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DECEMBER

THE LANTERN

“Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?”

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY



Above, “VAN” waiting in the duck blinds for the “zero hour.” Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new “A Book on Duck Shooting,” Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. “Van” has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower than any other brand, in recent scientific tests (see right). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

“Camels give more smoking because they burn so slowly,” he says. “And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the quality of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack.” Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

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

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



Cigarettes were compared recently... sixteen of the largest-selling brands... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette every smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE
BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos

*"God rest you, merry innocents,
 While innocense endures
 A Sweeter Christmas than we to ours
 May you bequeath to yours."*

OGDEN NASH

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THE LANTERN PRESENTS

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THE LANTERN

VOL. VIII

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No. 1

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Christmas and the Art of Writing

EDITORIAL

THE more one studies the art of writing, the more one realizes that its technique is not alone the secret of a facile pen, or the rapid-working movements of one's thoughts. Rather it is a slow, sometimes cumulative process by which feelings, often long felt, are expressed in a phrased word, or a sentence, or even a poem, which in its lone isolated state, tells us more than a hundred thousand paragraphs could ever do.---Very often, too, good writing may be pastel shadings of our thoughts, which, as they gradually take form, reveal to us a harmony of feeling so fragrant that it seems to gratify our senses without really arresting them. It is as if the delicate perfections of our minds had an air of having fluttered into existence, like petals from a flower, yielding an instant of emotion before dissolving into pure thought.---Does this mean that we must "feel" in order to write? Or can good writing be merely cold, logical, lucid and informative?

In a few days the ever welcome Christmas season will begin to surround us with all its fine old traditions. Christmas trees will be on sale at almost every corner. Stores and shops will deck themselves with tinsel and colored balls. The best sounding songs of all will be heard as "Silent

Night," "Joy to the World," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Jingle Bells" and all the rest ring out their message of peace and good cheer. As one walks the crowded streets, happy, laughing people will be making their way home and there, bundles in their arms, a deep, sincere smile on their lips. Over there a little fellow will have his nose pressed against a window gazing longfully at the toy-filled counters. All about you milling, crowds of people, smiling, and talking, and singing . . . the spirit of Christmas lighting up their eyes . . . will be practicing, really practicing the Christian ideal. And the "soul" and "feeling" of Christmas, dormant for the past eleven months, once more will rule the world for two short, short weeks.

Now what has this got to do with writing? What is our analogy? Is it possible that writing and the phrasing of feelings, like Christmas, needs a "soul" to give it warmth and vitality? Does it suggest that the real and finer techniques of expression, no matter what its mood is . . . gentle, subtle, fragrant, beautiful or ugly, cold, realistic, brutal . . . must be the expression of a "feeling," the whim of an "emotion"---We think so! It is the "spirit" of Noel that gives Christmas its soul. It is the delicate emotion of an experience, well phrased, that gives writing life.

Christmas Greetings

SOMEONE has said that a smile means little unless it is given away. And we realize only too well how true this really is. Likewise it is with the Christmas Greetings. It would not be much fun to go around on the 25th of December wishing yourself a "Merrie Christmas," unless you were

another "Scrooge." And then, in the end, he discovered the beauty of Christmas, too. So if we can with these words and ink and paper, we'd like to wish you the "jolliest" and smilingest" of Christmas' with two of the loveliest words in the English language—"MERRIE CHRISTMAS."

Among Our Contributors



Robert C. Yoh. This Milton, Pa. boy has been one of the best of contributors, of advisors, and of critics that THE LANTERN has had these past four years. Now, as a senior, Bob

more than ever shows what the spirit of New Hampshire can do to a fellow. In *The Mystery of Loon Cave* he gives you that spirit with all its mystery, its power, and its rare beauty.

Winfield S. Smith does his writing sometimes with a brush, sometimes with a woodcarver's knife, sometimes with a pen. The cover of this December issue brings to your eye an old medieval doorway which has been welcoming visitors for hundreds of years to Nuremburg, Germany.



Valerie Green, one of our "Chem-Bi" writers, places us in the Photographer's hands which must surely arouse in us some dark memories of the past. Yet who would give up the thrill that one experiences when he or

she sees that baby picture of yesteryear? Her *Camera-Phobia* is a sophisticated, a wee bit heavy, but delightful essay which all should enjoy.

Robert J. Weidenhammer, another Senior, has too long delayed his LANTERN prevue. In the life of *Henry Cavendish* one can find only the "dry stuff" which most writers fear. Yet Bob has re-discovered this eccentric scientist for us in such a way as to hold our interest right up to the very end. And Bob, working in the science field himself, gives us the feeling and understanding of that field of study that science, through *Henry Cavendish* lives once more.

(Continued on Page 10)

Evelyn Huber. Four years ago this dark haired Jersey girl smiling with her dark eyes, handed THE LANTERN Editor some poems, and disappeared as silently as she had come. Yet in every issue of the Lantern since then



some of her writings have never failed to reach "print." And we who read them cannot help but tread gently across the delicate bridges that she has phrased that unites reality with the spirit of poetry.

Helene Berger, a sophomore, makes her first appearance in THE LANTERN and we welcome her writings most happily. In *One Envyng a Poet* she tells us of her wishes to be a poet, and she does it so delightfully that we feel sure she will not have to "envy" the poets very long.

Ernest P. Muller, a Brooklynite, a Senior, and a really fine critic of the drama, tells us of Miss LeGallieme's visit to Norristown a few weeks ago. In the past, LANTERN criticisms have been more on the positive



side. But Ernie proves to you that where there is a "positive" there must also be a "negative." *All Hail, Fair Modesty* is a dramatic criticism.

"Suddenly he knew he had not lost . . ."

Christmas Resurrection

ESTHER HYDREN

TWILIGHT was beginning to dim the doubtful light of a grey winter day, as a middle-aged man stepped out of an office building and paused to light a cigarette. He gazed rather contemptuously at the laughing crowd which milled past the gaily decorated windows of the stores. He felt himself an outcast from the atmosphere of radiant, heart-flowing joy with which the Christmas season had flushed a drab winter day. To him, the colored lights looked gaudy, cheap; the laughter sounded shrill and discordant. The carefree confusion disgusted him. As he plunged into the crowd, he shrugged his shoulders and muttered — "Fools!"

He presented a strange contrast to those with whom he mingled. He was dressed with the utmost care. His clean-cut features were refined; but their natural attractiveness was marred by an expression which repelled any friendly approach. His eyes seemed veiled with a shadow drawn by suffering; his mouth had pulled itself into an habitual sneer.

"Paper, Mister?" inquired a ragged little fellow timidly.

"No — thanks."

The man answered with a scowl that forbade any further pressure. The boy fell back hurriedly from before his path.

"Can't see why people have to make such fools of themselves just because it's the twenty-fourth of December," the man growled. He walked on in growing irritation. Thoughts that he had resolutely shut from his mind for a long, lonely year kept recurring to him; as his powerlessness against them increased, his contempt for Christmas grew. He glanced at a window filled with toys, and a pain shot through his heart. That electric train was like the one he'd given to Tom last year. He could see the boy now in his mind; he remembered the look of joyful thanks with which his son had received the gift.

"Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!"

The man turned away from the brilliantly painted sign which blazed its message to anyone who cared to read. Happy New Year—what an empty farce that was! There was no such thing as happiness; it was only a deception which wound

itself around your heart and crushed you with its hollow mockery. The only real joy he had ever known was in his son; a quick illness had taken that away. There was nothing left except a dazed, dull hurt and contempt for living.

Wandering aimlessly now, he turned down a narrow street in a lower section of town. Here, too, lights blazed the season's honor. The people jostled each other and passed on, laughing. A tall girl, dressed with cheap smartness, brushed past his shoulder, leaving a scent of perfume, soft on the brittle air. In the distance, a church-bell chimed "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." The man's scowl deepened and he burrowed down within his coat collar, as if to shut out the sound. Why must everything remind him of that which he wished to forget?

As his thoughts grew more agitated, he quickened his pace; yet still his mind persuaded him, ever questioning.

"Why, why?" it asked. "What's the use of living, when life is mere existence? I placed my whole life in my son; it has gone with him. Why should I endure this emptiness?"

And the man could not answer. He could only try, in vain, to escape. He turned a corner and pressed on with a speed that disconcerted the others on the sidewalk. But he was completely oblivious to the curious looks that followed him.

Back in the center of town, he gained control of himself once more and stopped on a street corner to await his bus.

"Rather cold tonight," he thought, glancing up at the steely sky, where only a few wan stars glittered faintly. He shrugged deeper into his overcoat and a physical warmth stole over him. His eyes wandered, still contemptuous, over the people passing around him. Then his attention became fastened on a young boy, whose dark hair caught the white flakes that had started to fall. The boy was standing at a window, absorbed in the contents displayed there. Something about the curve of the dark head struck a familiar chord in the man's memory. He could not turn his eyes away, but felt a growing impatience to see the boy's

face. He moved over toward the window and stood behind him.

"What are you looking at, Son?" he asked?

He despised himself for this weakness; yet the impulse completely controlled him. The boy answered without looking up

"That blue satin robe," he said laconically.

"But what do you want with that?" the man asked in amazement.

"I wanted to get it for my mother," the boy answered quietly. "I heard her wishing for it the other day."

The man hesitated. Then he burst out roughly, "Don't you have enough money?"

The boy shook his head for answer and started to turn away

"Here—Sonny—here—wait a minute!"

The man spoke almost in desperation. The boy turned back and lifted dark eyes, full of wonder. The man started; they were so like Tom's eyes.

"I—I just wondered—would this help any?"

He almost pleaded as he pressed a bill into the boy's hand.

The boy looked up in amazement and started to speak.

"Oh, but—"

"No, no, Sonny—please take it—it's all right."

"Well—Gee, thanks!" exclaimed the boy. A smile spread over his face and his eyes flashed joyously for a moment as he turned and raced toward the door of the shop.

The man stood for a moment looking at the door through which the boy had disappeared. Then he walked away, casting his eyes over the crowd with a glance no longer hostile. A strange exhilaration filled him. He felt the snow-flakes on his face and remembered how Tom used to shut his eyes tight and open his mouth to catch them.

Suddenly he knew that he had not lost his son, that Tom was here with him. Tom had looked at him from the boy's dark eyes; Tom had caressed him in the snow-flakes that brushed his cheek. The church bells rang out again; and Tom spoke to him through the Christmas melody he had loved.

The man raised his eyes to the stars. They glowed more strongly now. He laughed aloud and collided with a rather large woman. Her bundles flew in all directions. The man helped her to gather them together.

"I'm so sorry—please excuse me. I should have been more careful." She responded with a warm smile.

"That's all right. Merry Christmas!"

The man laughed.

"Merry Christmas!" he replied.—"And Happy New Year!"

Autumn's Song

GLADYS HEIBEL

*This is what
Autumn sings of:
Crimson apples round as a kiss,
And strong October wind
Blowing with narrowed eyes
And swollen cheek
And whistling, as the boys do,
Through his teeth.*

Autumn Tanka

*Autumn, and lo! the
Indian has pitched his tents
of gold upon the
hill,—and there his aged squaw
fans the crimson camp-fire.*

New Autumn

*Slowly down the autumn slope we came.
Together,
Kicking ahead a golden froth of leaves
That ran down over the hill's dead face,
As the wave of our love over life,
And made it bright again.*

"He just didn't care! He was a measuring machine."

Henry Cavendish

ROBERT J. WEIDENHAMMER

THE Royal Society Club had just finished dinner, and several of the members were standing about with the air of men who thoroughly appreciate their own greatness. One of the members, however, was not enjoying himself. He seemed very nervous and looked about from face to face, noting that many were unfamiliar. His clothes were strange, and he shuffled his feet like a small boy who wishes he were somewhere else. The other members did not pay much attention to him; but when he spoke, which was rarely, a great silence fell until he was done.

The room was crowded. If anyone wished to walk from one to the other, he had to push his way past groups of men so interested in what they were discussing that they did not want to stand aside. At last a little convoy approached from a far corner of the room—a large pompous gentleman followed by another more pompous. They pushed through the crowd, setting up a disturbance ahead like a ship's bow. The nervous man in the funny clothes noticed it and looked more nervous than before. When the convoy reached its destination, the pompous man, who was Dr. Ingenhousy, addressed the nervous one.

"Mr. Cavendish," he said, leading his companion forward, "this is the Baron von Plattnity, a native of Austria. He has asked me for an introduction to you, sir, a pleasure which he has long anticipated. Allow me to present the Baron von Plattnity."

Cavendish looked down at his feet, fumbled the large buttons on his coat, and made curious motions with his head. He said nothing. The Austrian gentleman came forward and bowed.

"Mr. Cavendish," he began, "I came to London not for business, nor for pleasure, but merely to converse with you, whom I consider one of the brightest ornaments of our age. Now that I have had the pleasure of meeting you—"

He stopped suddenly with open mouth. Cavendish was gone. He had spied an opening in the crowd and escaped like a rabbit through a hole in a hedge. He dashed out the door, jumped into his carriage, and drove madly for his home at the other end of London.

The Honorable Henry Cavendish was an aristocrat descended from Norman conquerors and connected with royalty in many ways. Dukes and earls roosted thick as blackbirds in his family tree. He was also very wealthy, but never was a man less like the traditional great lord. Lacking were fine clothes, cultivated tastes, polished manners, and social interests. He lived a life which would have been considered uneventful by the dullest night-watchman. He hated praise and resented compliments. He became one of the most famous men of his time, but he got no thrill out of it. What he did in science was for his amusement alone, just as other men in his position killed grouse and broke hearts. He just didn't care. He was a measuring machine.

Cavendish was born in 1731, at Nice, France, where his mother had gone for her health. He went to school at Hackney, but we know no more than the plain fact. He left no memory or tradition behind him. He never confided to anyone the emotions or hardships of his schooldays. There probably were none. After studying at Cambridge for four years, he left without a degree, perhaps because of the religious test required before a degree could be conferred. Cavendish had no religious opinions. He left Cambridge in 1753, went to London, and was forgotten until the fame of his scientific discoveries dragged him into unwelcome publicity.

Many attempts have been made to find out what type of life Cavendish led before his fame made him a public character, but all are alike in their total failure. We don't even know whether he lived in affluence or poverty. Both were the same to him. When, through the death of relatives, he became one of the richest men in London, his habits changed not a bit. He still lived as if he had just enough for the simple necessities of life.

Almost the only relics of this period of Cavendish's life are the laboratory notes which accumulated in great quantities. They prove that he was always working. Measuring, always measuring. He investigated the chemical reactions of arsenic, he determined the freezing point of

mercury, he carried on researches on heat, recording his observations but seldom putting them together into a theory. His first appearance before the public was in 1766, when the Royal Society got hold of his paper on "Factitious Airs" and published it. From then on he was an unwilling celebrity.

This paper contained the first accurate investigation of hydrogen, the element which gave Cavendish his chief importance as a chemist. There is no theorizing, no correlation of observations. Only measurement. Cavendish went about getting his hydrogen with painful exactness. He found what metals would yield hydrogen when treated with acids, and he found how much each would yield. An ounce of zinc gave 356 measures of the gas, an ounce of iron 412, and an ounce of tin 202. These observations might have developed into "the theory of combining weights," but Cavendish's mind did not work that way. He verified his figures and then determined with equal care the specific gravity of the hydrogen he got. Having measured his hydrogen, Cavendish then determined its inflammability by exploding it with air. His results are expressed in definite figures, but he did not notice the moisture which resulted. He was looking for one thing only, the amount of hydrogen which had to be mixed with air to make it burn. It wasn't until nearly twenty years afterward that he discovered what product was formed.

It is hopeless to try to give a chronological account of Cavendish's discoveries. He didn't care what the world thought of his work, and so he took no pains to have it printed. Many of his papers were not published until long after his death; and many were not written down at all, remaining a mass of figures in his notebooks. So few were his contacts with the world outside his laboratory that he paid little attention to what his fellow scientists were doing. Even when he learned by accident that they were working on a problem he had already solved, he seldom took the trouble to tell them.

The account of such an isolated life is bound to be a series of fragments. Cavendish was always busy, but he had no end in view. He jumped from chemistry to physics, from mathematics to astronomy, from the electrical apparatus of a torpedo fish to the ancient calendar of the Hindus. When a problem ceased to be interesting, he dropped it. What did he care if the world was waiting for the solution. That was none of his business.

A few acquaintances did manage to get into his home and watch him work. They all reported that his success was due to an extraordinary accuracy and a marvelous capacity for taking pains. His apparatus was clumsy looking, but its essential part, the balance or thermometer, was as accurate as human hands could make it. Every experiment was performed fifty or a hundred times before the results were averaged. Every bit of material was tested before it was used. Every disturbing factor was allowed for with painful care. At length, a figure would emerge, a figure of many decimals. Cavendish's work was over. Perhaps he had passed within a fraction of an inch of an important law of Nature. He didn't know or care. He measured.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment Cavendish ever did was his famous feat of weighing the earth. The attempt to do this was nothing new. Ever since Newton demonstrated the gravitational relations between the members of the solar system, astronomers had yearned for an accurate determination of the earth's mass, for on this figure depended most of their calculations.

By the time he took hold of the problem, all the theoretical thinking-out had been done. Even the apparatus to solve the problem had been designed by an ingenious clergyman named Mitchell, who died before he could try out his idea. Nothing remained but measuring, which was just what Cavendish loved. He attacked the problem with a cold emotion which in another man might have been called enthusiasm.

The apparatus depends on the fact that the earth is not the only body which exerts gravitational force. Every body attracts every other body, the strength of the attraction depending only on their mass and the distance between them. Thus if the attraction between two small bodies can be measured, the mass of the earth can be derived from this figure. We know the force with which the earth attracts a body at its surface. This is the weight of the body. We know the distance from the earth's surface to its center. The only remaining unknown will be the mass of the earth. This can be found by solving a simple equation.

In theory, the problem once grasped, is very simple; but the technical difficulties are tremendous. The force to be measured is so small that it looks like a decimal point followed by a bead necklace of zeros. But this was ideal recreation for Cavendish. He worked at the problem for years, and finally emerged with the conclusion that the

density of the earth was 5.48. This result was so accurate that not until forty years later could the Royal Astronomical Society find a better figure.

* * *

How did Cavendish live while he was performing these mighty but unimaginative experiments? Who were his friends? What were his amusements? What were his avocations? The answer is very simple. He had none. We have called him a measuring machine, and a measuring machine he was. His life was about as eventful as one of his thermometers. He had no opinions on general subjects; he expressed no emotions—unless a dislike of humanity may be called an emotion. If he had some secret defect or deformity which made him avoid people, he carried that secret to his grave and left no material for the modern psychological grave robber.

His favorite residence was a large estate in Clapham, a suburb of London. The entire house and grounds were filled with instruments ranging from thermometers to a blacksmith's forge set up in the living room. The top floor was an observatory containing a telescope. Along the halls stood racks of glass vessels and reagent bottles. A visitor had to step carefully to avoid knocking over a microscope or a bottle of sulphuric acid.

To the educated inhabitants of Clapham, Cavendish was an eccentric celebrity; to the ignorant he was a wizard and his house a den of magic. Strange smells would drift through the open windows, and dull explosions would awaken the neighbors. The servants were silent creatures who seemed to have absorbed some of their master's character.

But so well known a celebrity could not keep entirely out of sight. Quite a body of anecdote grew up around this coldest of human beings.

A man with such a passion for accurate measurement would be apt to arrange his life according to a schedule. Cavendish did. He rose by the clock. Even his single recreation, driving in his carriage, was fitted accurately into his schedule. This passion for regularity extended even to his clothes. He never owned more than one suit at a time. The pattern and cloth never varied, and he knew exactly how long a suit would last. When the date for discarding it approached, he sent for his tailor and ordered one exactly like the last. At the end of his life he was wearing clothes forty years out of style.

His social contacts were almost zero, but he did go to meetings of the Royal Society and to an

occasional dinner. On even more rare occasions he would give dinners himself to a chosen two or three. His style of entertainment was not lavish. The food never varied—a leg of mutton. Once he invited the unprecedented number of five. His butler asked what he should serve.

"A leg of mutton, of course," said Cavendish.

"But that won't be enough for five."

"Two legs, then."

His dislike for his fellow men was nothing compared with his loathing of women. There were female servants in the house, but they had strict orders to remain where he could not see them. If he caught sight of one, she lost her job. When he passed a woman on the street, he looked fixedly the other way as if she were a Medusa about to turn him to stone.

Such a man would not be likely to sit for a portrait, and Cavendish never did so, knowingly. But a portrait of him does exist nevertheless. A well-known artist of the time asked Sir Joseph Banks to persuade Cavendish to sit for him. Sir Joseph laughed. It had been tried many times before without success. But the artist persisted, and finally Banks agreed to invite him to a dinner at which Cavendish would be present and seat him where he could sketch him unobserved. The view wasn't perfect. For the longest time all the artist could draw was the gray-green coat and the three-cornered hat. At last Cavendish turned his head. The artist worked like mad. Cavendish turned back again, and the artist fled to safety with the sketch.

* * *

Many of the famous men of this period were very religious, each in his own way, but religion never bothered Cavendish. He couldn't measure it; he couldn't multiply the Trinity by itself and get a perfect square. No one ever heard him refer to God, to Christ, or to the Bible. He wasn't even anti-religious. He just didn't care.

When a man is about to die his religion is apt to burst into belated bloom, but not so with Cavendish. At the age of seventy-nine he decided that the end of his life had come. He was weak and worn out. Cavendish plotted the descending curve of his life force and computed just when it would touch zero. He called for his valet.

"Mind what I say. I am going to die. When I am dead, but not until then, go to Lord George Cavendish and tell him of the event. Go."

"When you are dead," repeated the valet,

(Continued on Page 18)

There it stood before him, cold, and cruelly inviting—issuing an invitation that was more of a dare than anything else

The Mystery of Loon Cove

ROBERT C. YOH

ALTHOUGH it was in no way explainable, the lake district awoke one day to find that Fall had come as an unexpected, but not wholly unwanted guest. It was always so. Fall is an overnight change in that wildly beautiful region, a change deeply in keeping with the impulsive region itself. One can not say that when it comes, it comes with tremendous force—it is only this, that, on a certain day the inhabitants know that the true Summer has very suddenly gone, and that an inter-ludent and decadent Summer has made its brief appearance until Winter overcomes it.

Few people see the region at this transitory time, save the natives themselves; but all those who have seen it have come to respect it with a feeling that is an odd mixture of love, and inexplicably enough—sadness and mistrust. No one, then, truly dislikes the sudden arrival of this strange season; there is a melancholy happiness that falls on the general character and behavior of the people who witness it. And such a state is natural.

At first glance the mountain-hemmed lake region is entirely beautiful; so breathtakingly beautiful that one can not think he could ever be anything but happy and forever inspired in such surroundings. It is only with a long and deepfelt acquaintance that one finds it is a stern beauty, a loveliness that makes its demands upon those who live with it. The awful spirit of the lake world enters into the very soul of the person who has dared to look upon such unspoiled and untamed majesty; it is not content with stirring the physical senses alone. It forces its way into the mind and heart of the intruder and inflicts there a deep and potentially mortal wound. This is the price that must be payed for seeing so much glory and heightened splendor.

And so it was that Fall came once more in its own subtle way to New Hampshire's stern and awesome lake district. There were many ways of noticing and feeling this change. It was not as if the weather itself grew abruptly cold, and that the various trees turned traitors to Summer's beloved green. It was only that here and there a leaf would fall to the ground; that the golden rod

would burst freely into bloom; that everywhere the purple astor would make its delicate and quiet appearance. The wind would become stronger, and even if not colder, undeniably tarter and somewhat unpredictable. Fewer birds would raise their voices in song, and soon only the wild duck and the loon would be left with their singular cries.

Fall in this district is a restless time, and a mysterious one as well. There is change in the air, adventure, and a something else one can not understand. Something there was, then, that caused the enchantment of Loon Cove to manifest itself. There is a wierd mystery attached to this cove, according to the natives, and its story is fascinating, yet awful.

Winnepesaukee is the largest lake of the region, and the most beautiful, for it lies like a sparkling sapphire gem at the feet of green-clad, invincible mountains, and winds its way round islands and ragged peninsulas. The northern arm of Winnepesaukee washes the rock-rimmed shore of Moultenborough Neck, and Loon Cove is formed here by the jutting out of Garnet Point. There is always a peculiar aspect about the cove—clouds form readily there, and mists, and always half envelope, half reveal it. Nowhere can more waterlilies and arrow-roots be found than here. Reeds and cat-tails grow in profusion. Yet no one dares to enter it very far from its mouth. A map will show that it goes back several miles into an uninhabited section of land, but since it was surveyed few folk have been brave enough to penetrate its mysteries. Long, long ago, the natives say, a young lad turned his canoe toward the cove, paddled into it until out of sight, and never returned. And after him others disappeared in its unfriendly, yet inviting, waters. So runs the legend of Loon Cove.

But Fall made the spot almost unresistingly beautiful, and its beauty beckoned to all the lake folk. Day after day it haunted the souls of the observers, and particularly it incited Dan. One cold afternoon, when Fall had almost given way to Winter, Dan, depressed by the melancholy of the time of year, gave in to an all-powerful

and relentless urge within him to explore the cove.

There it stood before him, cold and cruelly inviting—issuing an invitation that was more of a dare than anything else. He unfurled the sail of his small boat and pointed the prow to the cove's entrance. A strong wind—an almost too-strong wind—urged the boat deeper and deeper into the awful gloom and dankness of the cove. The fog which always hovered like an evil genius over the spot became unnaturally thick, and clammy like a ghost's awful caress. And then a strange thing occurred. The fog thinned out, and an entirely new and weirdly fascinating scene stretched itself out before Dan's eyes. A dark, stern, and rugged beauty (for there is a particular beauty to low-lying, growth-filled marshland) greeted him. Then, as if out of place in such a scene, a towering wall of rock rose on the lad's right and dominated the spot; it chilled his blood, so suddenly it appeared. Indeed, the immense rock seemed to enlarge before his very eyes, shocking his senses and intelligence. But, as he turned his eyes from the hugeness of the rock, he caught sight of a loon just ahead of him. He followed the bird; and, as is the habit with loons, the creature disappeared under the water and soon appeared again a great distance before him.

Dan let out more sail, eager to catch up with the elusive bird, and as he was just about to reach it, it again mysteriously disappeared. The excitement of the sport incited Dan to recklessness, and he gave full sail to the wind. Deeper into the cove the loon led the boat, and

faster and faster the wind sped on the chase. No longer could Dan control the course of the boat; it seemed attracted by the combined forces of the loon and the wind—the one drawing his spirit and soul like a magnet, the other pushing the youth and his boat as a giant landslide pushes everything that lies in its path.

The water, obeying the command of the enraged wind, whipped up in mad confusion, but it daunted not the crazy bird, and seemed in no way to impede its phantom-like progress. Terror seized the mind of Dan, and a dizziness seemed to clog his brain. Yet it was a strange thing that he did not lose his senses. Perhaps it was even possible he found some pleasure in this irresistible panic, for there flashed through his body the thrill that here was a high adventure he had never before experienced or anticipated.

Slowly Dan realized that the loon no longer disappeared for short times, but stayed constantly in sight on top of the water. On and on it beckoned him. Suddenly it stopped, and the wind, as if fanned by a mighty desire, swooped up the boat on a tremendous wave, and dashed it against a rock, hidden just below the water where the loon had so strangely waited.

All became still in the cove. The waters closed over the dead lad in a gentle way, as if to rock him to an eternal sleep. And then it was that a laughing cry rose up in the cove—the laughing cry of the loon—and the wind carried that cry till it reached the mouth of the cove. Only silence, and mystery, and death remained.

Among Our Contributors

(Continued from Page 3)

Gladys Heibel with her fragments of poetic thought brings back to us the feeling and beauty of autumn. At times she writes so delicately that the whisps of emotion that she arouses seem to hang poised like a snowflake on the tip of a twig, or a tear on the cheek of a child. We know you will like her Autumn poems because she expresses in them what we all feel whenever October rolls around.

Esther Hydren, here-to-fore a prose contributor, presents both prose and poetry in our December issue. In *Christmas Resurrection* the old, but ever new spirit of the Christian ideal is worked out in a beautiful Christmas story. Yet her ability with the pen reaches still higher a level in her sonnets as the difficult meter of the sonnet is skillfully intertwined with depth of feeling that we all must admire.

"The Show was over. Miss Le Gallienne had had her night . . ."

All Hail, Fair Modesty!

ERNEST P. MULLER

GENTLE reader, if any, be not dismayed. This is not to be the expression of paeans in honor of Modesty. Nor is it to be a sermon on the value of this virtue, although that might be of worth. Rather it is to be the personal record of an interesting evening into which might be read the slight moral that Modesty, though a well-deserving spirit, *when absent*, leaves things at sixes and sevens.

Several weeks ago a number of us had the mixed pleasure of journeying down to Norristown to see Miss Eva Le Gallienne as *Hedda Gabler*. Just how the others who saw this were impressed I am not certain, but I am certain that they will not agree with what is to follow here.

My first thought after the last curtain fell was, "Where, oh, where was Henrik Ibsen this evening?" Not knowing the habits of the dead I could not answer my query, but I was positive that our Norse master had not been present with us during the evening. To the many virtues of the actress of the evening, unfortunately, it is impossible to add that of modesty. This was no play; it was the frame for a virtuoso exhibition by a very, very talented lady. There was not even the suspicion of drama present. There was no transmission of poignant feeling, no overflow of emotional experience. No one felt moved by the tragedy taking place before our very eyes. I seriously doubt whether anyone in the whole auditorium forgot for one moment that it was a play. There were hardly ten minutes in the whole two hours when we saw the real *Hedda*. And even worse, there was not one other person in the play who seemed vital, alive, flesh and blood. The six "supporting" roles were just foils, and none too good foils, for our brilliant star. It was her show, and she seemed bent on getting that single idea over to the audience, to the utter defeat of anything that the play might have to say.

To get a picture of what had gone on that evening, I ask you to use with considerable vigor your imagination. First you must relegate Eilert Lovborg, the passion of *Hedda's* life and the toy in her cruel hands, to a minor position played as

though he were a barrel-voiced bore. Imagine a man who, through the love of a woman, has conquered loose living, has applied himself to a task, and has written a great book. Now think of such a man as we saw him, capering about with the emotional control and mellowness of an adolescent. Then we find Mrs. Elvsted, the courageous, venturesome young woman who brought about this change, as a weak-kneed, fearful, pallid creature. Coming to the beastly parasite of Ibsen, Judge Brack, we see before us the most inoffensive moron one could wish. He had all the traits of an even-tempered bachelor uncle who finds his greatest pleasure in the company of an attractive woman. The only one that was to some degree acceptable was *Hedda's* husband George, that "competent, plodding student" of medieval industry, who is a "ninny" about his own wife. He was a satisfactory "ninny".

Perhaps this is not entirely fair; perhaps had the play been staged with even a minimum of intelligence these actors and actresses would have assumed their natural importance. But it must be bluntly said that never before, and probably never again, will there be a more interesting background conceived for "*Hedda*". Ibsen wrote of a sordid family in misty Norway, the land of fjords and fisherman, where a certain heaviness overhangs the architecture. We got a magnificent room with walls of rich Prussian blue, classic Grecian columns, graceful tall white vases, and a modernistic fireplace. It was difficult to decide whether this was a room with the foreboding spirit of Ibsen ever-present, or a wealthy socialite's apartment from the Hollywood production of "*The Women*". It must be admitted, however, that it was a marvelous sophistication, and a perfect setting for Miss Le Gallienne as she made her striking entrance in a flowing white gown. (Might I be permitted to wonder, out of sheer curiosity, whether the set was built about Eva's gowns or not?)

And then there was the book, the manuscript that was Eilert's life work. Think of it, the writing upon which his whole fame is to rest.

(Continued on Page 18)

Mischall

EVELYN HUBER

*Savage and aristocrat blended: within his blood,
Pride and the thirst for freedom, untamed bursts of passion,
And the cold, steeled temper of stoic and ruthless vigor . . .
Dreaming madman augmented to prophets:
Within, the wrath of the raging storm,
The heaving forest lashings, the wind-swept nights
Of winter, fused to the motioned flow
Of stream and of unsailed river, of classic calm,
And the sustained peace of summer . . .
This was Mischall!*

*O the winds of night swept out
And cried, "We love, we love, Mischall,
Mischall, child of fame and of passion,
Hating, cursing, reviling;
Dark ghost, moving through dens
And dives of racketeer and of gambler;
Dark, dark Mischall--
Clothed by the shadows of phantoms, attendant
To shadows that follow the footsteps of men."
Soft falls the whispers of winds,
"We love, oh, we love Mischall."
Tenderly whisper the winds,
O Mischall, you are ours forever."*

*Out on the hermit's ledge, alone with the stars,
And the poet's lonesome pine, the silence withholds
The spell of enchanted hours pressed to its bosom.
"Your heart, Mischall, your heart is ours,"
Sounds the beating pulse of the silence.
And a ghostly figure comes forth, into the starlight,
Clear-cut silhouette in long-white clouded garment,
Tall, taller than men, moving upward over pale hills:
It is the face of an old man, prophet and seer,
Holding in him the peace and the wisdom of winters,
Sad, brooding, kindly, expression of temperate justice.
And the moonlight fills all the night;
The hills whisper low,
"Mischall, you are ours forever,
Your heart is ours, O Mischall!"*

"True giving is a gift that draws forth generous, impulsive action"

"Gift of the Magi"

EVELYN HUBER

IF it were snowing dollars, how happy I would be! I wonder. But then you will forgive the mercenary beat of my heart, for it is the Christmas season, and I think there is no pleasure comparable to that which one receives in "giving". No, there is not any other pleasure that brings with it such a warmth and such a universal tone of good-fellowship as this. One becomes, after "giving", friendly to all creatures, even to a degree, tender-hearted, with something of that emotion that kindles the heart as one grows old, on hearing "Auld Lang Syne" sung by "merrie, merrie companie".

As I now idle up and down these cheerful store aisles, so richly decked in green and red, gloriously hilarious with the spirit of Saint Nicholas, each counter displays before my engrossed eyes its envious treasures. All at once, the good Saint himself pours into my arms and around my feet a medley of brightly be-ribboned packages and I become the prince of princes, the wizard of enchanters. Now I shall fill the hearth of all I know with gifts that will brighten the eye and set aglow the heart: these books, for Jack; the paints and oils for Brail; the silver . . .

"Ouch! I'm sorry, Madam. I was--" I almost told her I was the wizard of enchanters; but, luckily for me, I was saved from announcing my mystic powers, for the irate "Madame Defarge" disappeared with a scornful and ugly toss of her head which convinced me that the prince of princes was in no favor with such a Christmas season shopper. I looked my situation over: I was surrounded by pouring mobs—reaching, pushing, thrusting men, women, and children. I was subject to both their indignation and their pity; their indignation, because I retarded the full sweep of their onward march; their pity, because one or two had tapped his head significantly and sympathetically, all the while looking at me. Alas, they did not know I was the wizard of enchanters! Or did they? While staged in this precarious situation, my irate friend, my "madame", had seen fit to doom my wizardry with a heroic jab of her cane into my ribs, which I remember to this day. I do

not blame her for it. You recall the old maxim, "Sticks and stones . . . ?" Well, I forgive her for everything but for the loss of my wizard kingdom. Taking the aisle in the direction opposite the one I had seen my charging adversary take, I ambled my cowardly bulk away.

Spirits of Santa Clauses and Mother of Methuselah! What a variety of white-bearded, red-nosed Clauses we have in this modern world! When I was a child—but ah, that is another thing! Today Santa Claus senior whom I met first must have risen from a sick bed; something was definitely wrong with his stuffing. His cheeks were hollow, too. The next Claus I met, Santa junior, had noticeably shrunk within the two hour interim between my first and second sight of him. I know he had shrunk, and most astonishingly so, for I recall I marked the spot and body where I had seen him on my first round of that toy department. Everything was the same; the chairs, the store, the stand, the colors, everything but Santa himself. During my first round I had noticed he was rather too tall and thin; on my second tour he appeared vice-versa, resembling a beautiful barrel I saw yesterday in Jim Simmerman's cellar, marked "dynamite" with red paint. Yet I do believe I actually met the real Claus today; he was altogether jolly-looking, dimpled, gracefully plump, and even laughed like "a bowlful of jelly". When I discovered him he sat straddling a wee chip of a "kiddie" on his big knee, promising him the world, so flushed was he with the spirit of "giving". Probably he could well promise the child the world, for "mama" was with her Sonny; and, as I remember, she was richly and elegantly dressed and possibly capable of anything. Santa could be forgiven for his luxurious promise in such a situation.

More enchanting aisles! Mountains of gifts! I wish I might buy them all. Tom, Dick, and Mary could then greet the "twenty-fifth" with shining eyes as they tumbled from their beds and excitedly tramped down the stairs to their stockings and tree.

All about me tide bargaining oceans of

women, some shame-faced men, wistful and laughing children. Happy humanity! Woe to him who on Christmas morning has grown too critical to enjoy Aunt Kate's present of a gorgeously colored tie. Let him but remember how thoughtfully the tie was selected, and with what sceptical eyes the connoisseur of ties had scanned the conservative assortment of blues and blacks, until the anxious glance lit delightedly upon the spirit of Christmas exemplified in spotty red and green. If this picture of Aunt Kate does not delight, perhaps the "receiver" of the "spotty red and green" should remember the heart rather than the eyes that made the choice. He should not forget that in various parts of his little paradise, there are others, benefactors of his generosity, who must recall the heart that gave instead of the taste that inspired.

Do you remember John Day? He did not grow young with his years. The spirit of eternal Christmas had no lasting zest for him. Fate and character had worked its disenchantment around him. He had lost considerable money through ill-placed investments; his life was not a happy one. Prejudice closed his eyes to universalities and opened them only to the particular instances that blinded his holiday spirit. No longer in a position to give, he felt that his simple gifts were subject to derision. Yes—he was to be pitied, for his very generosity had borne bitter

fruit. It made him a likeable chap but satirical and ironical. He gave what he could, but was ever fearful that what he gave would be disliked. "What is value, John," asked Father Time. "What does it mean to you?"—John was silent; as Father Time shook his head sadly and moved away, while the Christmas chimes pealed out their melody.

Some people will tell you, perhaps, the pleasure received in "giving" is a selfish one. Is not all individual happiness selfish in its own way, yet still not to be despised? Just where does the border-line between the boundaries of selfishness and unselfishness lie? If the true spirit of "giving" is to be termed "*selfish*," let such selfishness, I say, then reign forever! Let the heavens snow their dollars and wizards of enchanters lord the happy aisles of gifts! May the spirit of "giving" renew the heart of the aged and flush the cheek of youth!

In that country where "giving" has its kingdom, love thwarts time and heart forgives taste. The "gift of the Magi" to man is the spirit of eternal Christmas that instills the season with a joy that transcends the merry red and green, the diversified and unusual Santas, the mistletoe, even the cheer and gay laughter. True "giving" is a gift that draws forth generous, impulsive action, and exiles the shadow of pride from the hearth and home of the entire world.



“. . . the Camera Man's motions cease and”

Camera-Phobia

VALERIE H. GREEN

“IT is one of the institutions of modern America,” you tell me, “just as afternoon tea is an institution of modern England—inevitable, inescapable, and ineluctable, in fact.” Not that I am unaware, but that I am fully and overly aware of it precipitates my bitter cry of protest when the photographer uses that odious cliché of all photographers: ‘look at the birdie,’ and presses the rubber bulb that makes me the permanent, if somewhat negative property of the studio.

Having Baby's picture taken, indicating at what a tender age the modern child is exposed to the epidemic, is a perfect mania with Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. America-in-general, as evidenced by the huge sums of money the camera and kodak companies spend in advertising each year. The process is theoretically simple. The photographer is summoned, and at the appointed time Johnny-Dick, with blond curls carefully brushed, rompers starched and clean, white socks and shoes spotless, is placed in a huge chair with the head of Igor, the Great Dane, on his knees. The photographer arranges a battery of spotlamps upon the “Fair-haired Child with Dog”, as he will undoubtedly name the picture—if it's good—and tilts his camera at just the right angle. Covered with a black cloth as he is, one wonders if he really is a photographer or an escaped inmate who believes himself Dracula. When the first black plate is slipped into the camera, John Smith, Jr. is smiling, and although Igor is beginning to show the effects of nervous strain, he endeavors to be patient. The photographer emerges from his dark recess to make sure that Johnnie is still looking calm, and silently breathes a prayer of thanks that for once a brat is to be photographed that is not a brat, and returns to his camera. But just at this instant, as it never fails to happen, Igor's restlessness annoys J. Smith, Jr. who promptly, to show his authority, pulls the dog's ear—hard. Over turns the tripod as Igor retreats into the photographer, and in a mass of curling electric wires and exploding 100-watt bulbs, the paragon of optimism falls down, landing with the camera in his lap and the Great Dane running around him in circles.

Unfortunately, however, this mania is not

just temporary, ending with the craze for baby's second grade. Here for the first time he realizes the import of the blinding lights, the discomfort of having to remain immobile as a mummy while he watches the peculiar jack-in-the-box antics of a perfectly strange man. The results are, as usual, disastrous a strip of six to eight pictures at ten cents a piece, and several brown cardboard frames with “Happy School Days” and a prehistoric daisy stamped on them for the same price.

The results, each year throughout grammar school, despite occasional changes of photographers, Johnnie's mother views with increasing annual consternation, wondering why, if they insisted upon taking a picture of her dear little Junior, it turns out to be a cross between a baboon and a three-toed sloth.

Of course, with graduation after the first nine years of one's education, there must be taken the class picture. This is a very important event at the time. For once in their school careers all the boys are simultaneously dressed in clean white shirts, dark suits, and have their hair combed; while the girls parade about in their frilly graduation white, feeling like Cleopatra or Princess Elizabeth. The perpetual scuffle to places on the front steps of the school and subsequent rearrangement so that 5' 11" Mary Jones is not blocking out 4' 7" Sally Black being over, and all the little guinea pigs squinting at the sun with frozen smiles, the photographer takes the picture. But Suzie Sellers moves just at the critical moment, unobserved by the photographer, and two weeks later, after the picture has finally been developed, there needs must be a retake

In high school the fun or torture, depending upon how Johnnie Smith considers the proposition of having his picture taken, continues. Especially interesting is that formality of having the process to endure for the sake of the dear old Alma Mater Year Book, the “Gold and Gray,” the “Anchor”, or the “Criterion”. In this case, more care is taken in achieving the proper look or ‘personality pose’, as it is sometimes called, and the formality of ‘draping’ is begun. This, for some of the young hopefuls, is an event viewed with some amount of

pride, for it marks their rise to that important pictures, but continues till Johnnie Smith is in stage of requiring much personal attention, while for others it is a great nuisance, necessitating the removal of the top and outermost layer of clothing. Unfortunately, as is always the case, these pictures are exceptionally bad, and the girls of the class are quite disappointed to see what their mirrors and imagination do not tell them—how they really look in black and white; and with cries of "I never looked like this in all my life." and "That's a good one of you, Mary, but I don't look like THIS, do I?" they raise a wailing protest when the yearbook is finally published.

In college, Johnnie Smith observes that the photography question becomes relatively more involved each year. There is a picture taken one day after chapel of the entire faculty and student body—though the chemistry and biology professors do consistently manage to escape this unpleasantness. For this masterpiece, the bulk of the student body assembles by popular demand upon the broad steps of the Science Building and the overflow streams outward and becomes lost amid the shrubbery. The professors present sit in an uninspiring line, hemmed in behind by unknown freshman females and in front by equally unknown red-capped Frosh squatting on their haunches or sitting with feet extended toward the cameras, blinking like frogs in the sun. The photographer, with black plates under his arm, climbs a twelve-foot step-ladder to reach the camera, and goes into the gloomy seclusion with that sombre-looking box (both hidden by that perpetual Stygian black cloth) He ducks out of this consultation, and squinting at the light, waves his anterior appendages wildly to get the shrub-detached students back to the "En Masse" "Ah!" The camera man's wild motions cease, and he implores the five hundred refrigerated smiles to remain as they are—a buzzing noise as the camera slowly swings around in a 90 degree arc. Finally the "O.K." signal is given, and the frozen faces relax. Then follows a rapid unscrambling of humanity, and a general rush toward classrooms ensues—it is October, and the beginning-of-the-year enthusiasm is yet alive

In the course of his four years of "higher learning", amid the perplexities of calculus, the reactions of triphenyl carbinol, and the philosophy of Plato, Johnnie Smith (whose signature is now J. Smith, Jr.) has developed an ardent enthusiasm for photography as a hobby. At football games he prances along the sidelines, camera in hand,

watching each play with an intentness unequaled in any classroom. On Mother's Day, with almost fiendish delight, he 'snaps' the enthroned May Queen and her attendants who are sitting beneath a unique assortment of umbrellas, attempting vainly to protect their costumes and velvet wraps from the streaming rain. He has a movie camera too, and strolls about the campus collecting these more real impressions of college life—the crowded steps of the Science Building in the spring, the assembly of students waiting in front of Freeland for the dinner bell to ring, or Jimmie and Max hiking home for the week-end . . .

It is early spring, and this photographic record of Johnnie Smith's college career is almost complete. In Rec Hall, for the third—and, we hope, last time for the "Ruby"—he is solidly planted on a hard stool facing a battery of lights and that camera-monster—guinea pig again! His "girl" Freda of some six month's endurance is standing to one side, highly amused at the antics of the photographer who tilts his head to one side, steps back to survey the shadows on Johnnie's face, rearranges the spot-lights, and again retreats to his camera. Suddenly he emerges with, "A little more to one side, please." But evidently Johnnie has not altered his position sufficiently. "Just a bit more to the left—that's it. Now relax. You're too tense, studying too hard, I guess. Smile a little. Fine. A bit more . . ." His voice ripples on like a never-ending brook. "Now hold it." At last! Two poses, and his guinea pig days are over!

Alas, poor boy, you know not whereof you speak. Your guinea pig days are not over, and they won't be until after you and many million people like you are finally dead and unquestionably buried. Have you forgotten that last summer vacation in the mountains, and the one before that at the seashore—those eight rolls of film you used, and the new filter you bought for your camera, and the dark room you just rigged up? Escape this camera disease? Just think of your romance—didn't you take hundreds of pictures of Freda against all kinds of backgrounds, from mountain views to dusty bus-stop signs? Didn't you fill the walls of your room with photographs of her? Your guinea pig days over! Didn't you, to get the prize one of all, necessarily marry her?—Freda in white, with her bouquet of Baby's Breath and Bachelor Buttons, and you standing beside her—and then, too, the anti-climax, which is also the beginning of a new album, with the arrival of Johnnie Smith

(Continued on Page 18)

One Envyng a Poet

HELENE BERGER

*Music gives me quite a thrill;
I have an eye for art.
And though I can't express myself,
Beauty fills my heart.*

*Rarely have I thought of stars
As "tinsel of the sky";
If I could write a pretty phrase,
I wouldn't have to sigh,*

*And grieve that I must read in books
The poetry I feel,
But can't give to the ages
And the world of all that's real.*

*Could I compose just one wee verse
That pleases young and old---
About the Christmas story
And the snow that glistens cold,*

*I'd radiate the spirit
In my oh, so beauteous speech;
I'd make one piece of poetry
The glorious lesson teach.*

*It would be simple and sincere,
Yet full of similes
That burn in unpoetic hearts,
Of the joys of Christmas trees.*

*Poets, give thanks for your rare gift,
More thanks than e'er before;
Were I in your much favored place---
Oh! Who could ask for more!*

Camera-Phobia

(Continued from Page 16)

III, and his younger sister Mary . . .

Escape from photographitis? Never. "An institution of modern America . . . inevitable . . . you said, and you are right. It is a frenzy of the American people, a vicious circle; a disease incurable, highly infectious, for the cure of which even great periods of isolation are ineffective—a disease chronic, recurrent, and dangerous. Johnnie Smith and his friends have suffered through some twenty-odd years of exposure and contraction; and, though they still fight that phase of the malady in which they are the patients (the guinea pigs for the photographer), they confess to have become most ardent camera enthusiasts. They own to a fiendish glee in catching their subjects with good low angle shots in just the right shadow, with just the right timing; and they, too, suffer that terrible period of suspense until the pictures return from the dark room; as do a million other Americans, they also contribute to Eastman's weekly pay roll; but despite all this, I still deplore the new tradition that requires picture-taking instead of the written record in the good old family Bible.

Henry Cavendish

(Continued from Page 8)

"but not until then, I am to go to Lord George Cavendish and tell him of the event."

"Right," said Cavendish. "Now go."

The valet retired and Cavendish turned his face to the wall. A little later the valet tip-toed back. His master was dead, as he had predicted.

* * *

So lived and died the coldest, most unhuman mortal who ever wrote his name in the history of science. The respect of his colleagues was the only thing which he would have had to work for, and this he wanted less than anything else in the world. What he did in science was for his amusement alone. He was a measuring machine. He contributed to the advancement of every science known at the time, but he would have been just as pleased if his discoveries had died with him, and his notebooks had followed him to the grave.

All Hail, Fair Modesty!

(Continued from Page 11)

A study of the trends in Man's affairs and a prophecy of the road Man is to take in the future. When Eilert walked into the room carrying it, the person beside me whispered, "From the thickness of it, it looks like an over-due term paper." But then this is quibbling and not a worthy criticism of "drama."

The show was over. Miss Le Gallienne had had her night. But as I walked towards Main Street to catch the last bus, a mood of wishful thinking settled upon me. Would that I had seen Alla Nazimova when she had been the great *Hedda*. Would that I could see Katherine Cornell in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." I had enough of Eva's.

Sonnet

ESTHER HYDREN

*A child looks not afar to find his joy,
But, heedless of to-morrow, spends his day
In garn'ring from each moment what he may
Of pleasure and delight. No fears alloy
His happiness. He can't but understand
The beauties visible to those who live
Unbound by human codes, and sensitive
As a violin to the master's hand.
And yet, we disregard true happiness,
And discontented, restless as the sea,
Seek joy's illusive ghost, still fearful lest
We miss life's greatest gifts. That these may be
In daily things, we cannot comprehend,
But chase a shadow even to life's end.*

Immutable

*Serene, unchanged, shines on the timeless sun,
Though storms may hide him, and we cannot see.
His wakeful vigilance is never done;
He watches o'er man's fickle destiny.
No rain can wash away his glowing fire,
No mist that hides his shining from our eyes
Can bring on his destruction or can tire
His endless glow, which ever yet shall rise
And shine in constancy. Such is your love:
Though clouds of doubt and fear may blind my sight,
And I be wrapped in darkness as the night,
Still, constant as the burning sun above,
Your love will glow and penetrate the shade;
And I shall live in joy your love has made.*

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