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... way back in 1933
when *THE LANTERN*
first made its Campus
appearance its name was
taken from the archi-
tectural lantern that tops
the graceful lines of the
Science Building. Today,
as then, we recall it to
you as a symbol of the
light that is shed by
creative work

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THE LANTERN

"I GET

EXTRA
MILDNESS

EXTRA
COOLNESS

EXTRA
FLAVOR

in slower-burning
Camels," says Bill Corum,
famed sports writer
and columnist



SURE
I WORK FAST—
BUT I LIKE MY
SMOKING SLOW.
MILDER, COOLER
CAMELS ARE CHAMPS
WITH ME



LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books...pictures...and *Camels*—*slow-burning* Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding—Camels proved to be the *slowest-burning* cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! (*The panel at the right explains the test.*)

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any of them*. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos



THE LANTERN PRESENTS

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THE LANTERN

VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1940

No. 2

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A Toast to Individuality . . . and Farewell

AN EDITORIAL

WE believe it was Virginia Woolf who said, "Every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written large in his works. Yet we require critics to explain the one and biographers to expound the other."

This thought moves through our minds as we prepare to turn over the LANTERN to a new editor and a new staff. It does so because it has been so amusingly interesting to share the literary secrets of our writers, to be with them amidst their feelings and experiences, and to observe the delicate qualities their minds have shown. And it has been fun to watch individuality "pop out" because it is always a satisfaction to observe creative work, isn't it? Yet as we look back in retrospect and think again of our opening lines we realize that we have done very little "criticizing" or "biographing". Instead it has been our hope that our contributors through their writings, and perhaps more important, through their friendship, have done their own biographies, and have allowed you the privilege of being their friendly critics. For this we believe is one of the purposes of the LANTERN . . . to be a medium by which creative work and individuality can receive just recognition. Any society to be successful must secure the effort and initiative of its individuals. Otherwise it will stagnate and degenerate. To meet the advancing needs of civilization it must

encourage and develop the impulses which motivate personalities to action and achievement. Therefore any workable philosophy of society or framework of education must recognize the raw materials of human nature. It must be aware of the motivations through which human "drive" gears itself and functions smoothly. And above all it must protect the divine spark within the human soul which sparkles and shines in that beam of life we call "individuality". The LANTERN's objective has been this goal, and it has attempted to nurse that individuality whenever it has blended itself to color and enrich a little the canvas that life every day so matchlessly paints.

And now as we prepare to take leave of this work we cannot help but apologize for our shortcomings throughout the past year. But it is an apology intertwined with grateful thanks to a very cooperative staff and interested student body. It is an apology tempered with those fragments of feelings which we shall recall always with delight and appreciation for the lessons we learned thereby. It is an apology colored with the thought that only by experience do we grow bigger and get a deeper insight into life and its mysteries. It is an apology which tells us that the individuality of one's life, interwoven with flexibility, is the quality which gives to us an appetite for living in its richest and finest sense.

Among Our Contributors



ROBERT C. YOH



EVELYN HUBER



ROBERT J. WEIDENHAMMER



ERNEST P. MULLER

Poetry

It has become almost an Ursinus tradition to print some of **Evelyn Huber's** poetry in each issue of THE LANTERN. There is a delicate, somewhat mystic quality always present in her writings, both poetic and prose, which makes her work unique and enjoyable.

Esther Hydren, author of several sonnets which have found their deserved place in former issues, returns again with *Quest*, a poem that you will be sure to enjoy because of its delicate beauty.

One of the pleasures of editing a literary publication is the privilege of reading and printing such poems as those that come from the gifted pen of **Gladys Heibel**. *Nostalgia* will find many sympathetic readers, and *After the Concert* will captivate many with its grace and charm.

Perhaps **Dorothy Shisler** is better known for her short stories, but this junior class member is a poet of definite ability. There is a loveliness apparent in her poems *Comrade* and *Entity* which is almost surprising for this writer who has been well-known for her sophisticated humor.

Helene Berger returns with more of her light verse, and this is as it should be. Her theme in *The Problem* is a familiar one to all students, and it is decidedly timely now that the school year draws near its close.

We also have with us **Robert C. Yoh** who takes us again to the lakes of New Hampshire, this time through the medium of poetry, and gives us a bit of the spirit that flourishes there high among the mountains. *The Music of Life*, another poem by Bob, is also included.

We are honored to welcome a new writer to THE LANTERN's pages, and so, without further ado we introduce **Virginia Shoffner** through her poem *Beside a Campfire*. This short poem should strike a chord of harmony in all who really know the relaxed contentment to be found on a summer evening out of doors before a fire.

Prose

Ernest Muller is a faithful senior member of our editorial staff. He has long been a consistently good and dependable contributor, speaking first of musicians, then of music, and now—of fate, perhaps? Don't fail to read his story, *We Cannot Go On Forever*. We might even suggest that you read it twice, for it is packed with meaning.

Joseph Chapline, Jr., a new student from Drexel, and a new writer for the Lantern, has contributed his essay, *Smoke*, in which he gives us unusual angles on a bit of the familiar. We have hopes of printing more of Joe's work in coming issues, for, they say, "Where there's smoke there's fire."

We really don't know whom to thank for the story entitled, *The Dice Were Loaded*, but we would like to find out. Let us take this opportunity to express our gratitude to its contributor, and to hint to that promising writer that we are looking forward to more stories.

Not until his senior year did **Robert J. Weidenhammer** begin to submit his writings to the Lantern. He pleasantly showed how interesting are the less-known facts about the eccentric scientist, Henry Cavendish. That was in our Christmas issue, and now he tells us more of the mysteries of science in his essay, *Chemistry and Disease*.

Richard Fohl, a junior, appears with his *All Quiet In the Early Morn*. It is an essay, one that informs us of the perils which lurk in the "darkness that comes before the dawn", and makes us look forward to more contributions in the future.

Harry Showalter, a member of the Lantern editorial staff, spoke of *America's Defeatism Complex* in an essay that appeared in the issue of December, 1938. He has earned renown as a political writer through his contributions to other campus publications, but he can, and does write well on other subjects, too. We think you will like his *Collecting People*, and find it a fascinating hobby.

The Music of Life

ROBERT C. YOH

*Let me raise a hymn in praise of life!
Let my soul a mighty organ be,
Which swells forth laud in spite of strife,
Evil things, and all iniquity.
There is time enough to talk of wrong —
We can find it if we care —
But life's good things are every bit as strong
And surround us everywhere.*

*Let me play a tune in praise of life!
Let the tune right joyful be,
For this day my soul is like a fife,
Or some wooded instrument of glee.
And when I look upon a loved-one's smile,
Or see the beauty of the land,
Life is a thing that is at once worth while,
And Joy within me must expand.*

*Let me sing a song in praise of life!
Let that song my best one be.
Today high excellence is a brandished knife
That shall vanquish cruelty.
The world may hateful seem to some poor soul
But a joyful song I'll raise on high,
Downward-looking's not my short life's goal
I shall ever see bright sky.*

"Is a fool's paradise better than stern reality?"

The Dice Were Loaded

(ANONYMOUS)

A SHORT SHORT STORY

SOFT, merciful tendrils of dusk curled about the room, weaving a shroud over the crouched figure of Michael as he nervously dialed the combination of the Van Avery safe. The lock clicked but as Michael started to pull open the giant door, his trembling hand was stayed—stopped by the thought that so frequently harasses the prospective criminal: Is a fool's paradise better than stern reality? But a gastly picture overshadowed that fear.

— He again saw Kathy, pale and wan, as she lay on an impersonal hospital cot in a charity ward. Once more he watched her slip silently away from his arms into a less turbulent world. And then, there was the fleeting glimpse of his daughter, a beautiful pocket-edition of her mother. Little Katherine was indeed an exact replica, with her endearing nose that tried its best to tilt upwards, her sparkling brown eyes, and coppery aura of downy ringlets—a perfect reproduction save only for that one pathetically withered leg.

Twenty-five hundred dollars, the doctor had said, would pay for treatments that might straighten the child's malformed body. To manifest his unquenchable love for Katherine in her laughter seemed to justify the breaking of civil conventions. He rapidly jerked open the massive door, counted out the money. As Michael rose to leave, he wiped his finger prints from the surface of the safe and gingerly patted the shiny new revolver in his belt. Then he left the room; the dead-latch dropped ominously. The theft had been very simple.

But now, as he stepped into the narrow, dimly lighted hallway, reactions set in. The flush of success was dispelled by a sort of chill paralysis. The crime was irrevocable; the consequences would ever lie before him. He licked his parched lips, and a nervous convulsion racked his tense body. Of course with a good lawyer he might—but stop! What damned silliness was this—the premature thought of lawyers? Lawyers reminded him of money, and he thrust his hand more deeply into his

pocket. The feel of the twenty-five hundred dollars comforted him; his nervous tension slackened.

Out of the gloom in an apartment came the rancous babbling of a radio playing "Wishing." His mind absorbed the situation, and he smiled sardonically. It was just as much rot—"Wishing will make it so." Superstitiously he crossed his fingers.

The melody and the gloom continued to shake his deliberateness. He stood still for a moment. But there was no time to waste. It was necessary to get away he argued, for to be seen now would brand him guilty in the minds of any jury. The very darkness hindered his progress; it oppressed him like the wraithy smoke from the candles of a bier. They were awful, those great clutching shadows and silence. They oppressed him with a sense of unreality and remoteness. He tried to assemble his thoughts, but the creaking of his footsteps upon the loose boards distracted him.

Michael coughed several times to reassure himself; still everything reminded him of death. It was so dark, so hostile—and every sound seemed charged with a malicious quality like the chortling of a hag.

The depth of the sullen silence accentuated these impressions until he felt he must scream. Panic had a firm grip on him. At length he turned the last corner of the corridor. Here to his right lay the street door, through which streamed a sickly yellow light that gave the whole funeral aspect. Then Michael saw in the shadows a man approaching him. For one horrible instant he was completely powerless. The next he raised the gun and fired.

The following morning they found Michael dead before the long mirror in the hallway, the mirror shattered by a single bullet. The coroner's report read simply: "Heart failure from fright." But the little men who rule our destiny have another verdict: "Suicide—death by his own reflection."

"But I shall meet them at times as I move about."

Collecting People

HARRY SHOWALTER

PEOPLE must have a basic urge to collect things. I have known few persons who do not collect something. Some romantic souls collect memories. Some others collect such prosaic and material things as money. A graduate student at the University of Chicago spent three years here and abroad collecting things for his doctor's thesis. In the end he proudly showed me the finished work, handsomely bound and printed. I opened it to the title page and found these words, "Typographical Errors in the Fifth Manuscript of Shakespeare." I was a little overwhelmed with the futility of such a piece of work, but that student was proud of what he had collected. Even a man of such diversified interests and successes as Franklin Roosevelt delights in his stamp collection. And so I could go on for pages. Most people collect.

I collect too, probably a number of things. But I recently became conscious that I was collecting one very real thing. Since childhood I have been collecting people. It has been a fruitful hobby, and I am proud of my collection. They are a varied lot,—blacks, whites, industrialists, laborers, soldiers, sailors, plug-uglies, panty-waists, gentlemen, scoundrels,—and that does not half exhaust the list. It amazes me already, and I am still in college. But further collections will be just as easy. I need no special place for what I collect. They will all register on the screen of my memory. And the only collecting equipment I shall ever need will be a good healthy interest in my subject, people.

I am sure my collection of people must have started rather early in life. I can remember sitting up far past my bedtime listening to Dad, my grandfather, and some other men discuss anything from horses to politics. I can remember sitting for hours on end listening to people talk in our own home and elsewhere. I remember most of those people, if they ever said or did anything that impressed me. I can meet them today and recall incidents or sayings that they have long since forgotten. Usually they remember me, the chunky kid who used to sit quietly in a corner and listen to them talk. Perhaps some of them would prefer to have me still sitting quietly by, rather than jumping enthusiastically on their favorite ideas.

Through grammar school, too, I collected people. In my collection is a sizeable assortment of my associates in those days. There are burr-headed, bare-footed, dirty-faced brats; there are impeccable, well-shod "pansies"; and there are those who can be classed somewhere in the category of plain grammar school kids, in which group I probably fell. I remember those teachers too. That is not as difficult because it was only a two-room school where two teachers taught all eight grades. Yet I had five different ones in the course of my eight years, and I remember each one. A rugged but kindly spinster taught me for the first four years. Then came three others, all of about the same type, all married, all buxom, and all rather surly. But for my final year—ah! She was a charming young thing just out of college. To my budding consciousness of the opposite sex she was the epitome of all that was lovely and desirable, and I am afraid I sometimes gave rather strong evidence of my feelings in that respect. But it was not a bad idea. I saw her only last summer, and she still looked as fresh and lovely as I then pictured her. She is now married, but she will remain a part of my collection.

Of course after grammar school came high school, and those four years are now far enough past for me to take partial stock of the collection I made there. Again I find a rather varied sampling of students and teachers. Among the students collected are those with whom I acted in plays, those with whom I traveled and sang on the glee club, with whom I debated or played in various sports, and some that I saw only in the classroom. A plentiful sprinkling of girls enters into this phase of my collection, some of them now fine women, whom I consider close friends. I still play baseball or tennis and bowl with some of those athletes. Some others are now college men like myself, and we never miss an opportunity to meet and discuss matters of common interest and concern. High school teachers are also well represented. It was a small institution, and I became intimately acquainted with most of them. Though I have lost contact with some, many of them still like to talk

and argue with me, and most of them hold a full measure of my respect and gratitude.

College is too present a thing for me to look on it detachedly, but undoubtedly it will contribute heavily to my collection. Certainly many recent graduates whom I respected greatly as an underclassman have become a part of the collection. Certainly, too, fraternity brothers, team-mates, professors, and associates the campus over are excellent prospective material for collection. But I should prefer to look at my college collection through the eyes of an alumnus.

I have used these phases merely as examples. Naturally I met other people outside of school,—some of them the most interesting of all. I spent a whole night in a bus terminal talking to a bedraggled sailor whose tales were so salty they made me thirsty for the sea. He took me all the way from Buenos Aires to Singapore, giving me firsthand accounts that made my jaw drop. For a part of a night I talked to a retired army major in a hotel lobby. He had soldiered all over the world, from the British Bengal Lancers in India to the A. E. F. in the Argonne, in which latter place he won his major's stripes.

But men need not to have traveled all over the world to be interesting. A battered and scarred prize fighter supplied me with one of the most interesting philosophies I have ever heard. A tramp on our own campus told me in flawless English why it had taken a college education to convince him that effort was futile. An overalled negro broke into my cynical musings to a friend in a railroad station to refute me with the fruits of eight years of philosophical study here and in Canada. Baseball players and other athletes, active and retired, have entertained me until the small hours of the morning. Leaders in several of our political parties have stooped to discuss affairs of state with me, and benefitted me thereby. I have conversed at times with a few of the so-called captains of industry, and I found them for the most part real men. But they were no more real than the grimy, calloused workers with whom I also talked, often only a few hours later.

I early discarded the idea that to be interesting a person must be a man. Some of the finest people I have collected are women. Naturally they are outnumbered by the men in my collection, but they contribute a fair share to its quality. I have chosen to remember a few feminine leaders, but these for the most part because they were real women. Where a woman, in business, in politics, or in any other field of endeavor, loses those characteristics that distinguish her from her masculine competitors I seldom find her worth collecting. I have come to conclude that most of the really fine women in this world are those quiet unassuming, yet tender and loving wives and mothers who make life so worthwhile for us men. Among these I have come to know and admire many. But there have been others. I have taken advantage of my youth at times to meet and learn to know several young, temperamental, and dissatisfied wives. Their cases and often they themselves are interesting. I have known well bred women whose ideals and morals were so fine that to be with them was to starch one's own backbone. On the other hand, I have talked with apparently cheap women,—floor show queens, bar-flies, and even prostitutes,—and among them too I have found some of the finest souls one could imagine.

So it has been, and so it will continue to be. People of all ages, sizes, shapes, colors, and conditions will continue to flock into my collection. There will be a few more after each ball game, after each party, after each train trip. They will continue to be a conglomeration. I could never bring them all together in reality. In fact, I have already forgotten many of their names and addresses, if I ever had them. But I shall meet with them, meeting them as they flash unsummoned or no longer move, then I shall really enjoy meeting them, meeting them as they flash unsummoned on the screen of my memory. In idle moments I have already recalled many of them this way. Sometime when more and more moments are idle perhaps I shall spend more and more time with my collection. And those will be happy times, for I have collected real people.



“. . . to uncover the secrets of human disease and suffering.”

Chemistry and Disease

ROBERT WEIDENHAMMER

“TO cure is the voice of the past; to prevent is the divine inspiration of today. In times past, when the Cape Breton fisherman pricked his finger with a dirty fish-hook, he offered a native prayer to the Virgin Mary. Now he cleanses his hand and applies an antiseptic.” Thus did the late President Eliot of Harvard enunciate the gospel of which the immortal Pasteur and Lord Lister were the first great apostles in a line which numbers such giants as Koch, Roux, Behring, Ross, de Grassi, Bruce, and others little less known to fame. True prevention is the keynote of modern medical practice, but to be able to cure is often the physician's only alternative to the death of his patient. In both fields of medical endeavor chemistry plays a leading role. Let us consider some of the past and present accomplishments, that we may better appreciate future problems.

The reign of the alchemist marked the heroic age of chemistry in its relation to medical science. This was particularly true from the time of Paracelsus to the dawn of modern chemistry. Every apothecary shop in Europe was a research laboratory in which the mysterious concoctions brewed in pots and retorts became the immediate resource of those gentry who aspired to wield the healing wand of curative medicine. The art was wholly empirical, that is, experimental. Even to this day, it is more so than scientists wish. But we have grown wiser. We no longer recklessly experiment upon a human being with some untested drug of doubtful effect. Armies of guinea pigs, mice, and rabbits have been impressed into service. Their bodies have become living laboratories, in which the scientist makes discoveries of the utmost moment.

The first great triumph of medical science was Jenner's discovery of vaccination against smallpox in 1796. And yet this was not the work of chemistry. True, the changes affected in the patient's blood are chemical, but neither their nature nor the composition of the active principle is understood. The same is true of the vaccines and anti-toxins developed in more recent years. Here is a vast field of research in which the chemist must work hand in hand with the pharmacologist, who determines the effects of drugs upon living organ-

isms, and with the practising physician. In times past, there has been little cooperation between the chemist and those who administer the products of the laboratory. Even today this lack is all too manifest. Davy discovered the anesthetic properties of nitrous oxide, or "laughing gas," in the first years of the last century; but nearly four decades passed before Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, Connecticut, utilized its properties as a destroyer of pain in the extraction of teeth. Five centuries elapsed between the discovery of ether and the coming of that never-to-be-forgotten October 16, 1846, when a young man in the Massachusetts General Hospital, awakening from a deep sleep, in which he had undergone what would formerly have been an excruciatingly painful surgical operation, exclaimed, "I felt no pain." No wonder Doctor Bigelow, who witnessed this miracle of medical science, said, "I have seen something today that will go round the world." Magnesium sulphate was well known to chemists in 1694, but two hundred years elapsed before it was learned what great relief it gave in lockjaw, burns, and strychnine poisoning. Twenty-three years elapsed between the discovery of amyl nitrate by the chemist and the discovery of its medicinal properties by the physician; during this period tens of thousands of human beings suffered the tortures of angina pectoris because the chemist, pharmacologist, and physician were not working together. Other examples might be cited. Doubtless, concealed within drugs already well known to chemistry, lurks the death sentence of many an insidious foe to human health. Chemistry, as never before, is becoming the handmaid of medical progress.

In the seventies of the last century, the great Pasteur caught the vision of preventative medicine. "Perhaps," he said, "I can save more lives than were lost in the Franco-Prussian War." Already, Lord Lister, the real father of antiseptic surgery, had won great triumphs in the hospitals across the channel. For the first time, he employed drugs to cleanse a wound and keep it free from the entrance of infectious germs. Chemistry and medical practice, under the direction of intelligent leadership, were at last joining hands. And now Pasteur,

acknowledged master in the field of chemistry, entered the French hospitals and, snatching the instruments from the hands of the attending surgeons, passed them through the sterilizing flame. Aghast at the faddish notions of this crazy old paralytic, the physicians of France opposed his innovations. But he would not be thrust aside. The appalling loss of life must cease. Even in his pioneer work in combating anthrax and rabies, it was his training in the chemical laboratory that made possible his conquests. These victories inspired the more recent achievements in checking the ravages of such maladies as cholera, tetanus, diphtheria, typhoid, yellow fever, bubonic plague, leprosy, and other ills. Today, no less than yesterday, the world needs his message: "Take interest, I implore you, in those sacred dwellings which one designates by the expressive term: Laboratories. Demand that they be multiplied, that they be adorned; these are the temples of the future—temples of well-being and of happiness. There it is that humanity grows greater, stronger, and better."

In the whole history of medical science but two absolute specifics have ever been found. They are quinine for malaria and the famous "606," better known as salvarsan, which makes war on the trypanosomes responsible for African sleeping sickness and in particular annihilates the insidious microbe which produces syphilis. A specific is a drug which delivers a knockout blow to the microbe causing some particular disease. Let us see how Paul Ehrlich came upon the second of these and in doing so opened up avenues of discovery which are only just beginning to be followed.

No more picturesque figure has ever appeared among research workers than this German physician and chemist. He was a walking encyclopedia of scientific information and possessed a notion so absurd that some called him crazy, searching for a remedy with which to slaughter a microbe he did not know existed, and almost by accident stumbling upon the greatest Chemico-medical discovery made in half a century.

One day in the eighties of the last century this doctor conceived the idea of injecting a dyestuff into the bloodstream of a living animal. Into the ear vein of a rabbit, he shot a little of his favorite dye, methylene blue. To his amazement, the dye flowed through the blood of the creature, staining nothing but the ends of the nerve fibers. It was this selective action of the dye in staining just one tissue out of hundreds which started Ehrlich on

his great quest. "Suppose," he mused, "I could find a dye which would select for death the microbes in the human system, but leave the tissues unharmed." From the enchantment of that idea he never escaped, and step by step it led him to his great triumph.

For a time he worked in the laboratory of Robert Koch, famous for his discovery of the tubercular bacillus, but it was always with dyes,—dyes and mice. Yes and guinea pigs too. Books he read without end, whole libraries of them, and he forgot nothing. One day, he read the work of the French scientist, Alphonse Laveran, upon trypanosomes. Just why this particular microbe, so beautifully adapted to the accomplishment of his final victory, should have fixed his imagination, it is impossible to say. After treating hundreds of infected mice with various dyes, without success, he began to alter his dyes to change their chemical architecture. At length he hit upon Trypan Red and, injecting it into the blood of a mouse sick with trypanosomes, slew the microbes and saved the mouse. Ehrlich believed himself on the verge of success. But his hope was of short duration. Trypan Red was not a specific: Some mice got worse. Others recovered for a time, but eventually died.

Soon after, Frau Epeyer, of Frankfort, built Ehrlich a large laboratory, equipped it with all that money could buy, and surrounded him with a small army of chemists. Never was a scientist more favorably situated. He set his chemists to altering old dyes and making new ones. One day he read of a drug "Atoxyl." In some way he became possessed with the belief that this compound might be so altered as to yield the long-sought specific for trypanosomes. Two years passed, and six hundred and five alterations of atoxal had been made. Six hundred and five derivatives of this arsenic compound, for arsenic is the strategic element in atoxyl, had been tried on sick mice. Some it cured, only to bring on a worse malady.

Then in 1909, after six hundred and five compounds of arsenic had proved failures, "606" was born. It killed trypanosomes in mice with the utmost expedition, and it left no trace of after effects. The immediate purpose of his quest had been achieved, but a larger one thrust itself, into the foreground. Ehrlich had read of Schaudinn's discovery that trypanosomes are closely related to spirochetes, the microbes which cause syphilis. In August, 1909, he inoculated with his new remedy chickens and rabbits whose blood swarmed with the

spirochete microbes. The results were miraculous. Within twenty-four hours every microbe had met its death.

Ehrlich stood on the threshold of a great victory. Still he hesitated. Would a specific fatal to microbes in the blood of animals prove the same in men? Human life was precious, but there could be no turning back. Ehrlich took the chance, and as all the world knows, won,—yes won gloriously. In arsphenamine, or salvarsan, he found a specific for the most insidious foe of mankind. It has been estimated that there are over ten million cases of this disease in its various forms, in the United States alone, and in 1925 there were manufactured and sold about two million doses of the specific, valued at a million and a half dollars.

The astounding success of Ehrlich's achievement painted rainbow visions of possibilities in this field. Research in this field has brought to light the highly antiseptic properties of a number of drugs. Chief among these are mercurochrome, acriflavine, brilliant green, gentian violet, and acriviolet. In mercurochrome, the chemist sought to combine mercury, a powerful but weakly penetrating antiseptic, with fluorescein, a highly penetrating and non-irritating dye. The result was a notable success. The combination has proved to be wonderfully efficient, owing to its strong germicidal powers, to the ease with which it penetrates tissues, and its absence of irritating qualities. It has found wide use in treating infections of the mucous membranes of the eye, of the bladder, and of the pelvis of the kidney. And so this hunt of Paul Ehrlich for a specific microbe killer has carried the world a long way forward in its conquest. But science has only entered upon the trail which he blazed. Chemists must find means of combating the plant-like bacteria which infect the human body, as it has done the protozoic, or animal-like, microbes causing such diseases as malaria, syphilis, and African sleeping sickness.

Unknown to most of us is the fact that the body is a chemical laboratory itself; but because of the scarcity of information concerning the relation between the ductless glands and disease, I shall go on to a discussion of some of the more recent discoveries of medical science instead.

The loss for several seasons of large quantities of carnations shipped into Chicago and kept in greenhouses has led to the discovery of a new anesthetic for modern surgery. The faint odor of illuminating gas in one of the greenhouses led a

florist to suspect that this might have something to do with the wholesale killing of buds and the causing of open flowers to "go to sleep." The removal of a leaky pipe solved the difficulty. In the meantime, Doctors Knight and Crocker, plant physiologists of Chicago University, had become interested in the problem. They soon traced the poisoning effects to the presence of minute quantities of ethylene, a gas which has been known since 1795. At this point, Luckhardt and Carter, two animal physiologists, determined to discover the effect of the gas upon animals. In small amounts it had no effect, but mixed with oxygen in proportions of eighty to eighty-five per cent, it proved to be a wonderful anesthetic. A summary of its physiological action states: "It lacks chloroform and nitrous oxide. It has no lethal action, does not induce sweating, and produces little nausea or gas pains; one recovers quickly, so quickly, in fact, that incision pains are often still felt." Already it has been used in upward of fifty thousand operations in this country alone.

A new anesthetic was not long ago reported from Berlin. Its name is "107," which indicates that it is one of those synthetic products arrived at after a large number of deliberate attempts. A press despatch in the New York Times stated, "The invention is a bromine preparation which is introduced into the intestines through an enema in the form of a solution which produces complete anesthesia in a very short time. . . . Patients treated with the new anesthetic fall into a deep sleep, while the heart, pulse action, and blood pressure remain normal. The most important advantage of the discovery, Dr. Ernst Unruh stated, is the fact that the new anesthetic does not endanger the heart, lungs, and nerves, and makes operations possible even in severe cases of pneumonia and tuberculosis."

While the spectacular conquest of infectious diseases has meant much to the race, and the average life has been prolonged fifteen years during the last generation, vast areas of human disaffections remain to be subdued. Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, in speaking of this situation, not long ago said: "Although the adult individual has much fewer chances of dying from smallpox, cholera, or malaria than fifty years ago, his expectation of reaching the age of seventy-five or eighty has not markedly increased. But he surely has more prospect of being tortured by some form of cancer, diseases of the kidneys, of the circulatory apparatus, of the ductless glands, or of the nervous

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Quest

ESTHER HYDREN

*Swift as an arrow
To its mark,
A streak of light
Across the dark;
Some errant star
On travel bent,
Seeking above the firmament,
To satisfy its restless heart.
How many of us, like that star,
Wearied of our human ill,
Wander across the world to find
That which our soul with peace will fill;
Forgetting that, unlike the star,
We search the earth and not the sky,
Thus, in our blindness, passing by
God's healing calm to restless hearts?*

Comrade

DOROTHY SHISLER

*A little secret glance, a smile,
The pressure of an arm, express
A comradeship transcending words.
The hours apart are long, and those
We spend together quicken with
An added sense of being alive.
No longer am I wholly I;
Your thoughts become our thoughts, my moods
Become our moods; and everything
We share has true reality.*

Entity

DOROTHY SHISLER

*More lonely than the stars are we
Whose voices blend, whose bodies touch.
Incalculable miles apart
Are stars and souls, for consciousness
Must ever strive in vain to merge
With consciousness. We walk alone,
And even ecstasy of love
Is ineluctably dissolved
Into the realization; I
Am I, and you are you.*

"It all happened so quickly"

"We Cannot go on Forever"

ERNEST P. MULLER, JR.

IT was a beautiful afternoon as they flew over New York City, and the buildings were impressive as they reached up with glittering fingers as if to touch the airship. The river looked bluer than it ever does when viewed from its bank, and the figure of Lady Liberty seemed a true symbol of freedom as she stood on her star-shaped base. Then reluctantly the *Hindenburg* struck out across the Jersey meadows in the direction of Lakehurst. The light of the setting sun was not as yet cut off by the slow gathering storm clouds, and the rays still beat down upon the low pines that stretched out miles on all sides of the field. The effect was that of golden sunshine falling through a window upon a rich green rug, soft and luxuriant. The storm clouds grew and became menacing, but they could not dampen the happy spirit that was present within the clean, polished corridors of the settling airship. Here the delighted passengers were eagerly awaiting the landing which would allow them to step upon a continent some three thousand miles from the one they had left only yesterday. Here was a new world to some, a world to be discovered and explored. And to others it was the return to the homes, friends, and familiar places that had been missed in spite of the new friends and the sights of another world. Standing among this excited group was Anna Knoller, a slender, well-dressed woman of some forty years. As she looked out upon the open field, dotted with men waiting for the landing lines to be dropped, she couldn't help but be excited. Here, she was thinking, was her new world; here she was to take her just place. As the earth slowly moved closer, a rumble as of thunder penetrated the deck, and a lightning flash blotted out the view . . .

The warm sunlight brightened the quiet Rumanian city of Dej. The dusty cobblestoned streets were peopled with simple peasants, chiefly women, bright in their embroidered blouses and wide skirts as they went about their daily task of selling milk and butter and vegetables from house to house. Here and there among these satisfied folk a city dweller could easily be distinguished by his superior air and his more carefully cut clothes. From the center square the clang of the tram bell

is heard above the rattle of the wooden wagons and the occasional automobile which ventures cautiously to move across the stony streets. In the *Obervorstadt* the church bells tell the hour. This peeling of the evening bells is always the sign for the servants to check the clocks, or if servants can't be afforded, by the *hausfrau* herself.

With the ringing of the church bells at five, Josef Knoller left his packing house and slowly walked towards his home. As usual, his fifteen minute walk was ornamented with many a "good evening" and also an occasional pause, if the passer was more than an acquaintance. But at the fifteenth minute past the hour, as was his twenty-year custom, he stood before his well-appointed house. Its two floors were strongly supported by thick walls of stone and mortar, and in the sandstone steps that led to the plain wooden door could be seen the deep grooves worn by the passage of time and the many shoes that had gone up and down them. All about it was the air of a solid way of living.

From within could be heard the muffled sound of activity in the kitchen where the *abendessen* was being prepared. Josef climbed the seven steps and entered into the shadowy interior of his house. There was a hesitancy in his walk that was not due to a physical deficiency, and it might have seemed to a knowing watcher that he feared to enter.

The fragrant odor of cutlets came from the rear of the house, and with it the sound of irritated voices. Josef closed the door noisily so that his arrival should be noted. A sudden quietness took hold of the house. The rankled voices stopped and only the clatter of pans and the splutter of cutlets could be heard. Through a door opening upon the dining room Marie Knoller came to bid her husband welcome. She was a short, stout woman with rich brown hair and a pallid complexion that seemed almost ugly in contrast with the brown and healthy faces of the peasant women. Marie smiled, but it was the forced smile of a woman who has more than her just burden of life's difficulties. Behind her stalked Anna as she carried the food to the table. Anna was Josef's maiden

sister, and she had been living with him for ten years. They had been ten long years, long years of sorrow and disappointment. In that time both of Marie's sons had died at birth, and sickness had taken its toll of Josef's former rugged health. Both Josef and Marie had aged quietly, and they seemed more of fifty than forty. But loss of children and of health was not all that was required of them. These could have been overcome with cheerful courage had they been able to live peacefully alone, but this was denied them. Josef was the oldest of his family, and when his sister had been unable to find a suitable husband, he felt it his duty to give her a home.

Time passed, year followed year,—and Anna lived with them. Quickly she grew older, or at least it seemed quickly to her, and she struggled to keep her youth with the frantic determination of one who senses that for her life hangs on the possession of this temporary gift. Her girlhood friends were married and had homes—simple homes. She had laughed at them when they had chosen their mates from the common ranks of men and women. She had had higher ambitions, and she still had them—she was a Knoller. During the war she had been courted by officers, but even they were not significant enough. She had refused them, and now she found herself with her brother's home her only refuge. Her brother's home, yes—but also her home. She was more to him than a wife, especially a wife who could not bear living sons; she was of his blood line, she was his sister! Yes, it was her home!

With this idea ever growing, Anna soon did as she pleased, considering her own desires before Marie's, and arguing and opposing every request made of her. She was his *sister*. In time she dominated the house. This condition was unbearable to Marie, and she often found herself quarreling with Anna. But though she quarreled, Marie hoped little and outwardly felt nothing; her hopes and her feelings returned to their prenatal existence of inactivity. Her thoughts often turned to the contemplation of death, and the awful Reaper took on a new guise for her. Fear gave way to expectancy, and expectancy to inquiry. She lived more in death than in life.

Hardly seeing the pained expression in his wife's face, Josef greeted her and his sister. "How dominant Anna seems," he thought as he sat down at the table; but that is the way it has always been, or anyway, these last eight or nine years. Yes, she is the ruler here, and she knows it. Poor Marie, it isn't fair that she should suffer so because

of my weakness. No, it is not weakness, it is my duty! I must give Anna the home that she has never been able to make for herself. It is one of the inescapable duties of this life. I am her brother; I am the head of the family. Family? Hah! A brother in Vienna who has forgotten us, and another in America who has a wife, an American one, and a son. How lucky he is. Why have we, Marie and I . . . ah, but it is the will of God. Our duty is to keep Anna and give her a home; she has taken the place of our children. We must make her happy, or at least contented.

Josef was suddenly aroused from his thoughts by a strange silence which had fallen about the table. Marie said nothing; Anna gazed blankly across the table and ate nothing. Josef looked at her and asked, "Anna, you are not eating. What's the matter? Don't you feel well?" Then he realized his mistake; this was just what she had been waiting for.

A pained expression crossed Anna's thin face and slowly tears filled her eyes. She tried to stop them, but they flowed steadily on. In a hurt tone she softly answered, "Josef, nothing,—no, nothing is the matter. Everything is fine. I only work all day and try to do everything right, but what thanks do I get? None, no, none. She only sees what I do wrong, and she criticizes every little thing; we fight over mere nothings. Today she even went so far as to say that the stove was dirty. As if I never clean it. I am as clean as she is. But no, she always finds fault. O Josef, you know that I work for you; you are so good; you understand. But what does she do? Nothing! She doesn't even give me her thanks. I don't want them! Who is she that I should want anything from her? But, Josef, it does hurt to be always criticized. Why must she do it? . . . am I not above her reproach? Am I not your sister? Am I not more to you than she? . . . No, I am not! I see it in your eyes. You side with *her* against me, your own sister! Go ahead, she needs your strength—she who can't even give you a living son!"

"Anna!"

"Yes, reproach me, you too. Throw me out! No! I'll go of my own free will. This time I'll think of myself. I'll go to America, to Hermann. He'll understand me; he always did. He once wrote that I should come whenever I could not stand it here anymore . . . or? when you *threw* me out! I'll get along; I'm not afraid of work! I only hope that some day you will understand the pain that I have suffered. And Marie, re-

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Beside a Campfire

HELENE BERGER

*The news came as a shock in March one day,
When, on the whole, affairs looked very gay;
My mind was stunned, my heart played tricks on me,
And for a time my gay world ceased to be.*

*I staggered from the room and to the street,
Where dazedly I led my fumbling feet.
To some spot safe from laughter, noise, and songs —
Home, where I'd be far from merry throngs.*

*Evening came, and yet my mind was numb,
With fog and dust and scary things o'ercome;
And then at last I found the thing to do
(It was in March, let me recall to you.)*

*I hurried to my desk with thoughts less gray
And grabbed a book—indeed there was a way
To calm my fears and clear my cluttered mind
And hit that horrible exam assigned!*

The Problem

VIRGINIA SHOFFNER

*Peace as the quiet stars are peaceful;
Rest, and their rest comes flowing down to me.
Strength—strength from the night, and the dark, and the sky,
And life, as deep as the roots of that darkly silhouetted tree.
And who would choose a lavender scented pillow
Behind a door too firmly held by lock and key
When he might watch the embers of his campfire die against
the stars
And share a loaf and blanket with a vagabond like me?*

“ . . . God's own incense to remind us of His majesty . . . and mystery.”

Smoke

JOSEPH D. CHAPLINE, JR.

WITH the discovery and use of fire came man's first intimate contact with smoke. The fire he had mastered would consume solid matter and convert it into feathery ashes and smoke. This began the history of our acquaintance with this intangible yet present and weighable substance called smoke.

We can trace its history down to modern times, only to find that it has always held a position of mystery and beauty in the opinion of man. We find the ancient Jew using the smoke of incense in his temples. Its mystery symbolized the spirit of God to him.

Throughout these centuries smoke has retained its place as a thing of beauty, majesty, and mystery. What charm an incense-burner can have with its swirling streamer of smoke; what fear and terror a whiff of smoke in a theatre can stir in the hearts of the audience, and what a comfort and joy a slowly burning pipe can be to the man in the armchair with his dog and magazine! Smoke is awful yet comforting, mysterious yet glorious, beautiful yet delicate.

Smoke!—were the sound of the word but more fitting to the delicacy of its incarnation—for it is more delicate than anything man can make. But a slight breeze and its gently curling, multishaded lines are diffused into a cloud. The bright rays of the sun reveal it in its fullest majesty, the gloom brings out its mystery; the darkness leaves only its odor to witness its presence.

Smoke bespeaks leisure. A fast-burning fire will produce little smoke. It is a slow, smoldering fire—whether as large as a barn or as small as a thimble of incense—that produces smoke; a fire that is taking its time in consuming fuel. What an exhilarating sensation to smell the smoke of a leaf-fire—those pyres of summer passing, those sentinels of winter coming. Their incense goes out as a final parting bow of their primitive greenness of spring, their valuable shade of hot summer, their glorious colors of fall. Perhaps their leafy tang inspires the squirrel to his final search for the rest of his winter store or scents a warning to the remaining summer birds that their last hour in the North approaches.

From across a field beyond a line of trees and in the valley below comes the whistle of an iron-

horse panting along steel trails with its string of cars. It causes us to look up; and with each puff great billows of smoke rise upwards—sometimes the white of a bright day, sometimes the gray of a battleship, and sometimes the black of despair. These billows rise from the smokestack with speed and force, yet with great serenity; rise into huge balloons of fast-moving, angry-looking clouds. As each puff succeeds the other they form a design; one after the other starts its adolescence, finally growing into that one long trail of haze left behind as the iron-horse moves on.

Farther on, across the field on the other side of the valley, sits a lone house, inspiring in its unity. At one end, a slow thread of smoke rises from the fireplace chimney. The beholder can well imagine the warmth of the fire as well as the friendship at the other end of this chimney. Yes, a fireplace is never valuable until there is leisure time to enjoy it.

And, after wandering back to one of the metropolises of the land, there comes into sight another source of smoke. A rest on the river bank reveals a beautiful sunset on a fall afternoon. The day has been cool, and now the sun is reflected like a beautiful red and gold jewel in a blue setting. Against the sky are silhouetted eight long stacks—the stacks of eight great fires beneath—fires that make metal out of red earth. These stacks grow smaller at one end; they are guilty of foreshortening due to perspective. And each of the eight pours forth its long thin pennant of black smoke pulled away from its support by a stiff breeze. Standing like the pipes of a mighty organ, each blends its note into the one great smoky chord which stands as a monument to one of the great industries of this earth. God's work, the sunset, joins with man's work, the steel mill, to make one beautiful setting.

God, too, has his furnace fires; through mighty Vesuvius they pour forth their clouds of smoke and fire. He has created a powerful and furious earth, but that fury does not take away the leisure of the great billow of smoke rising from the volcano when viewed from a distance. The ancients tell us that this is the work of Vulcan, but may it not be God's own incense to remind us of his Majesty . . . and mystery?

Sunset on Winnepesaukee and Varied Reflections

ROBERT C. YOH

*What is this sudden, fast-approaching grey
Which covers all the undulating swell
Of waves, which falls upon the noiseless bay,
Just as a mother's fond and loving spell
Falls on the frightened child, who trusting knows
No harm can come to him when she is near?
What is this wind which in confusion blows
As now the sun, that large and tarnished sphere,
Sets in the west? Is this most dreaded death?
Not so—It only is the calm day's end,
It is the ever-coming final breath
That visits us as a much-needed friend.
So, as the dusk must fall upon the wave,
So it must fall to send man to his grave.*

*Earth's son can not, nor ever will
Grow old with grace, nor can
(When the tired day grows still
According to the Earth's great plan)
He push his fear of Death aside,
As the light of dawning day does night.
Nor can he ever truly ever hide
His age-long, ever-present fright
For passing years, and fleeing time—
A keen alarm within him grows—
Nor doth Earth's son in his life's prime
Look toward Age, as One who knows
Time is the only thing that frees
A man, and tells all mysteries.*

"Even the man in the moon has blown out his light and retired."

"All's Quiet in the Early Morn"

RICHARD G. FOHL

TWO o'clock in the morning. All is quiet, and darkness camouflages everything with an empty blackness. Even the man in the moon has blown out his light and retired. The stage is properly set so that the patience of a returning prodigal scion can be taxed to the utmost. Many a time have I played the title role in such a setting after having faithfully promised that I would be home at least by twelve o'clock.

How well I remember that all too eventful morning, when, after running the gauntlet through the living room and hallway and past my parents' door, I swore I would write an essay warning the youth of the nation against the dangers that make the trip from the front door to the bedroom so hazardous, and so nearly an impossibility—that is, without waking and invoking the wrath of your parents.

Many members of the younger generation fail to realize how sinister a slippery floor, a child's toy, or a chair may become. What appears to be a household necessity in the day-time turns into a mischievous imp at night, intent upon making your late arrival known to the entire household. Take for instance a milk bottle, which is a clear glass container for milk—except at night, when it becomes a potential "Enemy of the People." Then, if you even so much as brush by one, it begins to rock dangerously; and when you make a desperate lunge to stay its fall, you knock it completely over. It rolls lazily down the steps, displaying a remarkable constitution until the last bounce, when it breaks with a crash of cyclopean proportions.

With the echo of breaking glass still ringing in your ears, you navigate the distance from the porch steps to the front door. Once inside, your troubles have in reality just begun. Beware of the family dog, for I am sure you would not want to contract hydrophobia at two o'clock in the morning; besides, the ensuing struggle will awaken the long dead echoes buried in every corner of the house. Slippery floors and turned-up rugs cause loud falls, to say nothing of bruises and possible broken bones.

All these trials and tribulations should not intimidate you in any way, but only strengthen you for those to come. Your self-control should be

conscientiously developed; because it is never more rigidly put to test than when you bump your shin, or stub your toe, or get a free ride sprawled in an awkward, prone position in your baby brother's wagon. Exert your will-power; count ten; smother the stream of oaths that may come to your lips. Then, if you still seethe inwardly, give vent to your feelings with the whispered exclamation "Boulder Dam!", which is the biggest dam I can think of; for such profanity will not offend your parents if they happen to be awake.

By this time you should have reached the stairway, where another treacherous part of your journey begins. In order to ascend them quietly it is best to remove your shoes; but be sure to take them with you, for they provide a most damning evidence when left behind. Do not forget that the fourth step in the second flight squeaks when stepped upon. It is also a good thing to have counted the steps beforehand, because everyone knows that all-gone feeling experienced when you take a step that is not there. As you near your parents' room at the head of the stairs, the clock in the living-room boldly strikes two. Make a mental note of that while holding your breath; and the next time plan your entrance for the half-hour bell, which gives you plenty of leeway when called upon in the morning to explain to an irate mother just exactly what time you did get in. Then you can just answer vaguely that the clock struck half-past something or other.

Enough of this for now, however. You just can't stand there in the hall indefinitely, even though the clock's striking did completely unnerve you. Brace yourself! Cover the remaining distance with as little noise as possible. As you stealthily close the door behind you a draft sucks it from your fingers and slams it shut with a bang. Do not allow this to bother you, because at last you are within the safety of your own room. There is still work to do, however, so do not throw yourself down on the bed in sheer exhaustion. Instead, turn on your light and—but there is no light! This should not bother you either, because you surely know your way around in your own room. As you feel your way about, a door slips between your

outstretched hands and stops you in your tracks with a well-placed punch between your eyes. Now is the time to take yourself by the collar and count fifty, if necessary, as you feel tenderly of your bruised physiognomy, imagining that you can detect the wood graining imprinted on your once handsome face.

After your pulse has returned to normal, and

you feel able to be about again, slip into your pajamas and in between the sheets. As you fall into a peaceful slumber you are suddenly and rudely brought back to consciousness by the slam of the front door as your father and mother return home from a bridge party. Now, above all times, do not forget what I said about self-control.

Torture

EVELYN HUBER

*Down on the world, black eyes in silence,
Leaping through ether of midnight and sky,
Are weirdly staring, gleaming and maddened,
Tortured like eyes blazing through hell . . .
Silence . . . the silence is cut by the staring
As by the flash of carnivorous knives,
Yet nothing seems left but silence, the silence . . .
And the eyes like a demon's bordering hell.
Strange are the bodies below in the silence,
Twisting and writhing in black deepened pools,
Uttering no voice, mute and disconsolate,
Writhing like serpents touched by hot fumes.
And into the ether, the black midnight sky world,
Shoot forth, colliding, millions of stars;
A blaze flares the heavens, confusion and wildness,
Turmoil and chaos, destruction and force;—
Sudden, full blackness, uproar, strange clashings,
And then, complete silence, sudden full silence,
The silence and blackness—this, and no more!*

After the Concert

GLADYS HEIBEL

*Here let me stand beneath this silver-misted tree,
One perfect wholeness in the Universal Whole;
Here let me bow my throbbing soul
Against its clean-cut stalwart trunk
And once more feel as I did then—
At oneness with a single One
And myself knit to flawless time
And pure eternity,
Every thread a crystal music-tear.
Poor soul, try as you can,
How will you ever reach again
The edges of Forever,—
There, trembling,
Hang in ecstasy and anguish—
God, when thou givest me only words?
Help me to pluck their
Husky notes
Upon my faulty lyre,
Play them with passion
On the broken strings
Of my existence.
Must I always wait,
Tortured and athirst,
For the raised bow; the lifted hand?
No; let me catch bliss to my heart
In learning how to sing myself
With my own songs
Into the shadows
And the gold of heaven.*

Nostalgia

GLADYS HEIBEL

*Late afternoon,
Long shadows
Slant across the peaceful lawns;
In streets I love
The children's voices
Now are heard—
Children going home;
And my heart too
Turns homeward,
Weary,
Running through the shaded streets
To a familiar door.*

"We Cannot go on Forever"

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member, we cannot go on forever hurting people. Some day you will pay. I know it. . . . No, we cannot go on forever hurting."

With this she left the room. Marie was pale, more so than ever before. She seemed as though she might break as does a match stick when struck too hard. Josef started after Anna. His thoughts were broken and twisted, but there always emerged one remark, "I have suffered." He looked at Marie, and then knew that their time of peace had come, but it was only after they, too, had suffered.

* * *

It all happened so quickly that no one knew just what had actually taken place. The great dirigible had been preparing to land when suddenly a roar and a brilliant flame shot out near the tail. In the next moment the inferno came to rest upon the earth, and as the flaming pyre burned lower, the crushed skeleton remained the only visible remnant of the great ship.

Survivors were rushed to the medical stations

and ambulances arrived with their shrieking sirens. But in spite of the heroic work of the naval attendants many died with the fallen ship. Hermann Knoller left his horrified wife and his amazed and interested son on the field as he frantically searched for his sister. While rushing from one officer to another, trying to learn if she was one of the several women that had been rescued, the letters that she had written him arranged themselves in his mind. Her unhappiness, his understanding, Josef's kindness, Marie's hatred. All the words that she had written blazed brightly in his brain. They took possession of him. She was coming to him; she was looking to him to give her a little of the richness that is in life. He must find her . . . he must find her, and calm her fears. Fears? Yes, for all her courage she must have fears after that terrible accident. Where was she? She *must* be somewhere here. She could not be dead. Certainly she who had never done any harm could not die so horribly. Only they who hurt their fellows could die so cruelly. Only they could not go on forever.

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Chemistry and Disease

Continued from Page 10)

system. Modern medicine protects him against infections which kill rapidly, but leaves him exposed to the slower and more cruel diseases."

Despite this somewhat pessimistic note and the existence of many unsolved problems, progress is sure and certain and it gains momentum with each decade. Of the great scourges still unconquered probably all will agree that pneumonia, tuberculosis, cancer, influenza, and the common cold are

the most baffling and take the largest toll of life. The greatest blessing which chemistry could confer upon the race would be specifics for all of these. But the chemist can not work alone. The physician, pharmacologist, bacteriologist, pathologist, and chemist must pool their knowledge and unite their efforts; and with it all must there be money—money to provide the proper facilities for research necessary to uncover the secrets of human disease and suffering.

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