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The Lantern

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Remember

Translation of "Rappelle-toi" by Alfred de Musset

*Remember me when timid dawn
Flings wide her gates to greet the sun;
Remember me while pensive night
Broods 'neath the stars when day is done,
When your heart thrills to pleasure's call
Or dreams as evening shadows fall.
Hark! from the wood's still depth there rings
A gentle voice that softly sings
Remember.*

*Remember me when Destiny
Directs our pathways far apart.
When sorrow, loneliness, and time
Have broken my despairing heart,
Dream of my love, of our farewell.
Absence and time touch not love's spell.
Until my heart shall cease to beat,
To you it ever will repeat
Remember.*

*Remember me when Death shall come
To seal my weary heart in sleep;
Remember me when o'er my head
Sweet flowers shall their vigil keep.
I shall have vanished, but to you
My soul shall cling and e'er be true.
Come, hear as soft night winds pass by
A gentle voice that seems to sigh
Remember.*

—RUTH I. HAMMA.

Lighting the Lantern

A COLLEGE career is a composite of curriculum, activities, and social life. The curriculum leads the way over formal barriers to a degree. Activities and social life enlarge the student's viewpoint and help him to meet, in a small way, problems similar to those that will confront him in post-collegiate years. In contrast with the curriculum, implying individual effort alone, activities require a certain amount of co-operation. They are therefore of special value. There are many activities on the Ursinus campus, representing most of the formal studies. *The Weekly* and *Ruby* give future journalists an opportunity to practice their art outside of English classes. These two publications, however, report news, and preclude, to a great degree, individual expression in the literary field. Therefore, we feel that there is place for a literary magazine on the Ursinus campus.

In the early years of the century, *The Weekly* had an eight-page literary supplement. With the inauguration of clubs, the literary organization advocated the foundation of a magazine. However, not until the present college year was a thorough study of the problem made. A faculty committee secured data on college literary publications. The report of this committee has been used as a basis for the present project. *The Weekly* maintained interest in the question through its editorial column, while a student-faculty committee drew up the constitution for the new publication. In accordance with this document, faculty advisers appointed the staff of the magazine. This body, as a whole, will select the succeeding staff. Thus students and faculty have co-operated in initiating THE LANTERN. Students, with faculty advice, will continue the publication.

THE LANTERN has been selected as the name of the literary magazine because it represents a distinctive feature of campus architecture, and because it symbolizes the light shed by creative work.

The new publication welcomes contributions of a literary nature—stories, poems, verse, essays, and book reviews. The entire student body is invited to submit material. Accepted copy will be printed when the composition of an issue permits. Three numbers a year are planned.

We present the first issue of THE LANTERN with genuine humility. We hope that the magazine will find favor with the alumni and that this initiation of the project will keep alive the student interest manifested throughout the year.



Footfalls

THEY were after him, following close on his every action; spying; peering, never letting him free. Last night as he had crossed the park, a dim form had detached itself from the blackness, and had trodden softly behind him until his narrow doorway was reached. There had been a short, heavy man too, with eyes that slid carefully beneath heavy lids, who had watched from behind a crumpled newspaper on the subway. Even now they were waiting; waiting until he should forget all caution, and slip into their trap.

In the dark alley four stories below, something dropped. At the sound, a white fear gripped the throat of the man crouching by the window, a sickening fear that shook his thin body and left him trembling. His small, brown-flecked eyes, searching for escape, passed over the four walls, ghostly pale in the uncertain light of a street lamp. He was caught; pinned there helpless. There would be no release.

At the bottom of the dark, evil smelling hallway, a door opened and closed. Someone was climbing the stairs. Slowly, ominously the footsteps echoed on the worn steps.

The man, hiding above, fell to his knees, mumbling incoherently. He listened, straining forward to catch each sound. Perspiration covered his high forehead, and ran unchecked down his face. His teeth bit deep into trembling, distorted lips which he did not try to steady. Again that gentle tread, coming closer now—closer and closer. He pounded with his fist on the floor, babbling madly to himself.

Five years ago; five long years of quiet, of settled peace, and now this. He saw again that smoke-filled room; the cluttered table; the swinging coal-oil lamp. He heard once more that strangled cry, and then suddenly Joe—

no, not Joe—some bleeding mass resembling him, lying there accusingly, and staring, staring at the smoking revolver he held in his hand. Why didn't someone close his eyes? Why did he have to stand there looking, not daring to draw away? Hours later — or was it? — time had stopped completely—he had fled from the place, desperate and bewildered, not so much by what he had done—what was one more life?—but by that look, that piercing look on the dead man's face. It had seemed to say, "You'll never escape this—never, never." But he had; he had. Something akin to triumph stirred within him; and he smiled; a grim, twisted smile that drew his mouth into thick, ugly lines. They had not found him; they had not even suspected. Five years of safety, of absolute security; and now—

He dragged himself to the door, and lay there panting. His hands shook so that he could not fasten the latch; and when finally he slid the creaking bolt, he leaned breathless against the wall, his throat working convulsively. A scream rose to his lips. He wanted to yell defiance, to hammer blows on that door, but instead he pressed a clammy finger against his mouth. He tried to pray, but somehow no words came, only broken sentences that repeated the name he had never cared to know. "Oh God . . . please . . . please . . . God!"

Suddenly, just outside, that steady tread paused, moved, and then stopped. His knees doubled under him, and he sank quiveringly to the floor. He pressed close to the wall, gasping for breath, striving to hear against the wild throbbing of his heart. "If they get me," he muttered, "if they get me, I'll hang; I'll hang."

Beyond that door, all was quiet, a stifling quiet to wear down raw nerves.

What was happening out there? What were they planning? A dull, monotonous ache throbbed against his temples. His eyes, bloodshot and glassy, never left the open window through which a cold wind was dragging at the torn shade. In a minute, perhaps less, they would rush upon him. He would be powerless, helpless; unable to save what little life remained in his shaking body. There would be cold nights passed in some bare room, and then—"Not that," he moaned, "not that."

The knob turned slowly, turned and softly rattled.

Sudden rage seized the man lying there against the dirty wall, a burning anger that splotched his cheeks with livid patches. He crept toward the blackened table set near his unmade bed, and dragged it with all his remaining strength across the uncovered boards until it barred the doorway. Temporary madness lent power to his arms, a power of which he had not known himself capable. Uncontrollably he laughed, in a weak uncertain falsetto at first, ending in a high note of hysteria. Some unknown thing had him in its grip; he laughed until, spent and choking, he had to stagger to the window for air.

Then he turned abruptly. "Come in," he shrieked wildly at the door. "Come in. Why don't you? Are you afraid? That's it—afraid! You're afraid!" He laughed again, while tears of weakness ran unheeded to his chin.

There was confusion, the noise of running feet, women's voices, and then a shattering blow which split the panel of the door and showed the gaping crowd outside.

From his darkened room, the man menaced them for an instant. His face was a dead gray; only his eyes, wide and staring, gave any sign of life. He stepped forward, his trembling hands outstretched, and then with a terrible scream leaped through the window to the paved alley below.

"Are you from the police?" someone asked. The tall, spare man shook his head. "No," he replied, "I'm merely inspecting the building. I had just rapped when the fellow became mad. Wonder what caused it?"

Four stories down, what had once been a man, lay broken and dead. Five years had not dulled the footfalls of conscience!

GLADYS URICH

+ + +

To a Lovely Lady

*You are like the dawn's unfolding wonder,
The dewy, tender dawn that glistens white.
Your voice is like the birds' exquisite warble,
Soft cadences that fall and rise in flight!*

*Your beauty spreads a lovely gossamer,
Above dark valleys waking to your call.
Vocal the dawn with songs and dew and laughter
Ah! pearl pink dawn, you have my soul in thrall.*

—ANNA MAY BROOKS.

The Sons of Martha

BILL MORGAN'S wife heaved a deep sigh and wiped the perspiration from her face on the corner of a blue-checked apron. She looked with satisfaction at the shining aluminum in her sink and inhaled with an even greater complacency the odor of hot gingerbread. Once again, she surveyed that immaculate kitchen—stiffly starched curtains, cleanly scrubbed floor, polished glassware on the table, and finally the gingerbread. As she relaxed her corpulent frame into a chair, she smiled again—that smile of intense satisfaction which comes when one has done his work well.

She picked up her darning. This August weather was fatiguing and the weariness of her day's work acted like a potent drug. She had been too tired to bake that cake, but Bill liked gingerbread so well. Bill—out there slaving in that boiling sun all day long and she too tired to bake what he liked! Bill—pouring cement from morning to night, day in and day out, winter and summer, well or sick. They were working overtime now, for Bill had said the contract called for completion by next May; they had to get all the cement poured before winter set in. Bill would be almost exhausted by tonight—the day had been a "scorcher."

Well, it was time to get supper. How Bill loved to eat when she cooked his favorite food! She loved to see his face, all smudged and grimy with dirt and perspiration, light up when he saw that gingerbread.

Presently she heard a distant rumble of thunder and looked through the open window. Up the river on the York County side the sky was black, but the sun still shone down by the bridge. Bill Morgan's wife had probably never read poetry, but the beauty of a storm as it swept down the Susquehanna River Valley stirred her heart. She watched

intently as those ominous clouds rolled closer and closer, engulfing every little speck of blue sky just like a huge ink blot running over a paper. She thought of a giant steam-roller as they rumbled down the river. There was but one blinding flash of lightning, and then the rain. She could see it sweep down between the hills, sheet after sheet, closer and closer, until it struck the window pane like a shower of buck shot. It came down in torrents, and she remembered the time Bill had turned the garden hose full-force against the pane.

Tonight Bill would be late, very late. She must not forget to start the heater. Bill loved gallons of hot water for his bath, and tonight he would be wet and more tired than usual. Storms meant trouble on the bridge. It was time to peel her potatoes; he liked "raw-fried" ones best. Bill's wife was in the habit of musing a good deal to herself, now that the children all went to school. They, too, would soon be coming home hungry and eager.

Then the telephone rang. She wiped her large, capable hands on her apron and bustled to the phone.

"What?" Her voice was loud . . .

"You say Bill won't be home?" . . .

"What!" Her voice had lowered peculiarly . . .

"The coffer-dam fell in!" This last with a dull, metallic thud. The receiver clicked, fell from her hand unheeded.

The tragedy was not only Morgan's; other homes felt its visitation; other receivers dropped unheeded with that same dull finality.

Between the counties of York and Lancaster there stretches a super-structure of modern architecture. Its massive piers support a link which, for ages, will bridge those memorable names of the Great War of the Roses.

Many look upon this gigantic feat and recall the culmination of a period of horror in England, when Henry Tudor married Elizabeth of York; it stands as a tangible memorial to the union of two rival houses. Many look at this perfect specimen of human ingenuity and see only the talent of the architect who first conceived its shapely spans in the fertile womb of his mind. Many look upon this feat as the expression of man's power over the elements; he has bridled the river and holds the reins tightly in his hands. Many see in this realization of human endeavor that greater Power behind; the bridge stands, to them, as the symbol of God's goodness to men.

To me, the bridge stands not as a memorial to any historical incident, not as the child of a human mind, not as a record which tabulates man's achievements over Nature, not even as a manifestation of the talents given to man by God. No, this concrete span of arches stands as a gaunt specter mocking a society which fulfills its demands at the cost of individual lives.

After the accident the newspaper headlines read: "Coffer Dam Destroyed—Construction Delayed Two Months." The deaths weren't even mentioned in heavy type. Why should they be? Would notice mitigate bereavement? The motorists were anxious about the prolonged inconvenience, the counties about the increased expenses. Society needed the quick completion of the bridge, and no one except his wife and children cared that Bill Morgan was drowned when the dam fell.

We look at the pyramid of Cheops and marvel at the civilization which produced it; we look at the Great Wall of China and wonder at the society which reared it, but rarely do we see the blood which stained it. Future generations will look back on this great age of machinery and marvel at us as the progenitors of cement and steel, but in their retrospection they will be as blind as we are in ours.

That endless chain of society—Babylon, Egypt, China, Greece, Europe,

America—each link no stronger than the one before, chokes the life from individuals. Someone has said "a corporation has no soul." Neither has society; cruel and heartless, she demands an individual's life because she is the only thing that goes on and on—her life is infinite, that of man three score years and ten. But for this very reason, I insist that society is not the heart of any age; it is the individual. His few short years of life are dear to him, a prized possession. What interest does society a hundred years hence have for Bill Morgan? None at all. Then what right does society have to deprive Bill Morgan of his happiness? None at all. Do I hear "The good of society"? But how are you going to measure this "good"? How can you find the common denominator of the pyramid of Cheops, the Great Wall of China, the Acropolis of Greece, and the skyscrapers of New York? If, I say "if," we could be sure that the quotient for the twentieth century would be larger, we might become reconciled to the subjugation of the individual.

Too long have we sanctioned the burden on the sons of Martha, too long have we even increased its weight. Too long have the sons of Mary, the "heirs of the better part," accepted, without questioning its justice, "the simple service simply given." Have we ever stopped to think that perhaps Martha was right in maintaining her individuality? Have we not taken too much for granted in assuming that the burden belongs to Martha's Sons?

In this age of social integration, supremacy of organized church and state, and submergence of the individual, no one asks the questions, "Why is it right?" "Is it society and nothing but society?" "Is there no one who doubts the infallibility of a selfish society which crushes the hopes and dreams of the Sons of Martha? When are we going to tear down the usurpations of society and take cognizance of the rights of the individual?"

SARA E. BROWN.

Strategy

JOE met Andy outside the frat house where they both roomed. "Had a hot time in old Styles's class today," said Joe. "Wanna hear about it?"

"Yeah," said Andy. His tone was not very encouraging, but Joe was used to such lukewarm receptions, and he was not in the least disappointed. He began promptly, knowing Andy's habit of wandering off if action was not immediately forthcoming.

"I'm takin' Ornithology. That's the bird course," he added kindly, noting the perplexed look on Andy's face. "I took it for a snap, and found I'd gotten snapped into a class with a dozen females and Styles." Disgust was evident in Joe's voice.

"I suppose Styles isn't a female," interrupted Andy sweetly.

"God, no!—she's a neuter," was Joe's pleasant reply. "She came into the world with a brief case and a butterfly net. Her own mother told me! Anyway, as I was sayin', I'm the only man in the class. That sad-lookin' guy Beardy started with me, but he couldn't take it. I'm made of sterner stuff!"

Andy eyed Joe mirthfully. Joe was tall and slightly lank. He had mournful brown eyes and unruly tow-colored hair, and his voice was slow and given to sudden heights and depths, seemingly without his volition. Joe was unconscious of the scrutiny. He was solemnly singing a few bars of his current favorite song: "I'm a Man Who Done Wrong By His Par-unts. God Help Me, for I Am Cast Out!"

"As you were saying—?" Andy reminded him softly.

Joe came out of his song with a final wail. "Oh, yes, as I was saying. Well, I didn't mind at first bein' the only man in the class. In fact, it was kinda interestin' to see how far those femmes would go to get the attention of a pair

of pants. But when warm weather came, I changed my mind."

"Why should the advent of ye beautiful springtime do that?" asked Andy. "Why not change your mind like you do your socks—say every year or so?"

"I was afraid of that," muttered Joe. Then suddenly he turned on the unsuspecting Andy. "You big thus and so," he yelled. "If you don't wanna hear this woeful tale of mine, why not say so? I know plenty of people who would be glad—."

"Aw, forget it!" growled Andy. "What do you want me to do—get down on my knees and plead for your lousy story? Go ahead! You're wastin' my time!"

So Joe "went ahead" with alacrity. He knew Andy was as anxious to hear about Styles as he was to tell about her. But of course, the unwritten college creed forbade him to show any enthusiasm over a story—at least at first.

"Well, the reason I changed my mind when warm weather came," continued Joe, "is because Styles got the brilliant idea that field trips were just the thing to put new life into our class. Though," he added modestly, "I don't see why she thought that when I'm still there. Anyway, we began taking field trips—two a week, and I'm here to tell you I got mighty darn tired of being a pack horse. And say, Andy, I never knew there were so many birds in the world."

"You are pretty ignorant, aren't you?" was Andy's unexpected comment. "I could have told you there were a lot of birds in the world. Then you wouldn't have had to pay that ten-dollar lab fee. By the way, can you lend me a ten-spot? I have a date—"

Joe interrupted him flatly. "I haven't seen ten bucks all at once for years. Now please don't keep making foolish remarks."

"About two weeks ago, I began to suspect Styles of ulterior motives. You know how these spinsters get in spring-time—sort of kittenish. Well, I got darn sick of her, and field trips and everything. One day I wandered into Prof. Martin's lecture late, and heard the old boy saying something about the Bohunkus or something—eating five turtles a day, or their equivalent—and I got to wondering what was the equivalent of a turtle. Then my eye fell on that glass case where Styles keeps her stuffed pigeons, and I knew I was saved."

"Did it break?" questioned Andy, who had heard vaguely about something falling on something. At any other time Joe would have taken him up on such a statement, but now he felt too good to notice what Andy had said.

"Today we started on another field trip, and Styles and I were ahead. Just inside the cemetery we paused to consider, or something, and suddenly Styles saw a beautiful Baltimore oriole perched in a fir tree. She grabbed

her field glasses and viewed the poor duck from every angle, and then she made us keep quiet about a half-hour to see if he would sing. But the bird maintained a strange silence, and she just couldn't understand it.

"A little further on we spied a rose-breasted grosbeak sitting in a maple tree. I thought Styles was going bats! She squeaked something about the Carolina hessen phepher—that's Latin, I guess—never having been seen this far north before, and she would have to consult Prof. Martin about the migratory system being changed, and a lot more bosh.

"But the climax came just as we reached the end of the cemetery. There, perched on a tombstone, regarding us solemnly, was a bald eagle! Styles glared at the eagle, and the eagle glared at her. Suddenly she did an about-face and marched down the drive at double-quick. I simply rolled on the grass and howled!

"I know she'll flunk me—but what's eight credits compared to a spinster with a yen for a man?"

KETURAH R. DONALSON

+ + +

Lumine Lunae

*The quiet sister of the sun
Displays her strange hypnotic gaze,
And all the night things have begun
Their restless song in swamp and haze;
For with her mystic beckoning
She captures every trembling thing.*

*I too can feel the bonds which she
Has thrown to capture those who stare
Upon her, framed in ebony,
I too am drawn into her snare.
But I have not the voice to sing
The songs that all about me ring.*

—ALFRED L. CREAGER.

Poetry in Retrospect

THERE is a great gulf between the intellectual and emotional tendencies of the impressionable girl of fifteen and the worldly-wise college student of twenty. There is a diversity of pursuits and enjoyment. There is a casting aside of what were once favorite pastimes to assume a new responsibility in the quest for happiness. The sphere of the girl in her teens is amusement, while enjoyment is the province of the college student. I make the distinction between the two words in the field of poetry. As a younger girl, Poe, Longfellow, and Noyes delighted and amused me with their rhymes and such simple thoughts as I could grasp. I turned from Masefield and Hodgson without understanding them or attempting to get any enjoyment from their work. Their more mature art and thought overtaxed my adolescent mind and I turned from them with sighs of boredom to Poe, who sent me into raptures of ecstasy.

Edgar Allan Poe, whom I still rank high in my list of favorite poets, appealed to me in my high school days because of qualities which I no longer care for. I particularly liked his "Raven," "The Bells," "Lenore," and those poems which have earned him the title of "Jingle Man." But I have come to demand so much of poetry that I must now hesitate to rank Poe with the greatest. It cannot be denied that he displays in his poems an extraordinary originality and individuality. All that he wrote was distinctly his own, both in melody and form, and he has projected his own personality into all his work.

It is his distinctive melody which attracted me as an adolescent but which is now repellent to me. Poe is certainly a craftsman, an excellent artist; but at times he fails to conceal his art effectively. W. C. Brownell expresses

the idea very tersely when he says that Poe shows himself to be the "artist rather than the poet and the technician rather than the artist." The volume of Poe's verse is small and the body of his superior poems amounts to scarcely more than a dozen. Of course it is as a prose writer that he is best known, and perhaps it is unfair to judge him harshly as a poet. However, he did write poetry, and therefore incurred the responsibilities which a poet must accept both to his contemporaries and to posterity. His range, both of form and content, is narrow, being confined on the one hand to the lyric, and on the other to a scant half-dozen subjects. And there is no humor in Poe.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Poe's jingles so appeal to the young mind is because he expresses no moral purpose, no spiritual meaning. It is refreshing to youth at times to find some one who is not a preacher and an interpreter of life. Didactic verse is generally abhorrent to young persons — the poetry which they enjoy must be light-hearted and fanciful. I think, at least, that I was influenced by these qualities.

If judgment is based on the well-known "Raven" and "The Bells"—and such poems as "Israfel" and "The City in the Sea," which are certainly as richly poetic as any in the language, are ignored—then Poe cannot receive his merited place among the great poets and must be reconciled to winning only the admiration of the secondary school student. Poe did write "The Bells" and he did manage to put a great deal of their jingling and tinkling into his poem; but he also wrote "To Helen," which is a magically harmonious, haunting poem. It is for this latter type that I turn to him as a college student. The ablest critics assert that the best of Poe is incomparably good, but that

the worst of him, which is probably the best known, is incomparably bad.

The "Raven," which fairly shouts at you, is cheap and gaudy, full of childish sensationalism. This same feverish sensationalism, altogether alien to true poetry, is found also in "The Conqueror Worm." "The Bells" is an example of that skillful workmanship which I have already mentioned, but there is nothing in it besides pleasant, tinkling sounds. Critics seem to be agreed that these defects are not the result of careless workmanship, but rather of a certain poor taste which accompanies temperament in the artist. But I enjoyed these poems once, before I learned how false are the notes of overemphasis and gaudy rhetoric. After all, Poe here obeyed his own criteria, his conception of poetry being simply the rhythmical creation of beauty, which needs to say nothing, explain nothing, but merely produce music in verse.

That which I now call the best of Poe and admire most in his verse is, to me, exquisitely fashioned. "To Helen" is a poem of rare beauty and emotional depth. His "Israfel" has unusual interest, for it is perhaps the only place where he expresses dissatisfaction with himself, where he laments the fact that he has no message, that he cannot see the things that he would like to see, or say the things he would like to say. One of the merits of Poe which I find now is his ability to carry me completely from a world of everyday living into a nowhere world of his creation. His best poetry, with its unusual magic, its rare beauty, and at times its piercing pathos, is for me the poetry of escape.

It is with a different outlook that I confront Ralph Waldo Emerson. Thanks to the efforts of the high school teachers who forced Emerson upon me before I was intellectually prepared to receive him, I shunned him until recently, when I discovered the true value to which I had been blinded. Emerson, like Poe, is primarily known as a prose writer; nevertheless, he is fundamentally a poet in his prose. I assert this because much of his power is

derived from the rich imagery, essentially the poetic manner of expression, which he uses so well. Emerson possessed an ejaculatory rather than a constructive genius, and his style consequently is terse. His poems are brief, condensed restatements of the ideas which he expresses in his essays. The difference lies in the fact that he was free in his poems to please himself; the essays were written primarily with the thought of an audience before him. Emerson's poems are not truly masterpieces, but they do possess qualities which endear them to the reader who is seeking an interpretation of life. If Milton's definition of poetry be taken as a standard of judgment, then Emerson did not write even poetry, let alone masterpieces. Milton says that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate, and Emerson's poetry is seldom any one of these. Moreover, it lacks in directness, concreteness, and energy. Those poems which contain descriptions of nature for their own sake are beautifully fashioned. Emerson saw in everything in the universe the exemplification of the entire universe itself. He saw the whole world in a grain of sand. Imagination, with Emerson, is set in motion by some philosophic thought or by the presence of something elemental in the scene. His poem, "The Seashore," besides being fine description, has real sublimity, the sublimity which comes from the recognition of the immensities of the universe. The pastoral scenes in Emerson have a wild Indian beauty all their own. Poems in which the melancholy shadow of the grave is caught are natural to Emerson; in them he expresses the peculiar sense of man's helplessness. "Two Rivers" admirably uses nature as a symbol; the stream flowing through the meadows becomes with him the stream of eternity. Emerson, as a philosopher, a reformer, a lover of nature, and a worshipper of beauty, presents poetry in a variety of forms which can interest the reader in many moods. Just as Poe's work is for me the poetry of escape, so Emerson's has become the poetry of meditation.

And so on, through a whole host of earlier writers. There is Longfellow, who thrilled me as a child and now leaves me emotionally undisturbed. As the sweet and gentle poet, "the echoer of European fairy tales," he delighted me in my younger days. As the descriptive poet of American life and as an interpreter of foreign themes he is unimpressive to me now. His "Building of the Ship" is justly famous, "My Lost Youth" is very close to being real poetry; but "Evangeline," "The Skeleton in Armor," "Paul Revere's Ride," and like poems can appeal strongly only to the high school student.

Then there are Bryant and Thoreau, whose sterling worth I am just beginning to realize. And the same can be said for a great number of the English poets. I appreciate Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, and like poets, a great deal more for having misunderstood them at an earlier age and arriving at what now seems to be a clear conception of their missions. I have followed their footsteps through the unbridled youthful pleasure they afforded me up to my present intellectual realization of the obligations of a poet to his readers.

Now, in my college days, I turn my attention to contemporary poets, as well as poets who would have bored me when I was younger. There is a new spirit to be felt in the field of poetry, the new spirit which came as the result of the breakdown of Victorianism, wherein the Tennysonian influence held sway, giving sweetness and polite morality to verse. There were exceptions to the trend, of course; in James Whitcomb Riley, for instance, whom I have not mentioned before, but who charmed me in my youth and has now fallen unheeded by the wayside. Riley caught something of the slighter emotions of life in a rural community, and by writing in a dialect from which his verse consequently suffers, and in a meter which was a jingle, he won a great following. Riley wrote innumerable delightful verses, but not a single real poem. He catered to the great and

powerful reading public just above the level of illiteracy.

Some recent poets, to be sure, still carry on the traditional vein, as Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose verse is perfectly conventional in technique, but fresh and beautiful. I could not have appreciated Miss Reese's poetry during that stage when I was enjoying Poe and Longfellow. She is too consciously the artist for the younger person; her poems are too conventional in form, too limited in subject matter. She is the poet of the serene beauty of the landscape and of the ordered emotions common to all men. This rigid compression and emotional restraint bring back true values. She writes of quiet countrysides and peaceful landscapes—not of mountains or tempestuous seas. Although her poetry is not depressing to me now, it would have been at the age of fifteen, when I was looking for beauty elsewhere than in ordinary delights.

I think I may safely say that Edwin Arlington Robinson is one of the greatest poets of the contemporary period. His view of life and his evaluation of it are sombre—far too sombre to evoke any sympathies in the high school student; and his technique, like that of Miss Reese, is traditional. He represents the New England tradition, and acts as an interpreter of the decline of an American province. Robinson is a thoughtful, inactive man, who broods over the plight of humanity in a heartless universe—but his broodings have not made him bitter. He has a feeling of admiration and pity for struggling mankind. Robinson's poems, at times, as a result of his over-subtle mind, are masterpieces of suggestiveness. This circumlocution is possibly the mannerism which turns younger readers from him, for a young person rarely ponders over a very difficult poem. But Robinson's verse is not arid, or barren of emotional delights. "Merlin" or "Lancelot" or "Tristram" exemplify the sensuous richness of his imagery.

Among the contemporary English poets to be appreciated by the more

mature reader is Ralph Hodgson. He is a master of concentrated beauty in much the same sense that Emerson is. More than any of his contemporaries, he accentuates the value of the aesthetic in life. For his subjects he chooses the time-honored topics of poetry, birds, flowers, men, and women. His originality is seen in his mental attitude rather than in any novelties of form or strangeness of language. There is very little philosophizing, very little religious sentiment in the narrow sense in Hodgson. His general attitude towards religion is suggested in the poem "Mystery," which reveals his conception of man's responsibility, of the way man should live. Hodgson's foremost poem, "The Bull," is really the symbolic story of every man's life. A man who understands the bull is likely to understand his neighbors.

The moodiness and wintry cast of mind of Housman are responsible for the aversion with which younger students regard him. He is difficult to understand because he himself is not sure of joy or sorrow. Housman has exerted an influence as great as that of any English poet now writing, but he has not had a wide popular appeal. Nowhere is there a poet so completely the artist as Housman is. All his poems are short, beautifully finished, restrained, and perfectly natural. He places foremost the old virtues of simplicity, clarity, complete honesty, no pretty words, no tinsel—only economy of words, and freedom from any affectations. We find in Housman knowledge of the flesh and knowledge of the spirit through the flesh. The counsels which he offers are brave and stoical. His work is admirably compact, admirably reticent, often admirably melodious. With his intensity of feeling and deftness of rhetoric he knows how and just where to end a poem. Yet the effectiveness of Housman's poems springs from a deep undercurrent of emotion. All his technique would prove vain were it not for the intensity of a point of view to which his poems are but footnotes.

It seems to me that the only just

estimate of John Masefield's position, after the neglect I have shown him until this year, is that which declares him to be the representative poet of the era. He bears a close kinship with Geoffrey Chaucer, first of the great English poets, whom he admired intensely; and like Chaucer, he is interested in the moving show of life, in its colorful pageantry. Masefield is at his best, his poetry is noblest, when he is working in the grand old way of English poetry, writing a story as old as the hills. The word which Masefield uses most is "beauty." Although he uses the word in various senses, he most frequently extends his conception of beauty to include all the elements we usually look for in God. What annoys Masefield is that most men and women pass all beauty by. In his sonnets he expresses the hope that his conception of beauty will not grow weaker. He guesses at the riddle of existence, considers spiritual survival, broods over the world war and memories of old places. All the sonnets are written with skill, a certain charm and warmth.

The question of optimism and pessimism does not disturb Masefield; he thinks of man honestly using his ability to come quickly to grips with life. He sees, through the eyes of war, the product of an old civilization, which has seen countless generations come and go. Masefield has a brighter view, a more cheerful cast of mind than Housman. He is not depressing in any of his moods. His tragedy is poignant and moving but not dispiriting. The beauty that man creates and man's response to the beauty which nature offers for his delight, mark his kinship with the divine—not alone beauty of design and color, but of thought and deed as well. What men need above all is appreciative ability to see worth and beauty. We appreciate the best when we see and know it is the best. Man cannot be improved by laws but only by the cultivation of good taste, of greater sanity. In his "Biography," Masefield tells what in life he considers most valuable and most important. There is no analyzing of moods, no

lamenting of the brevity of human existence, and certainly no posturing and self-glorification. Instead, he reveals a new zest for life—the life of men, not of books. He discloses a joy of life which, though it has no great philosophical depth, is at least healthful and stimulating. The best experience of sensitive, educated men is what made the life of such a man rich and satisfying—the observation of interesting eccentricities of human nature, the sane enjoyment of all the wonder and beauty of nature and art. Masefield's poetry is a fresh and wholesome poetry untainted by materialism and by estheticism, a well-bred poetry, exhibiting the charms of intimacy and colloquial diction.

I am annoyed at myself for having missed the beauties of Masefield's verse for so many years. I remember attempting to read "Reynard the Fox" when still young and discarding it because of its lack of action. Today I consider "Reynard" one of the classics

of the language. I think if Masefield is approached from the proper angle some of his poems can be enjoyed by adolescent readers. His artistry, for instance, they can appreciate, but they are hardly mature enough for his tragic subjects.

I have attempted to record my changing opinions, the changes that time has wrought in my capacity for appreciation of real art. Who can tell which of the poets I shall admire when I am thirty. Perhaps I shall be writing for my own consolation. That, however, is not the essential point. It is this—that as long as my life continues to run the gamut of emotional experiences, I shall turn to poetry for comfort and solace. I shall read into the great masterpieces what I wish to find there and my troubled spirit will thus be quieted. All I can do is offer a fervent prayer that there may never be a dearth of poetic utterance to calm a tired world.

RUTH ROTH

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Nirvana

*Absorb me, fragrant life
Into thy shapeless mass.
A sunset glow I'd be,
Or heat on canyon wall.*

*Dry up warm blood in me,
Take love and tears away.
Reduce my sighs and flesh
To harmless nothingness.*

*Sweet nature, I would be
A mind without a thought,
A blur of whitened black,
A peaceful, endless wait.*

—ALFRED L. CREAGER.

A Domestic Episode

WELL'M, Miss Nancy, I en' James got tuh Pocomake a li'l while aftah dahk, en' Ah di'n' have no way tuh git home, but Ah went uptown en' tha' was Elroy Collick en' his wife. Dey sayed dey was go'n' home soon en' dey wood ca'y me en' James along in deah cah . . . Ah kin tell yuh, Miss Nancy, de nearah we come to home, de skeeredah Ah got, 'cause, yuh see, Ah'd bin down in Fahginya fo' weeks. En' Ah knowed Colon go'n' be mad, sho's yo' bohn. Co'se Ah hadn' done nothin', only stayed longah'n Ah 'spected to, but Colon's so jealous Ah cain't tu'n 'roun' 'thout raisin' a rumpus!"

The speaker is a tall, very black ne-gress about twenty-one years old, whose name is Mary. Her husband, Colon Ray, is short, bronze-colored, and almost twice as old as his wife. Mary received notice that her mother in Virginia was ill, so she and her small son, James, left immediately to help care for the sick woman. However, when her mother recovered and it was time for Mary to return home, she did not appear. Finally, after two or three weeks' delay, when her husband had become exceedingly wrathful, she returned unexpectedly. This is her own account of what happened after her return:

"Well, we come up de lane en' Ah see a light downstaahs. When we stop' Ah's so skeered Ah ask' Elroy tuh go tuh de do' fust en' see what Colon go'n' say. Ah heah Elroy say somethin' but Ah cou'dn' make out what it was. Den Colon say, real mad-lak, 'Wha'd' yuh bring dat thing heah foh?' T'rec'ly he say to me, 'Well, git out!' James was 'sleep so Colon ca'ied 'im in, en' den Elroy en' his wife lef', en' Ah sho' hated tuh see 'em go, Ah kin tell yuh.

"He din' say nothin'; jus' ma'ched right upstaahs wid James en' put 'im tuh baid. En' den Ah heah 'im gittin'

ready tuh go tuh baid hisse'f. Ah thinks tuh mahse'f, 'Ah reckon Ah cain't set up all night!' But Ah was feered tuh go tuh baid 'cause Ah ain' sho' ef Ah went tuh sleep dat Ah evah go'n' wake up agen! Well, Ah went upstaahs—yuh know we has two baid up tha'. Colon had got in de one wid James but Ah knowed he weren't 'sleep, 'cause eve'y now en' den he muttah to hisse'f, 'Oh, Lawdy, he'p me!"

"Ah layed down on de yothah baid, but, lan' sakes, Ah so skeered Ah cou'dn' go 'sleep. Ah was a-layin' dah kin' a trim'lin', wid mah back to'ads Colon's baid, en' den Ah remembahed dat de gun was in de cohnah neah dat baid! Ah says tuh mahse'f 'Ah bettah tu'n ovah 'cause Colon so mad de Lawd only know whethah he go'n' shoot me aw somethin'!'—Ah ain' nevah see him so mad befo' en' Ah sho' hopes Ah nevah does agen! Ah knows Ah di'n' shet mah eyes dat whole night, en' Ah thought mawnin' was nevah a-comin'!"

"Ah guess Colon mustah dropped off tuh sleep; enyway Ah was up befo' he was. Ez soon ez light come, Ah got up en' went downstaahs tuh git bre'k-fus'. Ah baked me some biscuits en' fried some side-meat, en' den by de time dat was done, heah come Colon en' James. Colon nevah opened his mouf en' he wou'dn' eat no bre'kfus' so Ah di'n' eat none either. Den Ah goes out tuh feed de dog en' de chickens, en' when Ah come back in de house, Colon was cookin' hisse'f some bre'kfus'. When it was done, he say, 'Bre'kfus' ready.' En' he en' James set down en' eat but Ah thinks, 'Ef you's 'fraid a' mah cookin', Ah's 'fraid a' your'n!' So Ah eat some of de vittles Ah cooked. After we'd had bre'kfus', Ah stahted tuh wash de dishes. But Colon set neah de stove, lookin' blackah'n' a thundah-cloud, a-mumblin' now en' den. T'rec'ly he git up en' put on 'is hat fo' tuh go

tuh wo'k. Ah passed real close tuh 'im while Ah's puttin' de dishes in de cupboard, en' jes' ez Ah pass by, he give a great jerk, lak he mos' grabbed me by de th'roat, en he say, 'Oh Lawdy, Ah almos' done it, Ah almos' done it! He'p me, Lawdy!' It sho' wasn' funny den, Ah kin tell yuh but now Ah cain' help a-laughin'. He make out he so fierce en' mad, but Ah don' b'lieve he'd tech me . . . Co'se yuh nevah kin tell, but anyway Ah's bigguh'n' he is!

"Fo' 'bout a week, dis kep' up, he actin' so med en' Ah en' James go'n' 'roun' not sayin' a wo'd—Ah's 'mos' walkin' on tippytoe. Den Colon got so he'd say somethin' lak, 'Looks lak rain,' still kin' a' mad, do'! Dat was one miz'able week, de Lawd knows; Ah di'n' know what tuh do, 'cause ef he tu'n' Ah en' James out, what Ah go'n' do? En' den, Ah think a right good lot of Colon, too, so Ah was some wo'ied.

"Den he commence actin' lak he not quite so mad, but still plenny uppity. Ah sho' was r'leaved tuh see it, but Ah's still real ca'ful, lak a cat walkin' on aigs. Den one day he kin' a' smile lak, en' Ah knows Ah's settin' purty ef nothin' goes wrong. So dat night befo' he git home Ah cooks a good suppah, eve'thing Colon laks. Ah had sweet pone, en' cress greens, en Ah biled a piece of ham, en' had green t'mater p'suhves.

"Colon come in a-sniffin' en' ask James easy lak, ef he don' smell somethin' good. Ah nevah let on Ah heered; Ah only says, 'Suppah's ready, you menfolkses wash up.'

"James ask' de blessin' en we commence' a-eatin'. Things sho' did tas' good, ef Ah does say so mahse'f. James say, when we'd eaten up neahly eve'ythin', 'Daddy, mamma sho' is a good cook, ain' she?'

"En Colon says, 'Yeh, she is a purty good cook,' en' he smile' at me.

"Well, Ah felt lak sayin', 'Hallelujah!' but Ah jes' said, 'Have some mo' p'suhves, Colon? . . . en' how 'bout you, James?'

"Colon say, 'Yuh ain' tole me nothin' 'bout yo' trip yet. Did yuh have a good time? En' how is yo' mothah?'

"So James en me tell 'im 'bout all de time we been gone, en' he tell us what happen' en' all de news. Eve'ythin' was all right aftah that, thank de Lawd! 'Cause dey ain' many men ez good ez Colon, do' he do have his faults.

"Yuh know, Miss Nancy, Ah b'leaves men is a lot lak li'l chillun, yuh got tuh know how tuh han'l 'em. Eve'y since dat time, we's got along fine ez silk, en' Ah sho' hopes we always does . . . Well, Ah guess Ah bettah beat de road home en' git dinnah 'cause Colon go'n' be awful hungry!"

JOYCE L. STRICKLAND.

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At Night

*Moaning low for departed spirits
The wind wails on at night;
Shadows—thin and ghostly shadows
With feet of silk are moving light;
Whispers—little faint weird whispers
Press close on the path as I pass—
God seems restless at night
As He walks through the grass.*

—KETURAH R. DONALSON.

Haman and Hitler

IT was only a few days ago that I received a box of hamantaschen from mother. How I enjoyed the small triangular cakes! "It's Purim," I explained to my Christian room-mate. "Won't you eat one?"

"What is Purim?" she asked, as she bit the corner off one of the hamantaschen.

My answer was long, for I had to relate the story which is told in the *Book of Esther*. Of course she had heard about Ahasuerus, Esther, Mordecai, and Haman; but she didn't know that the Jewish people, my people, still commemorate their good fortune of Biblical times by the annual holiday, Purim. I explained how today we celebrate the occasion with balls, parties, the giving of gifts, and general merriment.

"Pious Jews fast on the day before Purim," I said, "just as Mordecai and his people did for three days, long, long ago. But on Purim they rejoice and eat all sorts of goodies—hamantaschen always included. The cakes are triangular in form because they represent Haman's hat, and they are named hamantaschen after him. All Jews rejoice as they recall how their ancestors were saved from tragic extinction while Haman hung on the gallows that he had built for Mordecai, the Jew."

"Just another example of the survival of the fittest," commented my scientific room-mate when I had finished telling the story. "How glad I am that dear old Haman was given that kind of lift! If that hadn't happened, I wouldn't be eating this funny little cake now—and I was practically starved when you gave it to me."

Since this little incident several days ago, I have been seriously thinking how grateful the Jews of the world should feel today. How changed is

their status from that of their ancestors! Instead of toiling long hours in the making of bricks, as did the Jewish slaves of Egypt, they have been granted the privileges of going into business, of succeeding economically, of building stores, factories, theatres, and homes for the good of the world. They have not been denied the rights of citizens; indeed, they have been permitted to contribute a goodly part of the revenue to the several governments of the earth. Are they not owners of much real property? Have they been refused the liberty of paying direct taxes on this? Are they not consumers of a great amount of commodities? Have they been prevented from paying indirect taxes on these? The answers are obvious. All these advantages have been tendered to the Jews, and there are many more.

In times of war, Jewish men have been allowed to fight for the country of which they were citizens. Many of them were permitted to give their lives that their country and loved ones might gain some advantage.

Educational and governmental opportunities have also been extended to this branch of Semites. When a Jew succeeds in some great undertaking, he is hailed enthusiastically. During the past century, the English showed their esteem for Jews by repeatedly making Disraeli their Prime Minister. In America, too, and in Continental Europe, Jews have been allowed to hold offices in the various branches of government. They are state and national officers, serving in the capacity of legislators and judges. Only last year, Benjamin Cardozo was appointed to the bench of the United States Supreme Court. For a long time Kurt Soelling, another Jew, has held the office of Chief Justice in Germany.

Religious freedom for this race is also practically universal. In any country where Jews reside, one may find synagogues and other buildings in which they carry on religious activity. From the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment until the present time, Jews in the United States have been allowed to have wine for their Passover celebrations. And why? Because in the *Bill of Rights* the fathers of the country guaranteed United States citizens religious freedom.

Considering that the Jews are a wandering race, scattered all over the earth, it seems remarkable that the peoples of the various countries have allowed them to settle in their territory, establish homes there, and enjoy all the privileges enumerated above, together with countless others.

It is true that during the Spanish Inquisition, the Jews were expelled from Spain; that later they were forced to live under unpleasant conditions in the ghettos of European countries; that they were tortured and plundered in Russia and Poland during the past century, and that even today we hear of an occasional uprising of this kind in Poland.

But when we consider that the Jews have been allowed to *live* and to multiply, these oppressions seem trivial. Never since they left Egypt have they been ordered to limit their numbers in the manner which Pharaoh decreed: "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river" To be sure, during the reign of Ahasuerus, when an enormous number of Jews were living in Persia, "letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day." But happily for them, because of Esther's intervention the Jews were permitted to live and to prosper. Never since that time has any executive power endeavored to do them such widespread violence. Never! For Haman died on the gallows and it has taken his soul centuries to transmigrate in true Platonic fashion.

But the Jews are an ungrateful people. Instead of appreciating the fact that they have been allowed to live—yes, live under tremendously improved conditions, they have accepted such treatment as natural and deserved. Present conditions in Germany have brought to light this characteristic of the Jews. They have grown to accept the favors granted them as their just rights; they are so narrow-minded, unintelligent, and scatter-brained that they overlook the fact that history repeats itself. They have gone along under the assumption that their race would forever remain unmolested. Foolish morons!

Now, alas! when they are mildly oppressed (for their own good) in Germany, they raise their quavering voices in protest. Not only that, but Jews living in all parts of the civilized world angrily express objections to what they call the maltreatment of their German brothers. Ridiculous! What great wrong have the Teutonic people inflicted on the descendents of Abraham? Have they ordered them to drown their babes, as Pharaoh did of old? Have they issued a decree for the slaughter of all Israelites on a certain day? No! They have merely asked the busy Jews to take a vacation—to refrain from work for a while. Economists and politicians call it a boycott because Jewish business houses are not patronized; Jewish judges, lawyers, doctors, students, clerks, and laborers are released from their duties; and followers of the German Chancellor have seen to it that Jews who do work of a sedentary nature are given recreation in the form of boxing, wrestling, and flogging! Is it not evident that they are merely being granted personal and property protection?

Of course the ignorant Jew cannot understand that all this is for his own benefit. He cannot realize that by forcing Jewish judges, other officials, and professional men to give up their work, the Nazis are really rendering them a great service. So seriously do the Jews resent the steps taken in their behalf that they have been fired with a hatred

for the Nazis and their leader, Hitler, recently named Chancellor of Germany.

Although the Jews are my own people, I am slow to sympathize with them in the stand they have taken against this great leader! Is he a Haman? It is true that long ago Haman held the office in Persia similar to the one that Hitler now fills in Germany. It is not questioned that part of the program of each of these concerned the Jews.

To that extent history has repeated itself. However, through the ages, rulers have become more nearly human in the treatment of their people; their hearts have been softened; kindness and understanding are their characteristics. Haman of Persia was cruel. Hitler (the Haman of today if we believe in

transmigration of souls) is good and noble. Haman would have slain every Jew in his country; Hitler values them so highly that he even refused to let them leave Germany. Haman built gallows for the Jews; Hitler cherishes them so much, is so greatly interested in their general welfare, that he approves of their being given a vacation—even by force. What progress the world has made through the centuries!

But poor Haman hung on the gallows—those large and, for that day, unusual gallows—that he built for the Jews.

Still it is said that history repeats itself—I wonder what sort of vacation is planned for Hitler!

SYLVIA LIVERANT

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This Is What He Said

“**Y**EA, the moon is sort of different tonight. Seems as though a fellow could see right through it, there where the shadows match the gray-blue sky. You know, ‘Skip,’ you’re a peculiar cuss, asking me to take a walk tonight—the boys never seem to bother about me, excepting when they want to tease me about my funny walk. But I don’t care. You see I can’t help it, they say my mother dropped me when I was little—the boys laugh about that too. But I don’t care.

“You’re a peach to go out with me tonight, ‘Skip’. I do get lonely, sort of. I often come out here and look around, but it’s not like having a guy like you along—to talk to. Girls don’t bother me because they wouldn’t take to my type. I can’t dance or throw a line like you fellows do; and anyway, who would want to have me making love to ’em, heh? As ‘Dope’ Wattins said one time, my girl would have to

be twins to make sure I was lookin’ at her! That’s a good one, eh, ‘Skip’? ’Course it would be nice if I were straight and had better eyes; maybe then I’d be able to make a go with ‘Bubbles’ Tarsel—you know, ‘Skip’, she’s the swellest girl on campus—always smiles at me, and talks. I often wondered what it would be like if I were straight and had better eyes. I often wondered what it would be like to have a girl,—like ‘Bubbles’. You know, ‘Skip’, I’d give . . . aw . . . HELL!”

I crept away from behind the screen of bushes which hid me, for he was alone—talking to himself, and crying like a child! If any of you fellows here think this thing funny you’ll have to do your laughing over my cold body. And furthermore, he’s going to be a member of this fraternity . . . or I’m not!

ALFRED L. CREAGER.

Bookocracy

I HAVE often wondered whether books, both second-hand and new—the kind which we see on the shelves, desks, and tables of the average bookshop—possess a mind and reasoning power of their own. Are they capable of forcing themselves upon some unsuspecting victim, who merely pauses for a moment to glance at their enticing title? Do they, monsterlike, in some mysterious manner thrust out invisible tentacles which never cease to grip until, content and undisturbed, these books repose on the shelves of their victim's library or, as is more often the case, in a corner of his attic.

"Absurd!" you say; "no author can instill such animate qualities into his product." My reply is that even books are not always what they seem to be—as many of us who have purchased them can testify.

Have none of you who would disclaim my "animate theory of books" ever fallen victim to these monsters?

Am I the only one who strolls the streets of a city, happy and content until I meet my "Waterloo" in some dingy paper-and-ink smelling bookshop—having arrived there I know not how?

Surely there are others who approach its doors in just as guilty, half-hearted, and dumbfounded a manner as I do; others, who, spurred on by a mystic power, enter with me, and are soon digging and rummaging to the very bottom of immense piles and stacks of books. We carefully select one here and another one there, feeling that since we cannot have all of these "priceless jewels" our choice must be both wise and good. Now, finally, or at least for the time being, our insatiable appetites are quelled. We approach the proprietor with a certain dignity befitting one so laden with knowledge, ready to pay our score. But, behold

our embarrassment when we find that our eyes and desires have been larger than—not our stomachs—but our pocketbooks.

Oh! how for the moment we long to fling the entire pack and parcel at the rascal's head and rush from the building never to enter another of its kind. But again a mystic power detains us; and gathering together the remnants of our shattered dignity we begin a heart-breaking process of elimination, until an equilibrium between desire and purchasing power is reached.

Now, with only a semblance of our original dignity, we leave the shop and start for home. Continuous meditation steadily diminishes the wisdom of our purchases, until we reach the point where we hope no one will be at home when we arrive or that the rear entrance and stairway to the attic will be clear.

However, the mystic power which had led us so nobly to the bookshop deserted us when we left and in consequence the whole family and perhaps a few of our most "helpful" neighbors seem to be waiting for us at the doorway. After a few half-hearted attempts at answering what seems to us to be the most absurd and embarrassing questions, we unpack our purchases and find, as usual, that they are entirely useless to the average person. There follow a few more silent vows and well-meaning promises never again to enter a bookseller's domain.

Then we repack the entire mess and carry it off—to some dark and dusty out-of-the-way corner in the attic—that is, an out-of-the-way corner until we want something there, whereupon it becomes very much an in-the-way corner.

At last our "priceless jewels"—priceless in that we could scarcely give them away, far less sell them—have reached their final resting place, probably never

more to see the light of day.

May I ask to what you "Non-Believers" attribute the purchase of these books?

You may say that we bought them because of the bright color of their covers, the brilliant gilt edges or lettering on the books, the neatness with which the rows of black letters are arranged on snowy sheets of paper. But what about the books gray with age; those whose original cover, color, and lettering are no longer discernible; those whose pages are dog-eared and marred with pencil marks? Surely every impromptu purchase of books contains a few of each of these types.

You ask, "Would a wise man buy books of the latter kind?"

Let me ask whether a wise man would have gone near the store in the first place. No, I am afraid the above-mentioned characteristics did not at all guide us in making our decisions.

Others may claim that we bought these books because of their contents, but this guess I believe also to be false. We hardly had time enough to determine accurately what they contained; and besides, no sane man, knowing their contents, would purchase them. So contents surely had nothing whatever to do with our purchase.

Having blasted these theories, I return to my own—namely, there was some spirit or power which drew us to these books and against which it was useless to struggle. Now, just as in certain diseases from which we have suffered, and to which we have been made immune by inoculation; so, having suffered from "bookocracy," we have become temporarily inoculated and immune. But the immunity is only temporary, and sooner or later we will in all probability fall prey to the catastrophe again.

LEWIS PETERS.

+ + +

Four Loves

*My love has come!
Sun, beam forth upon the trees.
Now rejoice, oh little leaves,
My love has come!*

*My love is gay!
Sing, sweet leaves, a soft refrain.
Tell him ever to remain,
My love is gay.*

*My love has gone,
Murmur gently, sighing breeze,
Whisper, softly, stirring leaves,
My love has gone.*

*My love is dead!
Howl, wind! Shake the naked trees
That stand shivering in the breeze
My love is dead.*

—ANNA MAY BROOKS

Cities and Personalities

CITIES, as well as individuals, have personalities. I often think that if I were an artist I should like to paint all the interesting cities that I know and have read about.

I see New York as a big, bloated, rather uncouth man, self-centered and wrapped in a cloak of self-interest, pushing another aside to see that he himself is served first. This estimate might seem unduly harsh to some who know New York better than I, and perhaps I am a bit unfair. A friendlier critic might find plenty of traits to offset bloatedness, uncouthness, and self-interest. He might say that New York is a living skyscraper, with flesh of concrete, bones of steel, but a heart of gold.

If one were to continue the game of personality-hunting, he could find in the United States many a city whose spirit might be summed up in a few words, but far richer material is offered by Europe. Over there difference of race, language, and historical development give to cities a color such as is not to be found on this side of the Atlantic.

Paris, for instance. How can one express in a phrase the complicated personality of Paris? I see her as a beautiful woman, for there is something essentially feminine about the capital of France. Everywhere the eye falls on beauty in some form. Parisian men can be as hard-fisted and hard-boiled as any males anywhere; yet the fact remains that their city has an indefinable something that connotes femininity. The beauty of Paris strikes the eye of the observer at every turn. In no other large city in the world is beauty to be found in such variety. Whether one desires the beauty of the past or the beauty of the present one will find in the French capital most abundant material. One

thinks of noblemen in satin and periwigs, beautiful ladies, gorgeous in silk or head-dress, on their way to make curtsies to Louis XIV in a graceful minuet. Or perhaps one sees again, as in a nightmare, that terrible epoch when many courtly cavaliers and charming ladies were dragged through the streets, amid the shouts and insults of a maddened mob, to meet death on the guillotine. The terrible beauty of the past, the gentle beauty of the past—both haunt the streets of Paris. And then, today, we see an up-to-date avenue, like the Champs Elysées,—wide, clean, straight, lined with stately trees and modern buildings, where policemen gesticulate, where cars pass in an unending stream, where everything shrieks of the present. And yet, here, too, everything seems beautiful. Yes, without a doubt, Paris is a beautiful woman.

And London? How is one to put in a nutshell the personality of London? To me London is the most interesting city in the world. It throbs with personality. Distinctiveness is in the very air of the place.

London can be called a highly respectable citizen, a conservative afflicted with liberalism. It is a city filled with calm persons who call everything "extraordinary." One is rarely able to escape the haughtiness that is London as a first impression. Yet in a few days this British hauteur mellows like one of its celebrated fogs.

No city in the world has rolled up such tradition. Every nook, every cranny is stuffed with some ancient memory that has played a part in history. In no other place has civilization heaped such a masonry of humanity. Beyond a doubt much of the personality of London lies in her wealth of historical and literary associations—more, I think, than has Paris. Paris

wears the armor of Joan of Arc, the laces of Mme. de Pompadour, the ermine of Josephine—yet everytime she remains first and foremost, Paris the Beautiful.

Not so London. Its history and literature are printed, much of it, with slovenliness, on cheap paper, between drab, uninviting covers. Yet what a storehouse of treasure and personality can be found between those covers!

Historically, England's interest is anchored securely in the Tower of London, where royalty and nobility, from kings and queens down, have through centuries paid with life for sin and folly. The Bloody Tower is rich in memories of past monstrosities. Within its walls the two sons of Edward II—"The Little Princes"—were murdered at the instigation of Richard III, to remove the last barriers to his right to the throne. Sir Walter Raleigh and William Penn spent gloomy years therein—prisoners of the Crown.

Traitors' Gate, facing the Thames, is wrapped in tragic tales. Through it passed the great prisoners brought down the river in barges after being condemned at Westminster. Queen Anne Bolyn; the Earl of Essex, favorite of Queen Elizabeth; Queen Katherine Howard and Lady Jane Grey—all were confined in the dark and gloomy dungeons, today lighted by electricity for visitors to review.

From the time of William the Conqueror, who commenced the Tower in 1087, when there still remained fragments of London's old Roman wall, a thousand tragedies have been enacted within this gloomy pile.

It is pleasant to sit on the terrace of the grim old Tower, with the silent Thames flowing by, and watch laughing children play on the green where Roman, Saxon, and Norman walked centuries ago.

Only the Yeoman guards—the Beef-eaters—who won their title by virtue of choice army rations, preserve the last realistic feature of the Fifteenth Century and Tudor days. They are still seen about the Tower in their ancient costumes, with rifles and plumes and

shimmering lances. Daily there is the ceremony of the keys, when the Tower gates are locked.

The sentry challenge, "Halt! Who goes there?"

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"King George's keys."

"Pass King George's keys. All's well."

Paris is a glittering show window. London is a shop with an unlighted front room and a back room dark, dusty, and dirty, but filled with a stock beyond all price. London would rather have a stranger believe her ugly than persuade him that she is beautiful. Paris has a gloating purr and London a harsh jangle. In Paris one is attracted by triviality and superficiality. In London only the sober and gigantic reality stands out. To me it is a city where the sun, like the people seeking happiness, is always struggling to shine.

But enough of London. One could ramble on endlessly about her, but let us turn to the capital of Germany. It is far easier to tell what Berlin is not than what she is. A hunt for her personality is likely to result in a rich bag of negatives.

Berlin is a metropolis without being a capital. She has splendid art museums, yet she does not incarnate German art. She has a spacious and venerable Opera House where the best grand opera may be heard, and she has other opera houses giving performances in constant competition with the famous house that has graced Unter den Linden for more than a century—yet she does not incarnate German music. Berlin has a renowned university—yet she does not personify German learning. Her citizens revere Goethe and Schiller—yet they do not succeed in making their city typify German literature. To breathe the spirit of German art one must go elsewhere in Germany. Goethe and Schiller rove not over Berlin but over Weimar. Away from Berlin one must go, away to Bayreuth, Munich, and out of Germany entirely, to Vienna, if one desires to drink in the glory of German music

as revealed by Wagner and Beethoven. In Berlin Germany's imperial past still echoes. But it is away from Berlin that one must go to sense the personality of Germany as expressed in her cities.

To Munich? How express the personality of Munich? Munich is a red-faced person, who guzzles beer, gobbles sausage, loves art, and adores music. Hamburg? Hamburg is a grizzled sea-captain. Weimar? Weimar is—. Frankfort? Frankfort is—.

Always "is," instead of the "is not," comes to mind in connection with Berlin. Surely some positive statement can be made in regard to the personality of Berlin. I should say that Berlin is Germany without the German soul.

And Vienna?

Vienna is the German soul without Germany. Always Vienna laughed at the Germany of efficiency, of martial power, of vigor and purpose. And now, stripped of the glory of the empire that was hers, she stands forth more than ever as the incarnation of all that is splendid in the heritage from her German ancestry.

Her imperial magnificence has been taken from her. Her Hapsburg Emperor has gone, taking with him his ceremonies and glittering court. All Vienna's power has vanished. Vienna, capital of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire has perished; but Vienna, symbol of Germanic culture and learning and gayety, lives on. The splendor of the funeral procession which followed the Emperor through the streets of Vienna

to his grave, is already a dead memory; but the strains of the funeral march by Beethoven, written in the Vienna of the Hapsburgs and played when dead Francis was borne to his grave, still sounds in our memories as deathless as ever.

The Hapsburgs have been driven away from Vienna—but Franz Schubert still lives there. The Viennese—impoverished by war—still lift high their glasses filled with sparkling wine, and drink gay toasts and sing songs set to waltzes of the immortal Johann Strauss.

Vienna is dead—long live Vienna!

Vienna is somewhat like the army of ex-service street musicians (of London)—a vast army of pathetic troubadours. They can be seen often two and three to a block—some sightless, legless and otherwise maimed. Many shabby coat-breasts are hung thickly with medals of valor. Their "Thank you" has the starchy inflection of the one-time aristocrat who has lost everything but a smile. Vienna is a peniless minstrel, who struts though threadbare, laughs though shivering, sings though hungry.

And Rome? Rome is a man of the world.

Venice? Florence? Moscow? But enough! These are, all of them, cities of vibrant color—they cannot be described in a few words. Let us cease this uncertain business of seeking and snaring their personalities in a phrase.

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