



12-1933

The Lantern Vol. 2, No. 1, December 1933

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Naomi M.; Donalson, Keturah R.; Strickland, Joyce L.; Hamma, Ruth I.; Tempest, William H.; Wilt, Isobel W.; Heiges, Jesse; Myers, Mary E.; Patterson, Dorothy F.; and Brubaker, Rose-Marie, "The Lantern Vol. 2, No. 1, December 1933" (1933). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 2.

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THE ZEPHYRUS

DECEMBER
1933





The Lantern

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1933

No. 1

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THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

IN THIS ISSUE

COVER	- - - - -	NAOMI M. CLARK	
PETITION	- - - - -	KETURAH R. DONALSON	2
KEEP IT BURNING!	- - - - -	EDITORIAL	3
JES' BEFORE CHRISTMAS	- - - - -	JOYCE L. STRICKLAND	4
NOEL—TRANSLATION FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER—			
		RUTH I. HAMMA	7
A YOUNG JEW MEETS JESUS	- - - - -	WILLIAM H. TEMPEST	8
BOOK REVIEWS—			
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?	- - - - -	ISOBEL W. WILT	10
THUNDER AND DAWN	- - - - -	JESSE HEIGES	11
CONTINUITY	- - - - -	MARY E. MYERS	13
LA VEILLE DE NOEL (REFLEXIONS D'UN PROVINCIAL)			
		RUTH I. HAMMA	14
NOEL SCEPTIQUE—PAR JULES LAFARGUE	- - - - -	RUTH I. HAMMA	15
HORIZON	- - - - -	DOROTHY F. PATTERSON	15
WINTER NIGHT	- - - - -	KETURAH R. DONALSON	16
LINOLEUM CUTS	- - - - -	ROSE-MARIE BRUBAKER	

Petition

*Dear Lord, on this calm Christmas night
Let me forget old wrongs, old cares,
And make my soul as pure and white
As virgins' robes put on for prayers.*

*If I am proud, Lord, humble me,
Curb anger, sorrow; make me feel
That I tonight am one with Thee —
Oh, hear me as I lowly kneel!*

*Forgive those things undone, dear Lord,
Show me tonight Thy way to peace;
Bind me to Thee with silver cord
And hold me till my strivings cease.*

*So on this peaceful Christmas night
Alone I kneel before Thee here,
And pray for pardon in Thy sight —
A star shines bright — I feel Thee near.*

—KETURAH R. DONALSON

Keep It Burning!


IT was with a great deal of enthusiasm last year that students of Ursinus projected the idea of a campus literary magazine. The eagerness with which they obligated themselves by signing a petition to support the undertaking was encouraging. With little delay an executive council was chosen, composed of six student representatives and three faculty members, under whose direction the plan took form.

The plan, as stated in the constitution, is to print three numbers a year at such times as the accumulation of material permits. The aim is to provide for the benefit and enjoyment of the student body, what hitherto has been lacking, an outlet for creative writing.

The value of one's college life can be measured only to a very limited degree by achievements in course. The curriculum offers the formal aspects of cumulative knowledge; activities give opportunity for practical individual and coöperative experience in many fields; and social life involves the integration of the other two through personality. A complete college experience involves all three, distinctly yet inseparably.

The worth of activities which purposely encourage and develop original expression, whether in music, art, or writing, can not be overestimated. The inauguration of a literary magazine at Ursinus is certainly a progressive step in enlarging her extra-curricular program. Although it has made its start unpretentiously, and not over-confidently, the beginning is full of possibilities for a more brilliant future. The success of the project, however, depends upon the active interest of every student. Passive approval is not sufficient. In order to warrant printing, there must be a large body of good material contributed, from which the best may be chosen. And unless the sale of subscriptions will meet the cost of publication, it cannot be continued. But continued it must be, for surely Ursinus spirit will not allow such a worthy undertaking to fail!

The first issue of the new publication appeared in May, 1933, with an introduction fitly called "Lighting the Lantern." The match which had been struck by student initiative, with faculty sanction, was used by the staff to set THE LANTERN aflame. The fire needs feeding, or it will flicker and die out of its own weakness. It remains for you and me — for all of us — to keep the light glowing, and to make it gleam with ever-increasing luster.



Jes' Before Christmas —

KITTY, who was white, and Lily, who was colored, both about ten years of age, were sitting side by side on a kitchen chair, each with a slice of bread and butter in her hand. Lily was singing between bites:

*"Thah was a li'l chicken, roasted ve'y high
Up in a tall apple tree.
En' uh li'l skinny niggah dat was makin' chicken pie
Says, 'Ha! Yo' jes' de right size foh me!
So, come 'long, li'l chicken!
Yuh needn' be a kickin'
Ah'll hab yuh right soon, Ah spec' "*—

"Lil-lee!" called her mother, Martha, from the pantry where she was putting away a fruit cake and some cookies, "Wha'd' Ah tell yuh 'bout singin' dem foolish songs?"

Lily, apparently unhearing, continued hurriedly and in a lower tone,
*"Ah'll boil yuh in a pot
En' eat yuh whahle yo' hot,
Jes' soon ez Ah kin wring yuh li'l neck!"*

"Ma'am, wha'd yuh say, mom?" she asked innocently at the end of the song.

"You heared me en' don' lemme haf tuh speak tuh yuh again!" Martha replied sternly.

Kitty giggled softly to show her appreciation of Lily's mischievousness.

In spite of the difference in their color, the little girls were great friends. Lily's mother did most of the housework for the Wards, who lived in a comfortable old frame house on the edge of a small Southern town. When Kitty's father was away on business, as he was most of the time, Martha

stayed there at night as well as in the daytime. Lily was usually there, too, since her mother didn't like to leave her at home alone, and Mrs. Ward said that she was willing to put up with almost anything to have Martha help her. And ten-year-old Kitty needed someone to play with. So the two children were usually to be found together, occasionally, it must be admitted, up to some prank that Lily's fertile mind had planned. Lily was coffee-black in color, like her mother, and not large for her age. Her hair was fastened in "pigtails" all over her head, and her clothes were usually some that Kitty had outgrown. Kitty was a pretty little girl with her curly brown hair and brown eyes. Most of the time she was a model child, but a fun-loving streak in her nature made her a ready accomplice in all Lily's schemes.

As they sat on the kitchen chair together, they were looking eagerly at the gaily colored pictures in "The Night Before Christmas," the book that Kitty held in her lap.

"I wish Christmas would hurry up and come!" said Kitty. "Here it is two whole days, almost, till Christmas Eve! And I never saw such long days!"

"Ah does too! Ah wondah does Ole Kris really look like dat picshuh en' do he come in a sleigh nowadays, or a airyplane?" Lily asked with a grin of anticipation on her face.

"How many times do I have to tell you that it's 'Santa Claus', not 'Ole Kris'!" exclaimed Kitty impatiently, "and of course he comes in a sleigh! . . . What time are you going to get up Christmas morning?"

"Oh, Ah always gits up 'way 'fo' it gits light. Las' year Mom came neah

beatin' me 'cause Ah got up so early en' woke huh up two, th'ee times."

"And Christmas Eve is the day after tomorrow! And my Daddy's coming home! And we have to get the Christmas tree fixed in the living room. Guess what! Mother says if we're both good from now until then, that you and I can trim the tree!"

"Oh, goody!" sang Lily, "we go'n' have jes' lotsa fun! Ah sho' do love Chris'mas, en' Ah hopes Santy Claus brings me sump'n nice!"

"So do I . . . Let's go out and see if the tree is still all right in the woodshed, and then play outside until supertime," Kitty suggested, and they put on their coats and hurriedly dashed out, slamming the door behind them.

The next day the little girls played with their dolls all morning. In the afternoon they went outdoors and played ball until they both became very hungry, so they came inside to get something to eat. Kitty's mother was busy somewhere in the front of the house, and Martha was not in the kitchen as usual, but was upstairs doing the weekly cleaning. Lily led the way into the pantry, where they were not ordinarily allowed to go, and raised the lid of the box where the fruit cake had been put to "ripen."

"My, don' dat look fitten foh tuh eat! Ah sho' love tuh have a piece uh dat cake!" she said, eyeing it hungrily.

"Don't you bother that cake, Lily! It's for Christmas, and my mother would spank us both if we touched it," Kitty warned.

"Oh, Ah ain' go'n' bothah it," said Lily, hastily replacing the lid, "Ah was jes' lookin' at it." Then, standing on tiptoe, she peered into an earthenware jar that stood on the shelf. "Oh, looka dem cookies! Lawsy, dey makes mah mouf watah! Oatmeal cookies, sugah cookies, en' m'lasses cookies!"

"Let me see!" begged Kitty, "Oh, they look ever so good! My, I'd like to have some."

"Well," suggested Lily resourcefully, "dey's so many in dah, nobody ain'

go'n' miss a few li'l cookies ef we jes' tak' one uh two foh uh sample."

"Oh, no," said Kitty uprightly; but an experienced observer would have said she was weakening. . . . "We-ell, I guess we could each take one of each kind just to taste. There will still be just lots left—perhaps too many," she added, by way of excuse.

As they nibbled the delicious cookies, both pairs of eyes wandered over the well-stocked pantry shelves. Then, at the same time, each spied on the second shelf a baking-pan lined with waxed paper.

"Oh, I'll bet that's candy — perhaps Martha made some of her chocolates," said Kitty wistfully.

"Le's see," answered the practical Lily. "Ah b'leeve Ah kin reach it." And suiting the action to the word, she carefully lifted down a pan of glossy, dark chocolates, of various interesting shapes and sizes, some with pecans on top.

"Oh, good lan'!" breathed Lily, "ain' dey han'some?"

"My favorite kind!" exclaimed Kitty, "Oh, I want one so badly! I wonder if anyone could tell if we took just two from the corners?"

They had replaced the pan on the shelf, after carefully removing two of the least conspicuous chocolates, and were just biting into them, when Martha suddenly appeared in the doorway of the pantry.

"What you young 'uns doin'?' Oh!" and a grim note came into her voice, "Stealin' candy, huh? Well, both of you come right with me to Miz Ward! . . . Did you gals take anything else 'sides candy?"

"Well," reluctantly admitted Kitty, "we each had three cookies, too.—But, Martha, they looked so good and we were very, very hungry!" she added anxiously.

Martha led them silently to Kitty's mother, who looked up as they entered the room. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Ah found dem younguns in de pantry stealin' candy dat was put away foh Chris'mas en' dey a'ready had took some cookies," Martha replied sternly. "Ah wants yuh tuh do tuh Lily what-evah yuh does tuh li'l Kitty."

"Why, girls! I'm surprised that you would do such a thing. You both know that you are not allowed to go into the pantry without permission," said Mrs. Ward, "I'm afraid you'll have to be punished for it."

"But, Mother!" Kitty's eyes filled with tears. "We were very hungry and they looked and smelled so good. We just didn't think."

"Well, I'm sorry, but you must learn not to take without asking things that aren't yours. I think, Martha, that you will have to send Lily to her sister's for tomorrow. Since the girls misbehaved, I can't allow them to trim the tree together, or do the other things they had planned for Christmas Eve. And Lily must not come back until Christmas Day morning."

"Yas'm," said Martha, "Lily got tuh luhn dat she cain't make so free wid what ain' hern." As Martha led her back into the kitchen, Lily could be heard sobbing loudly.

Kitty, too, burst into tears, wailing, "But Mother, I can't have any fun tomorrow, all by myself! And it's

Christmas Eve, when we were going to do ever so many things!"

"Well, dear," her mother answered gently, "I'm sorry it had to happen. Perhaps next time you'll remember not to take what doesn't belong to you."

"I s'pose I will," agreed Kitty dolefully.

After the longest day the two had ever known, Lily returned Christmas morning as soon as breakfast was over. They greeted each other as though they had been apart for weeks, and soon were busily comparing the merits of Lily's new red beads with Kitty's new storybook.

"You know," Kitty said, as they sat on the floor near the Christmas tree, "I stayed awake a long time last night listening for Santa Claus, but I must have fallen asleep before he came because I didn't hear him."

"Ah did, too, en' Ah nevah heard 'im eithah," Lily replied. "Ah allus wondah's 'bout 'im comin' down de chimley—ef he do, how come he ain' got no soot on 'is clo'es in de picshuhs? En' ef he clim' down de chimley, how do he git back up again?"

"That's a puzzling question!" said Mrs. Ward, smiling, from the doorway. "Dinner's ready, children. Lily, Martha wants you in the kitchen. Come, Kitty."

JOYCE L. STRICKLAND



Noel

Theophile Gautier

*Black the sky; the earth is white.
O gaily ring, ye bells of joy,
For Christ is born, and Mary bends
In reverence o'er her baby boy.*

*No curtains trimmed with gay festoons
Protect him from the frosty air —
Naught but the humble spider's web,
Hung from the roof with artless care.*

*He trembles on the cold, fresh hay,
The holy Child, the infant King.
And cattle near his manger come
The warmth of their mild breath to bring.*

*The snow sifts lightly through the thatch
While on the Hope of Israel
Heaven beams, and white-robed angels sing
Their joyous lay, "Noël! Noël!"*

—RUTH I. HAMMA



A Young Jew Meets Jesus

JADA was just twenty years old when he left his little village of Harem nestling in the hills of northern Galilee. For many months he had listened with heightened eagerness to the tales of the prowess of Jesus, one of his own countrymen. This man was reported to be stirring the populace with his unusual actions and his more unusual words. When old Nicholas, whose faculty for newsgathering had long since earned him a wide reputation, had told the youth Jada that this same Jesus was making an indefinite stay at Capernaum, on the Sea of Galilee, Jada determined to see him and hear him speak.

He started early in the morning, and by noon he had covered all of the twenty-five miles to the gates of the city. Entering, he was struck by the quiet of a normally tumultuous market place. The shops were closed. Idle merchants, greedy for chance trade, waited impatiently at their booths, wondering if after all it had been wise to stay. Stepping up to one of them, Jada inquired about the best route to the sea, remarking at the same time that the place was unusually quiet.

He learned that thousands of the city dwellers had departed early in the morning in a state of intense excitement. They had followed, the shopkeeper said, a man called Jesus. "A man," contemptuously, "who draws crowds by crooking his finger. Bah!"

Jada hurried through the deserted streets toward the shore. He overtook stragglers, he passed long lines of beggars, cripples, blind men, and hundreds of wretches rotting from leprosy. As he neared the sea, the crowd became suffocatingly dense. Added to the body odors of people crowded close to him were the oaths of men, the cries of the beggars, and the shouts of the

booth-keepers who urged their pastries, fruits, and meats on the people.

Jada pushed on. Finally he reached the shore. It was quiet there. The atmosphere held an electric quality of stillness. Then from across the water came the sound of a voice—such a voice! Rich, vibrant, it struck the boy's heart and he, too, fell under its spell. For some time he could not see who it was who spoke; then he saw the boat a short distance from shore. In it stood a man with up-raised hand and extended fingers. He spoke, slowly, richly:

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it."

Jada listened on, enthralled. He had no sense of passing time. It was with amazement that he became suddenly aware that dusk was falling, that people were preparing to return to their homes. It did not matter. The night was warm and he had no place to go in the city. When the crowd had gone, he threw himself upon the ground and gave himself up to deep thought, soul-racking thought.

This man who spoke so convincingly of the pearl of great price! To be sure a pearl such as he described was valuable—beautiful, too. Ah! the beauty of a pearl! What a depth of feeling the sight of Likhi's pearl had roused in him at the time when the village bead man had shown him it. It held to itself all the glorious hues of a sunset, the soft freshness of a rain-drenched moon; the changing lights of a dying camp-fire; the sweet, intimate mystery of moonlight; the rustle of angel wings sensed from a flower-strewn hilltop—verily the stuff of dreams.

But what single thing in life, Jada asked himself, could be likened to that pearl, for whose possession all else must be given up? There was Amos, whose eloquence had long ago stirred the blood of his forefathers; Amos, who thundered against the social injustice of his time. Jada thrilled to the greatness of the man, and thought again of Jesus, who said he, too, came to bring about a new condition of things. He thought with a wave of impatience of the platitudes the older men of the village had uttered. Yes, they claimed, for this and that their devotion ran so high that gladly, willingly would they lay down their lives for it.

Die for something? Death is so final; there is no second chance. It must be a devoted man indeed who would die of his own will. To give up life is to give up all hope of success in the struggle, all hope of recognition. To die is bad enough, but to speak lightly of willingly giving up life for the cause was incomprehensible. What cause? What good to Jada if he be one of five thousand slain by a band of Roman soldiers because he, Jada, and five thousand others would not permit the desecration of the temple? The cause, Jada decided, could be served only in an excess of emotion, a near-hysterical state. That blinded you to death's approach, at any rate, and made you convince others that you were a willing sacrifice.

Was this man Jesus wrong? Was his splendid conviction that a pearl of great price did exist for each individual the result of an emotional upheaval

which would pass in a week, at most in a fortnight? Jada hoped, suddenly, passionately, that that was not true. Well, then, would this Jesus be willing to *die* for what he believed was true? How foolish, how futile, how tragically useless such a gesture would be. Face five thousand people courageously he might, but die for that five thousand, die in the face of their contempt—impossible!

Ah, if he could but still the nagging dissatisfaction roused by this reasoning! There was more than just dramatic conviction to this man Jesus. Yes, much more. There was an inarticulate, inexpressible something in his voice, in the erectness of his body which appealed mightily to Jada. A man like Jesus would make a great leader; one instinctively trusted him. Of this Jada felt sure. Yes, one might follow him and go through a great number of exciting experiences. Perhaps this man Jesus would slowly gain power and exercise it for the good of a great number of people. Perhaps it would mean something of an honor to be with him. Yet that voice, that blazing certainty, that reality of latent power! If such a one was not careful, he would lose friends and fall into dishonor. Would he, Jesus, be willing to die just to maintain that he was right and that his fellowmen and ancestors were wrong? Would he? No, no, *no!* He couldn't!

* * *

For hours Jada tossed about on the ground struggling with his disturbing thoughts. Everyone had gone; even Jesus was by that time well on his way. And at last Jada slept.

WILLIAM H. TEMPEST



Book Reviews

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

By Hans Fallada, translated from the
German by Eric Sutton

Publishers: Simon and Shuster, N. Y.,
1933

What better title could the author choose for such a poignant story of life in a disorganized society? From the beginning of his novel to the end, the writer gives the story of two people, Johann Pinneberg and Bunny, his wife, stumbling blindly over familiar paths, now driven on and now thwarted by circumstance. He does not appeal to that seemingly unquenchable thirst of the modern reader of fiction for adventure, for the unexpected, for the tangled plot. Perhaps it is because he portrays life directly that Hans Fallada's novel is so appealing and has won so much approval in his native Germany and in America through Eric Sutton's exceptionally fine translation.

Little Man, What Now? deals entirely with Pinneberg and his sweet wife, Bunny, and their struggle against odds. These two people are held together by a spark of love sprung from an unexpected situation, strong enough to survive under the pressure of poverty, disappointment, sin, unemployment, and complete isolation from their original standards of living. Though we are brought into direct contact with fear, poverty, despair, and degradation, it is that spark of love, harmoniously mingled with hope, little happinesses, and mighty efforts, which stands out in the novel. One realizes that when it dies all is over with the Pinneberg's. Here the author shows his ingenuity, for he does not force an opinion upon the reader. He gives his argument in the form of a chain of events and Pinneberg's and Bunny's ability to rise above them. Can love be kept alive much

longer is the note on which the author leaves us, and you must read *Kleiner Mann, Was Nun?* for yourself to decide whether Bunny and her little husband are strong enough to withstand the increasing dangers closing in upon them.

The fact that the actors are seen not through the comments or long sermons of the author, gives the reader an opportunity to analyze them himself. We see a group of persons in action, revealing the power and charm of their characters. We see them so vividly that we understand them and follow their story with a sympathetic interest. After all, action is of value in revealing character. The plot shows how personality is bent to circumstance, in the gradual change of Pinneberg in the face of one disappointment after another.

Through simplicity, pathos, and sentiment, we follow the characters in their struggle to force circumstance into some unity of plan which will enable them to live: to be permitted to enjoy each other's affection by rising above doubt, suspicion, and the mental agony caused by sin; to reproduce, and to know their offspring will have the same chance. The depressing and morbid note is not always struck, but that of robust life as well. It is life on a low level, but one feels certain that it is life as it everywhere exists.

The book is not merely a character study nor is it a detached series of events. The author does not lose breadth and truth by isolating his main characters, or by touching only the high spots of their lives, but he interweaves incidents which give directness and swiftness. He concentrates upon his leading personages, but exhibits the wider interests of life so that they do not seem to us heroes, detached beings, or ideals, but just an ordinary man and

woman. It is the author's avoidance of both extremes, his ability to strike a happy medium, which produces within us a heightened sense of the beauty of living. His total effect is healthy and

strengthening and when he closes his book as if closing an episode in life, one is not let down or discouraged, but feels that life can be beautiful and virtuous.

ISOBEL W. WILT



THUNDER AND DAWN

*The Outlook for Western Civilization
With Special Reference to the
United States.*

By Glenn Frank

Publishers: The Macmillan Company
1933

"Thunder and Dawn" was written during the summer and autumn of 1931, but it now seems to have special meaning for us, as we emerge slowly from the economic chaos of the last few years. To show the author's foresight, to show how he anticipated the actions necessary to get us out of our business troubles, those actions which are embodied in the N. R. A. movement, we offer the following quotations:

"I am convinced that the major key to the economic health of Western industrialism is the release of a larger amount of the social surplus of buying power for the purchase of consumers goods . . . I am convinced that a statesmanlike administration of the triple problem of wages, hours, and prices can go far toward resolving the economic dilemmas that confront business and industrial America . . . high wages, short hours, and low prices are now seen to be the only things that can, in the interest of the solvency of capitalism, keep our industrial system a going concern."

This is the very solution adopted by the Roosevelt administration in its war on the depression. The words quoted are Glenn Frank's, taken from "Thunder and Dawn," which was published a year before Roosevelt assumed the presidency.

Viewed as a unit, we see this remarkable book as an appeal to use the troubled times for economic and social improvement. It might well be given the same title as its prologue, "Western Man Faces the Future," for it is always looking ahead, attempting to point out the pitfalls in several paths of action. Throughout, the author takes the attitude of rational optimism; rational in his examination of all sides of a question; optimistic in his implied belief that there are courageous leaders able to tackle vexing questions.

At the time this book was being written the most vexing question was, of course, the steadily increasing disorder of industry. No sign of a turn for the better could be discerned; no political leader had yet arisen to take the place of the industrial moguls, whose faulty leadership had brought us to this impasse. What lay back of this state of economic confusion?

Glenn Frank, although admitting that the causes of our industrial collapse were many, declares that one cause was more fundamental than the others. That basic cause, in his opinion, was the failure of the buying power of consumers, due to an unwise policy in the distribution of wealth. To quote him directly—"The production of goods has halted because the distribution of goods has halted. And the halt in the distribution of goods is due to a fault in the distribution of wealth."

Assuming that this is a true statement of the case, the author goes on to say what he should do about it. Never was there a real overproduction of goods. We have always had the needy,

who have not had the means to act as consumers of even the necessities of life. The logical thing to do, therefore, is not to cut down on production, but to increase consumption by means of a wider distribution of wealth.

Glenn Frank suggests three possible alternatives to accomplish this wider distribution of wealth; first, through economic leadership, which will pay higher wages, cut hours of work, and keep prices of products comparatively low; second, through drastic inheritance and income taxes; third, through a revolutionary overturn. The first alternative is the method the N. R. A. is now using, and the one favored by Glenn Frank in 1931. At the present time, he is a firm supporter of the N. R. A. movement, whose principles are practically those he has maintained for several years.

To uphold his contention that industry will benefit from a wider distribution of wealth, in the closing pages of his book he presents this argument:

"What industry pays in wages is an investment in industry's market . . . And, as a corollary to this contention respecting wages, the conquest of poverty is one of industry's greatest opportunities for extending its market . . . The plutocrat has a greater stake than the proletarian in the widest feasible distribution of the national income."

These are important statements. They are not from the pen of a socialist, nor are they the phrases of a soap-box orator. It is the philosophy of the New Deal, certainly, but much more than that. Those ideas come from an independent thinker, possibly the clearest-headed analyst in American life today. Glenn Frank is not an idle dreamer planning Utopias; his present wide influence and his past life attest that.

He was born in 1887, graduated from Northwestern University in 1912, and for a time was associated with Edward Filene, Boston merchant, in research work. In the organization of the League of Nations movement from

1915 to 1919, he took an active part. As Editor of the *Century Magazine* from 1921 to 1925, he exerted a wide influence, serving the cause of liberalism and of independent thought. Since 1925 he has been President of the University of Wisconsin. For recreation he keeps up a good game of golf, in addition to reading widely.

Of the several books that Glenn Frank has written, "Thunder and Dawn" is the most widely read. It may prove to be one of the really important non-fiction books written during and about our recent economic troubles, many of which are still with us. "Thunder and Dawn" has the exceptional qualification of being both comprehensive and concise. It discusses the pessimists and the optimists, what they think, and why. The chief problems of education, religion, and the machine are formulated and possible answers are given. The discussion of the race question brings forth the surprising fact that four-tenths of the people of the world are white and sixth-tenths are colored. Will civilization go down as the result of a war between the races? Will the white man hold his supremacy?

Thus we see that the book touches other important questions of the day, aside from purely economic ones. All is completed in less than four hundred pages of good-sized type, conciseness being paramount and repetition nil. The author makes his material more interesting by brief quotations from such men as Joseph Conrad, Mazzini, Bertrand Russell, Dean Inge, Mahatma Ghandi and others, agreeing with many and disagreeing with some.

In religious matters, Glenn Frank maintains the possibility of a new reformation; but, surprisingly enough, he thinks it will come largely outside of the church. In his words: "The New Reformation will not be born of an attempt to thrill the world with any new doctrine. It will represent a rather subtle recovery of the lost sense of the spirituality of secular affairs. While the New Reformation, unlike the ante-

cedent Reformation of the sixteenth century, will not express itself obviously through churches, organized religion may play a productive role in its advancement.

Few people hold ideas in education similar to Glenn Frank's. He says that on the one hand training for a life work in a specialized field is inadequate and not practical; on the other hand, education to obtain a broad view of all research endeavors with the idea of synthesizing them is lacking. As a remedy for this, he advocated the separation of schools into two distinct types; one to train for research in specialized fields; the other to provide men and women who can use for social ends the knowledge produced by specialists. This is very important, for, in the author's words, "Social utilization of knowledge is the only guarantee of the survival of the social order.

Many pages are devoted to the advantages and disadvantages of the machine. Striking a balance, Mr. Frank concludes that the machine can eman-

ciate man from drudgery and poverty if used wisely, much more wisely than it has been in the past. But because man has not used the machine wisely is no reason to say the machine itself is at fault. "The maniac may slash his throat with a razor without indicting the razor as a useful shaving tool for sane men."

A second reading of this book would probably prove more profitable than the first. It is written in a style that is sometimes hard to understand, as the sentences are lengthy and occasionally involved. But the author's clear thought and definite stand on all important issues makes up for that. It is a work that deals with the problems of the present, but it is a book for the future, because those problems will not be finally solved for many years to come. Although dealing with Western Man in general, it is usually concerned with the United States. Watching the trend of events in the fields mentioned, and comparing it with the course of action suggested by Glenn Frank, should prove interesting.

JESSE HEIGES

+ + +

Continuity

*A star is born,
Burns for half an eternity,
And disappears.*

*A brook springs forth,
Babbles and laughs an age or two —
And then is dumb.*

*Bright fire flames free —
A curse or a blessing from age to age —
At last is lost.*

*A love takes life —
Through age and eon unceasingly
Immortal lives.*

—MARY E. MYERS

La Veille de Noel

(Reflexions d'un provincial)

CHRISTMAS is drawing near, and recalling to my mind memories that were long ago added to the treasures of the Past. Old, old memories, but precious ones . . .

This used to be the time of cleaning and waxing my little wooden shoes, that I might leave them spotless beside the chimney before I retired on Christmas Eve. Then, warmly snuggled in my bed, I would make desperate attempts to stay awake to see the infant Jesus bringing me toys and candy. At the tiniest noise I would spring up, thinking I saw the divine apparition . . . But always there were centuries before the clock struck midnight, and always I awakened the next morning, vexed that I had let the little Jesus come all alone. For I always had so much to tell him! . . . But this vexation would soon pass away when I saw the heap of wonderful things that overflowed my little sabots.

How innocent, how charming, are these memories! And although I am not yet an old man and my beard is not yet white with the frost of many winters, still I lament those times, for then I was glad with a pure, unadulterated, integral happiness . . . Life is a river, said the ancient Greeks, in which one never bathes twice . . .

And now, tonight, as I place the traditional candle at my window to guide the Christ Child to our home, I see a group of people with lanterns, wending their way to midnight mass in the tiny church. They are singing the last verse of one of the oldest noëls of France:

*"O Jesus! King omnipotent!
An infant helpless though thou be,
O Jesus! King omnipotent,
Rule over us eternally.*

*"Lo! he is born, the Holy Child;
Sing, hautboys! Carol forth, mus-
settes!*

*Lo! he is born, the Holy Child;
Let all on earth his advent praise."*

The joyful rhythm of the song reaches my heart, and leaving behind me the memories of yesterday, I go to join the singers.

The snow falls lightly, casting its thin veil over everything and garlanding the rude little church with snowy festoons. Something deep within me stirs and flickers upward, like the flame of the glowing candle in my window. And once again I touch the warm, velvet depths of perfect joy . . . Christmas!

RUTH I. HAMMA



Noel Sceptique

par Jules Lafargue

*Christmas! Christmas? The bells sound through the night . . .
And void of Christian faith, I lift my pen:
Oh memories, sing! My pride flees from your face,
And I am filled with bitterness again.*

*These voices, chanting in the night, "Noël!"
All bring from the cathedral's lighted crest
So tender and so gentle a reproach
That my full heart is bursting in my breast. . . .*

*And still I listen to the bell's refrain . . .
I, the outcast of man's brotherly estate
To whom the wind brings, in my dark retreat,
The poignant echoes of a distant fête.*

—RUTH I. HAMMA

+ + +

Horizon

*Purple hills
against a
cloudy,
misty,
sky.*

*Fog-covered hills
and a
blue mist
on the
horizon.*

*Through the fog
come
small lights
twinkling,
twinkling—*

*Somewhere back
of it all,
they say God is,
Perhaps—
Who knows?*

—DOROTHY F. PATTERSON

Winter Night

*Chill, chill shines the moon over the earth;
The brooding dark fir trees are still, still;
Compelling, but softly, the pensive pines whisper
Of things that few men know, and none are telling;
Sighing, the lonely owls in the dim cedars
Mourn for the dead — and the dying.
Old, old is the patient world this winter night,
Wrapped in her mantle, away from the cold — cold.*

—KETURAH R. DONALSON



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