only has he betrayed my trust, but now he asks me to go on in the destructive path he has chosen.”

Mario turned to Janna. “Grandmother and Old Amana have been helping me to think,” he explained. “You see I have been pitched from the crest of a great dream and now I am floundering, I fear, but—never mind—this much we have decided—.” He swung the violin to his chin and his fingers went racing over the strings. Lightly the

fairy notes tripped about the room and swung into place with graceful curtsies.

"Will you come with me, my maiden," Mario's gay voice led the dancing tones, "For bluebells call in crystal dew!"

"But I mean it," he said, as he laid the violin down. "I do really want you to come, if you will. We are to bring flowers for grandmother. Don't you remember that we used to gather lotus, and how I fell in the lake for punishment?"

Janna hesitated, but Mother Barbara's smiling face reassured her. "I shall be glad to go with thee," she said.

So they went down past the quaint old bridge that spanned the drowsy stream and out toward the wood that bordered the lake.

"Is it to be lotus this time?" asked Mario.

"Let us seek some violets for Mother Barbara," Janna answered. "There are some far within the woods, and nothing gives her greater happiness."

"Oh, but they will be so hard to find. Aren't there some near the edge?"

"Perhaps, but the others are a much deeper blue and they will last longer," Janna urged quietly. "I will help thee."

Mario laughed. It was a free, easy laugh that lit the black eyes and spilled joyously from the slightly drooping lips. "Thou philosopher!" he said, "You **have** helped. All day I have been trying to find those very words—"

"Yes," he continued after a pause. "I think you are right. We'll forget it is hard; we'll forget there are other beautiful things nearer, easier to pick—and she shall have the deepest, bluest violets we can find."

Janna wondered at his words. She could not understand their meaning. What could be troubling him so greatly—unless—could it be the war?

When they returned, the bell to evening prayers was ringing. Little Sophia swung on the high pump while she waited for them. Her arms hung straight from the handle and her fat yellow braids bobbed up and down, up and down as she swung. When she saw Janna, she dropped suddenly to the ground. The silent rule for our daily conduct was forgotten.

"I have been to Kindergarten," she announced proudly.

"And thou wert good, Sophia?" Janna asked.

"Ja, so good und artig! and Janna, I may go to prayers with thee, nicht wahr?"

"Indeed thou shalt, Sophichen," Janna smiled. as she took the tiny hand in hers. Mother Barbara had heard the voices and now stood in the doorway. "Art thou not going?" Janna asked anxiously when she saw her.

Mother Barbara shook her white head. "Not tonight," she said. "But thou must take the little one soon for her feet cannot travel quickly."

Mario watched them as they crossed over the bridge into the gathering shadows. Then he led the white haired little lady to the bench in the garden and placed the deep violets in her hands. "Grandmother," he said timidly, "you are too kind to me. I know what it means to you to miss prayers and I know you are doing it for me." Again the gay spirit had given place to the voice of the dreamer. He had dropped to the ground and laid his black head on her lap. Ten years—could it have been so long? Mother Barbara slowly stroked the dark hair as she had so often done in those far-past years.

It was very quiet. From the distance came the chanted evening hymn. Finally Mario raised his head. "Grandmother," he said, "if a man has been given a wonderful gift—a gift he has not earned and one he can never repay—should he not guard it most dearly?"

"Yea, my son," the gentle voice answered, "I understand thy thought. Be thankful that the Lord has endowed thee with thy great gift, for therein thou mayest serve the better. But why art thou so troubled? Canst thou not tell?"

"Oh, my pure white mother, none but you could understand, I think," Mario spoke in sad tones. "I have dreamed a wonderful but a useless dream. I thought all nations must be at heart—one—and I dreamed that perhaps through the soul of music all might be united and so, I have tried to be—not American—not German—but a brother to all."

"And is it not true, my Mario?"

"It cannot be, mother—it is a dream. For they whom I trusted most have translated my dreams into disloyalty. They have even taken the money for destructive purposes—that money which I thought was helping brothers who might need it. And now—"

"And now?" Mother Barbara's low voice asked.

But Mario did not answer. His eyes seemed to have gathered the shadows of night into their depths. Mother Barbara felt the sensitive fingers tighten upon hers, then slowly—slowly—relax. At last he looked deep into her blue eyes. "There is but one path—it must be right," he whispered. "Here in Amana we rest near the heart of truth. Grandmother," and his voice grew more calm, "I have learned today why one must go into the hardest woods to find the deepest violets. It is the dew that deepens their color. Perhaps it is tears that makes the bluest eyes."

Closer the twilight crept. Even the little bird in his nest, slow-swinging above the stream, slept peacefully. "Have you ever noticed," the far-drifting voice went on, "how much our flag and the German flag are alike? Both red, both white—but I wonder if one has the black of death in it,

and ours—the deep blue that one must fight for. Have you ever noticed?”

Mother Barbara slowly shook her white head. “Nay, my child, not fight for,” she said; “it is heaven’s blue, and that means peace—always peace. No good can ever come by strife. We must be so true that others will know we are right.”

“Ah, Mother,” Mario looked into the darkness longingly, “for so long I have believed that to be a reality. It, too, is a dream that some day must come. Our President has dreamed it. ‘There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right,’* he said two years ago. But the time is not yet—not yet—”

Mother Barbara said nothing. Gently she stroked the dark hair. How could she understand—there in little Amana—so far from the strife of men, so near to the heart of God?

High in the willow sang the cardinal. His gay notes rang out over the village. He flaunted his red plumage and waited. Soon there came an answering call, and a teasing laugh. Mario swung down the flower-bordered path toward the guest hall, his lithe body atune with the summer morning.

“Strawberries and cream,” he greeted Janna at the door, “for an artistic soul.”

A new sound stopped him. “Oh, yes,” he said suddenly, “perhaps we shall have callers again today, and this time I shall not run away.” Even as he spoke the steady hum grew stronger until the long green car rolled into the shade. The lady

(From Woodrow Wilson’s address in Convention Hall, Philadelphia, May 10, 1915).

and blond gentleman entered. They bowed graciously to Janna, but she felt in it the bow of dismissal and left the room with quiet steps.

"We were so delighted to receive your telegram," the lovely lady smiled, "but we knew you couldn't stay long from your beloved work. And you will go straight back with us?"

Mario bit his lip and looked at the floor. Then he shrugged slight shoulders and looked up, but he addressed the man. "I just wanted to tell you I shall not return to New York at all. I have other work to do."

The stately lady gasped; then she laughed sweetly. "Oh, you artists are so droll! Imagine, Heinrich! other work to do, and New York at your feet!"

Mario's eyes snapped. "What do I care for that?" he said, "What have I ever cared?—unless," the fire had fallen and a tender note crept into the mellow voice, "unless you mean—ah, yes, I care—I would have them learn my message." Then he straightened quickly. "But you," he addressed the man, "have ruined that dream, you whom I trusted—"

"But, of course," the slender man interrupted, "I spent no more than was needful." The suave voice betrayed no excitement. "And now, since the government has allowed you to stay here because you may render better service with your voice, you know we, your countrymen, are depending much on you."

Mario spoke more slowly. "It is for my countrymen that I am going. Today I enlist."

"Ach nein, tu das nicht!" the slender man made a wide, sweeping gesture. "**There** you mistake. So many think they can do more by fighting for us. But we have a great army. Here among the German people in America lies our task—"

"Had you spoken in that manner before, I might have known," said Mario. "You seem not to understand me. It is in the American army I am enlisting."

"Verrater!" It was a sharp-bitten word. The slender young man moved a step nearer.

But the stately lady raised a graceful, commanding hand. "Heinrich," the beautiful voice of many tones broke in, "how can you speak so? It is but his nature! Soon he will be different. Mario," she turned, "can it be you have forgotten our dream of peace, that you do not remember that German blood is our blood and never—"

"No," said Mario, "I have not forgotten. How can I forget when my own father taught me the beauty that Schumann must have known. When the only brother of that father still lives in Germany and his sons wait to meet me—some time—No, I have not forgotten."

"Then, why—"

"Because," Mario spoke calmly, "because Peace is a dream that must live by truth, and I have learned that true blue must be sought for in the deepest woods, in the holiest eyes."

There was a painful silence. The pale young man's lips curled slightly; but his tones were like velvet. "And so, Elsa," he said, "The artist! You may see for yourself how graciously, how devotedly, he repays our efforts—our assistance."

But she did not answer. When at last she could speak, her voice held a sweet sadness. "Ah, Mario," she said, "how can you, when we need you so?"

Mario stood with bowed head. It was harder than he had supposed. Through the silence came a gay cardinal's song, full of joy and summer gladness. He dared not raise his head. As in a dream he heard a tiny click—slow steps—a suave

"Very well, sir,"—the soft purr of a powerful engine moving farther—farther into the distance.

Seven years have passed smoothly over Amana lying serenely there in the heart of the Western plains. Still the sleepy little stream winds slowly under quaint old bridges; still the sweet-toned birds sing lullabies in the gray twilight and the solemn bell calls the gray-clad people to evening prayers.

But to two of the kneeling women all is changed. The deep blue eyes reflect not the violets of Amana, but the far-away skies of France; in the pure, pale faces there is a vision of a white cross lifted to heaven, and the fading red of the west is a dying cardinal's song. **The dreamer has gone, but the dream lives on—the dream of peace.**

There is a hush of prayer. Then the low chanting voices blend into the twilight:

"This day, too, has passed away,
Darkness covers me;
In the shadow of Thy wings
Grant, oh, Christ, Thy Peace."

CIVILIZATION OR WAR?

EARL R. HOOVER, '26

First Prize, Russel Oratorical Contest
Second Prize, Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest

THE most striking development in the realm of science is the increased power to destroy human life. Complete annihilation is now but a matter of days. Who can describe the ghastly atrocities that shall accompany the next great war? With unprecedented decisiveness that struggle shall obscure into triviality the cost, the destruction, and the human agony of all past conflicts. Heretofore war has subsisted on the skulls and bones of men. But in the future, with its setting changed from a battlefield to a city teeming with people and with its point of attack bounded only by the sky, it is going to demand the very flesh and blood of women and of little children. Even now aeroplanes controlled by wireless are death projectiles of unlimited range. They shall swoop down upon a city by the hundreds and rend it into a veritable necropolis in a few frenzied moments. Picture the little ones rushing frantically from place to place, screaming, crying, praying, ere long their little bodies lie entombed in the mass, which bombs of unsurpassed explosive power and shells of burning phosphorus, inextinguishable by water, have transformed into a shattered ruin. What of human life! Who would covet it amid such indescribable hell? But lest there be one life that has not ebbed away, deadly gases and disease germs will make the triumph of victory complete. With this perilous tragedy besetting the world, peace is the outstanding problem before mankind, and men have come to realize that either an effective means must be devised to prevent war, or war will destroy civilization.

Today the world is not at peace. Though the memory of the World War still haunts us, we

have missed its lesson. Dangerous and sensitive relations exist among the peoples of the nations and already many of them have resulted in the clash of arms. China—that sleeping giant of the East—has flared up in civil war, using Western weapons to expedite her shedding of blood. Though the strife is yet young several millions of men are engulfed in its terror. With Russia and Japan supporting one of the war lords, with the founder of the Chinese Republic becoming a Bolshevik, with the dreadful possibility of China's ignorant millions breaking loose in wanton fury at the avaricious behest of unscrupulous militarists, and with the battleships of England, France, Italy, and Japan awaiting developments from the sea-coast—what shall become of the peace of the Eastern world?

This is not the only storm which gathers in the Orient. Japan, smarting under the poignant humiliation of the American and Australian exclusion acts, has developed a suspicious hatred for the Caucasian race. For decades she has borne the caustic sting of Western intolerance. But at present, as one of the foremost powers on earth and with a military strength commanding recognition, she demands complete equality. So powerful has been her influence that she caused to have inserted in the last protocol of the League of Nations a statement giving her the right to bring before the League any purely domestic issue of any nation which she may regard as a cause for war. This clause written with Japan's racial grievances in mind bodes exceeding danger. In excluding Japanese immigration, no doubt the United States was acting within her own right, but her lack of diplomacy in offending Japan and in breaking the good faith between the two nations has cast a black shadow on the peace of the Pacific.

This racial enmity is but a single wave of that gigantic force of racial hatred which shakes the entire world. Exceedingly precarious and difficult to mend are the feuds between nations of one blood. But when those factions are embittered by the treacherous chasm of race and color, war is a thousand times more threatening. No one knows this better than the rulers of great colonial empires. Even now the British Empire trembles. England has settled the Egyptian altercation on her own terms, but she has not secured peace. Frank Simonds, in referring to the seething hatred which underlies that fictitious peace, states that Egypt is the sign and symbol of the growing determination of Eastern peoples to rid themselves of the Western supervision and influence. The defeat of the Spaniards by a primitive tribe has given a tremendous impetus to the impulse throughout all northern Africa to drive out the hated whites. "In Spanish Morocco, in French Tunis, in Italian Tripoli, and in all of the British mandates and protectorates from the Mediterranean Sea to the Malay Peninsula the same forces are working and new explosions remain always possible."

But what of Europe, that ever-generating, never-ceasing hot-bed of perpetual war — Europe blasted and damned by war from the daybreak of time — Europe throughout whose length and breadth the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the Bonapartes, the Hohenzollerns, and their kind have strewn the bleached bones of men until there remains scarcely an inch of soil not enriched by soldiers' blood! Pierrepont Noyes of the Inter-allied Rhineland Commission states, "If I were to put into one sentence the present situation in Europe, I would say that Europe is working economically toward bankruptcy and politically toward war."

Germany is still a threatening menace to European peace. A treaty enforced by military prowess may suspend hostilities, but never can it blot out memory nor quell the passionate hate of revenge. Never during the vicissitudes of fifty years did France forget the peace which Germany dictated with her armies encamped within Paris. At the present time Germany, defeated but not crushed—Germany booming with industrial and agricultural prosperity, forgets not the past, accepts not the present, but, evading the disarmament terms of the Versailles Treaty, takes advantage of the quarrels among her enemies in order to better her conditions, and secretly prepares for war. Mr. Noyes has pointed out that, "The brutal technique of France's occupation and invasion has aroused the passions of the German people more than did the war and has made revenge more certain unless France keeps that nation effectively disarmed for generations and keeps herself and her military allies effectively armed."

More dangerous than German hate is Russian Bolshevism. That fiendish monster of the North, the outstanding foe of mankind, threatens to unite its villainy with German vengeance to overthrow the peace of Europe. An organization known as the Communists International has been perfected to insinuate the malicious doctrines of Bolshevism into all nations. It proposes to destroy every existing government. Slowly it achieves its purpose by fostering discontent among the masses of the people. The passionate outbursts in northern Africa, the upheavals in Asia, and the insurrection in the Balkans are all the result of its exploitation of native unrest. You may consider this peril far away, but even now in our own country, which we think safe and protected by the isolation of two oceans, Bolshevism contrives to undermine our economic and political institutions. It injects its

deadly venom from within, and from within, a deluded people blast their own structure until it crumbles upon them.

With these clouds blackening the sky, the nations frantically prepare for war, and war reciprocates with a mad dash to meet them. The formation of military alliances and the building of armaments are rapidly closing the last gap. Seven distinct agreements guaranteeing united action in case of war exist among the nations of Europe. The navy yards of England, France, Italy and Japan clang with the din of construction. Europe is more heavily armed with men and mechanism than she was at the beginning of the World War. In cruisers, in submarines, in destroyers, in artillery, in poisonous gases, in the vicious concoctions of science, and in aircraft, that most pernicious of armaments, the competition rages, fraught with fear and hate. In 1914 this system led to war. Where does it lead us now? Again to war! For what else do they intend it? For what else could they use it? Every new battleship they float down into the sea, every cannon they take from the mold, hastens the impending maelstrom in which these mechanisms shall belch and roar. That cataclysm shall be the last and greatest catastrophe of the race, for men, women, children, civilization—all shall go down in the mad spectacle of slaughter.

With this tragedy at the door of civilization it is time for us to act. We can no longer remain passive. The issue is thrust in our face. We cannot disregard it. Either we will act on the side of peace or we will be forced to act on the side of war. There is no other alternative; there is but little time left to choose either of the alternatives which do remain.

In vain have we sought some panacea that held within its power the magic secret of peace. In

singular disappointment we have failed. Our plans have crumbled. Our peace has been fleeting. Arbitration has failed. Military preparedness has failed. The balance of power has failed. The World Court has failed. The League of Nations has failed. With war approaching the only heritage which they leave us is desolated hopes.

At this critical hour we hear the cry of militarists, "The only way to perpetuate peace is to prepare for war." What folly! Our whole history has been based on force, and our whole history is but an account of the battlefield. It reeks in every volume; it thunders in every chapter; it stains every page. Were the philosophy of militarism true, why this paradox? The blazing lesson of history is that a peace built on force cannot endure. By this time we should have realized it. It has cost us enough, but having eyes we see not. Just one more step in this direction to obtain peace will annihilate civilization.

Militarism can never secure peace. Were militarism all that is necessary, we would have had peace long ago. The true path leads in the opposite direction. We cannot mistake it. Militarism has always brought war; and not until we lay hold on the extreme opposite of militarism will we find the extreme opposite of war. Underlying unbroken peace there is an invisible, indefinable something and intangible save to the heart that holds the magic secret of peace within its power. That secret is love, and the path to peace is the heart. Love is absolutely necessary to provide a working basis for any machinery of peace. When love—and by love I mean consideration for the rights of other races—I mean the determination that right and not might shall control the destiny of nations—when that love becomes the guiding force that motivates men, the diplomats of the nations shall sit together around the council tables of the world and settle their difficulties peaceably.

Argentina and Chile have shown the way. Some twenty years ago they saw the futility of war, and were determined that never again should war lay desolate their peaceful scenes of happiness. Today in the very heart of those old Andes Mountains, thousands of feet above the sea level, is a remarkable statue of Christ. Standing there on the boundary line between Argentina and Chile in the shadow of those lonely, snow-capped peaks with the blue sky as its canopy, this monument perpetuates before God and man the mightiest and noblest example of peace. The simple inscription on the tablet of stone reads thus: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than shall Argentina and Chile break their peace, which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

These nations have led the way. The saving of civilization from the hungry jaws of war is the duty of Christendom. This task is our task. The blast of the bugle summons us to the army of the Cross. We must answer that call now, or civilization is doomed.

CATHEDRALS

EDITH OYLER, '25
Cleiorhetea

LIFE with its complete structure and vastness, can be likened to a cathedral. Have you ever thought of the number of years and the amount of labor expended toward the building of an ancient cathedral? Have you ever thought of the number of persons who have added to the structure from year to year? Oftentimes, centuries have been spent in the erection. When the cathedral is started, the architect surveys the past, applies his knowledge and skill to present needs and lays the foundation. As one man's work is done his son arises to take his place. He, likewise, reviews the past in relation to the present and realizing his duties, seeks to fulfill them. This process continues from generation to generation. Each individual contributes his bit and builds a step higher as the years pass on. Eventually, the cathedral reaches completion and stands in its grandeur and strength, a witness of devotion to a great ideal.

All life proceeds in the direction of development and perfection. If we would understand the conditions and the complexities of modern civilization and our relationship to the whole, we, as builders, must first catch a glimpse of the past. There we may review literature, art, history and other fields of learning. We trace the history of man along with the history of the race. We contrast and compare the activities of the Greek with those of the American and the democracy of others with that of our own country. We see the rise and fall of nations, wars and conquests, discoveries and inventions and all manner of things which constitute the growth of mankind. From these observations we can better know ourselves and comprehend the laws that govern human life.

Today, scientists and engineers marvel at the

ancient structures of Egypt and their remarkable state of preservation. With our highly developed devices no modern construction has yet equalled the sphinx and pyramids. The colossal temples with their rich colorings, evidently as brilliant as they were 3000 years ago, still stand as a result of one people's devotion to their gods. If our cathedrals are to stand the tests of time the materials must be of the finest grade. We are assured that the firm foundation of every building is based upon the true and good, so let us who seek, choose only the genuine.

With materials in hand, the only method to real progress is through cooperation, be it for an olden temple or a modern sky-scraper. We are all dependent upon each other although we often resent the fact. Our duties to ourselves are important, but our duties to others are of greater importance. Some persons live and die without an attempt to make the world a better place in which to live. To them life is merely thralldom and the glory of achievement is unknown. The men who have made our civilization worth while have forgotten self for the good of humanity. In the divine plan of the universe the architect has counted each life significant and if one fails his work shall remain forever undone. On our campus we realize the need of team work between classes, between the faculty and students and between the various organizations.

Many a college girl today passes her four years in an ideal state of existence, giving and taking as she pleases, without much thought for those outside of her own walk. After graduation she is prone to become an intellectual aristocrat failing to see the needs about her. A short time ago, a prominent magazine published an article, lauding the business girl, but severely condemning the college girl. Perhaps the argument was overdrawn but are we, with our opportunities, meeting the non-college girl halfway as we come together at the cross-roads? Are

we doing all within our power to make life more worthwhile for her?

To the materials of truth and the power of co-operation let us add a third—a goal. Without a purpose, a vision all activity becomes desultory. Each contribution makes the building process more difficult, but each step brings the great cathedral—civilization—nearer to completion and—may we say perfection. Let us catch the vision of our part in this building and, facing the future dauntlessly, put the best of our lives into that structure. Then we shall know when that final day of completion comes that our effort has not been in vain and that this cathedral shall stand for ages to come as a monument to the architect of all creation.

JOEL'S GIFT

ALICE SANDERS, '26
Philalethea

J UDAH'S plains were softly gray in the early dusk. Like a white feather in a dove's wing, the pale walls of Bethlehem veined the misty twilight. A strip of road sheared through the shadowed evening,—a road which murmured with the steady plod of many feet—the quick stroke of the donkey's hoof, the rythmic thud of the camel's swaying stride and the fainter tread of human feet. The way down from Jerusalem into Bethlehem was trodden to yellow dust. "For in the days of Herod the king, there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, and all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city," and many were they who returned to their native town of Bethlehem, the city of David. There was no laughter, no song, among the motley throng; each one in silence hurried on.

Joel only, tarried a moment at the roadside, resting his weary young head against the cool trunk of a fig-tree. Silently he regarded those passing. His eyes were dark and sombre, black as his thatch of crinkling hair. Dark-skinned and exceedingly slender he was, yet sinewy from the school of toil and labor. His right arm was flung, half caressingly, half-restrainingly, across the back of Mishma, his little beast of burden—Mishma, the patient, the only white ass in Bethlehem, with hair pure as the snow that lay on the jagged points of Mt. Hermon. Though worthy a burden of royal splendor, her rude panniers were weighted with bits of sticks and wood and kindling pieces, for Joel, her master, was a vender of fuel and faggots in the streets of Bethlehem.

Each day in the fresh morning hours, Joel strapped the empty baskets upon her, meanwhile

stroking her ears and clicking soft words on the end of his tongue.

"Little one, a bright morning of fair promise for our trade. The green grass springeth up after the rain; so also do the dry branches fall after the wind. Behold, there shall be sweet grass for thee, and much wood for me. The great Jehovah is good. Yea, is He not so, my Mishma?" And Mishma's ears waved gently.

Then in the cool of the day, before the dew had fallen the pair returned to the village laden with bundles of fire-wood, and the feet of Mishma ambled trippingly over the pebbled stones of the street-ways while Joel's mellow voice soared to the ears of the townsfolk,—

"A farthing for fuel and comfort,
A fire and pottage well-done!
A farthing, a farthing in exchange
For a bundle of firewood!"

So, on this evening, Joel and Mishma stood watching the crowded travellers as they passed onward to the gates of the village, for the faggot-lad did not wish to be caught in the mill and press of the night o'ertaken throng, with the awkward baskets of his donkey. The brush of the hills had yielded little wood that day and the winter season of cold and rain yet chilled Palestine. Joel was downcast, for the host of the inn in Bethlehem town had requested much wood for the warming of his guests that evening. And Mishma's panniers were but half-filled.

Yet, late that night, when Joel had stabled the little donkey in the shed of the inn-yard and had himself sought the warmth of the straw, (for the inn was filled to overflowing), he knelt in a prayer of gratitude to the Jehovah whose mercy and goodness he always trusted. And in his humble prayer there fell these words: "O, merciful God, may it seem best to thee to give us soon, yea, very speedily, the Messiah whom thou hast promised us from out of

the house of thy servant David, for we have need of Him,—even Mishma and I.” And gazing up through the sifted starlight he closed his eyes and slept.

He knew not what watch of the night it was when a dazzling brilliance, soft yet glorious, flooded the little shelter. The wondering cattle gazed about, yet offered no sound nor struggle, peacefully breathing their steaming breath into the radiant room. There in a manger, soft-piled with meadow hay, a newborn child slept, wrapped in swaddling clothes. Near to him sat the young mother, a tender holiness shining from her beautiful face; and drawn back a pace or two, the marveling father watched them both. While Joel gazed in wondering awe he beheld yet other strange and wonderful things, for through the low doorway bent shepherds, carrying their crooked staffs in cold stiffened fingers, for they had been out upon the hills guarding their flocks of white-faced sheep through the night. Silently they knelt before the manger in adoration and arose with joy and gladness shining in their faces. And they said to one another, “Let us make haste to spread the glad tidings which the angel made known unto us, saying ‘For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord’.” Then Joel, rejoicing and filled with thanksgiving in his heart at the words of the shepherds would have straightway followed their example, and worshipped the child, but while he hesitated there came yet others in at the doorway,—three men with turbaned heads and richly brodered vestments, who walked with stately mien and did obeisance before the child. In their hands were carved boxes of costly spices, frankincense and myrrh, precious and holy oils, and from their gowns they took many pieces of gold and laid these their gifts at the feet of the babe. They themselves fell down and worshipped him also. When the kinglike men had departed toward the East upon their great ship-like camels, there came

many of the people from the country about, to worship and glorify God's son, for the report of the shepherds had spread abroad. Joel joined with the worshippers in deepest joy and reverence, remembering the words of the grey-haired prophet: "God on high has visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death to guide our feet in the path of peace." Oh, how much he, too, desired to give some treasure, some gift to this little child so holy and blessed, but Joel was poor,—Mishma his only possession.

In the days that followed, while the people were still wondering and worshipping, giving thanks for those things which had come to pass, terrifying rumors came of King Herod's wrath and ire against the new-born King of Judea. Joel first heard the news one evening at the inn,—the news that Herod sought the life of the Christ-child. Joel hastened from the place, bolted precipitously from the door and ran out into the street. He had proceeded but a few paces when an anxious-faced man detained him with an urgent hand. Peering closer in the dim light Joel recognized with a start the earthly father of the Holy Child. Joseph spoke hurriedly:

"My son, I am in dire need. I must journey with my family into a far country this night and I have no beast of burden for the mother and child. Canst thou direct me in my search? I will pay well. Dost thou know of an ass of gentle temper for the child?"

And Joel bethought him quickly of Mishma, his own, the white ass of patient eyes and sure feet and docile manner, so he answered bravely:

"Sir, I have one of such kind, worthy for the Christ-Child to ride upon and I gladly give it thee, in thy need. Do thou forthwith bring the mother and child to the inn door and I shall return in all haste with the ass."

The dark and slender faggot-lad slipped through the shadows to the stable of Mishma, loosened the

tether and brought her to Joseph. The strong arms of the father set Mary and the young babe upon the white ass,—Mishma, who had patiently carried faggots and kindling and now carried the King of the world. But Joel stood at her head, stroking her soft ears, and there were broken sounds in his throat. Joseph took up the bridle, gratefully thanked the young man, and turned the donkey's head toward the gates of the village. There was a short word of command, the patter of little feet on the clinking stones, the muffled wail of a child, and they were gone. The white blur was swallowed up in the darkness.

And Joel, standing bareheaded in the still night, lifted his face to heaven and uttered a prayer from his spirit. "O great Jehovah, when I prayed that thou shouldst send the promised Redeemer to comfort me and Mishma, little did I think that He would have need of me,—or Mishma."

CODES

JOSEPH MAYNE, '25
Philophronea

C AUGHT in a terrific northwest gale, an ocean liner has been forced out of its course and dashed upon the rocks. Confusion reigns on the deck of the vessel, men frenziedly searching for lifebelts, children sobbing, women straining their eyes vainly for a sight of land. Great towering waves break over the sides of the ship. Below decks the sailors, wringing wet with sweat, are toiling with the emergency pumps. But all human effort is of no avail, it seems, for torrents of swirling water continue to pour in through the jagged hole in the ship's side.

Alone in a cabin on the upper deck, a man sits at a table cool and unconcerned. Is it possible that one can be so devoid of feeling in such a crisis? But, lo, his finger presses a key which sends a spitting, crackling spark across a gap, and up through a loop of wire suspended from the masthead. He is giving the wireless distress signal, the S O S call. Soon help arrives, the waves are thwarted and hundreds of lives are saved.

If we had heard the high-pitched buzz of the rescue call through our radio sets, we would not have known its meaning. A little static, perhaps, we would have thought, or some amateur seeking to squeak his way through the ether. We would not have glimpsed the sharp struggle of frail humanity pitting its forces against the powers of nature. So what meant hope, help, life to those beleaguered souls, would have been to us a something—nothing, a mere inconsequent buzz to interrupt our evening's program. We would not have known the code.

So is it when we tune in upon the wave-length of our fellows. Unless we know their codes, their

interests, their attitudes, their ideals, and have an inkling of the way their parents brought them up, our new acquaintance, is like to prove a barren one. But once we blow away the chaff of formalism and the dust of misunderstanding, we find the true grain of friendship. For then we know the code.

The great souled Christ took not his followers by the thousand; he had but twelve. And when these twelve had learned His message, when they had come to sound His greater depths, and when they knew His code of life, He then (and only then) said, "I call you no longer servants, but my friends."

It takes ages to mould diamonds, a million years to make a ruby. Should we expect a true friendship to mature within a month? A thing is little esteemed that's cheaply bought.

Too many friendships are mere confederacies of pleasure or leagues of vice; I would our friendships might be fruitful, straight connections between ourselves and destiny. I would that in our friendships we might dare to show the best that is hidden in us, the quiet strength, the pure resolve, the noble faith that dwells within the deep recesses of our souls. I would that we unshamefaced might admit that we have hoped to link our little codes with the great Master's code in prayer.

It is not fashionable today to be religious or profound, nor ever was; society will ever scorn true worth in order to pay tribute to some glittering bauble. So thus it is that we are shamed to name the name of Him, the gamest Soul that ever breathed, while men hourly mouth the praises of a Dempsey or a Ruth. A Man who braved the priestly rulers of His day, in their embattled strongholds. A Man, yes More than man, who gave unstinted of His life and met a heroic death, that we, unworthy as we are, might lay claim to life eternal.

Like to Him in daring was our Lincoln, who dared meet the dread hosts of greed and lust and prejudice in single combat. In his youth he saw an

auctioneer lead forth a comely brown-skinned girl; he heard the raucous cry, "Step forward, gentlemen, examine her, I keep no secrets from my customers." Young Lincoln's eye flashed fire. "Before the living God," he cried, "some day, I'm going to hit that thing and hit it hard" So did he, crushing the monster of human slavery down to earth, never to rise again. And, he too, paid the dear price of being at once both good and great.

So, I would that we within our plastic codes might find room, to place this symbol of that courage, which these great hearts have writ in deathless marble. Dare to do right! it's a glorious thought, and worthy to be echoed to the very stars. This daring, though, is not within the cool aloofness of a hazy future, but in the burning heat of noon-day's struggle. If we have learned to play fair the game though others foul, to keep silent when we know not, to labor though others idle, to pray though others scoff, to keep a kindly resolute face even though others have grown harsh and bitter, then we have found the key unto the Master's code.

This is the school of codes, where we mature our judgments, grow in Christian grace and learn to serve a needy world. The first commandment of a Christian college such as this is to work diligently, pursue the appointed course, and fit ourselves to merit a degree. The second is like unto it, to live four years of reverent and loving trust toward God, lives of good will to men, growing into that worthy to be called character. This is the code of Otterbein; if we miss this we fail of everything. The poet sings:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will:
Bread, kingdoms, stars and sky that holds them all.
I in my pleached garden watched the pomp,

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

How aptly this describes too many a college course! How tragic it is to find that we've been spinning cobwebs, while the world needs cloth. The time is coming, sooner than we think, that we must leave these halls and take our places in the sun. Let us then reaffirm, before it grows too late, that we will dare to live up to our best, to fulfill the code. No price too great, no sacrifice too precious, for the recompense will be the greater:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the mind of man, the good things which the Lord hath prepared for them that love Him."

INTERESTING MYCOLOGICAL FACTS

MAURICE HORLACHER, '25

[Mr. Horlacher is at present operating the highest mushroom "farm" in the world. There are nine tiers of growing beds, the highest being twenty feet above the ground. The beds occupy 11,000 square feet of space.—The Editor.]

LIFE is worth while partly in proportion to the degree of interest we take in the commonplace things about us. The so-called narrowness of old age is the consequence of a lack of this kind of interest. Therefore it behooves each of us to develop an interest in our daily work, in our associates, and in nature. It is the purpose of this paper to create a greater interest, by pointing out a few interesting facts, in one of the least known branches of botany—mycology.

Mycology is that branch of botany dealing with the fungi. The fungi are a group of plants, including the roots, molds, smuts, yeast, bacteria, puff-balls, mushrooms, etc., which are easily distinguished from all other plants by the lack of green color in the plant body. They are generally white in color although they may range from red to black. Many of them are so minute in size that a lens or microscope is necessary to see them. Others, as the bracket fungi which grow on tree trunks and logs, often attain a size that would fill a bushel basket. All of the fungi are very simple in structure, consisting of only a single cell or of simple filaments of cells. For this reason they are classified among the very lowest forms of plant life.

The green pigments in green plants, called chlorophyll, is the factory where plant food materials are manufactured. Since the fungi do not possess this essential substance they must secure their food by other means, living either upon dead organic matter or attaining their nourishment from living plants or animals. The former group constitutes the saprophytes, while the latter are the parasites.

The saprophytes have often been convicted of laziness, for they live on food already prepared by some other organism. But a great injustice has been done to this class of fungi as they are only modern in their habits. Just as the modern housewife runs to the delicatessen for her meals instead of preparing them herself. Thus do these fungi live on prepared food. Instead of disgrace the saprophytes deserve a place of honor as they are the sole cause of decay, and without decay the organic matter would accumulate to such an extent on our earth that in a few years this world would not be fit to live upon. More over, since decay changes dead organic matter into forms which green plants can again use as food, their presence here is quite essential.

Though the saprophytes are of great interest and use, yet the parasites are of vital importance because these fungi are the cause of practically all known diseases, including those of plants as well as of animals. Since the parasites secure their food by sapping the vitality of a plant or animal it can be said of them that they take a wild joy ride through life sucking their meals through a straw and leaving their host to pay the bills. Nervy? Yes, but wise.

One of the most interesting forms of life we have is the group of fungi called the slime molds. They are extremely interesting for in one stage of their life history they possess the power of motion and so are really animals for a short time.

The slime molds produce spores which germinate into zoospores. These amoeboid, animal-like creatures have the power of motion and after swimming around a while, return to the stationary vegetative form. Compare man if you will to these minute organisms. Man is once and always a man, being unable to change even the color of his hair; yet these humble creatures can change from a plant to an animal and back again, seemingly with the season's whim.

Owing to the fact that they are responsible for most of our human diseases the bacteria are of great interest to us. If you have ever had the measles, mumps, scarlet fever or diphtheria you have come in contact with these plants. Even though they are so minute that one might say in jest that 10,000 could stage a dance on the point of a needle, yet so mighty are they that more men were killed in the Civil War by them through disease, than were killed by bullets. If man had the might of these minute organisms in comparison to his size he could play billiards using the universe for his table, a comet for his cue, and the planets for his billard balls.

On account of their large size, perhaps most of us are more familiar with the puff-balls, bracket fungi, mushrooms etc. than with any of the other forms of the fungi. The plant is divided into a fruiting body and an underground thread-like structure called the mycelium. All we usually see is the fruiting body about the ground so that this part is often erroneously thought to be the main part of the plant. But the mycelium is the main structure, the fruiting bodies arising only from the mycelium to propagate its kind. Mushrooms are noted for the great number of spores produced in each of these fruiting bodies. One of these alone may produce over five billion spores. A large family indeed in this day and age. But very few of this number are able to endure the struggle for existence.

Man prides himself because he has learned the secret of success —cooperation. But ages ago, before man inhabited the earth, two humble classes of plants discovered it and have been putting it into practice ever since. The lichens are really two plants in one structure as a single lichen plant is composed of a fungus and a green alga. They are interwoven together so that with the naked eye it is impossible to detect that the structure is not a single plant. Both the alga and the fungus have certain duties to perform and each furnish necessary

food material for the other so that they live beneficially together. Quarreling couples would do well to study these fungi and learn how to live peacefully together each being a help to the other.

Many more interesting facts could be related but let each of us take a deeper interest in these humble creatures, finding in them many truths. A little attention to these simple plants growing about us will help make life more worth while and will incidentally create in us a greater appreciation for the work of the great Creator.

THAT'S JOHN FER YE

MARCELLA HENRY, '28
First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

WE were a settin' round the fire one wintry night, John an' I, jest a-listenin' to the sounds o' nature that came a-floatin' up t' the cabin. We could hear the wind jest a-moanin' and a-groanin' through the pine trees out on the ridge, an' the coyotes a-crying an' a-whimperin' way off in th' distance, an' every once in a while an ole screech-owl that 'ud start t' hootin' through the darkness. An' through it all came the steady solum-like tickin' o' the clock.

We'd put the little kittle a-hangin' o'er the fire-place an' it was a-singin' an' a-hummin' away so peaceful-like that it made us kinda drowsy an' sleepy, jest from a-listenin' to it.

An' as we were a-settin' there a-watchin' the red flames shoot out, an' a-dreamin' 'bout the days when we wuz young—the air was broke by a sudden pecooliar kind o' wailin' that came a-soundin' through the night, follered by a mysterious doom-like silence.

John an' I jest kept a-holdin' on t' our cheers fer dear life, putrified to th' bone.

All of a sudden't, quick as a thunderbolt, there let out the most blood-curdlin', terrifyin' sounds mortal soul e'er harkened to. Sech a screechin' an' a yellin' an' a cryin' an' groanin' I ne'er heerd in all my born days. I d'clare to the powers above if I wasn't jest a tremblin' like a leaf.

But John, atter he'd recovered from that first turrible shriek, he went to the store-room quick as a flash, grabbed his gun an' went to investigate the cause o' all that unairthly noise at sech an hour o' the night.

While me, I put some more water on to bile an' got out my herbs an' linyment, fer I sez to myself,

"Ye ne'er can tell what's a goin' t' happen out here in these yere mountings. No, sir—ee"

An' soon I had the water a-bilin' an' the fire a-blazin' an' a bite o' food o' the table when in stumps John wi' the quairrest expreshun on his face I e'er did see. An' 'twant no look sech as u'd please a-purson, nuther.

I cum up an' peeked up in his face an' sed, "John, what e'er on airth is t' matter? What wuz that turrible noise? Did ye find what it was? Did ye? — Huh? — Pshaw! I cant understand yer mumblin'. Are ye deaf an' dumb! Answer me, man."

But John he still looked at me kinda strange-like an' growled, "'Twant nuthin'."

An' that's all he'd e'er say, howsomever I'd try to git 'im to talk. Al'ways he'd close up tighter'n a clam. But then, that's John fer ye.

An' e'er after that night, when the wind keeps a-moanin' through the trees, an' the coyotes get to cryin', an' the screech owls begin their hootin', an' the kittle starts to singin', an' the clock goes on a-tickin', I look t' John an' John looks t' me, but 'nary a word does he say, 'nary a word.

An' I know 'taint no use t' talk fer he'll ne'er gi' me no answer. But then, that's John fer ye.

THE CAVERN

ERNEST F. RIEGEL, '28
Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

YOU who are lovers of nature, please leave behind the beauties of the snow-clad peaks, the crystal lakes, the infinite firmament, and descend with me into the depths of a cavern. To appreciate a cavern fully one should be able to really enjoy nature, for in these caves you find blended colors that man can not duplicate. The stalactite and stalagmite formations tell a story of the ages, a space of time in which the processes of nature were at work creating this subterranean fairyland.

The star chamber is one of the many marvelous creations found in the cave. This room is of a large dimension which gives ample room for the visitors. Here is a chance to be left alone in the inky blackness and let your mind wander far away from the materialistic things of the world, and seemingly to draw closer to the Infinite One, Creator of all things. The ceiling is invisible at first, but as soon as the lights are extinguished the magnificent archway sweeps above you and appears to be at a great height. Indeed, we seem to gaze directly up to the starry sky. A meteor shoots across the vault. We behold the mild glory of the Milky Way. Cloud-shadows are thrown athwart it by skillful manipulation. Then the lanterns are lit and the aurora tinges the tips of the rocks; the horizon is bathed in a rosy glow. Then quickly the marvelous illusion fades and disappears.

YES, I'LL DO IT!!

WAYNE HARSHA, '27
Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

WHEN you make a mistake, and we all do, try to get some good from it. In treasuring the good spots you will quickly forget the cutting jab of the mistake. Most of what we do in this world we must either do faultily or not at all. We are human; hence, imperfect. There isn't anything you do in this mortal sphere that might not have been done better by someone else.

The ways of the world are strewn with the tragedies of indecision. "He who hesitates is lost"—that's an old-timer—but just the same it applies to every last one of us now and forever. You may ask "How can I know I'm right?" You don't know—you can't know because you are not right, ever. That we learn from experience. It has become a proverb. And by experience only can you learn how and what to do, or not to do, next time.

When gloom attacks you put on a bright smile. If that's not enough, whistle. If whistling fails, then try singing. Down deep in your heart a little voice may say "Stuff and Nonsense," but go right on and soon the clouds will vanish and the pretended sunshine will be real.

At a college football game there are regularly appointed leaders to whip up and lead on the cheering. Everyone sees through it but it brings enthusiasm, and soon the crowd that began by cheering because it was ordered to will find itself cheering because it can't hold back. You know that's true—you can see it in every game.

So then—grab hold of yourself. Don't be afraid. You are fallible but you are also unconquerable. Go right on believing in yourself. Don't say, "Well, maybe I can" — say, "Yes, I'll do it!"

HO-BOHEMIA



Where We Do As We Please

WILLOWBY STREET

THELMA SNYDER, '27

I love the homely sights of Willowby Street—the long rows of white and brown cottages with their low, red-tiled roofs over which the honeysuckle and sweet wisteria scramble as if to be the first to catch the faint flush of dawn.

I love the tiny yards out of which the fragrant breath of candy-tuft and mignonette is borne upon the cool air.

I love the white-washed picket fences with their little gates on which children, with pink cheeks and pansy-brown eyes, swing and wave small, chubby, brown hands to me as I pass.

I love the narrow gravel walks worn down by the passing of childish feet, the gay feet of lovers and the heavy tramp of old men returning tired from the day's labor.

Especially do I love Willowby Street at night-time when the darkness, like purple chiffon, settles lovingly upon it; when the great yellow moon seems to be no farther from the reach than just at the top of the tallest willow tree; when tiny birds settling for the night chirp and twitter and scold; when lovers walk close together down quiet lanes or pause for lips to meet in a soft caress.

And so long as Love dwells in Willowby Street, what have I to fear—for down through all the silver-lined ages sweet flowers will continue to bloom and other children will peep shyly over the fence at passersby.

AT THE RAINBOW'S END

LAURA WHETSTONE, '27

"Mrs. James Bryce will have as her houseguest this week her cousin, Señor Manuelo Garcia of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company of New York. Señor Garcia, although quite young, has achieved considerable fame as a lyric tenor with that famous organization. Brookville is highly honored in having as a visitor this young gentleman who moves in the most exclusive urban circles of life. Mrs. Bryce's home, Bryce Manor, will be the scene of several pleasing social functions in Señor Garcia's honor."

Margaret Clay's eyes grew dreamy. Her hands let the Brookville Courier fall limply in her lap as she leaned back in the porch swing. "Although young, has achieved considerable fame," she repeated, and then, a little later, "Manuelo."

It was a beautiful name. It made one think of flashing, adoring black eyes, inky waves of hair, and a beautiful courtly manner. And, Oh, yes, a mustache—just a tiny silken one, blacker than midnight. And Manuelo would be in Brookville a whole week. Why anything might happen in a week! But the best of it was that she was going that very night to a reception at Bryce Manor to be given in Señor Garcia's honor. There would be dancing, and perhaps Manuela would teach her the Argentine tango. She would wear her flame colored organdy; Latin temperaments admired vivid flashing colors.

She turned to the porch victrola, and presently the strains of "La Paloma" merged pleasantly with her reveries. On its langorously pulsing notes she mentally whirled away in an effortless, graceful tango, her dancing feet guided by a man, young, dark-eyed, distinguished, handsome. This blissful concord was rudely shattered by a tall youth with unkempt hair who swung a tennis racket. He was standing at the foot of the steps looking up at Mar-

garet, his generously freckled face perplexed. "Say, Marg," he said, "snap out of it. I've been talking at you for five minutes."

"Why, hello Jack," she said uncertainly, "La Paloma" and dreamland momentarily dashed. "I was just thinking."

"Well, come on over and think about tennis for a while," he invited. "The bunch is over there."

"No," she said, rising to wind the victrola. "I really don't believe I care to play tennis this afternoon, and besides — —" her voice trailed away in the rhythmic click of castanets and the swing of muted strings as the quickened revolutions of the record gave added impetus and dash to "La Paloma."

"Well, all right," said Jack. He shifted the tennis racket to the other hand and rumbled his hair still more. "Are you going over to Bryce's tonight? Thought maybe you'd like to go with me in the coupé; then we wouldn't have to stay there the whole evening. There's a good show on at the Rialto."

"No, Jack," she repeated. "It would really be better, I think, for me to go over with Father and Mother," she added meditatively.

"All right," said Jack again. "But listen here, Marg, when we get over there at that dumb party, you'll want to go to the show. Don't you think maybe you will?"

Receiving no reply to his query he looked up and found Margaret with her eyes half closed, a dreamy, far-away look on her face. Turning stiffly, Jack marched out of the yard, followed by the stirring strains of "The Toreador's Song," played on the porch victrola. Naturally enough, Margaret did not see or hear Jack. She was far away—in Spain.

At four o'clock Margaret ascended the stairs to her room. At eight o'clock Margaret was almost

ready. When one is to meet one's affinity, one's toilette must be above criticism. Her mother, who had social troubles of her own, paused outside the door. "Margaret, do hurry," she said plaintively. "Papa and I have been ready for fifteen minutes, and you know how Mrs. Bryce is."

"I'm ready," replied Margaret, and added beneath her breath "——Manuelo" She paused for a final glance at her reflection. The flame colored organdy did look very nice. Her brown hair was perfectly marcelled, not one rebellious lock out of place. Honestly, she believed, forced her to admit that sartorially she was perfect, from gleaming patented leather toes, to gleaming manicured fingertips. She wished that she had a moment to practice facial expressions and decide with the aid of her mirror between guileless innocence and bored sophistication, but the plaintive voice beyond the door summoned her again.

The ride to Bryce Manor was not a long one, and Mr. Clay drove as a man drives whose patience has been tried by a twenty-minute wait, but Margaret's imagination outstripped the automobile. She saw herself descending daintily from the car, mounting the steps, entering the reception room. Appropriate subtitles for the scene flitted across her mind, and she finally selected "That Night" as being the most fitting. She visualized the reception line, and then the rapturous, magic moment, when, formalities over, Manuelo would gaze down into her eyes and her hand would "flutter in his for a moment like a frightened bird," as the hands of heroines always did in novels. She practiced fluttering her hand a bit, but before she had quite mastered the process the car whirled around to the side of Bryce Manor and the breathless Margaret felt herself entering the house.

Perhaps it was the sudden change from the soft darkness outside to the crowded and brilliantly-

lighted room that blinded or confused Margaret's eyes. At any rate, just across the threshold she heard vaguely a sickening r-r-r-rip, and looking down to ascertain the source of the sound she saw a large piece of lace from the skirt of the flame-colored organdy dangling from an upholstering nail on the edge of a low gilt chair. Swiftly and automatically she obeyed her mother's horrified whisper, "Grab it and run upstairs to the dressing room. You'll find a thread and needle somewhere;" and ten seconds later she stood in the middle of an upstairs room with the lace in her hand.

Then began a frantic, nerve-racking search. If she could have found scissors she would have taken off all the lace; but scissors were as elusive as thread, and needles were extinct. Below stairs, she could hear the low sob of violins, and the pleasant hum of carefully modulated voices with an occasional tinkle of silvery feminine laughter. She must get down before the reception line broke up. It seemed hours to her before she found what she desired in a little sewing room, but once found, her flying fingers made hasty use of the thread.

When the damage was repaired she decided that she looked almost as beautiful as she had at first. A final consultation with the powder puff, and she hurried to descend the stairs. Half way down, she stopped. She could see into the reception room and the line was gone. For a moment Margaret's heart actually ceased to beat. How now could she meet Manuêlo? Who would present them to each other? Could it be that a mere formal custom and an unfortunate mishap would rob her of her heart's desire. No; come what might, she would see Manuêlo and be presented to him. This point being decided, her active mind began to seek for ways and means. The best idea, she decided, would be to slip quietly down and mingle with the crowd until Manuêlo, who was somewhere down there, should see her. Then he would at once ask to be presented to her and the rest would be simple!

She was about to hasten the rest of the way down, when she caught sight of a couple at the foot of the stairs, half concealed by a mass of potted palms. The familiar shock of blonde hair identified Jack to her. Well, he was evidently not bored at this party, for he was talking earnestly with Lillian Allison. A phrase she had read somewhere, "the perfidy of man," came into Margaret's mind, but she reflected that, as she was on the point of meeting Manuelo, Jack's behavior didn't matter to her now. Only she wouldn't go down the stairs past Jack. It would look exactly as if she had been standing on the stairs trying to peek into the reception room! But she could not wait on the stairs, either. It might be long minutes before Jack and Lillian decided to move on, and she was in haste. Suddenly she remembered the back stairs down which she and her favorite doll had tumbled one afternoon in her doll-days, when her mother had been calling on Mrs. Bryce, and Margaret had been left to amuse herself. She had seen the stairway, she recollected, when she was searching for the thread and needle. Turning, she stole hurriedly up the stairs, along the twisting hall, and down the dark back stairs. There was a door at the foot, and a light showed beneath it. Devoutly hoping that she would encounter no one, she pushed this door open.

The kitchen into which she gazed was not tenantless. Simultaneously she saw two men, and smelled one odor. The man holding the sandwich she knew to be Mr. James Bryce. Equally well she recognized the odor. It was no shrinking-violet odor, no ghost of faded lavender; it was onion, and to Margaret's supersensitive nostrils, choking, revolting. Margaret loathed and detested onions! And the air of this kitchen reeked. Shuddering, she traced the odor to its source, an immense Bermuda in the hand of the second man. He was a stranger to her;—evidently the new Filipino servant about whom Mrs. Bryce had been talking. He was smallish, darkish, and skinny, and now, with pre-

ternatural solemnity he carved two thick slices of onion, inserted them between buttered slices of bread, and rolled his eyes appreciatively upward as he bit a prodigious chunk from one edge. "Oh, hello," said Mr. Bryce. "Did you sneak off, too?"

"No," said Margaret, restraining a strong impulse to fly back upstairs. "I just came down this way."

"Won't you have a sandwich on the house?" proffered Mr. Bryce. "I'm crazy about onion sandwiches and I'm always hungry at a party. My side-kick there is crazy about 'em too. He brought me this real Bermuda onion from New York when he came today, and I'll say it's got some kick!" and he chuckled with content.

The little skinny man visibly swallowed his bite of sandwich, eyed Margaret gravely, and then said impressively, "She ees good for you—the Bermuda onion. After I eat the green spring onion I can take A, but after I eat the Bermuda onion I can take high C. The Bermuda onion she ees better yet for you as the little spring onion."

New York? Could take high C? Why this was—this was Manuello! Margaret felt suddenly that she was going to cry. "No," she said, "I don't want a sandwich. I must go." Blindly she fled from the kitchen. Her heart was broken. She didn't care what happened now.

In the hall she bumped squarely into Jack. "Say," he said, "Where have you been? Let's cut this dumb show right now and go to the Rialto. There's a good picture. It's Ricardo Lopez in 'Spanish Love'."

"I'd rather go to the Strand, if you don't mind," said Margaret meekly, as she slipped her hand through Jack's arm.

BUCKEYE LAKE

C. O. A.

A ruffled lake, sleet-edged,
Seen dimly through a veil
Of falling snow,
A shadowy mesh
That wavered, noiseless,
To and fro.

Low-lying banks, with houses
Silent—summer homes
For tired man;
And further on, far flung,
The whitening slopes of rising
Pasture land.

PIERETTE AND PIERROT

PAULINE WENTZ, '25

THEY met for that night only, a gay Pierette and a dancing Pierrot. He found her standing lonely beneath an orange lantern, her witching smile beckoned him. She swung into the circle of his arms and they danced out onto the crowded floor. To exist was divine, if only for this moment. Lanterns swung high and dimly, the dancers swayed past in flashing waves of colored costumes. The air was heavy with the scent of roses and the June night, throbbing with the pulsating music of the orchestra and the low hum of voices. Masks could not hide the flashing eyes, the curved red lips or the beauty suggested, but not revealed, in the dusky lantern glow.

"One night from a lifetime," he whispered to the perky waves of black hair beneath his chin.

"And then will come tomorrow and the next day," she chided.

"Don't," he begged, "Let's forget tomorrow and the next day, while we have tonight. With a Pierette whose mouth curves like a crescent moon, whose eyes deepen like the blue sea, a Cinderella with hair black as the starless night."

"How nice," she murmured, "You must be a poet."

"For tonight, I am. Tomorrow I may be laying brick," a sigh escaped him.

"Let's dance, Pierrot, not talk," commanded the girl, "I do that better."

And so they danced, slowly lost in the wonder of the moment, while the violins sobbed and time went by on wings.

Twelve o'clock boomed the deep voice of the hall clock. The dancers halted within the shadow of an overhanging staircase.

"Cinderella always fled at twelve. But since we have demon chaperons instead of fairy god-mothers, we unmask and stay till twelve-thirty," the gay little Pierette lifted her fingers to her mask.

"Don't," pleaded a solemn Pierrot. "Masked you are my Pierette and I can keep you forever. Unmasked you may belong to some other Pierrot, at last you won't be mine. I want to keep you my mysterious, bewitching Pierette," he caught one of her hands in his own. "One night of romance in a lifetime. Is that too much to ask? Now just a big black pompom for a keepsake," he took it from her sleeve, "and a kiss for remembrance." His lips touched hers swiftly and he was gone, lost in the crowd.

Martha Anderson faced her husband across the breakfast table. Or rather she faced the latest photograph of Hollywood's most recent and liveliest divorcee. Safely enthroned behind the paper, her husband issued only occasional grunts in answer to remarks on the general nuisance of house-cleaning.

"Jim, would you mind looking at me a moment?" demanded his wife, sharply.

"Sure not, but make it snappy. A few minutes till the eight-ten and I gotta go." Jim's kind, honest physiognomy appeared above the paper. Her husband wasn't very handsome or romantic looking, but as Martha always added, "But then, he's nice."

"Jim, I'm going to clean out that trunk of your stuff that Mother Anderson dumped on me before

she left for California. Is there anything in there you want saved?"

"Martie, you ought to put that on exhibit. It's all I have to show for four years of university life. But I guess there's nothing but junk in it. Dump the thing bodily." Jim descended behind the paper and Martha found herself again gazing at the Hollywood beauty.

"You're so unromantic, Jim. There might be lots of things in there you'd like to keep and dream over when you grow old and live in the past."

"Then let me die, if I ever get like that. 'Bye, Honey," Jim grabbed his hat and made off through the front door as the eight-ten whistled.

Two hours later, armed with a huge waste basket and a trunk key, Martha approached the trunk. Five years of married life with Jim had prepared her for just what it would contain. A succession of notebooks, pipes, pennants, a few old clothes and perhaps, though not likely, a couple discarded dance programs. There was no thrill in opening Jim's old trunk, even for romantic, easily-thrilled Martha.

"Now, if it had been someone else instead of Jim," she mused, "I wonder what would have happened if—" but she didn't finish the disloyal thought. Jim was nice, even if he wasn't romantic. Five years had taught her that.

The lid swung back. Just as she thought, notebook followed pennant, pennant followed pipe. A scarlet varsity sweater caused her a quick heart-throb as she thought of her Jim ploughing through a football line. Then she remembered Jimmie had been manager instead of player. She wished she'd known him in university days. He must have looked wonderful in the big white sweater, much

worn as to elbows, that she pulled forth next. The two heaps, one in the waste basket, the other for probable further use, mounted steadily higher.

Then, tucked down in a corner, she found it, a crumpled black pompom from some Pierrette's gay costume. Her eyes grew wide as it all came back to her. The swinging lanterns, the laughing, costumed dancers, the throbbing music and a foolish, enticing Pierrot who whispered sweet nothings in her ear and then vanished in the night with a pompom and a kiss. Could Jim have been that Pierrot—unromantic Jim, who never breathed a poetic breath in his matter-of-fact life? She couldn't believe it was him, and she wouldn't believe it wasn't. But he'd never mentioned having visited the particular seashore hotel where she'd lost her pompom.

She had met Jim in a prosaic way at a dinner party and then married him somewhat later. And he'd never uttered one romantic phrase since she knew him.

She laid the pompom aside as evidence to bring forth at dinner that night and finished cleaning the trunk. But Martha couldn't help smiling all day when she thought of it, which happened to be pretty often.

That night she held it forth across the table, a foolish black pompom, on her rosy pink palm.

"Jimmie, dear, here's the only interesting thing I found in your whole trunk. It actually smells of buried romance. Please try and remember where you got it. I want to know all about it."

Jim's puzzled eyes swept the pompom. He almost had the grace to blush. Did he remember? That's what dim lights and soft music and a mask did to a fellow. He'd never forget the gay Pierrette

who vamped the sense out of him that night. How Martie would laugh if he told her. But—

"You do remember, I can see it in your face," cried Martha.

"It's buried romance, all right, but not for me. A gang of fellows from the frat. ran off to a masquerade down at the beach one night. Fred Horner, the guy I roomed with, brought that trophy back from the night's frolic. Stuck it in my trunk. I guess he meant to get it again and forgot. Fred was a romantic cuss."

"And where's he now?" breathed Martha.

"Married and lives out West somewhere," Jim dismissed Fred casually and breathed naturally once more.

"Jimmie," stated Martha, solemnly, "you're certainly unromantic,—but you're nice."

HILLS

MAMIE EDGINGTON, '25

There is nothing that silences a man like hills. There is a massiveness that overpowers and depresses as if they were great living creatures, drawing nearer and nearer until they almost crush. But when this dwarf-man reaches out to grasp them, to draw near to them in the loneliness of their massive solitudes, they evade him, gliding always just a little beyond his reach, standing aloof, making him feel even more his desolation.

If man will stand, silent, reverent, and let them speak, then hills are friends—friends for his every mood. There is a deep, sincere friend in the pine-clothed hill—always the same, deep, dark and imperturbable. In the more jovial maple-clad hill is the interesting but inscrutable friend. Dancing she goes, happy, changing, now a glint of sunshine and then a touch of shadow. Some are laughing and some are somber but always the hills are our friends; they tell us so and yet are silent.

DREAMS

W. CAMP, '25

And will you come with me,
With me to the edge of space
And journey with my dreams?
Where the curled waves sparkle in the sun
And flashing waters run
In unpremeditated laughter to the sea;
Where birds are singing,
And the rain makes diamonds,
And the sun makes sunsets, gold,
With, maybe, one fleeced cloud,
Or two, perhaps,
To make the sails of ships,
Our ships,
Our ships of dream.

LINES

JEAN TURNER, '26

As fragile as moonbeam cordage,
Yet potent as memory:
As fleeting as wind-winged fancy,
Yet abiding as charity;
As restless as clouds wind-driven,
Yet quiet as depths of the sea—

Thus is my love for my lover
And my dream of his love for me.

OUTLINE OF FADS

ALICE GEORGE, '25

IT began in the Garden of Eden. The Serpent cajoled Eve into believing that "it's being done nowadays," so she, in order not to be too badly out of date, did pluck the forbidden fruit. Her only Knight—Errant, who chanced to pass this way, feared lest his true love should stand alone in the fruit business. And if it be the style, then he also must follow it. So he did. It was apples in those days. They caused the biggest sensation of the season: for lo, the headlines of one of the leading newspapers flashed forth: "To let: Garden of Eden. Inmates to be tried in Common Pleas Court on charge of stealing apples."

Then another mode appeared: not a new edible advertised by the sign "Verboten," but a brand new, well-equipped apartment house with complete water supply guaranteed to last forty days and forty nights. And that wasn't all—the thing wasn't only a house—it was also a vehicle. It could climb mountains without going into second—it never ran out of gas, and, like the present Oldsmobile, took its name from its manufacturer—it was called Noah's Ark.

But just as apples must give place to arks, so arks yield to the symbol of the oncoming age: this time not something to eat, not something to ride in—but something to look at, made of something to wear. Those were days when things counted and personality didn't. Well, this was the time when Aaron went about with a knapsack and collected all the ladies' lavalieres, the gentlemen's gold-headed walking sticks, and the children's wrist-watches, to make therefrom a golden calf. People in those days admired a semblance of life at least. But even that golden calf didn't last forever—it was out of sight before anyone saw the stone bearing the Ten Commandments, which Moses dropped

and broke. They were replaced by a new set, but they've been broken since—other outliners tell us.

And yet once again the styles changed. The catchword in Alexander's time was "worlds"—the cry, "More worlds to conquer." And then quoth Socrates, "Know thyself," and immediately all men, analyzing their mirrors, began to examine their souls and to prepare them for eternity, letting the present world go to smash. But the gentle art of introspection passed, giving place to all-powerful science. Then men actually fell into the habit of thinking. One day, a German accidentally stumbled over a printing press in his grandfather's attic, and before long, these presses became so popular that they clicked away on every street corner.

But this age of speedsters soon tired of elbowing their way around Europe, so they hopefully turned toward America. Everybody started across the Atlantic, till only a few Europeans were left—the Pope and a few kings and queens. Over in the Wild West things started off with a boom. The men grabbed tomahawks and began striking down Indians, while the ladies shovelled burning coals out on their scalp-locks, and sent them howling into the wildernesses.

Getting tired of Indians, however, the pioneers began to cry "Independence"—and it was theirs. The North and the South had a scrap over the back fence about slavery, but Abe Lincoln lifted up his club and said, "Can it," and they subsided. These Americans became pampered and were soon directing all their efforts toward their own comfort! They kept Thomas Edison at work twenty hours a day that they might enjoy that much leisure. Then they turned to fads. They read blank verse—some of it exceedingly blank. They decided they wanted Prohibition and Woman's Suffrage (so soon) John Barleycorn and the Divine Rights of Man went skulking off to a distant country.

They turned lightly to Mah Jong, and implored the South Wind to blow all their cares away and some say it took their characters too. But that was too hard on the ivory, so someone thotfully filled the papers with cross-word puzzles. Now the cry is "words"—a five-letter word meaning an Afghanistan coin, for instance.

Such an exploitation of the human intellect is unbelievable. It causes no end of fever and delirium; some say it even causes mortals to think and that isn't being done nowadays—so surely it won't last. They tell us that we must yet pass thru the stages of circular puzzles and Alice in Wonderland puzzles. But after that? In the great Hereafter of Fads, I ask you, what next?

FUTURISTIC FROTHING OF A BLACK* AND USEFUL COMMODITY

JEAN TURNER, '27

The tar is soft on the country road today.
It oozes up between the limestone pebbles
Pressed down by weight of passing vehicles.
Little toads by chance light upon it
And, surprised, hop away stickily.
A brown-skinned snake crawls lazily,
Encounters the tar and struggles
Through the thick, clutching stream of the
 roadside—
Black, black as tar, and no longer brown.
The sun is warm,
Exceeding warm for mid-March—
And tar is soft on the country road today.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS WITH THE FAMOUS XLMCH.

Co-edited by L. E. WHETSTONE and E. NICHOLS, '27

WITH awe and trembling and with notebook and pencil we approached the door of the laboratory of that great and renowned chemist, Professor Louis Augustus Weinland. An individual dressed like a surgeon about to begin a major operation opened the door to our timid knock and we stammered the purpose of our untimely intrusion, namely, to interview the distinguished personage usually so inaccessible to interviewers.

"Wait just a moment," said this austere-looking person. "I'll see if he will receive you."

For perspiring seconds we clung to the edge of our chair. At last the klannish-looking one reappeared.

"He says you may come in if you won't stay any longer than the average Freshman asking about his simples," he said.

We tottered after him across the room and into the laboratory of the great man himself. At first we did not see him. In fact, we were both so busy coughing and sneezing that we did not see anything. At last, through the clouds of blue and yellow smoke, we perceived him, holding a test tube in one hand and anxiously viewing its seething contents. He is known on two continents; therefore we need not describe him. Suffice it to say that he truly has not a single hair more than he is said to have.

"Ahem," we said loudly. He peered at us with questioning gaze across thickening gloom and we said, "Professor Weinland, we trust that you will pardon our boldness, but we feel that you undoubtedly have a message of interest and benefit for the public, and we trust that you will condescend to give us your opinion on some of the vital matters.

There are so many crises confronting the world today and the balanced judgment of a great man like yourself is of unestimable value. Professor, tell us, just what do you think of Einstein's theory of relativity?"

Cautiously he approached his nose to the mouth of the test tube. A look of pain crossed his face and he frowned. "Not so good," he muttered and poured the contents of the test tube into a beaker.

Eagerly we transcribed on our pad this profound statement. "Oh, thank you, professor," we cried. "And now candidly, man to man, what is your opinion of the Bok Peace Plan?"

He seized the beaker and poured its contents back into the test tube. A few drops of the liquid fell upon his fingers and he wiped them off with a piece of paper toweling.

"Rubbish," he said, rolling the paper in his hands and throwing it into the jar at his side.

What a new light did his answer cast upon the mooted question. With trembling fingers we wrote it down, overflowing with the enthusiasm occasioned by his reply.

"Oh, professor," we gasped,—then, "Professor Weinland, what is your decision in regard to the New Youth Movement? Of course you understand that we have reference to the shingle bob and the lately introduced fad of knickers."

A look of pleased surprise flitted across his noble face. He caught up the frothing test tube and emptied its contents into the beaker.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Just right."

How pleased we were to have his sanction of this question, so much discussed. There still remained one matter which had been uppermost in our minds from our entrance. It was a subject about which we felt so deeply that it threatened to become monomania with us. We wished the great man, so well fitted by nature of his profession for discussing the subject, to pass judgment upon it.

"Professor," we said, "just one thing more. Would you not advise a college freshman to study chemistry? Do you not think that chemistry is one of the most beneficial subjects included in a college curriculum? We have always felt that chemistry inspires a love of nature. Why, from the moment we first entered the door of your laboratory we have felt the urge of the great outdoors. Now, professor, we have thought deeply upon this subject. Do you not think our question is worthy of your attention?"

The great man took up the beaker and poured its foaming contents into the test tube. The liquid frothed a moment and little winking bubbles rose to the surface. Gradually the bubbles cleared away, leaving a clear amber liquid. His hand trembled with excitement, he smelled the sparkling fluid, then tilted the test tube and tasted. A look of delighted amazement crossed his face and he tasted again, deeply.

"Some kick to it," he said, swallowing the last drop.

"Professor Weinland," we said, sighing with regret that the interview was so soon to end, "we can never thank you for feeling the same way we do about this subject, nor can we express our unbounded gratitude for the many extraordinary and inspiring statements you have been so kind as to deliver to-day. We assure you that your idea will be faithfully given to the public, untarnished by falsehood or prejudice. Once again we thank you for this wonderful interview and take leave with the deepest regret of the greatest chemist in the world."

Bowing low, we retreated to the door to make our exit. One more remark was destined to reach our ears before we departed. Just as we crossed the threshold the great man opened his lips and spoke:

"Shut the door after you," he said.

ODE TO A LADY*

J. Q. MAYNE

Lady, lady, tell me why
I should languish, why I sigh,
And grow forlorn when you're not nigh?
For you're a whimsy, little minx,
And you have no heart methinks,
Though you're pert and vain, I vow,
I can but love you anyhow!
Lady, lady, tell me why.

*Paid in full—J. Q. M.

TO MY VALENTINE

To my St. Valentine, I pray,
To grant a boon some distant day;
He's not the sheik of filmdom's fame,
Nor yet the saint the lovelorn name.
(I do not seek a heart to snare,
Or axle grease to tame my hair)
A wee Professor man is he,
Who hands out Dewey merrily.
To my St. Valentine, I pray,
That some day he'll give me an A.

AFTER VIEWING THE STATUES IN THE HALL OF FAME

J. Q. MAYNE, '25

How is it that honored men,
With virtues widely stressed,
Almost without exception
Never have their trousers pressed?

BE MY TEMPORARY SWEETHEART

J. Q. MAYNE

Be my temporary sweetheart—
For I don't care
To tie the love-knot
Just anywhere.

Then we'll be free, love,
And yet you see
There'll be an understanding
Twixt you and me.

Be my temporary sweetheart,
I hesitate,
Don't want to be regretful
When it grows too late.

I know I'm slipping,
For I love you true;
Be my temporary sweetheart
And my sweetheart too.

FADED FLOWERS

J. Q. MAYNE

From my window I saw them pass,
They lowered their glances in half-forgotten
coquetry,
And glided on with faded silks a-rustle,
They were belles—of another generation.

A STUDY IN BLUE

R. ROBERTS, 25

FAR, far away, lay Naples—with its throng, its great theater full of people waiting for her to sing—praises, thunderous applause, always demanding of her more—more—let them wait. Hush! What was the voice within her, calling, calling, the song he had sung, “There Ischia smiles o’er liquid miles; and yonder—bluest of the isles, calm Capri waits.” Capri, oh beautiful enchanted name—oh tender, sweet voice of her dreams, she would answer. Far, far behind lay Naples—far—far—

The deep blue dome of the sky closed down around her and the waves swayed lazily, to and fro, at her feet. Alone at last!—and so tired. She would lie down on those peaceful, quiet waves and be lulled to sleep, a beautiful rest, forever.

Oh, why could she not go as she wished? She was not falling, she was being raised. “Cara Mia,” a low Italian voice was murmuring, “I knew you would come. You will go to the blue grotto, will you not, with me?” He laid her gently down in the tiny boat now rocking languidly on the tide and took his place at the oar, rowing smoothly and steadily and humming softly his gondolier’s song. Slowly they glided within the Cavern’s entrance.

At last her dark head nodded dreamily. The intense silence had brought her to consciousness. The dull beating of the water on the rocks was receding, becoming more faint, a soothing murmur in the distance. The rhythmic splash, splash, splash of the paddle and the slow measured strain of the gondolier as he sang—those beautiful words—“My soul to-day is far away, sailing the blue Vesuvian bay,” splash, splash, the soothing lullaby blended with the monotonous rise and fall of the tiny boat. Was it a new world—this reverie of peace? Slowly,

reluctantly she opened her eyes. Dreamily, she watched the shadows of violet play with the bright blue of the cavern walls. The trailing voice of the boatman, "My spirit lies under the walls of Paradise." Surely it was the walls of Paradise. His blade fell like a sapphire into the smooth waves, waves not made of water but of shimmering satin folds that rippled into azure with the breeze's gentle breath. She could vaguely see the gates of stone reflecting the light like vast turquoises.

A tremulous breath blew the soft strands of hair across her face and she pushed it slowly back with a hand that gleamed like silver in the blue light. "And yonder—bluest of the isles—calm Capri waits"—the lulling cadence of the sweet voice rose and fell. From the clear waves her eyes lifted seeking his face. Ah, yes, it was he that had called her—he and that tranquil blue retreat of her dreams. His dark eyes so full of tender adoration were smiling down upon her and his sweet voice held her in its yearning appeal. Was he singing or was he talking to her? He too could not sing to them all, he too could not give and give more—and more. Her dear one, her amoretto! His sapphire blade trailed languidly upon the blue water. "Cara Mia," he whispered, "Calm Capri waits—you will stay?" but the sweet enchantment of his voice was subdued in the slumberous quiet. In tender cadence it rose and fell in her dreams, "My soul to-day is far away, my spirit lies under the walls of Paradise." Splash, splash, it was the gentle murmur of the waves against the turquoise gates. Naples lay far, far away—

DARN BILL

DON HOWARD, '25

Bill 'n his girl
Wuz walkin'
Down
 The
 Crick
One day an' his girl
 Fell
 In.
I ast Bill how he
 again
 up
 her
Got

An' Bill sez
Oh, I just threw her
A cake of soap
To wash her back!!
Darn Bill!!!!

REJECTED BY "LIBERTY"

GOBLETTE

A young farmer in town for the day
Stopped to dine at a Broadway cafe;
 When he'd eaten his fill
 He just glanced at the bill,
And they piled the remains on a tray.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Some excerpts from a letter of March 23,

By HOWARD MENKE, '24, Otsu, Japan

WELL, fellers, spring came to Japan two days ago—for good this time. 'Long about the middle of February it tried to come, but Jack Frost gave it a powerful setback. Fact is, the coldest week of the winter was at the latter end of last month. Today it was warm and looked like rain, so I put on a raincoat and an old cap and sauntered forth. This sounds like as if nobody's home in my upper story, when you remember that coming in out of a rain is widely considered the minimum measure of intelligence; but gentlemen, Japanese rains are different. Besides, today was the first warm rain we've had here for months. Spring has come, astronomically and meteorologically, simultaneously—as it were.

I said Japanese rains are different. Yes, they are. It's because here that old equation, $d = \frac{1}{2} gt^2$, doesn't hold for the raindrops. They come down softly, easily, more slowly than in America. And then—the women and girls on the streets! No wonder so many of the pictures of Japanese women feature the open umbrella, for nothing could make a better background for a pretty face. These oiled-paper “kasa,” as they are called, beat our sombre black American umbrellas all hollow. Another matter for Congress to look into. Maybe the picture-bride menace wouldn't have become serious if more competition could have been put up by American girls. If ever my congressional district becomes convinced that I and I alone can properly represent its constituency at Washington, I shall accept (with well-advertised reluctance) and in my maiden speech at the Capitol I shall thunder forth the principle to which my whole life is now consecrated, to-wit, “No longer shall

any woman or girl in all the length and breadth of this gr-r-reat land of ours, from the foaming cataracts of Maine to the stately palms of Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific [pause to get breath and to let the stamping of feet in the gallery quiet down], no longer, I repeat, shall any girl carry a black umbrella." Aha! How plainly imagination paints the scene. I shall look around in the lobbies after the speech is over—those lobbies we've all read about—and in the Umbrella Makers' Lobby there will be assembled the representatives of the Rib-benders' Union, and the Cover-Stretching "Combine," and the Handle Trust, all gnashing their teeth. Wot a scene!

But that's the future. Let's revert to the present. Today's Monday. It's wash day, but these folks don't know it. They do not pay nearly so much attention to days as we do. Part of their failure to keep track of the days is due to their not having the Christian Sabbath: the first and fifteenth are the rest-days for laboring men. So it comes about that they keep dates in mind rather than days of the week. Part is due to their irregular habits in taking baths. These folks bathe every whip-stitch. Saturday night is not sacred to them. They wouldn't appreciate that "Knight of the Bath" joke at all, at all. Why, the Japanese go so far in defying the seven-day period fixed by nature that they take baths every other day—some, every day. That ain't right. That's the same as blasphemy. The week was made with seven days by divine decree, and any people who take a bath more than once in seven days deserve earthquakes and fires. They're judgments from on high. Yes—

And still I can't seem to get around to telling you about my walk. I had one of those thrills that come once in a lifetime, and that's what I want to tell you about: I was walking along a

narrow street (about two Japanese umbrellas wide) when a 'rickisha passed me with all the side-curtains on. I heard a feminine voice from the interior speak first to the 'rickisha man, who straightway stopped, and then—oh, me beating heart—she called my name! 'Twas the governor's wife (that is written in italics) and she paused long enough to ask y'r ob'd't s'v't where he was going. Mrs. governor speaks English quite well, but I had the honor of teaching her one more word this morning, namely, 'restaurant,' for that was my destination. Well, that was the first time in my young life that a lady ever stopped her private carriage to speak to me. I like Japan better every day.

But that wasn't all. I was resuming my peripatetic progress toward my daily 10-cent dinner—and quietly admiring nature attired in kimonos and framed in an umbrella-top—when suddenly I became conscious that two Visions were bowing to me. Bowing, yes, and smiling. I blinked like a loon and then recognized them as two of the U. B. kindergarten teachers. Yes, day by day,—y—, I like Nippon better and better.

QUATRAIN

R. ROBERTS, '25

Call me not to your garden of sunshine,
It is sweet—but my dreams lie afar;
My happiness grows on a single stem
And looks to one cold, white star.

AN INCIDENT

MARTHA SHAWEN, '28

A VAPORY fog clung to the valleys and hung around the high places like a torn, shadowy cloak. There was a light in the East, but the sun had not yet risen. The doctor's car, twisting, turning, climbing up and going down along the lonely country road, was rapidly eating up the miles. It was a life and death journey. The doctor was grim with responsibility, intent upon the road before him. Beverly, his daughter and his companion on many of his long trips, felt only the mysterious beauty of the fog as it lifted, the exhilaration of swift motion, the joy of the cool wind sweeping her cheeks and through her hair. There was something thrilling in the realization that her father's car was racing with Death. Presently, however, something of her father's intensity gripped her. She, also, leaned forward in her seat and glued her eyes upon the road. Her father would win! There was a certain fascination in watching the road come up and disappear. The curves and the hills were fascinating, too, for one never knew what was ahead.

Finally the car reached the top of a steep incline, at the foot of which Beverly could distinguish the figure of a man, standing at one side of a little iron bridge that crossed the stream there. The first rays of the rising sun struck something in his right hand. It shone and flashed a danger signal. A revolver! "Father, we are going to be held up," Beverly remarked, as calmly as if she were announcing that it was going to be a fine day. There was no time to feel fear then.

The doctor had seen the man even before Beverly. His hands clutched the steering wheel until the veins showed blue, and the car, already

going with terrific speed, shot forward with increased motion, swept past the man with a roar—on across the bridge. Beverly looked back at the figure. Now that the danger was past, her face became as pale as death and a sensation of numbness took possession of her. The evil face under the slouch hat was turned toward the car. It was the shining object in his hand, however, which interested her most just then. A shiver ran through her frame when she saw it plainly—perhaps it was a shiver of relief. She still felt sure that the man on the bridge had a sinister purpose in standing there, but he had no revolver in his hand as she had thought at first—it was only a silver cigarette case.

POOR ME

LOUIE W. NORRIS, '23

I am certainly a victim of circumstances. I try to be friendly to everyone I meet but some way I do not succeed. I just can't fit in. Somehow everybody has a grudge against me.

When I first came to college some sleek-haired, starch-collared ass from the Junior Class nicknamed me "High Pockets," simply because I am well above six feet in height and rather slim in circumference. Unfortunately I must wear thick glasses because of weak eyes. At first it was only "High Pockets" but as time went on they began to call out "Hic! High!" instead of "Hellow, High Pockets." Finally the "Hie! High!" dwindled into "Haw! Haw!" Now I am known as "Haw Haw," as though I were a joke. They are asses—nothing but asses. Some day, by all the gods, it shall be my turn to trample them in the dust. I shall have the privilege of laughing last.

LINES

JEAN TURNER, '26

Linger through passing of years,
The strains of an old moon song,
But time—and you—
Have made the words untrue,
And the whole night melody wrong.

Out of the passing of years
All I have left is a song,
But if I should sing it, who'd hear it?
Or, hearing, believe it?
It has been forgotten so long.

LINES

JEAN TURNER, '26

I said you have no longer power to hurt me,
That love's not worth the hurt it brings;
I will be free; you shall no more disturb me
Than sunshine, rain, or countless little things.
. . . That is, by day. 'Tis wisest so it seems.
But ah—at night, in unrestrained dreams,
Down the wistful lane of years there wanders,
Stumbling, a little girl who cries,
And clutching close a lonely, useless heart,
Questions the wisdom of being wise.

HARVEST

ALICE SANDERS, '26

The sharpened sickle of the moon
Has swept the sky's broad lane;
The little stars are sifted out
In scattered golden grain.

The night wind's stinging flail has whipt
The chastened clouds to chaff
And swirled the seedling star dust
Along its scourging path.

THE POOL

MILDRED FENSLAR, '28

Do you ever have a feelin'
Up your spinal column stealin'
When you take your shoes and stockings off
And step into the pool?

With the slimy things a creepin'
And the oozy mud a-seepin'
When you take your shoes and stockings off
And step into the pool?

Oh its then you have the feelin'
And your clothes you start to peelin'
When you take your shoes and stockings off
And step into the pool!

Its your fancy then a leadin'
Mother's warning not a heedin'
When you take your shoes and stockings off
And plunge into the pool.

LYRIC

R. ROBERTS, '25

I wonder if the sky of heaven is blue,
I hope it is, I love thus to behold
God's bright blue sky and feel that it enfolds
A dream of gentians blossoming new
In heaven—and I can just see through—
I wonder if the sky of heaven is blue,
If it is not, my love, I'll stay with you
Through all eternity, and so I may
See beauteous, flowering dreams within your eyes
Forever blue and tender as the skies,
So deep, so sweet, so pure—oh, let me stay!

RAIN

W. CAMP, '25

Nay,
It is not rain.
It is the tears of gods,
Sorrowing
Because of sorrow
Deeper than the pain we know.

Nay,
It is not rain.

THE PLATITUDE RHYMER

W. CAMP, '25

I am a rhymmer of platitudes.
Ten years I have filled the "Sunbeam" corner of the News,
Sixteen lines a day
At fifty cents a line.

I have told them just to whistle when the skies are grey,
To be happy and be joyful, carefree too, and gay.
I have said, "Pack up your trouble,
What's the use to mope and whine;
Push away the midnight darkness
And look up where bright stars shine."

The best of my rhymes I have put in a volume
That sells for a dollar seventy-five.
It is now in its second thousand.

Someday I shall write a poem.
Seven lines shall my poem have,
Seven lines of naked truth,
Seven lines of branded flesh,
Seven lines of scorching pain,
Seven lines plucked out of Hell.

The other night my wife told me
That I would soon be the father of a child.

Tomorrow—tomorrow,
Ah yes—tomorrow—
Sixteen lines in the "Sunbeam" corner of the News
At fifty cents a line.

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