



3-1936

## The Lantern Vol. 4, No. 2, March 1936

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### Recommended Citation

Goodman, Beryl L.; Ehly, Charles Francis; Groff, Vernon D.; Kelly, Walter B.; Halberstadt, H. Spencer; Fenimore, Mitchell; Ditter, Mabel B.; McBride, Elizabeth; Wilson, Jessie F.; Gemmell, Alfred; French, Edward L.; Frey, Edwin; Martin, Arthur F.; and Grotte, Sylvan, "The Lantern Vol. 4, No. 2, March 1936" (1936). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 8.  
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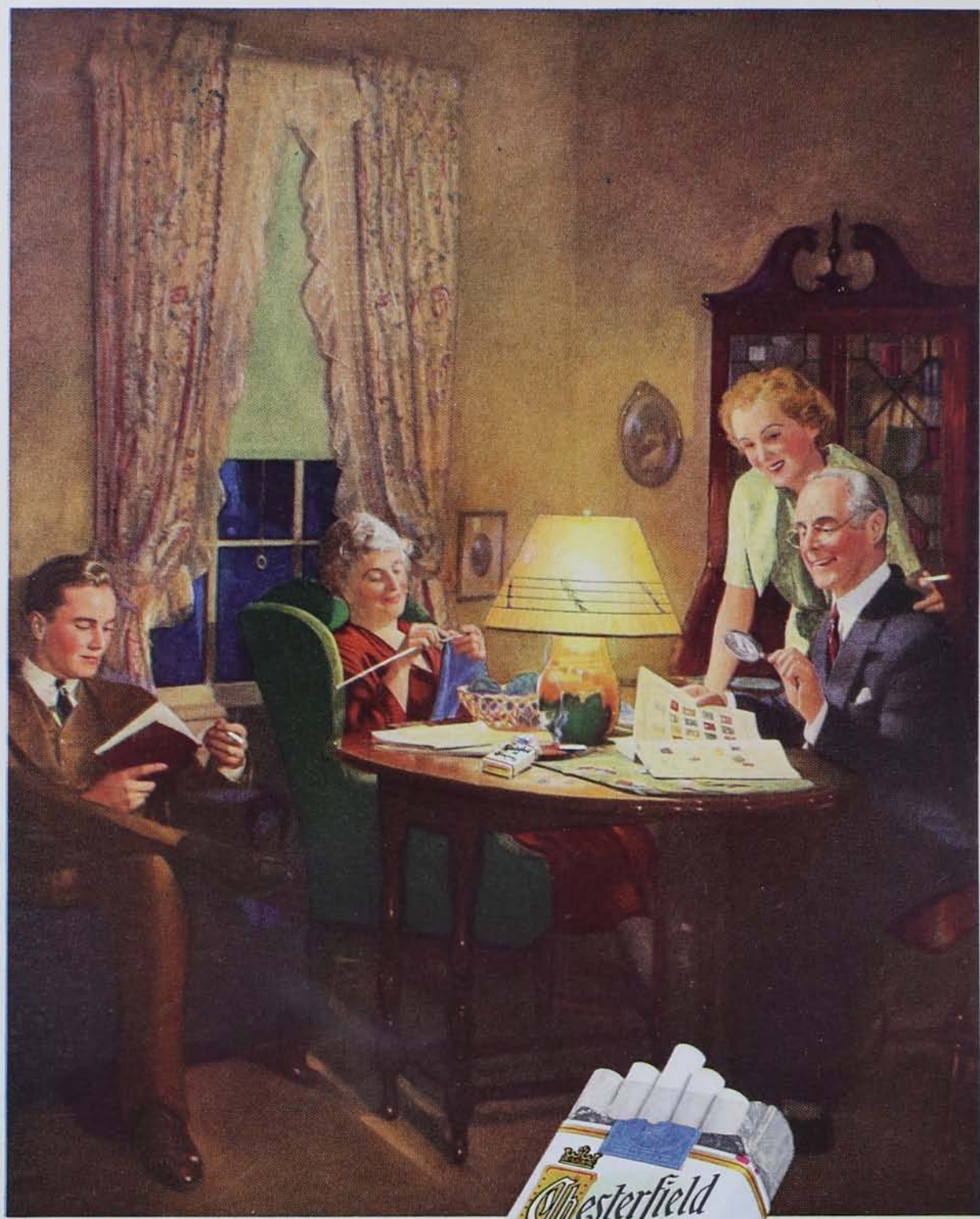
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*The  
Lantern*

**MARCH  
1936**



*— and Chesterfields  
are usually there*



*.. they're mild  
and yet  
They Satisfy*



# THE LANTERN

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1936

No. 2

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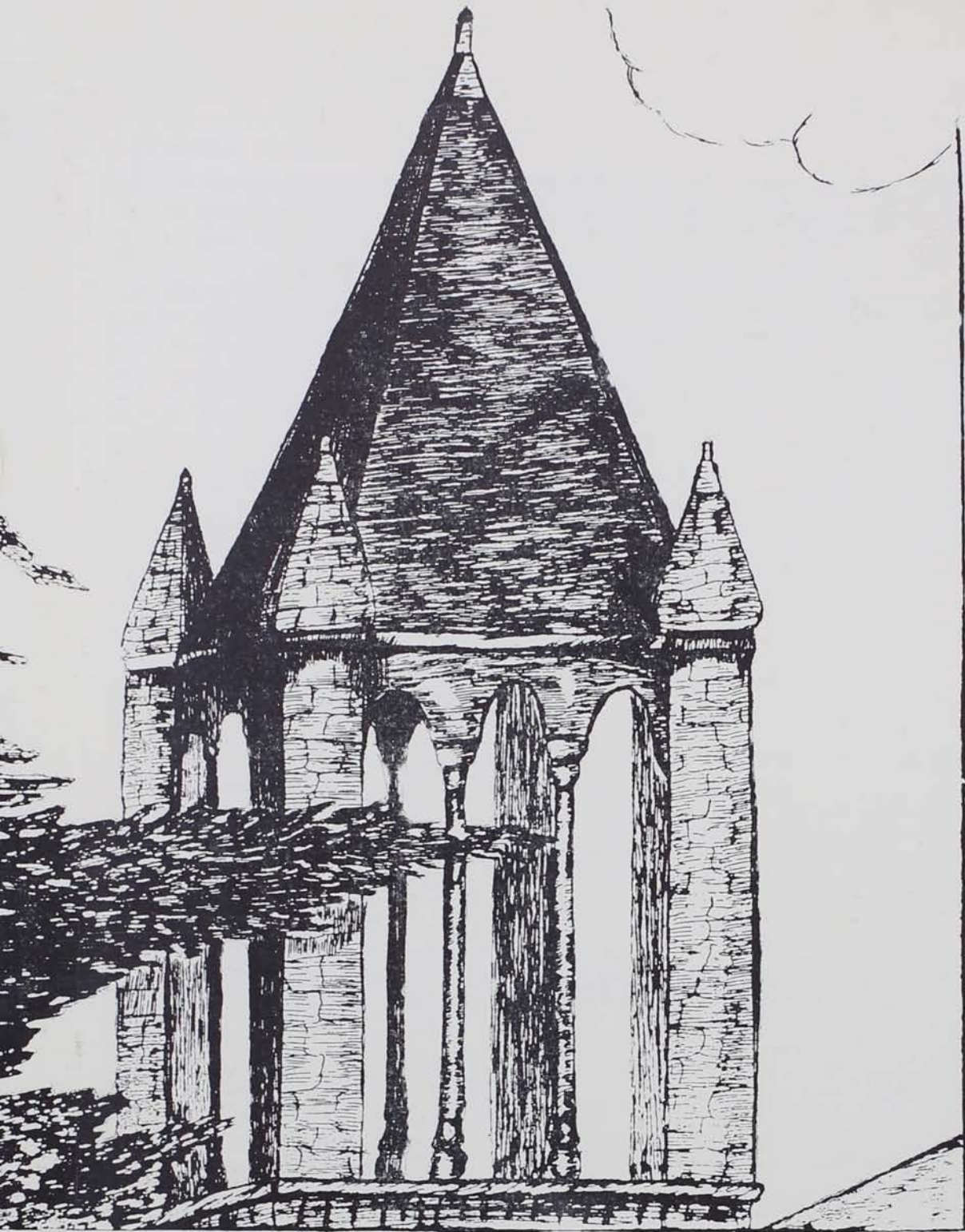
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THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

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BERYL L. GOODMAN



# Cooperative Democracy

CHARLES FRANCIS EHLY

## I

IT IS no new thing to stumble upon ideas or movements which their advocates claim will solve society's problems and cure life's ills. From the over-enthusiasm of the Hebrew zealots of the first century to the panaceas of twentieth century communism in Soviet Russia, we see an underlying optimism in the schemes of salvation which men will never cease devising. Perhaps it has often proved our loss that we have not examined more than superficially the many ideas and movements that have reared their heads in the sea of uncertainty over which the ship of civilization has often passed.

With the recent appearance in the United States of Toyohiko Kagawa, the leading Christian social worker of Japan and the foremost exponent of Coöperatives, a new interest in the Coöperative Movement is beginning to stir all America. Some say that we have at last come upon a scheme that will solve many of the economic ills of society in a manner that will not violate our traditional heritage, nor be incompatible with the economic and social demands of the twentieth century. We can only appraise the claims of such a movement on the basis of its accomplishments in other parts of the world.

## II

Visitors to Europe agree that the happiest and most prosperous of all its countries are the Scandinavian, where constitutional government still functions, and where the people rule through the ballot box. Here the Coöperative Movement has slowly been transforming the economic and social life for more than a century. Democracy, to the Scandinavians, is synonymous with consumers' coöperation. Gradually, but with characteristic determination, the Scandinavians have substituted service and usefulness for profit, as criteria in production. Consumer coöperation has been tried and proved in Finland, in Sweden, and in Denmark, where it has completely remodeled the economic structure.

In Japan the movement is comparatively recent, dating only from the beginning of the present century. Although the idea of consumer coöperation was not origi-

nal with him, having been introduced from England and Scandinavia, Kagawa has proved to be its great champion. As early as 1918 he began to organize the industrial laborers of Japan into consumer coöperatives. Slowly all over Japan the movement is going forward with gathering speed, and developing a complex organization into consumers', producers', marketing, and credit coöperatives. In each form the coöperatives are solving many problems which are peculiar to the economic and social life of the Orient.

## III

When the cynical American is told of the success of coöperation or government enterprise in Scandinavia or in Japan, he replies that such things are possible in small and homogeneous countries, but not in a country like America, where politicians are corrupt and the people are not properly educated. Curiously enough the American who says this never feels that he is being unpatriotic in thus speaking of his own country. The fact is, however, that both Denmark and Sweden had just as ignorant peasantries and as greedy politicians as we have, before the people, largely through self-education, raised their own level of prosperity. In addition, government in the Scandinavian countries is recognized both by its representatives and by the people as an indispensable agency in their advancement. The tendency to criticize the government's program of economic and social security is not current over there.

There are many examples of successful coöperative societies in America. They have been organized in rural and in metropolitan districts with an equal degree of success. On the farm and in the city they have overcome many of the economic crises brought about by the business cycle. Groups in all parts of the United States are translating into action, Kagawa's ideal of Christian coöperation in economic relations, and are providing media through which the ideal of brotherhood, of economic and social justice, may become a practical reality. In consumer coöperation we have an economic program that is in complete harmony with the principles of true Americanism.



# Fantasy

VERNON GROFF

THE mist hung close to the rough, stony ground of the mountainside. In single file the three men worked their way gradually, up and up over each successive rise. There was no path to follow; occasionally their progress was momentarily halted by the trunk of a huge tree. But as they labored ever higher, the tree growth thinned, and finally ended altogether. At length the party stopped.

"I think we shall shortly reach the place, Rensler," said one of the three.

"Aye, Goodwin, aye," was the reply. This second man of the three had the mien of a leader. He was taller than his companions, and he looked about him with more sureness and confidence.

All three of them were obviously much fatigued. They were attired as though they had set forth on an arduous journey. The third man walked with a noticeable limp.

"Rensler," said he, "let us rest. We have walked a long distance today. Let us rest before we come to the house of this man whom we seek."

"We shall, good man Ruck. Let us rest. A short distance further and we shall reach the place."

"And I hope we shall not rue this visit, Rensler," said he whom they called Goodwin, "but I fear for us. You know of all the stories we have heard."

"True, true, but we have brought with us some measure of protection, have we not?" said the third man. "And we must find out whether this is the man who has been stealing the bodies."

"Well, let us have some food," interrupted the tall leader. "It is good that we have brought some with us. It would be hard to purchase it," and he laughed a trifle grimly. The last of the little houses they had passed lay far below them in the valley.

They chewed their bread in silence. Then one of them said, "Let us go, Rensler. The air becomes chill, and we must reach our destination and depart before night overtakes us."

"True," said Rensler. All of them drank from a bottle which had hung at the hip of the leader, and the party set off again.

They struggled up the slope in silence, one behind the other, when soon the man in front stopped. He beckoned to his fellows, and pointed a finger upwards toward a promontory which seemed to crown the very top of the mountain itself. On its edge there perched a sombre mass which looked at that distance to be an outgrowth of the rocky crag.

The three men gazed at the edifice through the gathering gloom. Here on the mountain top there was no mist, but the cold afternoon was turning gray. The air was still.

Then the tall man took the lead, and the three went on. With toe and nail they scaled the final flinty wall. Always they kept their eyes ahead of them. When again they stopped, it was beneath the walls of the great stone building.

It was built of massive brown-black blocks of stone. The dirt of centuries clung to the blocks at the base, but higher up the sides the stone was scored with many a buffet of rain and storm.

The three men looked about them sharply. The building was almost medieval in structure, an old, old castle. In none of the casement windows was there a light.

The short, stocky figure said to the leader, "Well, Rensler, we have found it. The twilight falls. We can enter now unseen in the gathering darkness."

"Yes," agreed Rensler, "let us not waste time, and God help us. It is our duty to investigate."

Cautiously and quickly they reached the wooden door in the southern wall. It offered no resistance to their shoulders. They found themselves in a wide, long hall.

There was a fire on the hearth at the farther end. No lamps burned along the wall, but the intruders saw at a glance that the room was unoccupied. Its few pieces of furniture were of heavy oak. Many books were on the one lone table.

"Come, let us seek farther," whispered the leader.

Their boots creaked softly as they crossed the floor. On the left side of the hall they passed into another room, always looking about them. In the gathering dusk they saw it to be a small, high bedroom.

It was also empty, and quickly they passed through it. Very cautiously the leader and his men walked through the third doorway, into another room. It was as large as the first, but very different in its furnishings. Its most striking feature was that it had no windows, yet it was as bright as daylight. Hidden bulbs along the wainscoting flooded the hall.

On half of the room was filled with such paraphernalia as Rensler and his followers had never before seen—the intricate and mysterious chemical and electrical instruments of a scientist's laboratory.

On the other side of the room were a few pieces of furniture and a long, low work table, covered with a litter of disordered papers and open books.



The travelers stood at the doorway in silence, the while their eyes absorbed what lay before them. Then the short one spoke softly.

"Rensler, here we shall find out whether what we have heard is true. It seems there is no one here. Let us look."

"Yes, Ruck. It looks to me as though anything were possible in this room."

Once more looking back whence they had come, the men began to search the laboratory. The short one and the fat one walked over to the instruments. With mouths agape, they stood at a distance and inspected.

The tall leader tiptoed to the long, low table. Glancing over the papers hurriedly, he gave up looking, for he could not understand the figures and diagrams he read on them. The language, too, was technical.

But at one end of the table he uncovered from beneath the papers a thickly bound leather volume. Opening it, he found it to be a record, with daily entries in a scrawled but legible hand. He beckoned to the other two.

Hastily paging through it, he stopped at a notation of March 3. His eyes went over the writing rapidly.

"Ruck, Goodwin, look! What is this we have found?" He read from the page before him:

"The gods are rewarding my efforts. Today the six-armed body breathed for the first time. It is living, and I rub my hands with glee. Tomorrow I shall begin grafting on the other head with the lunatic's brain."

Ruck spoke in a low voice. "It is true then. The man is making monsters."

"And this entry is dated March the third, three days ago. Let us go back, Rensler," said the fat man. "We must tell the authorities."

"What authorities?"

Goodwin looked at Rensler, and Rensler looked at Ruck. Then the three turned to the doorway and saw a man framed in the entrance. He was literally framed in it, for he was a great hulk of a man. He wore a heavy mantle, and his swarthy cheeks glowed with the cold of the outdoors.

The three investigators stood shoulder to shoulder, hardly breathing. The big man walked over to them; an automatic was plainly visible in his hand. He spoke again.

"My friends, you must not tell the authorities. I gather that the countryside has become curious. You also must not tell the countryside. In fact, you must not tell anyone what you have learned today. Of course I realize that in the nature of a man it will be almost impossible for you to forget about this. Therefore I must make you forget. Prepare to die, gentlemen," and he raised the gun in his hand.

"Wait!" It was the tall leader who spoke. He retained his calm composure, but the words fell fast from his lips. "You cannot shoot us. You dare not. Because you too will die."

The scientist looked steadily at Rensler. Rensler stood between his two drawn-faced followers. All three stood with their arms beneath their cloaks, facing the man with the automatic. The tall leader continued hurriedly.

"One of us is holding beneath his cloak a bomb. At the first shot you fire, the pin will be drawn out and we and you and your diabolical constructions will be annihilated. You do not know which of us has the bomb. So you dare not fire."

Rensler stopped speaking, and the three watched closely the man before them. Although he still held poised the automatic, he appeared not to be watching them. The eyelids below the narrow high forehead contracted to mere slits. The watchers could not see his eyes, but the thin-lipped mouth acquired an ethereal smile. Thus he stood for several minutes.

The scientist opened his eyes suddenly. They were not malignant eyes. They were only cocksurely crafty; they destroyed the confidence of the men whom he looked at.

The mouth smiled openly now, and the whole face took on an almost affable look.

"Gentlemen," said the scientist, "you have me. I was momentarily nonplussed. But let me outline the situation for you.

"You have discovered what I strove to hide. The revelation of this discovery to the world at large will dissolve all that I have made. Furthermore, it must mean my death. Thus you see that rather than bow to you, I shall go a long, long way.

"And you three. You have a lethal bomb. If you drop it, you will not only destroy me; you will also destroy yourselves.

"So! As things stand, we shall all be killed. Now I have a little proposition to make to you, gentlemen, which I hope will make things easier. Pardon me a moment while I prepare."

The scientist backed slowly to the doorway. Almost unnoticeably he watched the three men, who still stood motionless, while he closed the door. It was panelled with steel. The scientist bent down to the lock. For one long minute he bent over it. Then he straightened and came back.

"Now, gentlemen. Listen to me well, and I think you will acquiesce in what I have to say.

"I shall not shoot any of you. You will not drop your bomb. Two of you may return unharmed whence you came, in return for which one of you must remain with me. You see, gentlemen, I am incurring great risk in releasing two of you. Therefore it is only fair that I have some pleasure in keeping one of you. Am I not right?"

The three men remained immobile, wondering. Rensler said, "Go on."

"Right. Allow me to specify."

(Continued on Page 24)



# DRAMA

## "Porgy and Bess"

WALTER B. KELLY

*"Porgy and Bess," the popular new American folk opera, was presented in Philadelphia at the Forrest Theater for two weeks, beginning the latter part of January. It was presented by the New York Theater Guild, under the local auspices of the American Theater Society. The musical score was by George Gershwin, the lyrics by Ira Gershwin, and the direction by Rouben Mamoulian.*

THE operatic incarnation of *Porgy*, a play of the swirling tides of Negro life in Charleston's "Catfish Row", was as exciting as it was relevant, musically masterful and emotionally moving—an interesting musical transmutation of the play by DuBose and Dorothy Heyward.

Perhaps the great popularity of this opera previous to its arrival in town, was due to the glamor that George Gershwin's name gave to the play-bill. This popularity was well founded, for Gershwin's music gave great flavor, force, and effect to this production which might otherwise have been a weak and inane poster play. At any rate, Gershwin seems to have given depth to its dimensions, and eloquence of appeal by means of his music.

Dramatically, *Porgy and Bess* was a sight-seeing, slumming excursion, concerning itself with the pitiful plight of Porgy—the colored cripple of the tenement waterfront of Charleston, whose forlorn infatuation for the wayward Bess provided tense tragedy—and the "Gawd-fearin' women" and the "Gawd-damnin' men" of Catfish Row. The seventy-five negroes sang, swayed, quarreled, and killed over their crap games, shouted their religion, their love and fear of "de Lawd Jesus". Porgy, the crippled beggar, drove his seedy goat. The simple love story was his. Bess belonged to the murderer Crown. According to her neighbors she was a "liquor-guzzlin' hussy," a "happy dust" addict. Porgy gave her shelter, bought her a divorce although she had never been married, and set out tragically with his goat to follow her when she ran off to New York.

In the crap game big drunken Crown killed Robbins, and over the corpse all Catfish Row bowed before death, wailing and moaning its laments, tossing coins into a saucer to assure a burial safe from medical students. Gershwin's choruses and Mamoulian's admirable staging were richly eloquent then, as they were later on when a hurricane shivered the tenements and the negroes herded together like terror-stricken savages, hearing what they thought was God, knocking at the door.

Gershwin made all this spontaneous in expression, artful, eloquent, and moving, and also exhibited a certain shrewd showmanship in construction, for he balanced his more impressive musical moments with tunes intended for frankly popular appeal. These purely "popular" interpolations made the opera uneven in in-

terest artistically, yet they played their designated and appealing role in making it a popular theater production.

Gershwin welded his musical score to the drama with art and inspiration, following the mood of the drama with a sensitive understanding. Especially striking were his superb ensembles, the almost terrifying power of his cumulative choruses, and the sure sense of the "spirituals", which were not adaptations, but originals. It was Gershwin who gave emotional accent to the entire drama, through his admirable and effective music, so that his was the outstanding triumph, although the direction, settings, and book had excellent aspects.

The performance abounded in excellent contrasts, dramatically and musically. For instance, Porgy's "I Got Plenty o' Nuthin'," or the amusing "Taint Necessarily So", or Serena's lullaby, "Summertime", might be contrasted with the atavistic effect of the rhythmic chant in the funeral scene or the hurricane, which Gershwin orchestrated with impressive, forceful spirit. The songs throughout were spontaneous in spirit, and the orchestration rich and able. Even when the speech was not lyrical, it had plausibility, and illusion was enhanced by the direction of Mamoulian, who handled his crowds in a manner far afield from operatic stylized convention. His excellent staging was remarkably effective, and done with impressionism that rivalled Gershwin's syncopated and counterpointed score.

Todd Duncan in the title role gave resonant ring to the music allotted to him, and acted the part with vigorous reality. Anne Brown as the susceptible Bess gave vividness to her impersonation and sang with persuasive appeal. Then there was John W. Bubbles as the husky-voiced and dapper Sportin' Life, who fitted into his part so completely, Warren Coleman as the conscienceless Crown, murderer of men and stealer of women, and Ruby Elzy as a most believable Serena. It would be impossible to overpraise the various inhabitants of Catfish Row in the rhythmic and riotous expression of grief and happiness, abandon, ecstasy, delight, and despair.

Perhaps not great art, but splendid theater; not "grand", not only for the select and enlightened few, but *Porgy and Bess*, rich in musical expression and vivid in colorful drama, appealed to the merest of the laity as well.



# Foreign Entanglements

PRIZE-WINNING FAMILIAR ESSAY

SPENCER HALBERSTADT

IS there anything more tempting, anything more intriguing, or anything more personal than a plate of spaghetti? Of course, the answer must be a rousing "No!" Can't you just picture this heaping pile of entwined cords with its sprinkle of questionable sauce; this fascinating mound of whiteness with the spreading red coverlet winding its way to the dish's very edge?

Who brought up this subject, anyway? Really, I'm simply famished—but to continue with my tribute to spaghetti.

Spaghetti has, above all else, personality. You must not just casually say, "Yes, we had some spaghetti." You should say with a bubbling ecstasy of tone, "Yes, we had some of that delicious 'Spaghetti Italienne' with petite clusters of bovine fragrance which made us sigh in sweet contentment from the very joy of living to eat!"

But, come, we seem to be starting with the results first, and anyone will tell you that such a procedure is not only unheard of but also unethical. So, to begin, we must find a suitable restaurant. Almost anyone will serve our palate's desire, but we should really select one with an Italian name, for there is technique in serving.

Some restaurants will merely bring in the spaghetti on an ordinary dinner plate and serve meat-balls on the side. Others will serve in shallow soup dishes with chopped meat sprinkled at random through the dressing. My favorite restaurant will serve it in a grand twined style in large, shallow dishes with the highly seasoned sauce coursing through the virgin cords, leaving a blazing trail of tomato, pepper, and pimento. Two delicate balls of spiced, well-cooked beef will rest nonchalantly on a side-dish and lean slightly toward one another with an air of friendly conspiracy. Ah, what a technique there is in the serving of this delectable appetizer!

But what an art there is in the eating of it! No doubt, you have been faced with the problem of just how to convey this tempting morsel to the inner regions of the mouth without leaving an undue toll on the exterior portions. The matter-of-fact person who eats spaghetti merely to alleviate hunger and keep alive will undoubtedly slash the tangled pipes and then proceed to eat demurely. The more daring person, who has ordered his spaghetti merely for a thrill of cosmopolitanism, will never cut it. Oh, no, he will struggle vainly

with the slipping, sliding, uncontrollable tubes and finally give up with only a small portion eaten, a larger amount left on the plate, and a still greater deposit resting anywhere on the face between the bridge of the nose and the peak of the chin.

How can anyone eating spaghetti in these unconventional ways enjoy it? Surely he can never feel the character of it; certainly he is never thrilled by its personality. Let us, then, learn how to eat it with zest.

We must begin with an additional implement, a soup spoon. This is very important, for all spaghetti-lovers (and let me assure you there are millions of them) would never consider eating their favorite dish without a spoon. It is held in the left hand suspended just above the spaghetti. The fork is then dipped down swiftly and enmeshed with two strands. (Notice, I specify two, for you must realize that this is uncut spaghetti and will assume gigantic proportions.) You will then place the fork into the hollow of the spoon and begin to twirl. Yes, you twirl and twirl; and when your fingers feel that they can't turn the fork once more, the ends of the strands will come into sight. Naturally, you have been so excitedly watching the unweaving of the two strands that you never looked at the prongs of the fork. Well, look now. Aren't you surprised to see that neatly rolled bit of spaghetti? The difficult part of the process is over. All that remains to do is to raise the fork, open the mouth, and pop in the delicious ball of nourishment.

You may ask how such a simple process could give full range to a shifting personality. If you do, I'm afraid that I have made this seem too easy. While spinning the fork you must be forever on the lookout for loose ends. The spaghetti has many clever tricks by which it attempts to save itself from the snapping jaws. It may suddenly entwine another strand so that the twister will have to work much longer and will end with much more than he can respectably consume at one bite. Then, after it has been successfully anchored, the spaghetti may suddenly unravel on that last voyage, leaving the fork an empty barge.

Ah, yes, the spaghetti puts up a good battle. The real spaghetti-enthusiast always enters with the spirit of war; he always wants to duel with his foe. He recognizes, above everything, that his foe has personality.

He may change his attack from the two to the three-strand twist if the spaghetti is especially young and capricious. If it should be rather old and well-seasoned he might have to take only one strand at a time and fight the duels individually. Whatever the price, whatever the attack, the real spaghetti-eater performs his task with gusto.

After long and concentrated practice I feel that at last I have conquered this art of eating spaghetti. I think that I have learned how to do it with gusto. However, I cannot say that my digestion has properly advanced with my eating technique.

Recently I ate four of these dishes served in my favorite restaurant. Enrico had stood smilingly by, nodding encouragingly, and I had not the heart to stop sooner. Everything went smoothly until I lay down about half an hour later. I had felt rather queer but

delightfully sleepy. I turned on the radio and soon was sleeping to the melodious tunes of an organ.

Suddenly the organ became visible; the pipes stood out in bold relief. Then they began to change; they swayed slightly and changed color. They began to wiggle and twist; soon I was faced with a whole plate of tuneful spaghetti. Naturally, this was horribly upsetting; but when I was awakened by fields of marching, swaying, ripening, Italian wheat, I really became frantic!

For months after that I couldn't bring myself face to face with a plate of spaghetti. The old attraction proved too strong, however, and I just had to wander in and see if Enrico still served it as his Wednesday special. Enrico bowed most politely, and I was soon practicing my old technique once more and avowing with him that "there is no dish equal to spaghetti!"



## The Kibitzer

MITCHELL FENIMORE

*I know a guy not far from here,  
Who loves to give himself a cheer,  
Who dotes on telling others "jest  
How everything is done the best".*

*On every field of game and play,  
This weeping willow spends his day,  
Suggesting here, and helping there;  
"Things aren't so hot", he will declare.*

*One day I met this meddling man  
And gently took him by the hand.  
"Now, George", said I, with gentle grin,  
"How many sports have you played in?"*

*"Has football, basket ball, or track,  
Been favored by your sturdy back?  
Or was it bridge and tennis, too,  
That in your younger days you knew?"*

*George made reply: "I've known the call  
Of each and every game and ball.  
Of course, I didn't really play,  
Just stood around and had my say."*

*"In short," I interrupted then,  
"You're one of those 'Kibitzer' men,  
Who razz and ridicule each name,  
Yet never even played the game.*

*"Remember this, my stupid friend,  
In olden days, one didn't send  
Insults to those whose play was duels,  
Unless one handled well the tools.*

*"So next time think before you pan  
A bigger and a better man  
Than you yourself have ever been;  
Lest he get sore and bust you in."*



# My Gallery of Old Folks

MABEL B. DITTER

OCCASIONALLY I wish that my childhood could have been different; I wish that I had thrilled to Wild West melodrama or had gazed adoringly at "Cissy Lovable, sweetheart of the silver screen," instead of listening, grave-eyed, to the conversation of my elders. When I think, however, of the inspiring, vital older people whom I have known, I am content to have spent so much time among them. Old people—rich in experience and mature in thought—are, as a group and individually, the most interesting people I have known.

My recollections of old people begin with gentle Great-granddad. How well I remember his bent figure! He had been a tall man, but his skinny shoulders were now perpetually bowed, and he always leaned upon a gnarled old cane. Thinning white hair fringed Granddad's lean, seamed face; his skin seemed stretched taut over the bone. His back always ached, and often he had a hacking cough. Here surely was an old man who should have sat all day in the chimney corner, nursing his eighty years; but my great-grandfather loved us children too well for that. Constantly he followed us, watched us at our play, and his cane tap-tapped, up and down, up and down, while he worried about our safety.

On rare occasions, when he felt well, Granddad would tell us how he had been married in a blue uniform, and how he had tramped away the next day. He spoke of long marches, and, when he saw clear, sparkling water, he told us that he had been glad to drink from muddy puddles. If we urged him further, he would forget, and shake his head impatiently. Another day, and he might speak of Southern prisons, or of his escape by dropping through the bottom of a moving freight car. He rarely mentioned Gettysburg, but we children had found his name on the monument there; besides, we had seen, in the book of his regiment, the picture of dashing young Lieutenant Crossley, and had read his story. We had seen him, too, don his faded blue cap and ride in parade with the two other old men who shared his dying memories.

Great-granddad reminds me of another aging veteran—"Daddy" Meckert, I called him. His bent figure always occupied the same front pew in church; the sunlight played affectionately over his white hair and touched the right hand ever placed inquiringly behind his ear. He was the oldest member of the church, but he loved the young ones dearly. He tried to see us all each Sunday, and often he would have something for us—a

post-card or a tract, perhaps. His love for his Master was a wonderful thing to behold. When he spoke of his faith—of his belief in the just, omnipotent Father who loves and cares for all men as His children,—when he spoke of his trusting belief in the Christ who lives beyond the grave,—when he spoke of the heavenly home he hoped for, I never wondered what brought him ten miles across the city by trolley every Sunday that he was well. Daddy Meckert really came into his own, however, as the spring approached Memorial Day. There were few enough veterans, even in the great city, and an old man who loved to talk to children was a favorite everywhere. When I greeted him on Memorial Day Sunday, he would straighten, hand behind ear, and tell me proudly how many schools he had visited that week, how many children he had seen. I wonder if the schools miss him as keenly as I do when I gaze at an empty front pew.

When Daddy Meckert's friend, Mr. Russell, moved to Ambler, it was Daddy Meckert who asked me to call there, and I have always been glad that I did. "Mr. Russell" is a very formal name for a kindly old man, so I call him "Daddy" too—"Daddy Russell". I remember my surprise when first I saw him, standing so tall and straight and strong for his eighty years. He had need to be strong, for there lay his invalid wife, motionless on the bed. His life was hers completely. There were others in the house to tend her, but that old man lifted and turned her, changed and fed her, soothed and cared for her, every day. Never did I hear a murmur of complaint; only, when he sat on the edge of the bed, he told me again how much he loved her. Cheerfully he joked about his quiet life and the few people who came to see them. He read me letters or verses or bits from the Bible, and always my own faith was stronger when I left that cluttered little room. To me, Daddy Russell is a hero, a man of courage and devotion, even though he has fought his battles in a tiny sick-room. He has often told me how lost he would be without his beloved wife. Although I have not seen him since that day, a month ago, when Mother Russell passed away, I know that he will be quiet and lonely, but happy, for he believes with unshakable confidence, that she is well at last.

More fortunate than frail little Mrs. Russell is my vigorous "Grossmutter", or rather, "Grossie", as we say. Fairly tall, straight, and plump, she is all that a grandmother should be. Her soft white hair, with its



gleams of gold still shining, is piled above a kindly, smiling face. Grossie's hands are always busy; sometimes she is in the kitchen, preserving, giving the turkey a final browning, or baking those pies with just the right bit of flavoring; her Christmas cookies and her cinnamon-buns are the pride of the family and the despair of the hired-girls; sometimes she is knitting, and my best sweaters are the ones which Grossie made. As the needles fly, we talk. I love to hear her tell of peasant life in Germany, of Christmas time at her uncle's, or of stolen visits to her widowed mother. The most exciting story, however, is that of a tiny fifteen-year-old immigrant girl who cowered alone in the steerage of a leaky, tossing vessel, while gales howled over the North Atlantic. After that—America, and George!—"Grossvater" smiles across the room.

"Grosspop" was always short, and once his hair was dark, though now it is white, and his back is bent by the blacksmith's forge. A strong man he was, and a clever one, in the days when he married "the prettiest

girl on Second Street". Now he sits all day in his favorite chair, and only stirs to fill his pipe. His back is tired, and the hand which once absorbed the constant shock of the heavy hammer pains him, but he always smiles and says, "The Heavenly Father must know best." He sits very quietly at all the family parties, but when we sing the old German folk-songs, his voice joins in, and so we make him sing with Grossie. All day he sits in the corner and reads the newspaper or his Bible. When evening comes, however, we start the pinochle game; it is an honor, then, to sit across from Grosspop, to watch his steady play, and to share his mounting score.

Spring is coming. Soon I shall go back to see my aging friends—those of them who remain. They will talk long, as old people do, and sometimes their thoughts will wander, but in their homely Christian faith, shining though even aimless words, I shall find new encouragement. "If God permits," my grandparents will sing together, slowly, "Ich Liebe Dich", and I shall be proud—proud to know them, proud to call them mine.



## My Friend, Mark Twain

S. ELIZABETH McBRIDE

**D**O you know Mark Twain, or have you only heard of him? With your permission, I propose to introduce him to you. He is a comparatively tall man with a mop of white curly hair and a gray mustache; his blue gray eyes twinkle in their setting of deep walls etched by years of good humor and laughter, and his whole face is exceedingly interesting, even magnetic. But it is not primarily to the rather tall man with the magnetic face of Samuel Langhorne Clemens that I wish to introduce you, but rather to the eternally youthful, and childishly simple, free ideas and thoughts of Mark Twain.

At the time of Halley's Comet, one hundred years ago, in the little town of Florida, Missouri, a gentle family of Virginia descent was carefully watching the health of a baby boy. (Our Mark Twain was born November 30, 1835.) He had been named Samuel—Samuel Clemens—and he had at that moment all the precociousness a new baby always has to a loving family. Four years later, Sam and his parents moved to Hannibal, Missouri, just twenty miles away. Hannibal was a crude little town on the Mississippi populated by other families much like the Clemens family—people of gentle birth, cultured, adventurous, and hardy. There Sam grew up and strove to help his family, for his father had died when Sam was twelve years old.

Young Clemens found himself most at home in the

printing office. He discovered he could write "yarns" about the people he had known in Hannibal, and could give them to an appreciative public. At first Sam did not sign his articles, but finally, desiring to satirize a poor newspaperman who had so dubbed himself, Clemens penned "Mark Twain" at the end of his more foolish newspaper articles. The name, which was really a term then used by boatmen in measuring the depth of the Mississippi, "stuck", and Samuel L. Clemens became known almost solely by that name for the century to follow, and probably for all time.

Sam Clemens' greatest love was travel. He managed to go to more places with no capital than we can dream of. He learned to pilot a steamboat up and down the Mississippi, and that was no small accomplishment, for in those days there were only certain places on the river that were safe for steamboat travel, and the pilot had to learn these places and their adjacent "bad spots" by heart—once up the river, once down, and yet again in case of flood.

Clemens went west with the silver rush to the Nevada Desert. He kept on going here and there, throughout his life, until he knew as many places in the world as some of us know in our own states.

It was Mark Twain's fortunate habit to keep notes of all the places he visited, the people he met, the things he heard, and the thoughts he had. This note keeping



began during his days on the Mississippi when as a "cub" of Mr. Bixby, the pilot, he had to jot down the various points for the entire length of the river because he couldn't remember them. The notes that the author kept furnished ideas for many a story and for quite a few of the books for which we love Mark Twain. The many, many notebooks which Mark Twain kept are now collected into one big volume called *Mark Twain's Notebook* prepared for publication by Albert Bigelow Paine. This book, which appeared quite recently, is filled with clever thoughts and ideas. A lover of Mark Twain will enjoy them to the utmost. It is a book which shows much of the workings of Twain's mind, of the natural kindness and human sympathy which were his.

*Mark Twain's Notebook* is not, however, a book recommended to the uninitiated. They should read first the books which have made the name "Mark Twain" famous.

The best way to begin reading America's greatest humorist is to pick up *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* or *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and, starting with the title page, continue to read. In almost any edition of these books, the title page will be followed by this:

"NOTICE

"Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot will be shot.

"By order of the Author,

"Per G. G., Chief of Ordnance."

Then follows the story of a boy such as you and I know, or such as some of you wish you might have been eight or ten years ago. It is a story of fun, mischief, youth, and young ideas. Tom Sawyer is actually Mark Twain himself as a boy and as an eternally youthful mind.

In the *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, Mark Twain has pictured his own boyhood in the rough little town of Hannibal; and it is the youth of a clever boy who has ideas which are destined to make him a leader. The story of Tom Sawyer whitewashing the back fence, a story familiar to everyone, is just one colorful episode in the great book. Some of the incidents are amusing, some thrilling, many sparkling with plain, ordinary mischief, as when Tom drew the schoolmaster's picture upon his slate, or pulled the plaits of the little girl who sat in front of him. (And who of us hasn't known a Tom in our own school days?)

*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is the story of a different type of boy, the child of nature. Huck has not Tom's marvelous, ingenious mind for thinking up things to do, but he does have a remarkable capacity for spinning yarns. In fact, Huck's flight down the Mississippi on the raft which he and Jim, the runaway slave, had built, may be described as just one lie after another. But Huck can tell us much about trees, animals, tides, and other subjects of which only a close

observer of nature would know. To me, one of the most fascinating descriptions in all literature is that one of Mark Twain's which depicts Huckleberry Finn's escape from the old cabin where his drunken father held him prisoner. There is, in this passage, something so real that I can see Huck busy making tracks of blood and meal as he prepares the scene when his supposed murder took place.

Again, Mark Twain proves himself the student of human nature in the scene in which he depicts Huck, dressed as a girl, visiting at the cottage of a rather kind-hearted woman. The tests the woman gives Huck to prove true her suspicions that Huck is a boy masquerading as a girl, show Mark Twain's own keen observance of the people around him.

Mark Twain's neighbors were disappointed in him when he turned novelist and published *The Prince and the Pauper*; they felt that Twain's only field was that of playing clown. But later generations have been only surprised and delighted at this evidence of the great man's versatility.

The book I love most of all Mark Twain's works is one which shows a deeper sympathy with humanity than can be found in any other of Twain's books—the jewel I refer to is *My Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. Here Mark Twain forgets that he is a humorist; he explains his book by saying that he is the translator of a manuscript left by "Sieur Louis de Conte (her page and secretary)." The story that is presented in this book is a lovely one of a truly noble young girl from her childhood up to her most untimely and horrible death. This, although mostly fiction instead of fact, is one of the most beautiful biographies of the youthful martyr, Joan of Arc, that can be found in any language.

I could go on to tell you about the childish "goblins will get you" rhymes of *Slovenly Peter*; or the extremely laughable incongruities found in *A Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur*; or the very funny incidents filling the two volumes of *Innocents Abroad*; the sly humor in *Life on the Mississippi*; the rowdy good spirits of *Roughing It*; and the frank fun of *A Tramp Abroad*.

I will say now only this: Be advised, and meet my friend, Mark Twain. Once you have permitted him to say to you a dozen words in his own way, you will, I am sure, read on and learn to love him as I do—as many, many grown-up children all over the world love him.

This writer, my friend (and I'm proud indeed to call him such!) speaks to children everywhere in their own universal language, and those simple phrases are now translated into many foreign tongues. He speaks to adults everywhere by means of his constant sympathy for his fellow man. Perhaps it is his very joy of living, his own eternal youth, that makes my friend Mark Twain appeal alike to the young and the once-young of this world of ours.



# Jimmy and Waffles

JESSIE F. WILSON

THEY were two of a kind, Jimmy and his dog Waffles.

"That child," declared Mrs. H. Orrison Finch, president of the Ladies' Village Improvement Society, when the disreputability of Jimmy was brought up for consideration, "is a disgrace and a liability to the community. The first thing a visitor to the town sees is a bundle of old clothes piled in the sun on a bench in front of the station. The bundle stirs on the arrival of a train and gets up. The visitor is confronted with that shocking spectacle which bears the name of a human being."

"Where did the boy come from, Madam President?" asked Mrs. Mary Amelia Sitts, chairman of the Committee on the Beautification of Railroad Parks and Stations, who looked as though she had better try to beautify herself before thinking of others.

"He looks as if he had escaped from a ragman's bag," replied Mrs. Finch. "I believe he was born in the county poor-house. An old widow, now dead, adopted him and left him to grow up like a weed."

"Who feeds him?" asked another member.

"He feeds himself somehow, and also that cur dog of his. That hound is as much of a disgrace to the town as his master," the president informed the society. "We should and must get rid of the two of them. It is high time."

The hour for the bridge game was at hand. On that afternoon it was to be played in the very comfortable and richly appointed home of the president.

"I move, Madam President," said Mrs. Nales, "that the committee be instructed to take such action as is necessary to have this nuisance removed. If the dog has no license he may be easily disposed of, and the boy might be placed in some institution."

"Second the motion," came the unanimous answer from all in the meeting room. Then a motion to adjourn followed, and the ladies trooped off to their game.

They had to cross the railroad tracks to reach the home of their hostess. There sat Jimmy on his favorite bench in the sun, tying a cord to a slender branch of a tree lying across his knees, with a tin can filled with worms beside him. At his feet, a little brown, shaggy dog sat looking into his face. Jimmy, who was about twelve years old, had eyes that shone from a dirty face like two blue patches of summer sky through huge black thunder clouds. One of his shoes was intended for a male, while the other, from which he had removed the high heel, might once have adorned the dainty foot of a lady. His coat had been cut for a man. He stopped fixing his fish-

ing tackle to caress the dog while the ladies passed with sniffs of contempt and disgust. Their glances said plainly, "We'll take up your case after the bridge."

Thinking that his friend was hungry, Jimmy fished in a cavernous pocket and pulled out half a loaf of bread and tore off a large piece. He emptied his bait from the can and filled it with water from a nearby drain. Placing it beside his pet, he put the wriggling, protesting worms into his coat pocket and stuffed a piece of newspaper on top of them to hold them captive.

Waffles did not beg often, for he was a good self-provider. One morning he upset a boy and stole the contents of a tray which the boy was carrying to a neighbor's home. Jimmy's dog secured a breakfast that day of a dozen well-browned and buttered waffles, which not only gave him internal satisfaction, but also caused the boys who saw the "accident" to grin approvingly.

It was probably the spirit of pride and responsibility in ownership which early determined Jimmy to educate his dumb friend. Jimmy knew nothing about prayer itself, but he did know the posture for praying. He taught Waffles to kneel down with his head between his front paws and not stir until he heard the magic word "Amen". Waffles soon learned to say "Good morning" and "Good night", and his deportment was improved accordingly. Jimmy also taught him to ask for food and water when there were any within a reasonable distance. Waffles even acquired the art of playing sick, writhing in great pain on the ground, and then lying as if he were dead until the magic words "Git up" brought him back to the living.

Jimmy was already contemplating the serious problem of how to make a living. At this time he was saving his hard-earned pennies for the circus which would soon come to a neighboring town. Daily he dreamed of his visit, of walking through tent after tent filled with freaks and animals. He planned to have a top seat in the big tent, where he could rub his back against the beloved canvas and watch all three rings at once. He even set aside money for peanuts, lemonade, and the concert that always followed the regular show.

Jimmy earned his circus money by fishing. A wriggling worm on his hook and a sinker brought forth trout and perch. He sold his catches to well-equipped fishermen who failed to fill their baskets. This money he hoarded with all the eagerness of a child's impetuous and persistent nature.

"How much ye got now, Jimmy?" asked Tom Jones,



the village constable, when the circus rumors began to spread.

"Ninety-eight," the boy replied.

"Better'n last year, ain't it?" inquired the arm of the village law.

"Ten cents better."

"Glad to hear it, Jimmy; glad to hear it!" Jones was the one person who would converse openly with the boy. He was old. His hands shook with age. His white whiskers twinkled as he constantly nibbled at a bit of tobacco. He was the type of man who gave all his time to the preservation of law in a village so small and peaceful that no harm was ever done except shooting down a defenseless and harmless dog.

"You going to the circus too, chief?" Jimmy asked.

"Sure, if everything is quiet and I can git off," replied the constable. "Be you teaching Waffles any new tricks, Jimmy?"

"I guess he knows everything now, Chief," the boy replied, as he looked affectionately at the dog. "He can walk on his hands, stand on his head, and turn the flip-flop."

"Is that so? He can, eh?" cried Jones, admiringly. "You know you'd make a barrel of money with him if you joined the circus, Jimmy. I have saw many a trick dog that couldn't tech him, no sirree, not for a minute. Think of traveling all over the country with a parade every day, the steam pianner just hittin' it up all the time, and feeding the animals every day!"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jimmy, his eyes like two blue saucers.

"I'd try it when ye got a little bigger, Jimmy. Ding'd if I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why don't you make that boy and dog keep away from the station?" sounded a peppery voice behind them. The constable and the boy turned to face Mrs. Sitt and Mrs. Nales, members of the station committee.

"What they doin', ma'am?" quivered old Tom.

"You'll find out what they're doing," retorted Mrs. Sitt. "You'll find it out after the next meeting of the Improvement Society."

Jimmy dodged around the corner of the station, with Waffles at his heels. Both felt that they had unwittingly committed some crime. Perhaps something had happened in the village for which they were blamed. Something was certainly wrong somewhere.

However, the morning of the circus came at last. Jimmy had two dollars and was prepared to squander every cent of it. The circus was ten miles away. With better shoes he could have made the distance in a little over three hours, for he was stout of legs and accustomed to walking. He prepared for the hike by having the village cobbler tack a heel on his "female" shoe.

The day was glorious. He was especially kind to Waffles when he chained him to a post under the freight station platform. There he would have plenty of shade. He fed his faithful friend with ten cents' worth of beef

bones, placed a big can of water beside him, and kissed him good-by.

Only three times did Jimmy stop to rest. As he had been unable to sleep the night before because of excitement, he rested either standing up or seated on a fallen log in fear that he might doze off. The sun was directly overhead when he saw the waving banners above the tented city and the softly gleaming white tops of the tents themselves.

When he reached the circus grounds, he found a pump and stuck his mouth under it, while working the handle himself as he imbibed the cool water. Then he bought a big sandwich for his empty stomach.

As he wandered about the grounds, he came face to face with a clown. At first it seemed that he was dreaming, but there stood the clown, with a white face and egg-like head, very real. He was speaking to him—speaking to Jimmy!

"Hi, kid!" Jimmy heard him say. "I'd like to buy them clothes from you. They'd do for a make-up, believe me."

He stood at the entrance of the dressing tent, grinning hideously in his paint and powder.

"I ain't much on clothes, Mister Clown," Jimmy finally managed to say. "But I'll betcher I got a dog that can lay over any dog you got in this show."

"You have, eh? And wot might be his name?"

"Waffles."

"Waffles!" cried the clown. "It's a fine name. Wot's yours?"

"Jimmy."

The clown roared. "Say," he said, "if you ain't got no family ties and want to join the circus, come to see me. Ask for Smithy, and I'll take you along. I need a boy clown and a trick dog." With this he disappeared behind the canvas flap.

For the rest of the afternoon Jimmy carried out mechanically his program of seeing the circus, for the thought of fetching Waffles to that dressing tent and showing Smithy what a wonderful dog could do filled his mind. Bad luck attended him all the way back to the village, and it was well after daybreak when he crawled into town. He dragged himself across the railroad tracks and groped beneath the platform for Waffles.

He was gone!

Nobody bothered about Jimmy as he lay on the ground, partly under the freight station. Half-hidden and half senseless, he was certain of only one friend—Waffles. And he was gone! Jimmy soon fell into a sleep of exhaustion, but was presently awakened by a familiar voice. Lifting himself on his elbow, he was overjoyed to see Waffles tugging at the end of a chain held by Jones.

"Lemme take him now, Chief," the boy said. "It's been mighty kind of you to take care of him for me."

"Ye can't take him, Jimmy," the constable replied in a low voice. "Yestiday the Mayor serves me with an order to kill him within twenty-four hours because he ain't got



no license, and a lot of ladies signed a complaint against him."

"Kill me dawg!" cried Jimmy. "Kill Waffles? Wot's he done? Did he bite anybody, Chief?" He fell on his knees and put his arms around his friend's neck.

"He ain't done nuthin'," replied Jones. "They just said that he was a nuisance."

It was a job to be done in a hurry and Jones was sorry that his ragged friend had come back. The old constable dragged the dog from the arms of his little master and started down the hard-beaten track beside the rails. Waffles struggled in vain, calling on Jimmy to come along too. Because of the struggles of Waffles, Jimmy managed to catch up with them. A quarter mile down the track Jones stopped and pulled out a big, old-fashioned watch.

"He's only got ten minutes, Jimmy."

"I ain't never had another friend on earth," moaned Jimmy.

The dog whimpered and licked the chin and cheeks of his master.

"Time's up, Jimmy. You better go away now." The constable dropped his watch into his pocket and heaved forth an old-fashioned pistol. As he did so Waffles yanked himself free, but only for a moment, for the big foot of Jones came down on the chain.

"You ain't going to shoot him chained up," begged Jimmy. "He won't go away from me, and I can't run with a lame foot. Loosen him, won't you?"

"I don't mind doing that for you, son," replied Jones. Jones was aiming his pistol.

"Sit up!" came the command from the swollen lips of

the boy. Waffles rose to his haunches. "Take aim!" cried Jimmy. "Fire!"

There was a sharp crack and a spurt of smoke.

Waffles dropped over on his side and lay stark still in the path.

"By gum!" cried Jones. "I done it with one shot. I'm glad of that, Jimmy." He slid the pistol into the holster. "Don't blame me, son," he said in a husky voice. "I had to obey orders. You take him and bury him. I know how you loved him."

Jones turned and trudged up the path beside the rails toward the village, shaking his head sadly. Jimmy lifted his motionless friend on to his shoulder and stole into the underbrush beside the tracks, going deeper and deeper until his strength gave out. Now, fully screened from all eyes, he laid down his precious burden and uttered one magic word:

"Waffles!"

The corpse stirred.

"Sit up!"

The corpse sat up. Jimmy pointed a finger at him and said slowly:

"Take aim, Fire!"

Waffles flopped over on his side.

"Git up!"

The corpse arose again.

"Come over and kiss your boss."

Waffles needed no further invitation. Jimmy then cleared a spot in the underbrush, and with a grateful sigh threw himself on the bare ground.

"Now we'll go to sleep here, and then we'll both go to the circus."



Vivian E. Jensen



# Reminiscence

ESSAY RECEIVING HONORABLE MENTION

ALFRED GEMMELL

ROLLING glacial hills, swift brooks, and fertile valleys—these words tersely describe the Northern part of New Jersey. This beautiful region, tempered by mild climate, and endowed with great advantages of location, is today studded with farms and hamlets. To one of these characteristic, busy farms it was my lot to be brought when but a small child, and subsequently to be raised in the midst of the most home-like circumstances.

The experiences of those exciting and interesting days on the farm linger in my mind with a familiar poignancy. Days spent in roaming the woods with a collie dog as my only companion and hours spent in working on the farm, with its many well-taught lessons, are not easily forgotten. Often when we become tired of our daily routine and when work becomes a heavy burden, we long to return to our childhood joys. But protest though we may, life adds year after year, and soon we find ourselves engaging in an ambition from which we would not like to part.

As I recall, most of the high points of my days on the farm were humorous. Probably they were not so at the time, but in the light of later recollection, when one considers the blunders he made, they do take on a humorous aspect. This is vividly exemplified by the following incident. At frequent intervals we would corner rats in the feed house between our chicken coops, and it was always highly exciting to me when my uncle and I would attempt to kill them with clubs. On this particular day we had about eight of these destructive rodents trapped in the small confines of the feed room. We went after them with vigor and soon had four of them stretched on the floor. I had paused in the *mêlée* to comment to my uncle on the special aptitude of the rats in running up the walls like squirrels, when a bewildered rat mistook my leg for the wall. He scuttled up the inside of my overalls and had reached my knee when I suddenly became aware of a very unpleasant sensation. Dropping my club, I let out a howl and brought all the force of both fists down upon the equally frightened rat. By the time they had extracted the crushed rodent from my pants-leg he had given me two very nasty-looking bites. After this experience I sympathized with ladies who mount chairs and burst into high soprano when they see a mouse.

It is quite striking, when I recall certain incidents, that I find most of them are connected with some animal. One little happening I remember more for its novelty than its humor. We were husking corn in a field close behind our barn when we were startled by my grandmother's screams. Rushing to the house, we found her running alongside the creek; and as we got closer we found that a raccoon was making off with one of our chickens. He was a big fellow and making remarkable speed against the swift current while holding the chicken by the neck. My uncle rushed up the bank of the stream, abreast of the swimming "coon", and as the robber passed over a deep hole, dived at him. With one hand he clutched the chicken and with the other made a jab at the ring-tailed devil; but it was all he could do to hold the chicken, which was quite dead. I often shudder when I think what might have happened if the raccoon had turned on him in the deep water, as raccoons are fearless fighters when trapped. Incidentally we never saw the "coon" again, and we didn't regret it.

Another time we were pestered by an epidemic of weasels, and after they had killed many chickens we got rid of them in the following manner. They travel in groups, and one night they tried to get through the wire around one of our brooder coops. The wire at the bottom was of a very fine mesh and when they poked their heads through the openings they could not withdraw them. As a consequence, all the weasels were at our disposal in the morning.

I remember the fright I experienced one day when we were putting hay into the barn. I had gone up to the loft to open the doors, and as a quick way of coming down I jumped into the wagon piled high with hay. As I sank into the wagon the prongs of a hay fork appeared beside me, glinting where they stood in deadly upright fashion. Needless to say, the thought of how close I had come to serious injury made me feel sick for a long time afterward.

In the field of agriculture I made mistakes which were often a source of constant merriment to my friends. As the time, when to save space and conserve sunlight, I contrived the idea of alternating my corn patch with first a row of pop corn and then a row of sweet corn. The stalks grew tall and the ears filled out beautifully. Many

were the hours I spent cultivating the corn, at the same time visualizing the bountiful profits I should receive when it was ready to sell. Late summer rolled around and my corn was ready. I picked a few samples for ourselves, and as I stripped back the husks I noticed that the corn grains were mottled-looking and very irregular. When I showed them to my grandfather he burst into such a fit of laughter that I could get nothing from him. A neighbor explained to me what had happened. It seems that in planting my sweet corn so close to my pop corn they had become cross-pollinated as the wind carried the pollen from one stalk to another. Consequently, I had pop corn and sweet corn on the same ear, and could not sell it for either. Bitterly chagrined, I watched my entire corn crop used for ordinary chicken feed. And that's not all, for still another time I planted cucumbers and cantaloupes in the same hills. They became so cross-pollinated that they were utterly tasteless. Many were the jibes and wise cracks of which I was the unfortunate victim because of these incidents.

It seems that there is nothing quite so amusing to some people as to watch other people suffer. I must confess that one of the most amusing experiences I can recall is built upon this very tendency. One summer we had hired an extra man to help us with the wheat; and in order to show us how much of a man he was,

he worked without his shirt all day in the blistering August sun. Consequently, he got a much deserved dose of sunburn. My father sent me to the house that evening to get a bottle of liniment for his back. On returning with the bottle, which I supposed contained liniment, I started to rub some of the fluid into his blistered back. With a string of oaths and howls he dashed the bottle from my hand and started running around in ever-widening circles, until finally he made for the creek, where he soothed his burning back in the cool water. For a moment I couldn't explain his actions, but as I reached down to pick up the bottle the glaring label, "Pure Turpentine", caught my eyes. It came to me with a shock that I had rubbed turpentine into the poor fellow's blistered back; and if there is anything that tortures, it is that combination. Many are the laughs we've enjoyed at this fellow's misfortune and my ignorance.

These represent but a few of the many experiences, both humorous and tragic, that befell me on the farm. Some I like to forget, and others I vainly try to recall. So it is with all of us, for on the rich background of experience we lay our plans for the future—a future which may avoid mistakes already made but which holds for us a vast store of incidents which some day we will be able to recall with fond reminiscence.





# Gold Dust

EDWARD L. FRENCH

THE hot sun beat relentlessly down on the small group of wooden huts and adobe houses with its single general store. It was mid-afternoon and to the man sitting on the shaded porch of the store it seemed as if the sun had been scorching the sandy streets of the town for many years. Shimmering heat waves rose from the blistering sand, from the corrugated tin roofs of the one-storied buildings, and from the gray-tinted hills on the horizon.

The storekeeper, slowly rocking back and forth in his high-backed chair, was the only sign of human life in the whole town. The other inhabitants were seeking shelter from the sun in the comparative coolness of their huts. A dog lay panting in the shade of one of the few trees that managed to eke an existence from the barren soil. A lone hawk circled lazily in the cloudless sky. The man in the chair fanned himself slowly with a folded newspaper. Life was proceeding as usual in the little town of Acton Center.

Suddenly, the man stopped fanning himself and leaned forward in his chair as his eyes narrowed to inspect an almost unprecedented event in Acton Center's uneventful history. Someone was approaching along the sandy road leading from the mountains. As yet, nothing could be distinguished but a small dot on the arid waste. The dot approached very slowly, for it was almost an hour before it resolved itself into a man mounted on a mule, and leading a pack-mule. As he approached the town, it could be seen that he was a rather old man, dressed in very shabby clothes, even for his environment, and having about him that half-fed look of the desert-rat.

He dismounted from his mule, hitched it to the post in front of the general store, and walked slowly inside. He nodded to the storekeeper as he passed him.

"Hot," he said in a slow, drawling voice.

The storekeeper roused himself from his comfortable seat and followed the stranger into the store.

"Yeh, hot," he answered.

"I want provisions for two weeks." The stranger placed a list on the counter and dropped a little bag of gold dust beside it. "I think that'll pay for it."

The storekeeper placed the bag on a balance and carefully weighed it. "Been out long?" he asked.

"'Bout three weeks. Headin' right back out again. This'll probably be my last trip, though. Wife wants to go back East."

"Yeh? Found much?" He placed a box of canned goods on the counter.

"Not a thing. Oh, a few specks here, a few specks there, but hardly enough to keep me in food. Maybe some day I'll hit it, though, and then that'll make up for all this time."

By this time the storekeeper had procured the required provisions and had placed them on the counter. The prospector slowly and methodically carried each box out to his pack-mule and placed it in the carrying bags at the side. When he had finished, he mounted his mule, turned its head towards the foothills and rode slowly off. The storekeeper seated himself comfortably in his chair and watched the departing stranger with a half-smile on his lips.

As the prospector rode along, he thought of the words which he had so carelessly uttered—"Maybe some day I'll hit it." Maybe some day he would. And then—a life of ease, in fact, a life of luxury. Everything he wanted, no more scrimping and saving, good food to eat. He looked up at the hills he was approaching. Somewhere in those hills there was a fortune to be had for the finding. Maybe next week he would hit it, or the week after. Then he could go back East and live the rest of his days in comfort. He decided to talk to his wife when he got back to the temporary camp, to see if he couldn't induce her to give him a little more time. Yes, a little more time.

The sun was beating down on the sandy street of Acton Center, and the storekeeper was sitting on the porch of his store fanning himself, when the prospector again hitched his mule to the post and entered the store.

"Same thing," he ordered.

"Thought that was your last trip," said the storekeeper, glancing quickly at his customer.

"Well, I thought I'd give it another try. Another two weeks won't matter much compared to the years I've spent prospecting."

"No, that's true."

The storekeeper again watched the prospector depart with that same half-smile about his lips. "Yes, another two weeks won't make much difference," he mused. "Next week he'll be back for more provisions, and the week after that. The lure of gold dust is a funny thing. It does queer things to a man. Next week, and next week, and next week. Maybe—I'll—hit—it."



# After Twenty Centuries

EDWIN H. FREY

*"Exegi monumentum aere perennius. . . ."*

—*Odes*, Book III, No. 30

*"Health to enjoy the blessings sent  
From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;  
A cheerful heart; a wise content;  
An honored age; and song."*

—HORACE.

AS THE year 1930 saw the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of that great classic poet, Virgil, so 1935 marked the bimillennium of the nativity of another of Rome's literary geniuses, Horace. Though Virgil is generally conceded to be the more important of the two, nevertheless Horace has carved a deserved place for himself among the really great men-of-letters of the period, indeed of all time. To use the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Virgil has been the object of an adoration amounting almost to worship, but he will often be found on the shelf, while Horace lies on the student's table, next his hand."

For the benefit of those unversed in Latin, it seems not amiss to note briefly who Horace was, and to what writings he owes his fame.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born in the town of Venusia, high up on the slopes of the Apennine hills, on the 8th of December, 65 B. C., and his mortal life extended to November 27, 8 B. C. The son of a freedman, Horace received his formal education at Rome and Athens, as a result of which he developed a strong taste for Latin and Greek literature. His early activity included military service under Brutus for two years, as well as some brief employment in minor governmental positions. His financial independence was assured when he acquired the patronage of one Maecenas, a wealthy and cultivated patrician. Through the generosity of this noble Etruscan, the poet came into possession of a farm in the Sabine hills, where he spent approximately the last twenty-five years of his life, which, we gather from his writings, were the happiest of all. It was here that most of his writing was done.

Horace's literary output, in the order of its appearance, consisted of the Satires (Sermones), the Epodes, three books of Odes, a book of Epistles, the *Carmen Saeculare*, a second book of Epistles, a fourth book of Odes, and the *Ars Poetica*. These works cover a wide range of subjects: personal, social, political, philosophical, literary, and philological. Many of them were addressed

and dedicated to his personal friends, among whom were Virgil, Plotius, Varius, Quintilius, Maecenas, Agrippa, Messalla, and even the Emperor Augustus himself.

Though Horace was a pagan in belief, still he expressed many thoughts and precepts which are not unlike some of our Christian teachings. Particularly did he urge moderation in all things. He pointed to patience as one of the greatest virtues ("*. . . levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas . . .*"). The value of friendship was hardly to be estimated; to use the poet's own words, "Nothing, while in my right mind, would I compare to the delight of a friend." The source of happiness lay "in peace of mind and heart." He was among the early writers to extol patriotism ("*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"). Especially is he remembered for his contemplative expression of the pleasures of a simple rural life as he lived it on his Sabine farm.

Horace truly has "erected a monument more lasting than bronze". By the humanness of his appeal and the richness of his personality he has done much to keep alive the study of the Latin language, which is, contrary to present-day arguments, far from dead. The fact that the poet is still read, two thousand years after his birth, compellingly attests his popularity and enduring worth. In answer to those who doubtfully ask, "Who reads Horace, anyway?", it may well be pointed out that the number is beyond estimation, especially when we take into consideration that the poet is read not only in the original tongue by school boys of many countries, but also in translation by countless others throughout the world.

Thus, Horace's untarnished fame is entering upon its third millennium of existence, and seems destined to continue, as if confirming the poet's prophecy, "I shall not wholly die." To read Horace is to experience him; or in the words of Dr. Grant Showerman, "To know Horace is to enter into a great communion of twenty centuries—the communion of taste, the communion of charity, the communion of sane and kindly wisdom, the communion of the genuine, the communion of righteousness, the communion of urbanity and of friendly affection."



# "All the World's A Stage—"

ARTHUR F. MARTIN

EVERY college that wishes to fit its students as well as possible to make successes in the real drama of life in the world should have groups within itself whose purpose is to present plays. The reasons for this assertion are not so obvious but that some good will be done by enumerating them. First of all, the actors, and the audience too, are given a knowledge of one of the greatest branches of literature, the drama, in all of its forms, classic and modern. Next, the thing called "stage presence", or more correctly, "poise", is inculcated in the actors, making them at home in all branches of society and making them unafraid to stand up and be leaders in their respective fields. Last, but certainly the most important, is that the actors receive training in correct grammar, correct enunciation, and correct pronunciation, things which are not always emphasized in English composition classes. Often the only training students get in these essentials during their college career is in the dramatic or debating societies.

Here at Ursinus we have an organization, the "Curtain Club", which through the past ten years has been endeavoring to serve the students and the college. In view of the agitation which has arisen both in the club and without for the classic plays of Shakespeare and of other famous dramatists, and in view of the imminent probability that with the next year will begin a new era of classic productions, it seems timely and instructive to retrace the history of dramatics at Ursinus and especially that of the Curtain Club.

While the Curtain Club is of recent origin, the two literary societies which merged to form it are as old as the College. The Zwinglian Literary Society was founded in 1870, and the Schaff Society was organized in 1874. Both were chartered by the state, the latter in 1888 and the former in 1889. Dramatics was a minor point in these groups until the last years of their existence, for the major purpose of them was to furnish the entertainment for the students which is now found in Norristown, Pottstown, or even Philadelphia, and this entertainment took more frequently the shape of debating, readings, music, and improvised stunts than that of organized long plays. In fact, the only real dramatic production was that presented by the Schaffites at their annual alumni meeting, on the week-end before the Christmas holidays. The Zwing society also had a special meeting once a year, but it was devoted to a variety of entertainments rather than to one play. Alumni mem-

bers flocked to these meetings, for the loyalty for these societies was as great as the enmity between them. Students were classified by their affiliations with these groups, the politics of the school was built around them as around the fraternities and sororities of the present. One can readily understand the fact that even a long time after the decay of the societies had begun the attempts to combine them were quite futile, and that after the merger was finally accepted the union was very weak for several years.

This decay began at the time of the World War, for the lack of interest in cultural subjects and in entertainment, and the introduction of elements foreign to the normal life of the school, brought a lowering in the type of program presented. Another factor which completed the downfall was the speeding up of life and the shortening of distances caused by the advent of the motor car and of the paved roads. While in former years the students had remained on the campus over the week-end (indeed, there were many students who visited Norristown only three or four times a year) and some kind of entertainment must necessarily have been provided for them, the automobile brought the surrounding towns so close that the amusement could be found there and the reason for having it on the campus was removed. It is interesting to note that in 1922, when the societies had slightly recovered from the war, the Reading Pike was paved, and that in the next three years the organization which had been developing for fifty years was dismembered.

While in their prime, the societies did a great amount of good for the college. Although there was no direct faculty supervision, the work done was considered so valuable that an extra course in English was required of those who were not members of one or the other group. Even without this urging the membership would have been large, and with it there were few people who took the extra course. Attendance was of course compulsory, even if Friday was the usual meeting night. The weekly meetings were held in what are now the music studios, although at one time the Schaff Society did begin raising a fund for the construction of a private building. Parliamentary procedure was used, and the notes taken are still preserved in the archives of the College.

From this general retrospect, we turn to a review of the years from 1916 to 1925, in which the Societies lost their power, and of the years from 1925 until the pres-



ent, when the confusion has very much calmed and when a strongly organized dramatic club has arisen from the ruins.

The plays of the Schaff Society between 1916 and 1922 were directed by various persons, among whom were a retired Shakespearean actor, Mr. Lane; Mrs. Gristock, and Mr. Regar, of Colledgeville; and Mr. Dietz, who is now in little theater work in York. Some of the plays presented were *Ruy Blas*, *What Happened to Jones?*, *It Pays to Advertise*, *the First Lady of the Land*, *If I Were King*, and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Professor and Mrs. Sheeder took the leading parts in the last three of these and obtained experience which served them well during the years that they were the coaches of dramatics. A point of great interest is that after each of these plays, the students gave a witty parody of it. This is a custom which if revived could furnish much entertainment for the actors and audience alike.

From 1922 to 1925 the societies decreased in their action and the time was ripe for a reorganization. Professor W. R. Gawthrop, in the beginning of the latter year, formed the "Dramatic Club", which presented *The Admirable Crichton* and *Captain Applejack*. In the fall of that year (the school year 1925-1926) Professor and Mrs. Sheeder began directing the plays by producing *Beau Brummel*. In 1926-27 *The Rivals*, *The Fool*, and *Seventh Heaven* were given. The Dramatic Club had changed its name to the Curtain Club, but reorganization again took place in 1927-28 under the former name. *East Is East*, *The Sign on the Door*, and *The Patsy* were given in that year. The next plays were *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *the Cat and the Canary*, and *New Brooms*. In 1929-30 the final reorganization of the club was made and the name of Curtain Club was reassumed. Professor and Mrs. Sheeder being away during that year, Miss Margaret Bookman, of Norristown, did the directing. She also produced *Disraeli* and *The Dover Road* during 1930-31, while the Sheeders, who had returned, presented the first Senior Class play, *Journey's End*. In most of these plays coached by Professor and Mrs. Sheeder, Mr. J. F. W. Stock, the musical director of the college, was stage manager. In 1931-32 the Sheeders presented only one play, *The Devil and the Cheese*; Miss Rebecca Price directed *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and Professor Michael produced the class plays.

The handicaps under which these excellent plays were presented makes them all the more remarkable. Until the gymnasium was reconditioned in 1927 and the stage built, all plays were held in Bomberger Hall, where the lack of stage equipment made the difficulties of production almost insurmountable. It required ingenuity and even genius to present such plays.

Professor and Mrs. Sibbald began directing the plays in 1932 and are still the coaches of both the class plays and those of the Curtain Club. In addition to the three one-act plays, *Indian Summer*, *Whose Money?*, and

*Across the Border*, given in 1934, the Curtain Club has presented *The Black Flamingo*, *The Young Idea*, *The Firebrand*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, *Double Door*, *Aren't We All?*, and *Hay Fever*. Another production, to be chosen within the next month for the Zwing Play (for the presentations of the Curtain Club are named after the Literary Societies), will probably be something like *Accent on Youth*, which has just left Broadway.

Thus it may be seen that the Curtain Club has had a good past and has every hope of a brilliant future. But before the development is carried much further, some means must be found to escape most of the difficulties under which this group has been laboring. Perhaps a statement of these limitations will enable the critics to see just why the development of the club has not proceeded as fast as they may think that it should, and answer the questions as to the choice of play presented.

The first and greatest limitation on the choice of play is the subject matter, which is considered by those in charge, and perhaps rightly so, as being of greater importance than the sheer beauty of good workmanship. It is only in the case of the works of Shakespeare, or of someone almost equal to him, that the material is forgotten for the artistry. Another limitation imposed by the administration is that no more than four plays may be given in a year. This hinders the club in doing the very things mentioned above, which are the fundamental reasons for the establishment of such a dramatic society. One excuse given for such an attitude is that more plays would interfere with scholastic endeavors. A glance at the "B" list and at the ineligible list is a good answer for such a question. The majority of the best actors in the school are on the "B" list, and not one has ever dropped to the ineligible list while being in a play. This is a record of which few organizations on the campus can boast. Still a third difficulty, caused by human jealousy and opinions, is the fact that no plays are chosen for presentation unless the parts are about evenly distributed between men and women. Even such a play as Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, with a cast of twenty-one men and only two women, is automatically ruled out.

These handicaps may only be overcome by a total change in attitude of the administration and the student body, and by a better understanding that the context of a play does not necessarily make it good or bad.

Most of the other difficulties may be summarized under the heading of a poor theater. The gymnasium is not at all a building with excellent acoustics, and the necessary arrangement of the chairs leaves much to be desired both as to the ear and to the eye. The stage is very small, making it impossible to put on plays with large casts or with complicated scenery or stage settings. The Curtain Club, searching out some remedy for these difficulties, is now seeking some means by which to erect a theater where these handicaps would be removed. This is only a dream at present, but it must come true if dramatics at Ursinus are to reach a high peak of excellence.

(Continued on Page 22)



# Early Medicine

SYLVAN GROTTÉ

THE art of medicine as a science is comparatively recent, covering approximately the last seventy-five years. Yet the history of medicine is as ancient as that of man. Today, with the varied and up-to-date methods of healing, and the confirmation of theories by research, it is difficult to imagine the plight of the early man. The methods used by him were a matter of false reasoning and superstition.

The primitive man who led only a hand to mouth existence and who was beset by all kinds of conditions which were terrible because of their incomprehensibility, reflected upon and sought explanations for these phenomena.

He looked about him and saw the world in motion. He reflected that men and animals moved probably because of some supernatural element. This element he called a spirit. It was logical therefore that the clouds, trees, and rivers also contained spirits; for they, too, were in motion. Thus primitive man's religion was animistic in character. Everything about him contained a spirit and these spirits could produce diseases and other misfortunes. Therefore, these spirits must either be placated or driven away if he was to lead a happy life.

Later in history certain men, who were perhaps a little more clever than the rest of the tribe, believed that they had certain powers over these mysterious forces and became known as medicine men. A medicine man's duty was to cure his friends and to cast sickness upon his enemies and the tribal foes. He dealt with both white and black magic.

As the years went on and the tribal organization became more complex, these medicine men became a special group known as priests or doctors, and this group only the elect might join.

In treatment the medicine man tried to drive away the spirits which affected the patient. He wore a grotesque costume, painted himself in hideous colors, and danced before the patient, making as much noise as possible. This was the first use of psychotherapy. If the patient became well the prestige of the medicine man was elevated.

Researches of archeologists have now unearthed a definite knowledge of Egyptian medicine as it was practiced 5000 years ago. The medicine of that time was a mixture of superstition and religion along with some very practical measures. The ancient Egyptians carried out their religious healing by invocations to the gods. They

did administer some medicinal substances, performed some crude operations, and splinted broken limbs. The Egyptians, because of their animal worship, partook of their organs so that they might be blessed with the virtues of the animals in question.

The North American Indians had practically the same religion. They thought that the lungs of a fox, when eaten, were good for consumption. To eat the heart of a brave enemy, was to imbue one with the courage of the victim.

The Hebrews paid a great deal of attention to hygiene pertaining to food and the spreading of diseases. The book of Leviticus contains stern laws as to touching unclean objects and to committing sexual perversions. Their knowledge of anatomy, however, was rather vague. The bones of the body are given as two hundred and forty-eight and two hundred and fifty-two, which includes the bone of Luz. This bone was a kind of nucleus, from which the body is to be resurrected, but Vesalius, in the sixteenth century, proved this to be incorrect.

The Babylonians had only a rudimentary knowledge of anatomy. The practice of medicine was regulated as early as 2250 B. C. by the code of Hammurabi. Ten shekels was the amount authorized for treating a gentleman by opening an abscess of the eye. Five shekels was the fee authorized for the same operation upon a poor man. However, there were strict conditions written into the law: if as a result of an operation, a gentleman lost his life or his eyes, the surgeon had his hand cut off in retaliation. Even during the Middle Ages, surgeons operated under similar harsh penalties.

The Chinese, in their ancient medicine, administered ground-up dragon's bones to a child with convulsions, those bones belonging to pre-historic dinosaurs exposed to the weather. Today, in infantile tetany or convulsions, the physician administers calcium, the main ingredient of bone. Another remedy was to treat simple goiter with burnt sponge, a treatment whose value is proved today by the use of iodine.

As has been said before, it was believed that animals and plants possessed spirits. Because of this, the consumption of certain plants was supposed to be beneficial to man. Practically every type of plant known to man was used. Some were good, and most were useless; however, from the study of good plants, the study of poisonous plants arose. During the Middle Ages, this form of black magic was considered a fine art, and



was encouraged by noblemen who had enemies and wanted them out of the way quickly and quietly.

The moon was of great importance to early medicine. Medicines were given at certain stages of the moon. The health and prosperity of the patient was controlled in part by the moon. The stars likewise played their part, and it was common for the physician to make his diagnosis according to the horoscope of the patient. The jump from Astrology to numbers was a comparatively simple step. Seven, four, and thirteen were potent numbers. A child born in the seventh month of the calendar was said to have a better chance of living than one born in the eighth month. Every seven years the individual is supposed to regenerate a new body, and we still show our allegiance to the magic hoodooism of numbers by taking medicine three times a day. Colors played an interesting part too: red wine was better than white wine for pale people; and blood was given to anemic people to put color into them.

The earliest principles of scientific medicine come to us from the Greeks. They were the first people to separate religion completely from medicine, for they assimilated all the knowledge that previous civilizations offered and the best of the contemporary civilizations, and perfected it as much as possible.

In the early stages of Greek medicine the sick were taken care of at temples erected to the God Aesculapius.

It is said that Aesculapius was the son of Apollo and became a very competent physician. In fact, he was so good that Pluto complained to Zeus that Hades was not taking in its usual quota of people because they were not dying. Zeus, in order to remedy the matter, slew Aesculapius with a thunderbolt and an equilibrium was again established.

The Temples were termed Aesculapicidia, and were the forerunners of our present day hospitals and sanatoriums. These temples were attended by priests who took care of the sick, and, if necessary, administered drugs and performed operations, providing the condition of the case warranted. Yet the medical procedure was tinged with religion and superstition.

Hippocrates, known as The Father of Medicine, was the man who made medicine a science. It was he who adopted the bedside manner, made acute observations as to symptoms, and took case-histories. He was the first to use diagnoses based on reliable information received from observations. The descriptions of diseases made by Hippocrates were not improved upon until 1800 years later. Despite the far-reaching advances of latest clinical researches, the underlying fundamental principles governing the practice of the physician is embraced in the Hippocratic Oath, the embodiment of professional ethics, to which every medical student subscribes upon his entrance to the profession. The Oath stands today as sound in 1936 as the day it was issued.



## "All the World's A Stage—"

(Continued from Page 20)

The greatest of this group of limitations is the lack of stage equipment. The sets now used leave much to be desired in appearance, they are not adaptable enough to be suitable for the many uses to which they must be put, and they are not portable enough to warrant the choosing of a play which has more than one or two simple sets. There are no outside drops or flats at all, and no plays with exterior scenes may be presented. The lighting equipment is equally bad, the lights now used casting shadows on the faces of the actors. Then, too, lack of rheostats and spotlights make impossible the lighting effects which add so much to the atmosphere of the play. These difficulties are now being overcome gradually, and

there is every hope that they may be removed entirely during the coming years.

When these handicaps are summed up, it hardly seems to be possible to pick a play and it seems equally impossible to produce one; but, when one remembers the tremendous difficulties under which the Curtain Club has been staggering, one is amazed at the progress made. While we now want a new modern theater, in past years the Club had to be satisfied with Bomberger Hall; while we want more and better equipment, the Club has had to be satisfied with the barest of nothing. It is a case of looking backward and finding there enough strength to go on. We bow respectfully to the progress of the past and again set ourselves on the road onward and upward.



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE  
LOST HIS FIRST  
PIPE...AND FOUND  
IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!

HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —



THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE—

A CORNCOB — EH? THAT'S THE KIND I SMOKE MYSELF — LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT!



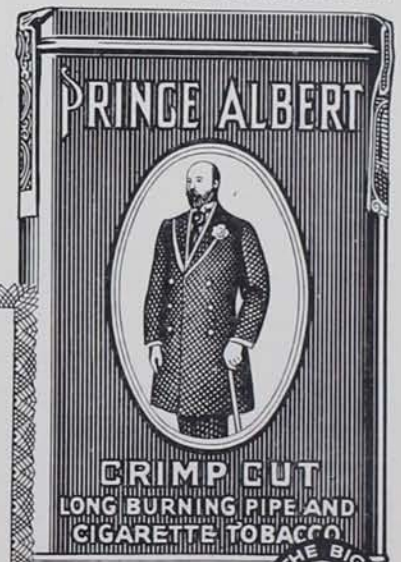
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# Fantasy

(Continued from Page 5)

The scientist walked to a shelf in a corner of the room and lifted from it two tins. He came back with them to the men and said:

"Here I have a can containing white paint, and here is one with red. Over there are three chairs, placed around a table. You three men will walk to those chairs and sit down. I shall turn off the light. In the darkness I shall come over and place with my finger a spot of white paint on the foreheads of two of you. On one of you I shall place a spot of red paint. In the darkness I shall not know which of you is which.

"Then I shall turn on the lights again, and you three will discover with your own eyes which of you is to remain with me. He who has the red spot on his forehead will be mine.

"If perchance it is this unlucky one who holds the bomb, it will be simple for him to pass it under the table to one of his mates, so that they may remain under its protection.

"And let me say this also. When I put the room in darkness, do not try to turn on me. You see no opening in this room but the door which you entered. Just now you saw me lock it. Take my word for it that a scientist knows how to fashion a lock. Furthermore, while I paint with my left hand, I shall hold the gun with my right. You do not want to expire like rats in a trap. After all, is it not better that only one should die?"

The man sat down on the edge of the table and twirled the automatic on his finger. He smiled playfully at his captives.

For the first time these three took their eyes from the big man. Ruck and Goodwin were visibly paler. Goodwin looked about him searchingly. Only Rensler's eyes were steady. He looked at his two fellows and said:

"It is the only way, comrades."

"But, Rensler," whispered Goodwin hoarsely, "suppose it is I."

"It is the only way, comrades. Steady." Even as he said it, sweat stood on the grave brow of the tall man. He turned to the scientist, who still smiled.

"Sir, we shall go through with it, and God help him who stays. We shall rely on your word, and take mine that it will go hard with you if you fail to keep yours."

"Well said, my good man, well said. And remember,

if when the light goes on, you see two white spots, you are doomed to remain with me.

"Confidentially, gentlemen, I should prefer it to be the tall one. You have a remarkable body, sir. Your legs would go well on a dwarfish torso.

"But then you, sir, the fat one, I could expand you a trifle more and manufacture a ludicrous curiosity.

"And in the little one I see a potential right hand man. You have intestinal fortitude, my friend; I see it in your eyes. A bit of the proper injection and longer legs and arms would make you useful to me.

"Well, enough of that. Are you ready, gentlemen?" He spoke in the manner of a genial host.

Rensler was angered to the quick. His eyes skirted the room in enraged helplessness. He licked his dry lips, and finally nodded his great head in surrendering despair.

The man in the mantle stepped toward the light switch, an automatic and two paint cans in his hands. The three men moved mechanically to the chairs and sat down, pale as death, a silent prayer in the heart of each one. Goodwin's eyes grew wild when the scientist pressed the switch button.

The room grew almost dark; only shadows were visible. Here and there a tube or coil glowed eerily, deep in the midst of the laboratory equipment. The three men sat in the chairs around the table, and a huge man touched the dimly outlined forehead of each with a paint-dipped finger. Then his form receded toward the wall. The button snapped, and the room was bright once more.

With the breath still in their lungs, the three men looked with the quickness of light. The eyes of the scientist glowed when he saw the bodies of all three slump across the table.

"It is heart failure, I am sure," he said as he set down the two tins, both of which contained white paint.

And he laughed aloud to see a round, black ball fall down beneath the table. It rolled over to his feet, and he stooped to pick it up. Only then he saw that the pin had been drawn out of its socket.

The bomb exploded in his hand. The whole southern corner of the building inside the walls was demolished. The walls, however, did not tumble. They were strong walls.

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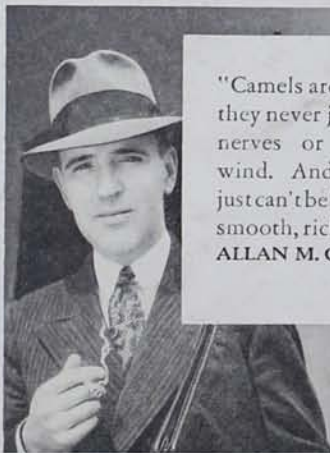
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