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1937



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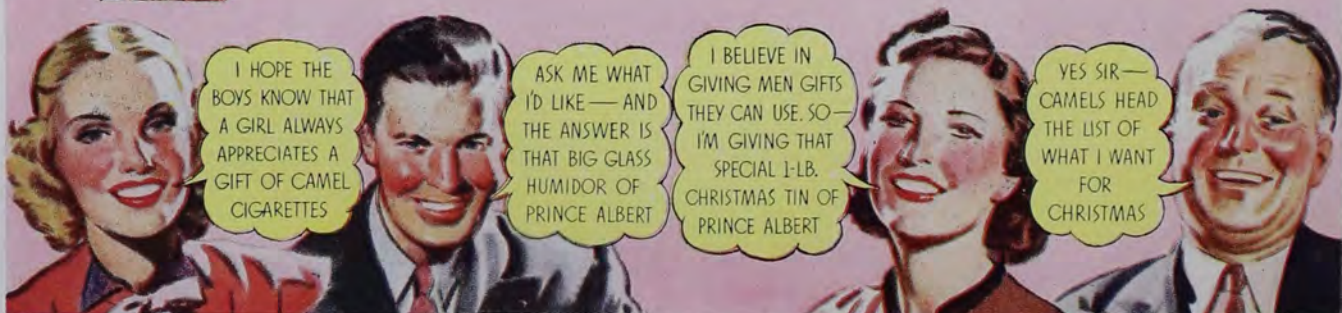


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THE LANTERN

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1937

No. 1

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AFTER THINKING THINGS OVER

POETRY

WE'RE not even sure anymore what poetry is, and we guess you aren't either, are you? Probably you'll be glad, then, as we were, to hear about the modern trend from one who knows. A sophomore relates that, as he was hitch-hiking back to Ursinus after Thanksgiving recess, he was picked up by a tall young man with mussed hair. "I am a poet," said the man, who went on to tell our sophomore friend that, having graduated last year from the Wharton School of Finance, he experiments in styles, and has written eighty-two pages of a novel in rhythmic prose. He didn't have the novel with him, but he recited some of his poetry. Our observer recalls that a far-away look came into the poet's eyes as he intoned—and that the car wobbled all over the road. These poems were peculiar things, the sophomore assures us. One was called "Red Light Annie." The hitch-hiker asked if the poems had a moral. "No," said the young poet, "They haven't any moral; they have punch. What this world needs is punch."

TOPS

NO doubt punch is very well in its place, but we still like the classics, and we are glad to learn that a local professor shares our enthusiasm. Recently he informed his class: "Now this Kubla Khan poem is—ahem—top stuff."

MYSTERY

LETTERS that go to many ports around the world before catching up with their owners make the news



infrequently. We know now that these stories are fact, because friends assure us that we, of all people, are the addressee with which a certain mysterious Letter has not caught up. "Did you get your letter?" they always ask us. We tell them no, and go on hoping. Earlier in the fall, our letter made its first local appearance. It was delivered to Highland Hall. "Don't know why it came here," they told us. "We sent it down to you with a freshman. It's in a yellow envelope." We said, "Oh." Nothing more till November, when one night we happened to meet in the Bakery two Clamer maidens who said they had a letter for us. "It's a yellow letter," they said. "We'll go home and look for it." They couldn't find it, and thought maybe it had been dropped behind a radiator. "But anyway, it isn't perfumed," they assured us. We inferred that that was supposed to make everything all right, so we smiled weakly and said "Oh" again. Now we know for a fact that, soon after this, someone took our letter to the Library, because several people saw it there one Saturday morning. But

NONCHALANCE

FEELING for a long time the need of a little technique to get around the usual awkwardness of a student's first awakening from a classroom nap, we are delighted to be able to report the Episode of the Chalk. It seems a freshman was dozing in a Bomberger history class. The professor commenced to toss chalk in the sleeper's direction. Finally awakened, the sleepy young man was casual. "You know, that's an expensive way to wake somebody, professor," he declared. "Oh, I have plenty of chalk," said the professor just as calmly, and resumed his lecture.

DESIRABILITY

AT this late date we know so little about the ways of the female mind that we are everlastingly glad we happened to step into the Supply Store the other afternoon. Two first-year misses were waxing confidential. "He lives in the upstairs apartment," we heard one giggle over her ice cream cone. "He's coming down to school this week-end. He's an awful nut—but he looks just like Robert Taylor!"



it isn't there now. It's never anywhere now. It seems always to have just been there. When a letter in a yellow envelope catches your eye—it will some day; everybody sees it but us—could you possibly please open it and read it for us?

Ho! Ho! The Mistletoe!

UNLESS you are having powdered lamprey and jelly colored with columbine flowers for Christmas dinner, you can't match the old boys of merrie England. This is not a cheering thought; and the LANTERN staff, wishing to write a Christmas article to end Christmas articles, has gathered other disconcerting facts for you who think you are about to have a happier holiday than was ever had before.

Do you think that your tripping the light fantastic in some hotel ballroom on Christmas Eve will mark you modern and sophisticated? George II and his subjects "beat you to it" by a couple of centuries. Scan this song hit of 1740:

*"Hey for the Christmas Ball,
Where we shall be jolly,
Jigging short and tall,
Kate, Dick, Ralph, and Molly.*

*"Hodge shall dance with Prue
Keeping time with Kisses
We'll have a jovial crew
Of sweet smirking misses."*

Today's "sweet smirking misses" would hardly condone osculation while dancing, except in the Continental; but more than one Ursinusite will feel deliciously bold under the mistletoe this holiday season. Our forefathers, too, were vaguely acquainted with this amatory aid, for in a trip to the British Museum the LANTERN staff found these words on the printed program of a Christmas masque given in 1850:

*"Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know
What is done under the mistletoe!"*

"Come over tonight and we'll make fudge" harks also to the dim past. In good old Llanfairpwllgryochan, which it would take anyone a long time to claim as his home town, taffy-pulling was the great indoor sport at Christmas time. The Welsh, of course, call taffy "cyflath." Very self-controlled is the Ursinus lad who will be able to undergo a Christmas Eve taffy-pulling at his lady's home and refrain from calling the confection worse names than "cyflath," when the hot candy insists on sticking to his fingers!)

When poor Dad used to dress as Santa Claus to deceive himself into thinking he was fooling you, he was merely indulging the paternal farce approved of long ago by President Harrison. Back in 1891 Harrison kept the masquerade spinning by undertaking to play Santa Claus for his grandchildren, and by announcing to the press, "Let me hope that my example may be followed by every family in the world."

You begin to see, as the LANTERN staff did, that everything's been done before. The carolers' "rude chaunting" of Charles Lamb's time rings through our midnight streets as loud as, but no louder than, before. We think we eat lavish banquets; but what turkey-muncher of today has ever touched his tongue with so epicurean a delight as *dedells in burneaux*—whatever *they* were?

As for trying to celebrate Christmas in some new way, the LANTERN staff is baffled, and we smugly assert that you are, too. You'd better succumb to pressure of past ages, and join us in the old cry of "Ho! Ho! The Mistletoe!" This is a badly mismanaged world, with wars and term papers and things. Therefore, when any holiday can make people recapture the Spirit of Spring for a few days in mid-winter, we favor that holiday, and—no matter if it is very old—we are going to wish you "Merry Christmas!"

Unrealized Dreams

ROBERTA BYRON

*The colors of the painting
Never painted
Linger in the misted sky
Of recollection.
They softly brush across
The vacant canvas
Of loneliness
And tinge it with the wistful,
Chastened tones of colors
Brighter for their sweet
Unrealized limits.*



Two Preeminent Victorians

ERNEST MULLER

SOMEWHERE in London, in the middle 1880's, an autograph hound might have disturbed two of the most-talked-about men in town—and the chances are that his reception would have been cordial at the hands of one, while the other celebrity would have greeted him with scornful laughter. For the handsome Victorian gentleman with sideburns and the laughing, mocking glint in his eyes was Gilbert, while the former of the pair, short, chubby, and nervously alert, was Arthur Seymour Sullivan—the pet of Queen Victoria and the white hope

GILBERT.

Laughing, mocking, caustic . . .

of English music. Arthur Sullivan was liked by everyone; he had one of those personalities which made the possessor immediately popular and desirable as company either at a formal court affair or an informal private party. Sir William Schwenck Gilbert was just the opposite—where Sullivan was agreeable, Gilbert was provoking. He was sure to make enemies. He domineered whomever he met. He was anything but sociable, and he always carried a light laughter which he would turn on anything that forced itself upon his notice.

Unfriendly Enemies

Sir Gilbert and Sir Sullivan first met some twenty years earlier, and they worked together for about ten years, but they neither knew nor understood each other. Though their artistic union was rooted deep in the hearts of the two men, they seemed to meet for business purposes only, and then not always cordially. They continually quarreled, and at times refused to see each other. Several times the series of collaborations came dangerously near to an end. Only the understanding and diplomacy of their manager, Rupert D'Oyly Carte, kept these temporary wars from becoming permanent separations. The two men, one the satirical mirror of his time, and the other the most charming courtier and musician in England, who are inseparable in history, were never destined to become friends.

This unusual partnership of two usual men created fourteen comic operas, of which all but two are continually on the stage somewhere. These operas began a new school of musical drama, which has evolved into our *Of Thee I Sing* and *I'd Rather Be Right* school. These men were able to present daily affairs in a brilliant and forgivable manner. Their attacks on Parliament members,

judges, social reformers, political idealists, and æsthetics were at times unbecomingly cruel, yet they never gave rise to hatreds. The attacks were personal and witty and not in the serious mood of reformers or reactionaries; they were all in fun. Gilbert and Sullivan were Victorians; they were not the roosters of the new day. Sullivan has been called the Tennyson of music, who was saved only by his Irish humor. No man in England was more content with the existing conditions and less likely to lift a finger to change them. Gilbert also was well satisfied with the times; he merely laughed at personal foibles, and joked about characteristic mannerisms. He never concerned himself with seeking society's faults; he only joshed when he saw society taking itself seriously. But in smiling at surface incidentals, none have surpassed Gilbert with his graceful pen, or Sullivan with his sparkling harmonies.

Making Fun of Wilde

No one was beyond the reach of their lashings. At any time they might take up the popular fad of the day and set it forth on the stage in such a manner that it was stripped of every vestige of dignity and sincerity. The most famous of these "blasphemous affairs" was that directed against Oscar Wilde. Not one, but two operas served for the attack aimed at the extravagances of Wilde—Wilde in his velvet coat and knee breeches, and with a lily or a sunflower in his hand. The first attack was the verbal one in *Patience*. In this opera, an æsthete gambled about looking for a bride, only to be satisfied, in the end, "with a tulip or a lily" and his "vegetable love." But this was only the beginning. Oscar Wilde was leading the intelligentsia of England's society into an "æsthetic craze," which climaxed in a sensuous regard for oriental manners, Japanese in particular. Sir William met this with his most brilliant play, *The Mikado*, which

AND SULLIVAN.

Nervous, sociable, friendly . . .

took Japan as a setting. Not a word in the play is directed towards Wilde . . . but every movement of the actors, the wagging of the fans, the mincing steps, the exaggerated dress, and the bland expressions of the faces, gave London a Japan, an occidentally oriental Japan, that not even Wilde could have invented. Sullivan gave this play a score which is both his most tuneful and his most satirical. The mock heroic music accompanying the *Mikado's* entrance is purely a stroke of genius. Sullivan

"The Thing"

MABEL B. DITTER

SHE looked tired and slovenly as she carried the heavy basket and dragged along the Thing which men called her child. The Thing walked with peculiar, uncertain steps and jerking movements. He looked perhaps five, but he was really ten years old. His misshapen head lolled forward, and the coarse, matted hair fell down over eyes which peered out with the dull stare of an idiot.

Jane Walters was weary of her whole miserable life. Above all she hated the Thing—the Thing, her child. She knew the way people pointed at it and wondered who its father was. She knew the way they whispered about her, and, somehow, she connected it all with the presence of the Thing. Her longing to be rid of it amounted to a passion which daily spurred her dull brain to more and more desperate schemes. As she walked along the deserted by-pass on this lovely spring day, her plan was at last formed, and she awaited only the passing of some unsuspecting motorist. Already she was almost free. . . .

Life was very wonderful to Jim Carson that June morning as his rattling borrowed car swung into Newton. Graduation next week! "The old man'll be so excited he'll pop when I tell him that I beat out Williams for first honors. . . . I can see Faye's eyes when I show her

the scholarship for med school. That means a year less for us to wait. Faye! She'll be in my arms tonight. It's perfect weather for a spring formal!"

Jim automatically turned down the almost-deserted by-pass. His mind was still on med school and on the things which his dean had said that morning.

"I told them, Carson, that you have more than the best mind we've seen at State in years. I told them that you have the soul of a true doctor—the energy, the spirit of inquiry, the courage, and the willingness to sacrifice."

A fine old man, the Dean! . . . Jim could still see Faye's great dark eyes; he could feel her yielding in his arms.

Then suddenly there was something moving—a child in the road ahead! He swung the wheel, fought to gain control. Too late! There was a shriek as the car plunged into a telegraph pole; the tinkling of broken glass, and then silence.

Jim Carson lay very still. The loss of blood didn't matter, for a splinter was deeply imbedded, almost out of sight, at the base of his brain. . . .

The Thing in the street struggled to its feet and turned back toward the white-faced woman standing at the curb.

proved himself as great a wit in music as Gilbert was in words. And both ridiculed Wilde and won the respect and admiration of Shaw.

But *The Mikado* was not conceived to exhibit Wilde in a humorous light. None of the comic operas were composed to show up someone or something. They were written to be performed in the theater for the entertainment of the theater-goer. The only reason that the comic operas were built about Wilde, Parliament, or the English tar was that the collaborators felt these subjects would interest the public more than others as they were elements of contemporary reality. They were right. We laugh much more easily at our neighbor than at an invented person. Primarily, these operas were comedies, and for this reason we still are glad to attend them. This is especially true of *The Mikado*. We do not perform it to antagonize Oscar Wilde—who is now only a figure in our literature textbooks—nor are we interested in the cultivated diplomacy and graft of Imperial officeholders as embodied in *Poohbah*. But we do enjoy the lively wit of Gilbert and the universal charm of Sullivan's melodies. We go to be entertained, and Sir William and Sir Arthur never let us down.

Progression

ELIZABETH SEIDLE

*The wind roars;
The leaves swirl;
My heart soars
This autumn morn.*

*The sky blue,
Blue as ice,
My heart, true,
Is cold as steel.*

*The wind groans;
The leaves leap;
My heart moans,
As age creeps on.*

*The wind, soft,
Whispers low:
"Life, as fall,
Will swiftly go."*

"It Wasn't in the Lines"

As Told by Dr. and Mrs. Sibbald to

JANE POLING

"**I**N your places . . . footlights! . . . curtain!" The play is on. A sea of dark faces peers at the lighted stage, recognizes classmates beneath makeup and wigs, and prepares to laugh or weep. But between the written lines of nearly every drama that the Ursinus actors put on is packed action of another kind: minor tragedies, embarrassing miscues, and other occurrences that are as much a part of every play as are the prompter, the student ushers, and the next Monday night's account in the *Weekly*. The actors hope you will not see and know all. But does the playgoer get his money's worth without knowledge of the action that wasn't in the lines? There follows a revelation of some of the things that have gone on behind the scenes in recent years of Ursinus dramatics. All the bits that I pass on to you are intimacies which were told me in a generous moment.

"Death Takes a Holiday" was given here four years ago, and Bob Dresch, playing Death, had a few tense moments. At one point he had five minutes to change from the Death make-up to that of the prince. When the time came for his cue, he was not to be found. Mr. Sibbald went to the dressing room and found him still in the hands of the make-up man. Warning him that his cue was approaching, the two hurried to the back of the stage, Bob doing his last minute dressing on the way. In the corridor, hearing those on stage still talking, Bob stopped, relieved, and brushed his hair. Suddenly both the men realized that the lines were entirely unfamiliar. Bob made a second dash for the stage—so rapidly that his cape fell from his shoulders. Mrs. Sibbald threw it at him, and it landed miraculously on his back as he made a dignified entrance, and clung there throughout the scene. The cast on stage had been "ad-libbing" for fully three minutes.

In the same play something colorful happened. Franklin Albright was watching "Death Takes a Holiday" with Mr. Sibbald from the sidelines. Both were deeply engrossed, but Frank was more so. He did not take his eyes from the moving speakers on stage. Tapping Mr. Sibbald on the shoulder he asked for a handkerchief—and continued to stare. Nor did he stop when he made use of the paint-soaked old rag which Mr. Sibbald took from a back pocket and offered to him. He simply blew his nose and handed back the rag—gratefully but unconsciously.

It isn't always the players that make life interesting behind stage. In one play someone backstage noticed

Coaches



Left to right, Mrs. Reginald S. Sibbald, who was bumped by a stumbling actor; Poum, who was scratched by a hostile kitten; and Dr. Sibbald, who was burned by a sizzling pipe.

that part of the set was breaking loose and threatening to crash down in a body any minute—in fact, it was hanging by a single nail point! Mr. Sibbald was summoned, of course, and when he realized that he must but could not cross the stage to get at the ladder, he asked for a boost to the cat-walk. The boost was too short, and he grabbed a steaming water pipe on his flight downward. The show had to go on, so Mr. Sibbald, anticipating a week of parched palm and fingertips—which he got—clung to the sizzling pipe until he could climb to the cat-walk to fasten the falling flat. Just another example of unrewarded heroism!

A few years ago saw "Fire Brand" given here. If you remember it, you no doubt recall a well built balcony 8 or 10 feet from the stage floor. This balcony had a large part in the play. It was realistic enough, and especially so did it seem to Babe Quay, who had a leading role. She entertained a natural fear of high places anyway, and she had not been able to rehearse with the final set-up. Out of sight of the audience the balcony merged into a single plank, stretched across what seemed to Babe a yawning pit. Bob Dresch, famous for his Death, was scheduled to carry Babe in a confused state of mind from the stage balcony. The final night he supported a totally limp Babe across that teetering board. She was "out" for two full minutes; but she had been trained well, and during the third she recovered completely—so much so that in the fourth she made her

usual composed entrance on the stage. She deserved tremendous applause for that. It is hoped she received it from those who knew.

The Vase That Didn't Break

A vase was to be hurled and smashed in the same play. Several less worthy ones had met a similar end in rehearsals, and they had played their part well. A lovely blue vase which seemed especially fragile was saved for the big night. It was hurled in the same way that the others had been—hard and fast—and it went in the same general direction. But it did not react the same. It hit the stage with a dull thud, bounded between Jim Russo's legs and rolled across the floor intact, threatening to upset a borrowed statue. The desired effect was lost—but the vase was good for another year!

A Vanishing Act

Probably you weren't there for Luke Cokenburger's disappearing act in the "Donovan Affair." Luke was a detective whose most important assignment was to rescue Sally Kitchen from the hands of Wally Trope. Perhaps he was a little over-enthusiastic—anyway, he rushed in too rapidly, couldn't stop, and fell against the back wall of the set. Whereupon the wall yawned, as set walls will, yielded, and swallowed him up, returning to its normal position afterwards. On the opposite side Luke catapulted along with a floor lamp into the arms of Ed Hershey, who was innocently standing backstage. Poor Luke had to swallow his pride, and make a dignified reappearance.

A funny thing happened to Betty Krusen in "Holiday," given here two years ago, and Florence Roberts in "Kind Lady," remembered as last year's Junior Play. It was coincidental that the same puzzler should have faced both girls. For they were both on one side of the stage when they were scheduled to be on the other. Both girls answered the problem in the same way—the only way. Despite the handicap of evening clothes, they reached the right side of the stage without crossing it.

Players



Who would guess from the happy faces that Dorothy Peoples (left) has just ripped her dress in making an entrance? Or that Mary Helen Stoudt is destined to have trouble with a wine bottle?

"Ursinus' Neediest Case". . .

SEE PAGE 23

Theirs was but to crawl, hands, knees, and stomachs alternating, through a narrow and low space between the set wall and the permanent wall behind it. They were there on time, too.

Nadine, Mary Helen, a Bottle

Ursinus gave "Vision at the Inn" in the recent one act play contest. You remember that at one time during the play the lights on stage were turned out to denote a lapse of two years. During the period of darkness, Nadine Sturgis and Mary Helen Stoudt were to remove both themselves and a wine bottle from the scene. When the lights went on the final night, the two girls were still groping around on the table, and the bottle stood almost at their fingertips! It seems they had rehearsed with a much smaller table, and when confronted with the larger one, both girls and bottle were lost. It's surprising what a wine bottle can do to one—or two!

There was the time Eli Broidy unwittingly opened a locked door—referred to as such—in the "Ghost Train" Silvia Erdman completely dissolved the cast of "The Late Christopher Bean" to giggles with a mere twist of her tongue. . . . In the same play Lenny Bothell carried a teakettle to and from, on and off, the stage until it was finally needed. . . . Mr. Sibbald's heart skipped a beat between scenes of "Kind Lady" when he tried to remove a \$600 painting. The string broke and the painting fell on its edge on the steps. Luckily someone caught it in time. . . . I wonder how Dot Peoples felt in "Holiday" when she closed the door on the back of her dress—the rip being obvious to the ears as well as to the eyes of the audience. . . . Poum and a kitten almost came to blows in a recent play in which both starred. The latter was forced to keep herself wrapped in a bath towel to prevent onslaught. . . . The stage stairs were placed in an unfamiliar place in one play—to the discomfort of Mrs. Sibbald. One of the actors came up the steps, off the stage, forgot that they ended in a drop of several feet to the permanent steps below and fell into the lap of Mrs. Sibbald, who before the tumble was sitting at the top of them!

As long as Poum is available to take part in Ursinus' dramatics, it's a sure sign that "Reggie and Minerva" will be around, too, doing more than their share to make our plays successful, generously lending time and talent. Nor would I close without clearing away the impression that stage breaks are avoidable through more concentrated rehearsing and directing. They just happen; and why not? To those who are personally acquainted with them through painful experience I say, "I envy you! You'll have something to tell your grandchildren!"

PRIZE ESSAY IN THE LANTERN CONTEST

"He was the Most Perfect Man of Science"

FRANK J. TORNETTA

LITTLE Joseph Meister, a nine year old French boy, was slowly walking to school. Suddenly a furious dog crossed his path and then leaped upon him. The youngster, too small to defend himself, covered his face with his hands and fell to the ground. A bricklayer, hearing the cries from a distance, arrived and beat the dog off with an iron bar. Picking up little Meister, who was covered with blood and saliva, the bricklayer carried him home.

That evening Dr. Weber was consulted. He treated the fourteen wounds of the boy, and advised the lad's mother to start for Paris, where she could relate the facts to one who was not a physician, but one who would be the best judge of what could be done in such a serious case. In short, Joseph Meister had contracted hydrophobia and it meant sure death.

Two days later the mother and child entered a humble laboratory. They had expected to see a magnificent hospital with plenty of doctors and nurses in attendance. Instead they were in a small workshop where only one gentleman was at work plugging a line of flasks with cotton. That gentleman was the never-to-be-forgotten Louis Pasteur.

"Bon jour," said the kind Pasteur and allowed the mother and boy to tell their story. Pasteur was emotionally overcome at the sight of the severe wounds of the boy, who suffered so much that he could hardly walk. But what could *he* do for little Meister? The only thing that he had accomplished in his five long years of work on hydrophobia was to make a vaccine cure for rabid dogs, and surely little Joseph Meister wasn't a He didn't deserve this treatment. Pasteur had hoped at one time to inoculate himself with the vaccine, so that he could bear and learn the value of his work.

"But again," he thought, "there is no chance for Joseph Meister. Surely, within twenty-four hours he will be carried away in a little coffin."

Pasteur let the government surgeons look into the case. They decided that the vaccine was the only hope.

That very hour Pasteur performed the first inoculation. It was a mere injection of a few drops of a liquid prepared from the brain of a rabid animal. Little Meister, who cried very much before the operation, soon dried his tears when he found that the slight prick was all that he had to undergo. The treatment was to last ten days, and twelve doses, each succeeding one more virulent than the other, were to be administered. It

was Pasteur's desire to snatch the boy from death rather than the hope for success of his vaccine that induced him to try his experiment.

At the end of the third day, Joseph Meister slept well and had a good appetite. But as the inoculations were becoming more virulent, Pasteur became a prey to anxiety. At night he would get feverish visions of Meister suffocating in the mad struggles of hydrophobia. During the day he could no longer work. He would go through a succession of hopes and fears. Pasteur had an ardent yearning to save little Meister's life.

On the tenth day Pasteur injected the last dose of the vaccine. It was strong enough to give hydrophobia to any animal. And, therefore, it was the surest test of the immunity due to the treatment. That night Pasteur spent terrible hours of insomnia. At intervals he would get visions that Meister, whom he had seen playing in his garden, was dead. But when morning came the young lad was not dead. He was running about as if he had been in his own farm. In the evening, claiming a kiss from Pasteur, little Meister left the laboratory, *cured*.

Hence hydrophobia, that dread disease against which all therapeutic measures had failed, at last had yielded to a remedy. Microbe-hunter Louis Pasteur had succeeded in finding it, just as he succeeded in his discoveries on ferments, in his disproof of the spontaneous generation theory, and in his experiments on contagious diseases.

One day there was brought into Pasteur's laboratory a little girl who had been badly bitten on the head by a rabid mountain dog thirty-seven days before. The wound was in terrible condition. Pasteur said to himself, "This is a hopeless case. It is much too late for the vaccine to have the least chance of success. Should I not in the scientific interest of the method refuse to treat the child? If little Louise Pelletier dies, all those who have been treated will be frightened and many bitten persons, discouraged, will not come for treatment."

But Pasteur found himself unable to resist his impulse to at least try to save the child. So he inoculated. Several days of hopeful waiting passed—and then, Louise Pelletier died.

"I did so wish I could have saved your little one!" he said to the father and mother. And as he came down the staircase, he burst into tears.

Eleven months having passed since his first case, Pasteur reported to the Academy of Sciences that out of

College (C)lasses

R. A. Y.

The freshman had two "friends," of whom I was the older.

My years had made me wise, so I laid plans to hold her.
By waiting, I would pique her; for weeks I failed to seek her.

And now I learn too late that I am "out of date:"
For while I hoped her waiting penitential,
The other "friend" had got a rating preferential!

A sophomore was next, but on the vague pretext
Of having heavy courses, I left her somewhat vexed.
. . . That she likes "heavy courses" is the reason boys
berate her;

For every time you date her, the food to satiate her,
E'en when she isn't hungry, will make you apprehensive,
Lest sometime hunger come . . . and THAT would be
expensive!

And then I liked a junior lass, a girl of intellect;
Her brains she used outside of class, and thus deserved
respect.

But she tripped up with her culture my poor dramatic
criticisms,

And she ripped up like a vulture my poor sporadic
witticisms.

As for my zests, and the honied words with which my
tongue was rife,

She hushed behests by saying, "Let's pursue the finer
things of life."

So I've "tried all three;" and forsaking pursuit of a
senior

I sigh to see, making sober my demeanor,

The student life. Away with Cupid, deceitful sprite!

A prudent companion is Euclid for Saturday night.

Now should perchance a new love flash upon me with
insistence,

I would romance should reign again, but stun me from
a distance!



"The student life."

Robins and Roses

VERNON GROFF

If robins were roses and roses were robins,
Then there would be gnashin's and terrible sobbin's:
For who could enjoy life by listening to roses?
And smelling at robins were just wasted noses.

350 persons treated only one death had taken place, that of Louise Pelletier. "Gentlemen," he said, "The prophylaxis of hydrophobia after a bite is established. It is advisable to create a vaccinal institute against hydrophobia." The Academy appointed a commission to collect subscriptions for a new laboratory to be known as *Institut Pasteur*. Funds came from every corner of the world. A subscription from Alsace-Lorraine brought in 43,000fr. Pasteur was overcome with emotion when he found the name of little Joseph Meister among the list of subscribers. He had kept a corner of his heart for this boy who had caused him so much anxiety.

At last the new *Institut Pasteur* was finished. It cost one and a half million francs. During the inauguration the treasurer in his speech directly addressed Pasteur, "This is for you, Sir, a rare and almost unhoped for

happiness; let it console you for the passionate struggles, the terrible anxiety, and the many emotions you have gone through." Pasteur was so affected that he was unable to read his speech.

"Alas! mine is the bitter grief that I enter this new laboratory, a man 'vanquished by Time,'" Pasteur said. For Pasteur was thinking of new diseases yet to conquer. Diphtheria then was scourging the little children of the world. If Pasteur could only hunt out that microbe! It would make life much more secure for little babies. But one beautiful September day while his faithful students stood around his bedside, he gave them an unspeakable expression of resignation, love, and farewell. His eyes told them that they now must carry on the work. Then his head fell back on the pillows, and he slept. *He was the most perfect man who has ever entered the Kingdom of Science.*

The Commuter

EDWARD FRENCH

JOE PILGRAVE was a commuter. He lived in our town and travelled every day to and from the law offices of Smith, Lowell, and Hayes, Philadelphia. He was a mild-mannered little man. You know the type—about five feet eight, with straight black hair, a little black moustache, and a pair of rimless spectacles. He always wore a dark gray suit, polka-dot necktie, gray felt hat, and black shoes. In winter, he tried to keep himself warm with a gray overcoat and dark brown gloves.

His habits were methodical. He arose at six-thirty, ate two slices of toast, drank a cup of coffee, and left the house in plenty of time to catch the 7:14 for the city. He always came home on the 5:22, and after dinner he either worked in the garden or sat on the front porch and read the *Saturday Evening Post*.

He had a good home—modest, but comfortable—on Elm Street. His wife, Anne, and he lived there alone, for they had no children, and no relatives ever seemed to bother them. Their life was comfortable and, to all appearances, happy. Joe was the type who would be perfectly satisfied with a life like that—a good job, a pretty wife, and a chance for a rest in the evening. He wasn't a man you would expect to amount to anything much in the business world—and he wasn't a man you would expect

to do what he did, either. It was the talk of our town for weeks afterwards, for things like that just couldn't happen; ours was a respectable town, and Joe was a respectable fellow.

But I'll tell you about it (which is what I set out to do in the first place), and you can judge for yourself. That morning—it was in the early part of last May—Joe got up as usual at six-fifteen and had his breakfast of toast and coffee. His conversation with Anne at the breakfast table was neither brisk nor brilliant. He thought he'd like lamb chops for dinner that night. There was a good movie in town; did she want to see it? Did she think it was cold enough for a coat this morning?

He decided not to wear a coat, but he picked up his hat on his way out. He kissed his wife good-bye from force of habit, and walked towards the station with his measured, methodical stride. His wife closed the door with a sigh. Fifteen years of married life! This was the five thousand, two hundred and fiftieth time that Joe had kissed her and walked towards the station with his measured, methodical stride to catch the 7:14. No! Once he had been late, and had had to take the 7:42, which made him ten minutes late at the office. She wondered why Joe didn't buy a Ford so he could drive in. He had talked voluminously about it after missing the train that morning, but it had come to nothing. A car was only a worry and an expense, Joe said. He probably liked to read the paper and talk with the other men going down on the train. Harry Saulters went down on the 7:14. He worked in the brokerage house, on Walnut Street. Sometimes, not very often, Harry and Dot came over at night for a game of bridge. Joe didn't like to play bridge, but he could play a fair game when he was forced to.

Anne was thinking all this, or something like it, while she was automatically doing part of the housework. She cleared away the breakfast table, putting the milk and butter back in the refrigerator, and throwing the crumbs into the back yard for the birds. Then she washed and dried the dishes, and put them neatly into their places in the cupboard. This done, she filled the kettle with water and took it out to water the plants on the porch.

Mrs. Austin, the next-door neighbor, was sweeping off her porch when Anne went out with the kettle. "Did that dog of the Schmitts keep you awake last night?" asked Mrs. Austin, by way of making conversation. "I'm sure it howled all night long. It's a wonder to me why they don't get up and let the dog in when they hear it, instead of keeping the whole neighborhood awake. We ought to do something about it."



CHARLES STEINMETZ

"Is this the man you've been looking for, lady?"

Mrs. Austin was a little woman, her hair graying now, although she looked to be only about forty-five. Her husband had a good job as head chemist at the steel plant. He had had the job for about eight years now.

Anne continued watering the plants, and started to say something about dogs being a nuisance in a residential neighborhood, but Mrs. Austin interrupted her before she got finished.

"I see that house on the other side is empty again. I wonder who'll take it this time. Those last people were terrible. It's good they didn't stay long."

"I hope— Is that our phone ringing? I wonder who can be calling at this time of . . ."

Anne placed her kettle carefully on the porch and hurried into the house. It was Joe's office calling. Here it was ten o'clock and where was Mr. Pilgrave? He should have called up if he wasn't going to come to work. There was a lot to do this morning, and they could have got another . . .

"But Mr. Pilgrave left this morning at his usual time. He couldn't have missed his train. Are you sure that he isn't there?"

Yes, they were positive. But they would wait a little while and if he came in they would call her.

All sorts of things haunted Anne's mind. A train wreck! An accident in the city! What if he never came back to her? By a strong effort, she set her mind to pleasanter things that could have happened to Joe. A traffic jam in the city, perhaps. But no, that wouldn't work, for Joe wasn't in an automobile. Maybe the trains weren't running this morning. A railroad strike! But he would be home by this time if that were so. And he would have called up the office from the station.

When Joe didn't come home that night, Anne was nearly frantic. All the neighbors were in to offer their comfort and good cheer. She called up all the hospitals and police stations in the city to see if they had any victims of amnesia or any unidentified corpses. She wanted to go into the city to look for him, but her friends restrained her, pointing out that Joe might come home any time and that she would have to be on hand to receive him.

But Joe didn't come home that night, nor did he come home the next day. It was about nine o'clock the following night when he finally appeared, escorted by three policemen. He was in terrible shape. His suit was torn, he had lost his hat and necktie, and he had a bad-looking cut over his left eyebrow. But he was not dead—that was obvious.

"Is this the man you've been looking for, lady?" asked one of the policemen. "He had a card in his pocket with this address on it, but he wouldn't come home peacefully. We found him in a saloon on North Broad Street."

The meeting between Joe and Anne was truly touching—at least, Anne's half of it, for Joe was too drunk to notice anything or do much. The policemen carried him upstairs to bed, right through the roomful of gaping

MANUSCRIPT GROUP POETRY SELECTION

When the Rose Is Dead

EVELYN M. HUBER

*When the rose is dead,
And the lilies bloom,
And the prayer is said
In the gathering gloom,
Will love be gone
With the lily's bloom?*

*Will the weeping heart
With the tears unshed,
O'erwhelm the mind
When the rose is dead?*

neighbors, then they touched their caps respectfully and took their leave. The neighbors downstairs, whispering among themselves, did the same, with the exception, of course, of touching their caps.

It was some time before Anne could get any information out of Joe, for it was some time before he sobered up. It seemed to Anne that he slept for years, but it was really only thirty-two hours. Finally, however, Joe did feel well enough to explain.

"I don't know why I did it, dear. Everything was fine—just the same as usual—until I started walking from the train to the office. Then I got the strangest feeling. I felt sort of—well, weighed down. I started figuring. Fifteen years of married life, and the same thing every day. That would make about five thousand, two hundred and fifty times I've kissed you good-bye in the morning, five thousand, two hundred and fifty times I've caught the 7:14—no, five thousand, two hundred and forty-nine. I always smoke two cigarettes going down in the train and one walking to the office. I always talk about the same things to Harry Saulters. I always get to the office at the same time. Well, I started figuring maybe I was getting in a rut. It was a beautiful day and I guess that had something to do with it. Everything was new. The buds on the trees, the grass, everything. Well, without thinking what I was doing, I just hopped in a street car and went out to a place I had heard Harry talk about, on North Broad Street. I guess that's all there is to it. I just felt like raising hell, and I'm not a damn bit sorry." He looked at Anne.

Her eyes were shining. "Darling," she murmured, and kissed him.

Well, that's about all there is to tell, except, of course, that they couldn't continue to live in our town with all the neighbors talking about Joe. So Anne bought a new dress, Joe shaved off his moustache and bought a Ford, and they left for parts unknown.

"I wonder who we'll get next door this time," said Mrs. Austin. "Those last people were terrible."

Truth In Print

ROBERT PECK

EVER since the establishment of newspapers and magazines, it has been evident that these great organs are capable not only of giving the public information, but of flooding it with propaganda. The power of the press is not to be despised. It is particularly important for the influence it exercises on the masses. The ordinary person believes every word he reads; in fact, his favorite newspaper is his gospel. Autocratic governments, aware of the power of the press, are careful to keep that power in their own hands. Democracy, on the contrary, has a strong tradition in favor of freedom of the press. Today, the press is better equipped than ever before to get the news and to get it promptly; yet, in the modern world, even the press of England, France, and America is not always free to tell its readers the truth. And we are forced to ask ourselves whether our other liberties can long survive the disappearance of a free press. What, then, are the causes of the crisis of the press? And how may we hope to reconquer the right to know the truth? Before taking up the first of these two points, I wish to say that I shall limit myself to the question of truthful news. The right to express opinions is of great importance. But it is far more important to know what is happening in the world.

Truth and falsehood in the press, at the present time, are exceptionally hard to distinguish. Newspapers have printed, are printing, and undoubtedly will continue to print so much false news that you cannot distinguish between the good and the bad. The common man, so used to reading false news, may not perceive real news when it is printed. At times it is a mere matter of inaccuracy. The late Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* in 1927 printed this story:

Belgrade, Oct. 27. "A few moments before she appeared on the stage at the Lioubliana Theatre last night, Mrs. Alla Behr, a Slovene actress, was found hanging dead in her dressing room. The reason of the suicide is unknown."

The story is correct, but for these facts. The actress was a Viennese, not a Slovene, her name was Ella Beer, not Alla Behr, the theatre was the Klagenfurt, not the Lioubliana, she was found dead after the first act, not before it, and finally she killed herself in a nearby hotel, and not her dressing room. In this case the error was doubtless neither intentional nor grave. However, the fact that distortion is willful is obvious at times.

News distortion is not a modern invention. The following headlines appeared in Paris papers while Napo-

leon was returning from Elba to Paris, March 9 to 22, 1815:

- March 9. **The Cannibal has quit his den.**
- 10. **The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan.**
- 11. **The Tiger has arrived at the Cape.**
- 12. **The Monster slept at Grenoble.**
- 13. **The Tyrant has passed through Lyons.**
- 14. **The Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon.**
- 18. **Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital. He has been fortunate enough to escape his pursuers.**
- 19. **Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris!**
- 20. **Napoleon will, tomorrow, be under our ramparts.**
- 21. **The Emperor is at Fontainebleau.**
- 22. **His Imperial and Royal Majesty arrived yesterday evening at the Tuileries, amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.**

That was over a century ago. But the problem of false news still exists. The tidings that we get out of Spain and the Far East are a case in point. With all the correspondents and their devious ways of smuggling news past the censor, we still do not know what is really going on. The news that does come through is conflicting in every respect. Recently, the Leftist papers reported that the rebel battleship *España* had been sunk by aerial bombardment; it has now been proved by the British admiral that the *España* was sunk by a mine.

Was the sanguinary outrage of the Guernica bombing, early this year, done by Nationalist planes, or was that city the prey of explosive and incendiary bombs planted by the Iberian anarchists?

This difficulty in getting at the facts is due partly to the existence of rival propaganda forces; but it is also due, in part, to the opinions of different newspaper owners. Editors and staff alike, perforce, follow the policy of the owner.

There are three main sources of news distortion. These are the attitude of newspaper owners, economic pressure, and government censorship and propaganda.

The first source of distortion—that of the attitude of newspaper owners—has two main points. A paper may be owned by a syndicate, which may have no other interest than to make the paper pay. This type of paper is called a "yellow journal," and its only principle is sensationalism. Other papers are owned by political parties, and these organs disseminate party propaganda

(Continued on Page 20)

Alias Mike Romanoff

DOROTHY SHISLER

"BEG your pardon," I murmured contritely, hastily, and breathlessly, as I collided with the Dean's daughter.

She had murmured the same words at the same instant.

This stimulating little scene occurred on the broad front steps of my frat house.

"I've regained my balance," she informed me a few moments later. "You may remove your strong right arm now."

I reluctantly obliged. "Are you hurt anywhere?" I inquired hopefully.

"No," she laughed. "I was coming to visit you, Tony," she continued. "Where are you going in such a terrific hurry?"

"On an important mission," I replied mysteriously. "Won't you join me, Lynne?" I grabbed her hand and yanked her down the steps into my car.

"I received a phone call," I enlightened her.

"From whom?" she asked impatiently.

"The warden of the county jail," I replied.

"Why?" Lynne inquired, somewhat horrified.

"They have a guy in the jug who gave the name Michael Romanoff, which (I quote the warden) 'I strongly suspect is a fictitious and assumed name.' Very keen man, the warden."

"But, Tony, get to the point," she protested. "Why did they call you? Do you know Mike Romanoff?"

"I don't know who it is, but Mike says he knows me. I might as well go around and see him. I imagine it's one of my pals."

"You have some friends," Lynne remarked. "What's he in for?" she continued.

"Two weeks, unless he pays a ten dollar fine."

"No. I mean what *for*? Why did they arrest him?"

"Oh, he was sozzled," I said. "Creating a disturbance or something."

We arrived at the jail, and a guard led us to a cell containing a young man rather sketchily attired in blue silk pajamas and a cane.

"Do you know him?" the guard inquired.

I did. It was my young cousin Carlos. He didn't look very pleased at the prospect of rescue. In fact, he seemed distinctly annoyed.

"My God, Tony," he said at once, glaring at me from between the bars. "Why did you bring *her*?" He looked at Lynne in a surprisingly unfriendly way.

"You had better explain how you got here," I said. "Are you squiffy?"

"No, of course not," he replied indignantly. "We were having a pajama party—hence the attire. Jack bet I couldn't walk on my hands and carry a cane with my toes. Of course I could. Then some smart guy dared me to do it out on the pavement. I'd scarcely got started when someone called the cops, and here I am."

"Ten isn't much," I reminded him. "Why didn't you pay the fine?"

"I didn't have it with me," he answered. "I don't carry money around in my pajama pockets. I know what you're going to ask next: why did I give the name Romanoff, and why didn't I make out a check? That, my friend, is the crux of the whole situation. You know how Dean Pilkington hates what he calls rowdiness and frivolity."

Carlos continued bitterly: "Obviously I didn't want him to learn of my incarceration. You realize that the old boy might not take it in the proper spirit of fun. I intended for you to pay the fine; and then when I was out, I could repay you. Pilkie needn't have known anything about it. But since you so considerately brought his dear daughter along, there's no use trying to conceal the facts. Lend me a check book. Here's where I go for sure. And me a mere Freshman! Dear, dear, and oh well."

"Don't give up hope," I said cheerily. "Lynne won't mention this to her father, will you, my love?"

"No, certainly not," she replied firmly.

"See? I'll pay your fine, and everything will be tops." I extracted the contents of my pocket. "Except that I only have five dollars."

"Here, take this." Lynne handed me five dollars.

"Thanks so much," Carlos said gratefully. "You're peaches, both of you. I'll kiss you."

"It won't be necessary to express your gratitude so fervently," I hastily assured him.

I paid the fine, Carlos was released, and the three of us left. As we came through the gate, whom should we see but Dean Pilkington in person.

"All is lost," I thought.

"Good morning, sir," Carlos and I dutifully chirped, while Lynne said, "Hello, Daddy."

"What are you doing here?" Pilkie asked.

"We came to investigate the place for Sociology," Carlos explained brightly.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

Pilkie looked at him coldly. "Indeed," he said, "and are you wearing those pajamas for Sociology, too?"

Winslow Homer

From the Rock-bound Coast of Maine and Points East!

C. KENNETH SNYDER

IN recent years one has become aware of an ever-growing interest in the old, yet ever new art of painting. Witness the governmental encouragement which has seen the flourishing in public buildings of great mural works. Note the wide publicity given to the Rockefeller-Rivera dispute a few years ago, over the lobby decorations of New York City's sky-aimed Radio City. Take cognizance of such gifts as the Mellon Museum soon to be opened in Washington, and the Frick and Bache collections so recently made available to art-conscious New Yorkers. And we recall the very recent interesting exhibit of water colors shown in our own school. Definitely we are becoming would-be connoisseurs of the works of today's artists. And it is all of these things that take me back a few years, recalling a summer day, a picture of that always wild, yet beautiful, rock-bound coast of Maine—and what it meant to a man.

Picture if you can a jutting, sandy, barren point extending far out from the shore, breaking the ever regular rhythm of those long white-capped "rollers," as they beat against the rocks. Picture if you can an August sun, on the low level of the shore; in a purple haze, fast deepening into black, this red ball shines hot as the wind blows cold, and it feels like summer in the light and winter in the shade. A few years ago this point was called Prout's Neck. Today it is still Prout's Neck, but the name, instead of being just a geographical designation, is now one that has an added glow. And all because a certain Yankee, by the name of Winslow Homer, liked to dab and paint and watch and think on that same point where I was standing that chilly August afternoon. Due to the lateness of the hour I had to leave, but the following morning I walked out there again. The steady, dull, yet vibrant roaring waves of the constantly pounding sea were crashing against the rocks in one continuous frenzy. A cutting wind, moaning and muttering its always tuneless tones, was whipping and dashing through the tall sea grass. Instinctively I squinted and turned. But in a moment I turned again to face it. Tiny drops of unseen spray struck probingly, and a salty dampness that is always as effervescent and energizing as it is not always welcome covered my face and clothes. As I stood, a wild, mysterious feeling of exaltation raced through my body, and it was then that I began to understand why it was there that this Yankee painter liked best to work.

To Paris, But Not to Paint

Winslow Homer, only a pleasant-sounding name to many of us, yet perhaps to a few the signature of one of

America's really great artists, was a Yankee born and bred, and a descendant of generations of Yankees. Born in Boston in 1836, of middle class parents, he led a healthy life in the then small town of Cambridge, and it is these happy youthful years that gave him a love of the country that was never to leave him. Soon, without any art education, he began to draw regularly, and at the age of nineteen he was apprenticed to a Boston lithographer named Bufford. The routine drudgery of work, however, soon sickened him, and this now serious, reserved, fastidious young man, who seldom showed any emotion, began, on his twenty-first birthday, a new career as an illustrator for Harper's Weekly. In a short time he was offered a position on their staff, but declined it because, as he said, "I had had a taste of freedom. The slavery at Bufford's was too fresh in my recollections to let me care to bind myself again. From the time that I took my nose off that lithographic stone, I have had no master and never shall have any." But he continued to illustrate, studying at night in the Academy of Design. A bit later he took a few lessons from a French artist. But by the next summer his "school days" were ended, for he began to paint from the greatest of artists—nature herself. From this point on his career was phenomenal. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to the front as an artist-correspondent for Harper's. In the drawings that came back, the predominant note was naturalism. It was here, too, that he began to "dabble in oils," painting, as he put it, pictures that were "as beautiful and interesting as a button on a barn door." Yet in three years he had advanced so far that in 1865 he was an Associate and an Academician—at his age, but twenty-nine, an unusual honor. When thirty-one years old he made his first voyage to Europe, spending some ten months in France. Yet he did none of the usual things. He did not enter an art school, or copy the old masters, or even frequent the regular art colonies. Nor did he do much painting. We know he visited the Louvre, but where he spent his time is indicated by the two illustrations he brought back. They were Paris dance halls. (And may I say, "God be praised for one artist who wasn't queer, but just human.")

Homer Turns Hermit

After his return, he devoted his energies to serious painting, and more and more, he painted as one who thinks in the terms of the poet, when he wrote,

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

However, as he grew older, his painting changed. The

colors became subtler and cooler, his style less linear and flat; the forms became rounder and more ample and there was a more conscious attempt at composition. Homer, by 1881, had attained a considerable reputation. He exhibited frequently, but his public appearances were equally as infrequent. In 1884, he left New York for good and settled on the lonely Maine Coast, twelve miles above Portland—it was Prout's Neck. And it was here he lived and died, and it was here that his greatest paintings were done. In this deserted place he remained all the year round, except for annual trips to the northern woods and to the south, living absolutely alone, doing his own cooking and housework, and seldom allowing anyone to enter his studio. As the years passed he became more and more of a hermit, rarely seen by his few neighbors. Why he did this, no one really knows.

From Prout's Neck, in not too rapid succession appeared his most widely known works, such as "The Life Line," "The Fox Hunt," "Early Morning After a Storm at Sea" (on which he spent two years, waiting for the right effect of light and weather, although the actual working time was only four sessions of two hours each), "The Wreck," "The West Wind," the famous "Gulf Stream," "Herring Net," "A Voice From the Cliffs," and more, too numerous to mention.

On His Style

Turning to his style, we can almost say that he was a pure naturalist. He painted only what he himself had seen and observed, giving little thought to fantasy. At the age of nineteen he had said, "If a man wants to be an artist, he must never look at pictures." Like many such remarks, this should be taken with a grain of salt, yet, delving beneath the surface, it showed Winslow's fundamental philosophy. His best pictures, with sketches found after his death, show a real evidence of very careful thought about his subjects. These were rigorously selected, although in execution he was sure and rapid. The style itself is one of almost severe simplification, for Homer seemed to see his subject in its simplest terms, eliminating all unessential details and concentrating on vital elements of action and drama. Any of you who have seen "The Life Line" or "The Gulf Stream" realize how true this is. Yet in his style we find a natural and characteristic bigness showing a preference for things of heroic type and largeness of form. His coloring is never ornate or heavy, but the balance of it is uncanny. Authorities say if one wishes a comparison to make this point more clear, that one should compare his paintings to Whistler's curious, yet distinctive dark shading. Yet in Homer one finds a greater structural strength. Thus it is clear that he was not merely a photographic artist, but one with a real sense of design. When he saw a pattern in nature, he expressed it simply, perhaps largely, and quite forcefully. It is an art delighting in action and movement, in health and energy, having the smell of pine woods, having the salt breath of the sea. Perhaps, above all, it gives one that

MANUSCRIPT GROUP POETRY SELECTION

When I Was Young

ROBERT C. YOH

*When I was young
The stars were God to me.
They still are God—
They shed divinity.
I gaze intent
And then feel small.
I am content—
God governs all.*

*When I was young
Sunrise was God to me.
It still is God—
It brings eternity.
I gaze inspired
And surely know
God rules above,
God reigns below.*

*When I was young
Music was God to me.
It still is God—
It tones infinity.
I listen calm
As sweet notes die,
I have this balm—
Great God is nigh.*

*When I was young
The Church was God to me.
It still is God—
It tells grand majesty.
I bow my head
And know that I
In prayer am led
To Him on high.*

*When I was young
The Cross was God to me.
It still is God—
It glows with purity.
I strive in faith
With eyes above,
And this I find:
My God is Love.*

sense of wild vitality, just as the salt spray gives one that feeling of exaltation. And as one remembers those almost uncanny, realistic canvases of that equally uncanny rocky shore of Maine, and as one pictures those perfectly natural paintings of the sea, one can't help but think of Winslow Homer—from the rock bound coast of Maine—and points east!

Maurice Evans, A Great Shakespearean

ELI BROIDY

LAST season the American theatre-going public woke up one day to the realization that a new star had emblazoned his name in the annals of theatre history. That star was Maurice Evans, and the play on which he rocketed to fame was "King Richard II." According to the New York critics, Mr. Evans' performance in this Shakespearean tragedy was the greatest individual performance in Shakespeare to be presented on the modern American stage. Likewise according to them, this production so outshone all other modern American presentations of Shakespeare, that the latter seemed weak and puny in comparison.

That such statements were true can well be attested by the fact that Mr. Evans' King Richard ran in New York, the theatre city of the United States, for a total of 175 performances before it went on the road.

When the play opened its engagement in Philadelphia this writer had the privilege of witnessing it and the pleasure of seeing for himself that such profuse praise was duly merited. For "King Richard II" turned out to be a play which by the brilliance of the acting and the magnificence of the scenic background kept its beholders spellbound. From the very first to the very last minute there was no slackening of interest—no dull moments. Rather the meaningful Shakespearean dialogue, the absorbing story, the fine character portrayals by the actors—Especially that of Mr. Evans' King Richard, of which more will be said forthwith—the colorful costumes, and the beautiful scenic effects all tended to heighten the audience's interest and to result in a production which, if one word may be used to describe a viewer's emotional reaction to it, was superb.

The outstanding feature of the entire production is, beyond a doubt, Mr. Evans' marvelous acting. Indeed it can be said—and this after the fine acting of the lesser characters is taken into consideration—that it is through Mr. Evans' genius that an otherwise average Shakespearean production is changed into a truly great one. For Mr. Evans has that rare ability to carry his auditors with him to the greatest of heights and to leave them mentally limp and exhausted from the experience. That is the true test of an artist—to be able to carry an audience away by his acting—and Mr. Evans succeeds in doing it.

Richard II is considered to be one of Shakespeare's most difficult characters. For that reason many have hesitated to attempt this role. And yet under the deft touch of Mr. Evans, Richard takes life—is made a rather despicable and arrogant young king in the first act; a frightened the young king, who realizes that his throne is being threatened, in the second act; and finally in the third act a thoroughly humble young man who, when he is forced to give up his throne to his enemy, changes into a definitely spirited character. Mr. Evans arouses great sympathy for his Richard. Despite the fact that he has been a despotic king, one hates to see him lose his throne. We feel sorry for him, and even though we know that he brought all his trouble upon himself, we hate to see his life end in the tragic manner that it does. Henry Bolingbroke, the man who lost his rightful possessions to Richard and who, in his effort to regain them, eventually usurps Richard's throne—is in his ascendant, yet we do not want to see him win out. Rather we want to see what was first a gay and heartless Richard, then a thoroughly frightened Richard, and finally a penitent and chastened Richard retain the throne, in order that he might be given the opportunity to atone for his past abuses.

But such cannot be the case. Richard is forced to abdicate his throne; Bolingbroke succeeds him. No scene is more ironic than the final one when false tears are shed over the body of the treacherously murdered Richard. Such was the inevitable end of the life of King Richard. But we regret the inevitable. By means of this final ironic scene Shakespeare makes us feel the full force of the tragedy.

Mr. Evans' acting was a joy to behold. The flexibility of his speaking voice, used to bring out Shakespeare's rich lines to the best advantage—this, coupled with his personal charm and bodily grace, made his performance one of ever-constant delight. He employed no waste motion; every gesture, every eloquent movement of his hands was indicative of his inner emotional activity. By the mere inflection of his voice he could make you laugh, or he could make you tense with excitement—make you hold your breath in suspense. He could be said to be able to hold the varied emotions of his listeners in the

(Continued on Page 19)

IN "RICHARD II", MAURICE EVANS LOSES A CROWN, BUT GAINS ANOTHER AS KING OF RECENT SHAKESPEAREANS.

Among Our Contributors



Frank J. Tornetta wins the essay prize by making Louis Pasteur's war on microbes live again, in "He Was the Most Perfect Man—of Science." Tornetta, a senior in the Chemistry-Biology group, found time to polish his style in an advanced composition

course, and has since appeared in these columns with articles on popularized science. "Treat Yourself?" was his last, and the one preceding was "Blood for Sale!"



Mabel B. Ditter receives the story award for her manuscript, "The Thing." Its nine gripping paragraphs are not Miss Ditter's first contribution to the LANTERN. Last June she wrote memories of Hawaii, and several of her poems have appeared

in the magazine. She is a junior in the History-Social Science group.

Ernest Muller gives us new light on our old friends of the comic opera, Gilbert and Sullivan. Muller, a sophomore, has a wide range of interests, but music is his major hobby.



Eli Broidy, our business manager, takes time off from financial matters to review Maurice Evans' characterization of the introvert king in "Richard II." Broidy saw the production in Philadelphia.

Robert C. Yoh, who entertained you last spring with a slant on the life of a twin, comes again to tell of a little-known land, in "Of Manx and Man." Yoh says far-distant and quaint countries have always interested him. By writing to the postmasters in foreign cities, and by studying pamphlets and maps of the places, he knows about such geography-book places as Liechtenstein and the Isle of Man.



Jane Poling uncovered so many humorous incidents of Ursinus dramatics in "It Wasn't in the Lines" that we are glad we imposed once more on this junior staff member's jovial willingness to work. The Sibbalds furnished more "inside" anecdotes than there is room to print.

C. Kenneth Snyder does a sketch of Winslow Homer, artist of the rock-bound coast of Maine. Like his roommate, Muller, Snyder is a sophomore with interests in various fields. In "Memories" and "It Might Have Been," printed in last year's LANTERNS, he introduced us to a variety of near-greats.



Ruth Grauert, Manuscript Group mainstay, furnishes the LANTERN with her first prose contribution. "Conversation Has an Adventure" tells in a provocative way what might have happened had Cellini struck up a dialogue with Queen Elizabeth in her

boudoir when he entered.

Dorothy Shisler, a freshman, specializes in free verse, but for this issue of the LANTERN takes time to write a free-and-easy story of the kind of college life that doesn't happen. The sprightly dialogue of "Alias Mike Romanoff" earned it the Manuscript Group prose selection.



Edward French is a veteran member of the LANTERN staff, and has been for three years invaluable in getting the "mag" to press. In this issue he creates for us Joe Pilgrave, "The Commuter." Of many past contributions, French's essay "The Symbolism of the British Crown" and his realistic prose tale

"Sahara" are outstanding.

Of Manx and Man

ROBERT C. YOH

IN the Irish Sea, between England and Northern Ireland, lies the little-known island of the Manxmen, the Isle of Man. Many people have but vague notions of the island; let me, therefore, give you some specific ideas. Man is about 217 square miles in area, 32 miles at its longest and 12 miles at its widest. The island is a land of hills, save for a flat expanse in the North. The highest of the hills, and the only one deserving the title of mountain, is Snaefell, which is prominent in all talk of the island. The hills are the most characteristic part of Man. In our cosmopolitan United States we rarely realize that it is in small countries, and particularly small mountainous countries, that nationalism and fervent patriotism are found at their strongest. Could we but hear Welshmen singing "Land of Our Fathers" or "Cwin Rhondda," and the Manxmen, though much less demonstrative, with equal pride singing "Ellen Vannin," we would realize the real intensity and fervor of Celtic patriotism.

It is not only the geography of the island which causes this patriotism, but also its history. For centuries Manxmen kept their race a pure one, but the strain is now adulterated, and few can say in truth that they are Manx. The history is indeed an old one. We must go back to days when Douglas, the chief town, and the other towns were unthought of, and begin with the Birth of Christ. At this time the island was uninhabited.

Roman Invasion Founds Isle

In 43 A. D., the Roman Emperor Claudius began in earnest the conquest of England which Caesar started tentatively in 55 B. C. After a resistance whose stubbornness was rendered useless by inter-tribal quarreling, the inhabitants, the Britons, retired to some extent into the mountains. All the braver spirits who would have nothing of a foreign yoke betook themselves to the hills of Cornwall, Devon, Wales, and the Isle of Man, christened by the Romans Mona. (Anglesea, the retreat of the Druids, was also called Mona by some strange confusion.) The island and its lovers of freedom were left unmolested until Edwin of Northumbria became supervising monarch of the Heptarchy.

The Romans left England after the sack of Rome in 410 A. D., and almost immediately the marauding Angles and Saxons abandoned their raiding policy and began to settle Kent, Sussex, and Wessex, eventually driving the natives into the mountains of Wales, Scratch-clyed (Westmoreland and Cumberland), and Mona. Edwin was the greatest ruler to date and conquered Mona, probably between 600 and 630 A. D. Edwin,

who had no use for the island save as an exercising place for his navy, of which he seems to have been proud, imposed a light yoke.

The Celts of England were by now Christians, having been converted by the Ionian saints, Aixan, Patrick, and Colomba. Edwin himself became a Christian. After the Synod of Whitby the Roman Christianity under Augustine banished the Celtic religion from England. This Synod had no influence upon Mona, which the worthy Augustine probably did not consider worth the sea trip.

Orry, the Manx Hero

A much more ferocious conqueror came in the ninth century, when the Danes invaded England. The giant king Orry, their representative in Man, is the tremendous figure in the history of the island. His identity and everything pertaining to him are dimmed with the thousand years which have passed since he came, but Orry is the great Manxman hero, and today many Manx boys are proud to bear his name. Orry melted away into time and, as far as we know, the island's history becomes a blank for several hundred years. It seems hardly conceivable that William the Conqueror left the little territory entirely alone, and there is a little evidence that he once came to its shores. Inevitably it passed into the hands of the British crown. Piers Saveston, the favorite of Edward II, became, among other offices, Lord Lieutenant of Man.

Shakespearean Deference

A lady in one of Shakespeare's historical plays was banished to Castle Rushen, the stronghold of Manx history. There is a pleasing, if untrue, story that when Richard III was defeated by Henry Tudor at Bosworth in 1485, Crouchback's crown rolled on the ground. Lord Stanley picked it up and placed it on Henry's head, proclaiming him Henry VII. Henry was so pleased by this act of gallantry that with no more ado he made Stanley a present of the Isle of Man. ("So little are we valued by the Crown!" complains the Manxman.) It is certain that for many years the island was the domain, and Castle Rushen the fortress, of the Stanley family.

The true Manx stock is an entirely different and a much purer one than the English. Theirs is Celtic, and their language is Celtic, much more akin to the language of Wales and Brittany than to that of England. The English race, according to the Manxmen, is a hopeless mixture of Briton, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman, as is the English language.

The Isle of Man is still a nation with the oldest working constitution in the world. The people have their

own flag, bearing the island's crest: The Three Legs Of Man—"quocumque jeceris stabit" — "wheresoever you throw it, it will stand."

II

THE ISLE OF MAN TODAY

The Manx are still picturesque, but all that lifts them from drab "Englishness" is a faint glory of forgotten days. This glory completely envelops them. Manx are skillful farmers, toiling all day long on the hills and growing more products than one would ever think possible in their small farms. But they are more famous as fishermen. The Manx are noted, with good reason, as bold and excellent sailors. They brave stormy seas and bring safely to harbor their small wind-tossed fishing crafts. Calamity is not unknown to them. An entire fishing fleet was destroyed some years ago off the coast at Peel; the brave wives at home did not give up in despair, but set to work weaving Manx cloth to support themselves and their families.

The island has an air and character all its own. So have the Manx people. As a rule they are charming, but at times they can be infuriating. They have a dry way about them which must be understood to be appreciated. Their resignation to Fate is almost annoying, and yet heroic. The Manxman has an inherent sense of

distrust towards the English race, a distrust which almost amounts to hatred. Most Manx youths are sent to the schools of Scotland, and not to the better universities of England, because the parents fear that their children may acquire English "ways." They call the English "come-overs;" despite this scorn, once they know and like an Englishman they make kind and faithful friends. The Manx have none of the Irish sparkle, or the Welsh fairness, but they are very musical and sing excellently their own beautiful music.

When you know a Manxman, you know what beauty is in its form of melancholy; you feel the disturbing sway of the haunting Manx folk-tunes long before you see him in a merry mood. But for all his reserve, he is a born poet, although he is unaware of the fact. How else could he have named his mountains as he did? The fishing fleet returning from its night-long labors saw the early sun bathe its morning glory on the slopes of an eastern hill, and they called it Cronk-ny-Irrey-lhaa—Hill of the Rising Sun.

The Isle of Man is only a little dot on the maps of the world, unnoticed by those who scan them, but there is to be found on this isle a proud race, a rich history, a mystic beauty; but, more than all this, peace and contentment.

A Sanguinary Pirate

ROBERT PECK

*A bloody pirate sallied forth upon the Spanish Main,
In a rakish looking schooner, y-clept the Mary Jane.
She carried lots of howitzers and deadly rabbit guns,
With dynamite and powder and percussion caps in tons.
The pirate was a homely man, and short and round and fat,
He wore a wildly awful grin beneath his bowler hat.
Swords, dirks, and water pistols clanked loudly on his thighs,
And he glowered like a demon from those dancing,
dark blue eyes!
His curling black moustachios bulged out beneath his nose,
And jell in locks of ebony about his very toes.
He was not a serious pirate, this Jones (or Bones; who really cares?)
He rarely went to Sunday School and never said his prayers.
One day, a roar—an earthquake—most terrifying tones
Where is the crew? Where is the ship? O where is
Captain Jones?
Go ask the clouds, go ask the waves, go ask the murmuring sea,
Go ask the President, the coroner,—but for heaven's sake,
not me! ! ! !*

Maurice Evans, A Great Shakespearean

(Continued from Page 16)

palm of his hand, and, like all good artists, to play upon their emotions at will.

If an outstanding scene were to be picked to show Mr. Evans at the height of his magnificence, none would be more appropriate, more fitting to choose than the awe-inspiring abdication scene when King Richard surrenders his crown to the usurper. Mr. Evans attains his greatest emotional heights here. The audience is swayed by the alternate fire and abjectness of his delivery. When he grasps his crown away from Bolingbroke one is momentarily uplifted by the hope that he will refuse to abdicate, though it is evident that this is but a futile gesture. Yet we are thrilled by the spirit he shows. When, after surrendering his crown, he humbly asks to be permitted to leave, the air is vibrant with his utter despair.

The production of Shakespeare's "King Richard II" was a triumph for the theatre; for Mr. Evans it was a personal triumph. Seldom has it been said in recent years that full justice has been done on the stage to a work of Shakespeare. Yet it appears that in Mr. Evans' production a standard as near perfection as can be desired was attained. Mr. Evans' acting was superb; he received fairly competent support from the remainder of the cast; and, finally, the gorgeous costumes and the beautiful stage effects rounded out a notable presentation.

Truth In Print

(Continued from Page 12)

in the form of news. Last winter, in France, during the continual fracas between Fascist and Communist elements, I noticed time and again contradictory articles appearing in extremist papers. After a midnight fight between Communists and Fascists in the former's stronghold, the principal Communist paper, *Humanité*, announced with screaming headlines something to this effect: FASCIST PESTS INVADE OUR REGION; HUNDREDS KILLED, DOZENS RAPED; POLICE ATTACKED BY FASCISTS, INVADERS JAILED AND BEATEN OFF. The Royalist paper, *Action Française*, and the Fascist organ, *Le Flambeau*, denounced the Communist attack as cowardly, and refuted the arguments of their opponents' papers. Fascist headlines ran thus: PEACEFUL CINEMA PARTY ATTACKED BY REDS, POLICE QUICKLY INTERVENE; NUMEROUS PAR-

carefully expurgated. During the World War, the English and German governments bought up American papers and influenced the mass of the people for intervention on their side. In Germany one finds rather odd propaganda at times. Consider the following article taken from the semi-official *Judenkenner*:

GERMAN NATIONAL COMRADE, do you know that the Jew:

Violates	Your Child,
Sullies	Your Wife,
Murders	Your Parents,
Steals	Your Property,
Mocks	Your Honour,
Scorns	Your Morals,
Destroys	Your Church,
Rots	Your Culture,
Infects	Your Race.

I leave criticism to the reader on the above crude and

● GERMANY PRATES ABOUT THE "ALIEN LEMON"

● FRANCE CRIES OUT ABOUT "FASCIST PESTS"

● WHAT ARE THE PREJUDICES OF OUR OWN PRESS?

TY MEMBERS ASSAULTED, LEADER INSULTED AND MADE TARGET OF FIREARMS.

Still other papers are directed by bigoted individuals with fixed opinions which dominate the news printed in their paper. Again, many a paper today is the organ of an economic interest . . . power, steel, banking. The *Paris Temps* is said to be in this class.

However, this brings us to the second source of distortion—economic pressure. The common type of economic pressure is the pressure of the advertiser. "Unfinished Story," by O. Henry, was rejected by the *New York World* because it dealt with a department store girl who nearly starved on a wage of seven dollars a week. The real reason for rejecting this story was the fear that it might harm the relations of the paper with all department stores in the city. Another example of the power of the advertiser is the time, not so long ago, when the Ohio press attacked the Standard Oil Company and Rockefeller. The papers, which carried advertisements of Standard Oil by-products, ceased their attacks the very next day. Coincidence? Even governments may exert economic pressure by granting or withholding advertisements of loans, lotteries, and government enterprises like the French tobacco monopoly, and the power competition by the United States government.

But the major influence of governments on the press constitutes a third source of distortion, namely, the exercise of censorship and propaganda. News hostile to the government or too friendly to foreign governments is

spiteful propaganda. Another piece of German news which was written quite seriously, but seems to us rather childish, is the attack on the alien lemon.

"Farewell lemon, we need thee not! Our German rhubarb will take thy place fully and entirely. He is so unpretending that we overlooked and despised him, busy with infatuation for foreign things. In all our shires we can have him in masses, the whole year round. We get him almost for nothing; his tartness will season our salads and vegetable dishes. Slightly sweetened, he provides us with delicious refreshment, and, what is more, he is a blood-purifying and medicinal agent true to German type. Let us make good with German rhubarb the sins committed with the alien lemon."

Partisan ownership, economic pressure, government influence . . . these are some of the reasons why the public cannot rely on the papers for news.

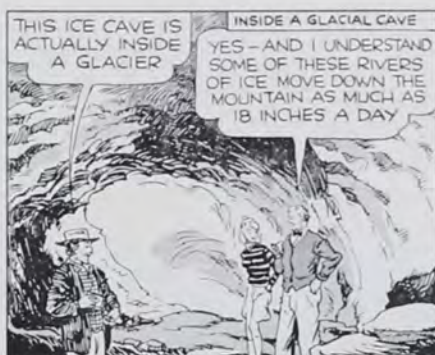
Is there any hope of securing truth in print? We can be optimistic by remembering that not all people believe what they read. We should also remember that a few honest, fearless, and really independent papers still exist in democratic countries. Moreover, in America and in other democracies the papers of rival political parties tend more or less to counteract each other. If the mass of the public could be awakened and organized to threaten to cancel their subscriptions unless a paper actually stops writing cheap sensation, then the newspaper would be obliged to respond to public pressure. A successful united attempt by an enlightened public would assuredly achieve results, and newspapers would fulfill their legitimate function as disseminators of truthful news.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT OLD MT. RAINIER WAS A FIERY VOLCANO IN ANCIENT TIMES

-AND JUST THINK, NOW! THERE ARE 28 GLACIERS FLOWING FROM ITS EXTINGUISHED CRATER!



THIS ICE CAVE IS ACTUALLY INSIDE A GLACIER

INSIDE A GLACIAL CAVE
YES - AND I UNDERSTAND SOME OF THESE RIVERS OF ICE MOVE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AS MUCH AS 18 INCHES A DAY



THAT'S CALLED NATURE SLIDING. THEIR TROUSERS HAVE A THICK COAT OF PARAFFIN ON THEM

SOME FUN, EH?

HOLD ON, CHUBBINS. WE'RE TAKING A CURVE!



HERE IS WINTER'S ETERNAL SURRENDER TO SPRING. LOOK AT THIS BRAVE LINE OF FLOWERS ONLY A LITTLE WAY FROM THAT GLACIER

WELL, DAD, LET'S MAKE WINTER FRIENDS WITH SPRING. WE'LL BUILD A SNOW MAN AND GIVE HIM A POSEY OF THESE PRETTY BLOSSOMS.



THERE - ALL HE NEEDS IS YOUR PIPE, DAD, TO MAKE HIM LOOK REAL CONTENTED



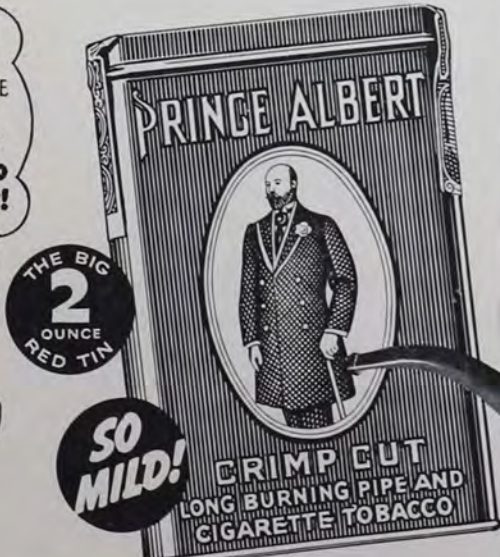
TOO BAD HE CAN'T TASTE THE PRINCE ALBERT IN THAT PIPE

IF HE COULD, I'LL BET HE'D APPRECIATE PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOOTH, BITELESS SMOKE AND RICH, TASTY BODY!

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Conversation Has an Adventure

RUTH GRAUERT

GIVE me the power to juggle Time. Let me for the length of a conversation be the Master. Then you must grant me also the possibility of this adventure.

It is a spring night in England and Queen Elizabeth has just dismissed her maids. She starts to get into bed when a sound at the casement attracts her attention. A man is standing there. Before she can move or cry out, he stretches out his hand warningly. "No, don't call. It wouldn't be wise."

Elizabeth looks at him for a long moment. "Get out!"

"Oh, your Majesty," he protests, "After I've risked my neck to come here! Give me a little time. I shan't stay long."

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"They call me Cellini."

She starts at the name, but recovers herself immediately, and with grand hauteur orders him again. "Get out or I'll call."

He seems hurt, but his voice continues smoothly. "Cellini found in the bedroom of the Virgin Queen! What a tavern tale that would make!"

Her defiance is unruffled. "It would mean nothing."

"How would they know that?"

"Get out. You shall pay for this!" Her continued composure is ominous.

"Must I lose my valuable head for so brief a private audience? Ah, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" He pauses—then— "What excuse would you give them?"

"Traitor."

"Traitor to a country not my own? Well, no matter. I must die. How much we lose in dying. All those things we feel so keenly, surely the soul will forget. Breathing the fresh night air—an honest, hard-fought duel—the touch of a soft, small hand in mine—"

Elizabeth interrupts him. "Must you babble so?"

"All small things that find the heart of man. A swift ride in the first snow—"

She interrupts again. "If you must talk, spend your beloved breath in explaining why you came here."

He looks at her. His whole manner changes. His talk slows as if reaching for expression. "When I first came to court, I watched your face, for I wondered how you thought and what you felt. But it never changed—it was stiff like rock. So I called you Stone Face."

"You—" She interrupts.

Cellini says humbly, "You asked, your Majesty."

Elizabeth bites her lip. "Go on."

"And I thought, is there not some break, some crack? But when you laughed, your laughter was hard like

stone. You didn't weep, for sorrow couldn't find you. You didn't feel the world. Your soul was stone. And I thought, is this the fact of fame that will live in the hearts of Englishmen?"

"You fool! The face is no index to the fame." She is sneering now. "When England came to me she was defeated. Through me she has conquered Spain and is mistress of the seas. She was overrun with crime and riot, and I brought her peace. Her trade has flourished. She has gained new lands. Englishmen will always love me."

"But England shall fall as Rome fell. And who loves Caesar now?"

"Englishmen will always love me."

"But who will love you or remember, when Englishmen cease to be? Then Elizabeth shall be no more. And your proud stone face like powdered clay."

Elizabeth protests with despair, almost pleadingly. "No, no!"

Cellini moves to her and stands directly before her. His voice is gentle, but his words are eloquent. "Then you can stop fate? No, Elizabeth, you are mortal. More mortal than any other, for you shall die. The simplest soldier in your army will live longer, and love for him stretch eternally; for every time a little boy laughs as he runs barefoot in the grass, that soldier shall live again. And the lowest mistress of the inn likewise shall live, when at a girlish chore, a girl's heart sings."

Like a child she looks at him. "What shall I do?"

He puts his hand on her arm. "Come with me and we will run through wheat fields and chase the lambs on the hillside. We will stand on the hill top and laugh in the face of the wind. And we'll go to the river and sail leaf-boats. And we'll lie in the evening beneath a tree and as we watch the first star come out we'll make a wish. Then we'll count them, one by one. And when the moon rises we'll sing a soft, low song." He puts his arm around her. "And I will show you where the wasps sleep beneath the overhanging rocks, and where the pretty water snakes change their coats. We'll climb a waterfall and visit with the elves who pour it. And we'll search the fields for fairy rings."

She smiles softly, happy with his picture. He kisses her lightly and she looks at him. He says, "Old Stone Face, you've cracked!"

He kneels, kissing her hand, then dashes to the window and disappears. Elizabeth looks after him, and slowly, as though remembering a formula, she murmurs, "Get out—"

"Ursinus' Neediest Case"

Is the "Lantern!" This issue is designed, we hope, to please you. But whatever improvements we make are made in the face of rising costs.

Unlike the "Weekly," the "Lantern" receives no money from student tuitions. It keeps going almost entirely from your subscription money. And from a campus of 525 students, only 125 of you are paid subscribers to date.

This is the Christmas season, and we like to be jolly, but, believe us, it is no fun putting out a magazine when you don't know where the next paragraph is coming from!

Our immediate goal is 36 more subscriptions to meet the \$18.00 increase in printing costs this year over last, due to rising prices.

Will you help? On a small campus, every new subscription will go a long way.

THE STAFF.

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