12-1935

The Lantern Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1935

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Recommended Citation

Lees, Grace; French, Edward L.; Witmer, Dorothy; Yahraes, Richard; Schmitt, Elmer W. J.; Fenimore, Mitchell; Benner, Dorothea; McBride, Elizabeth; Ehly, Charles Francis; Stone, F. Bradford; Byron, Roberta; and Groff, Vernon D., "The Lantern Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1935" (1935). _The Lantern Literary Magazines_. 15.  
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THE LANTERN

Vol. IV. December, 1935 No. 1

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The Lantern is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania.
Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.
A Challenge to All

AN EDITORIAL

ABOUT this time of year, four years ago a few students, with the encouragement of several interested faculty members, began a struggle to introduce on the Ursinus campus, some outlet for the dammed-up streams of literary expression. That little group of students — I could name them for you, and some of you would know them — held meetings and discussed ways and means, financing and organization. Finally the little spark produced a flame; a literary magazine leaped up in their fertile imaginations. A constitution was drawn up; the faculty accepted it; the magazine was on the way to publication. Faculty advisers were appointed and, from the little group of interested students (most of whom were of the Senior and Junior classes) an editor was selected and three associates were appointed to help him. The first call was issued for material — this was in the spring of the year when people were rather busy with mid-semester examinations, class plays, spring sports, and . . . just spring — and the manuscripts of would-be authors poured in from paper-files and pigeonholes of desks.

The staff of the new-born magazine set out to wade through this mass of material and separate the grain from the chaff. After much discussion, the best of the offerings were sent to the printer and the staff turned to face the problem of financing. Perhaps it will be surprising to most people to know that the first LANTERN was financed with seven small advertisements and student subscriptions.

In the early part of May, 1933, there was printed a twenty-four page issue bearing on the cover, under the inscription “THE LANTERN” a picture of the recently completed Science Building.

Since that initial publication, six separate issues have been printed — three a year. THE LANTERN has increased in size, the editorial staff has been added to, and it has become departmentalized; and with these changes the ideal of that first group lives on. It is still the aim of THE LANTERN to publish the attempts at writing of the would-be authors. But with the other growths in the magazine has come a growth in the ideal. Now the literary publication has come to be considered a means of schooling for all people interested in literary endeavor. Rough drafts of all types of writing are accepted and looked over by both student and faculty staff. Changes are suggested and the writer is invited to revise his article under the guidance of a faculty member or with the help of a student representative of THE LANTERN.

It is the desire of the editorial staff to print only the best of the written work which is submitted. In order that the magazine may be interesting to all students, humor for one’s lighter moments, and though-producing articles for serious moods are included in the articles selected for each issue.

We of the editorial staff are pleased to offer to you students interested in literary work, a publication intended for you and for fulfilling your desires. We invite criticisms of any and all articles we print. If any of our readers disagree with conclusions reached in any serious article published in THE LANTERN we will be glad to receive their objection to the points in question and we will print any such argument of sufficient merit.

To students interested in creative writing, we offer a very extensive field of subjects — art, music, history, research, science, criticism of modern trends, reviews of current literature, lyric and didactic poetry, etc. If you feel that your writing is not good enough to be printed, remember that THE LANTERN’S aim is to foster all literary endeavor through careful schooling and revision. No article is too bad to be given correction and helpful suggestions.

With this issue, THE LANTERN begins its fourth year on campus. We are looking forward to the cooperation and contributions of all students to make THE LANTERN better than it has ever been.
A SMALL company of soldiers was slowly trudging along the rain-soaked, muddy path which led to the front-line trenches. The slow drizzle which seemed to be continually hanging over France since the birth of time had already soaked the men to the skin. It was night, and the darkness was so intense that it was only by the light of an occasional exploding shell that they were able to see more than the dim outline of the person in front of them. At each step, squelching mud oozed over their boots until it seemed as if they were carrying a ton of mud in each boot.

One man among them, a corporal, seemed fresher, more vigorous than his weary companions. Indeed, his step was almost springy as he seemed to set the pace for the rest of the company. His thoughts were not in keeping with his appearance, however, for he was mentally far away from his sordid surroundings. He was thinking of the green fields and snow-capped mountains he called home, of the little farmhouse where his two children were even now sleeping peacefully. He saw the brightly blazing fire in front of which he could sit in the evenings when his hard day's work in the fields was over. But he had been snatched from that peace to be one of the millions of men who were marching across France that night, marching towards death for themselves or for their fellow-men. He was one tiny cog in a huge and terrifying murder machine; an unknown soldier—for what did the masters of war know of him, or of his million fellow-soldiers who did their killing for them? He raised his eyes to the starless sky above him and seemed to ask the Almighty to look down upon this devastation, this Hell on earth, and stop it.

He lowered his eyes again and brought his mind back to the realities with which he was faced. He stopped short, ankle-deep in the mud, and looked around him, trying to pierce the curtain-like blackness surrounding him. For an instant, an exploding shell made all seem as light as day. But no, his company was nowhere in sight. He had lost them; he had strayed from the mud-soaked fields.

He sat down with his back against a large tree to snatch a few seconds of needed rest before he would have to be away again, heading in the direction of the front line and the sector where he knew his company was to be stationed. His wet clothes were sticking to his body, and a little extra mud couldn't make much difference, he thought. Taking a small knife from his pocket, he absent-mindedly started to carve his initials on the tree—L. T. A souvenir of a very pleasant evening, he reflected bitterly, and a shadow of a smile crossed his thin, tired lips. Then he laughed outright and his body shook with uncontrollable mirth. But he quickly got a grip on himself, and, shaking off the fit of hysteria, continued carving his initials on the tree.

He had barely finished when he was interrupted by a weak sound which seemed to come from almost directly underfoot. He stopped and listened intently. Again—it was definitely a groan this time. He dropped his knife and cautiously reached out in the direction from which the sound had come. His outstretched hand encountered the cold body and rough clothing of a soldier. At this opportune moment, a shell burst almost directly overhead, revealing a British infantryman lying on the muddy ground in an inert heap. Half his left side had been shot away and it was easy to see that he had only a few minutes of life left to him.

"Water," he whispered, and a canteen was quickly pressed to his lips.

He whispered something and the corporal bent his head to catch the broken sentences. "In my right pocket—a letter—my mother—."

He broke off and his head rolled to the side.

The corporal felt in the right pocket until his fingers encountered the letter, crumpled up among loose matches and cigarette ends. He rose to his feet and stood over the dead soldier. He straightened out the letter, thrust it in his pocket, and turned away.

"Poor kid," he muttered as he walked slowly towards the trenches.

Twenty years had made a world of difference in France. Instead of a muddy path, there was now a wide macadam road; instead of pock-marked fields, there was green grassland stretching away on either side.

The sun was shining brightly down on this rebuilt landscape as a large touring car crept sedately along the road. Inside were three men, three men who were the governments of two countries—the Premier of France, a Dictator, and the Dictator's aide.

Suddenly the Dictator leaned forward and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder. As the car drew to a halt, he got out and walked over to an old gnarled tree which grew a little way from the roadside. Plainly marked on the tree were the carved initials L. T. A small part of the T was missing.
The Dictator stooped and picked something from the ground. It was the small pocket-knife, rusted and broken, that a young corporal had dropped when, on a dark night in 1915, he had heard the groan of a dying soldier at his feet.

The Dictator's mind travelled back to the time when he was the young corporal, strayed from his company, and marching towards the front-line trenches. Fate had played queer tricks since that night, twenty years ago. But he would never forget the look on an old lady's face when he handed her the crumpled letter from her son who lay dead in a muddy field in France.

He took a telegram from his pocket and read it—a telegram he was on his way to send even now. "Proceed with your plans at once. France agrees to support us. L.T." Slowly and methodically he tore it into fragments and scattered them over a space a few feet from the tree.

College With a Purpose
DOROTHY A. WITMER

"You in America go to college to distinguish yourselves. In my country we go to college to develop ourselves."

Such was the startling observation of a young British student, upon his completion of a tour of American colleges and universities.

If we give his remark serious consideration, we find in it serious implications which should be particularly pertinent to us as American undergraduates.

In the first place, can we deny the accusation voiced herein? A look at the emphasis placed upon inter-collegiate and intramural competition, especially in the field of athletics and the public recognition accorded to individuals outstanding in such competition will reveal condemning evidence. It cannot be denied that as a result of our American sense of values many of our students try desperately to distinguish themselves.

How evident it is that many of our distinguished undergraduates, glowing under the beams of their individual collegiate "spotlights", consider themselves launched upon a permanent career of popularity and success. And how well we know that such illusions are often shipwrecked in the sea of worldly competition.

Why are we undergraduates allowed to build up a false standard of values, only to have to reconstruct it after graduation? Would it not be far more consistent to develop a permanent set of values which will make college a more thorough preparation for later life?

If our answer is the affirmative, then what should be the aims of a college education?

The first spark which a college education should kindle in the hearts of the students is the DESIRE TO LEARN, and an appreciation of this desire manifested by others. With this basic desire, created if possible in the first year, the value of the succeeding college years will be greatly increased.

The second goal of a college education, growing out of the presence of the desire to learn, is to teach the student HOW TO LEARN. Each college student has at his command a wealth of materials both in books and in the minds of his professors. To get the real value of a college education the student must be taught how to explore these resources so as to discover first, then assimilate, and finally integrate into his own personality that knowledge which will broaden and deepen his character.

The third and final aim of a college education grows out of the increasingly practical demands upon the college. Liberal arts colleges are no longer expected to give a "liberal" education. Education is becoming a process of specialization. Most colleges now certify public school teachers and give preliminary training for active participation in the professions of law and medicine. As a result, we find that most of our graduates hope to find positions in fields where they will become leaders of new generations of youths seeking higher education. It is because of this responsibility that our third aim becomes necessary; namely, college students must learn to CREATE IN THEIR FOLLOWERS both the desire to learn and a knowledge of how to learn. Thus we see that the whole system becomes a progressive cycle, by means of which each new generation of learners will steadily push forward towards progressive social change.

These three functions, the nature and results of which have been briefly outlined above, suggest the fields of activity which determine the role of our American colleges in developing true standards of value in our college students.

Were these principles to be really understood, and sought by both students and faculty through mutual cooperation, our English friend might say in the future, "How alike your colleges and our colleges are! A world in which students learn to develop themselves is a progressive one!"
LATE afternoon has come to the village once again. Autumn and frost are in the air, and the scent of burning leaves.

Bonfires flicker through the gloom, and small children dance before the leaping flames. Showers of sparks roll upward to the housetops. They glow for a second and are gone.

Here and there from lighted windows, mothers’ voices call children to supper. Husbands are coming home, with white packages under their arms. Dogs are barking in back yards.

Soon it is twilight. The orange glows of the bonfires have become seething furnaces of red. But the children, bent on taking advantage of the fleeting light from above, abandon the crackling flames. The small boys and girls, shouting and laughing, scamper forth in all directions, and the deepening dusk swallows them. The bonfires, unattended now, subside. Occasionally a leaf flickers into momentary brilliance, and afterwards the darkness is more intense than before.

The sunset colors in the west become streamers of purple. Children are no longer at their games. Front doors creak open and shut again. Latches click. For a time there is no sound but the swaying of poplar branches in the wind.

Night has spread its umbrella over the sky, and the yellow stars are pinholes here and there in the black fabric. In the fields nearby, the sea weeds rustle unseen. All summer they were green and flourishing. Now, dry skeletons, they harmonize with the night winds to produce a symphony of sighs.

And above the song of the weeds there is a human sound. Two figures are standing under a maple tree, silhouetted against the rising moon. There are earnest whispers. Then low laughter is heard. But already the crescendo of the gale has cut off these merely mortal noises. The laughter is not heard again. For it and the whispers are not of the night, but rather they belong to man, and daytime, and a different world.

Now the windows of the houses are dark. And the streets are dark. The advance guard of the night wind, sweeping down from the northern horizon, has blown out the stars. Even the moon, white and cold and autumnal, is silvery no more. The gathering clouds have pulled their wool over the eyes of the Night, and the sky is black.

The hour is late. All the shouting children are asleep. The roaring bonfires are grey ashes. No one walks on the streets. The houses are dark. The moon and the stars are covered by midnight clouds.

And as the chill breezes whine around the chimney tops, the stage is set for the first snow of winter.

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Exultation

Then follow the straight and narrow gleam
Until you come to the mystic stone;
Then sit by that dark mysterious stream
And dream your own dreams— all alone.

Nella
CHRISTMAS, now rapidly approaching once again, is for all of us the best-loved season of the year. We love the happiness, joy, and festive spirit that it brings and we anticipate its coming weeks in advance. We who are Christians look upon this feast-day as a day that is distinctly ours. After all does it not celebrate the birth of the Child we called the Christ? And all those customs that have grown up around the holiday we have but developed in His glory. As we take this traditional viewpoint, too often we fail to see that we owe so much to pagan practices that have become assimilated with our Christian culture.

There is, for instance, the growth of the custom that the birth of the Christ-child be celebrated on the 25th of December. Scholars have never been able to agree as to what time of the year the Saviour was born. January 6, March 25, March 28, April 2, May 20, and November 18 are the dates most commonly supported. In the course of a few centuries, however, the church at Rome had definitely fixed December 25 as the Nativity day. In this connection Auld writes: The world will never know when the Babe first opened His eyes, whether in the radiant morn of spring, the meridian splendor of summer, the evening glory of autumn, or the bleak midnight of winter. It may be true that Rome would not order a census to be taken, as the Gospels suggest, at the worst possible period for travel, and perhaps truer still that the incident of the shepherds watching over their flocks by night on the plains of Bethlehem calls for a milder time than the inclement month of December; yet immemorial tradition has now irrevocably rooted the Holy Nativity, and with singular propriety, in the heart of the cold, dark season of the year.

But as we trace back the choice of the date, we are confronted with evidence that the day was chosen, not because of overwhelming evidence in support of its authenticity, but because pagan cults had set aside this season of the year for the celebration of their most important festivals. From December 17 to 24 the Romans celebrated their Saturnalia and January brought their famed Kalends. And Mithraism, the great rival of early Christianity, celebrated on December 25 its "Die Natalis Invicti Solis", the Birthday of the Unconquered Sun. While most of the non-Christians of the Roman Empire were busy engaging in their ceremonies, the small Christian group could perform their sacred rites undisturbed. And it served splendidly as a festival around which the faithful might rally.

We do know that the Saturnalia provided the model for many of the merry customs that later came to be associated with the Christian festival. Telling of the Saturnalia, Frazer writes: "The time was one of general joy and mirth. . . . During the festival schools were closed. . . ; no punishment was inflicted. In place of the toga an undress garment was worn. Distinctions of rank were laid aside; slaves sat at table with their masters, or were actually waited on by them, and the utmost freedom of speech allowed them. All classes exchanged gifts, the commonest being wax tapers and clay dolls. These dolls were especially given to children."

Very reverently associated with the Christmas festival, and seemingly an inseparable part, is the carol. It is hard to believe that we could have had the carol long before the Christmas festival. The word itself once meant "to dance in a ring". It may go back to the Greek "choraulus", a flute player for chorus dancing, and is probably to be associated with "choros" which was a circling dance. In France in the twelfth century the word denotes an "amorous song dance which denoted the coming of spring", and in Italy it meant "a ring or song dance". Gradually, however, the word seemed to take on the present meaning so that by the fifteenth century it was applied exclusively to Christmas songs, both sacred and secular. St. Francis of Assisi helped greatly in this development by bringing Christianity down to the level of the common man. He showed to him a human Christ, and rediscovered for him Bethlehem and all its wonderful scenes and picturesque settings. These St. Francis helped to make real through dramatic pageantry. His work was taken up by lyric poets in succeeding generations. The new appreciation of the Nativity scene—the Mother's affection and the Child's loveableness—gave birth to the Christmas carol. Not all of the carols that came to be used at Christmas time were concerned with the Nativity scene. Pagan customs became the theme of many carols that still survive and along with "Away in a Manger" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" we must include "Wassail Song" and "Good King Wenceslas".

Another of the lovely customs that we Christians have added to our beloved Christmas is the practice of decorating with evergreens. Rich and poor alike find it almost impossible to dispense with the Christmas tree, ivy,
holy, and mistletoe if they would celebrate Christmas rightly. This custom is another that is deeply rooted in pagan tradition and is undoubtedly based on the profound reverence that all pagan peoples had for all natural phenomena. To them nature was everywhere alive. "Every fountain had its spirit, every mountain its deity, and every grove its supernatural associations."

The practice of bringing woodland sprays into the houses at the time of the winter festivities is an ancient custom. Among the Romans at the Kalends of January it was customary to present green branches to people as a token of good fortune in the New Year. Perhaps the ancients reasoned that in bringing the branches indoors they were carrying along the woodland spirits, who, shivering in the cold and sleety trees, might now be induced to add to and share in the joys of the festival occasion.

The use of the holly and the ivy had much the same beginning but these two gradually were invested with new sanctity and meaning by the early church. In some old Christmas songs holly and ivy are linked together and sometimes appear in strange antagonism to each other. Essentially holly was man's plant and ivy the woman's. The antagonism related probably refers to the perennial problem of whether the master or the mistress was the ruler of the household. In Italy the ivy was dignified by an association with the Madonna and her Child. In the northern countries the holly was the type of the Burning Bush, and so a symbol of the chaste Maiden chosen to be the Mother of Christ, whose being glorified with the sacred fire of the Holy Spirit.

As one writer so aptly puts it "the mistletoe is full of romance". Among the ancient Britons its annual cutting about the middle of November was an occasion of great solemnity. "A stately procession, led by the priests, was made to the woods. When the chosen oak was reached the Arch-Druide, robed in white and armed with a golden sickle, ascended the tree and cut the sacred vine. As it fell it was caught in a fair cloth, outstretched for the purpose by immaculate maidens. The ceremony was accompanied by sacrifices to the gods and followed appropriately by festivities. Before the people dispersed the mistletoe was divided into small portions and distributed among them. The precious sprigs were carried home and hung over the doors of their dwellings, because the protective and curative virtues of the plant were believed to be endless."

According to a Scandinavian myth, the mistletoe was once regarded as a hateful thing that was later transformed into a symbol of love and friendship. From this legend, no doubt, came the romantic touch of more modern usage. Just how the kissing ceremony affiliated with it had its origin is not clear, although it probably bears some relation to the "pax vobiscum", the kiss of peace, which was practised in the ancient church, and still in some places, in token of the divine embrace of man in Christ, which made of believers one loving household of faith.

The Christmas tree is probably also the result of the old pagan reverence for the spirit of vegetation along with certain legends growing up during the Christian era. One legend relates that on the night of the birth of Christ all the trees in the forest, despite ice and snow, bloomed and bore fruit. The desire to add the note of floral praise to the Christmas festival led to some interesting and pretty customs. Boughs of hawthorn and cherry trees were cut and placed in a warm place so they might bloom for the sacred season. The transition from trees of natural bloom to those artificially decorated was made in Germany. First lighted candles were hung upon the trees in an attempt to represent the starry heavens and then gradually other decorations were added to the tree. From Germany the Christmas tree spread to other lands, and from the home it ultimately spread to the church. And so, through the course of centuries, a tree once worshipped by pagans came to be a symbol of the Christ, who, as the Tree of Life, offers freely to all His gifts of light and life and wisdom.

Still another of the ancient customs that has become a part of our Christmas was the Yule feast of our Teutonic ancestors. Celebrated in the darkest time of the year, the festival carried with it many superstitions, such as the idea that evil spirits walked about on Yule nights. At this feast certain fertility rites were in vogue, such as the slaying of a pig as a sacrifice to the goddess Frey. Most famous of the practises taken over, however, is the bringing in of the Yule log. This was everywhere a joyous occasion, accompanied by much fun and frolic, especially among the younger members of the family. We have probably also inherited from the Yule feast the heavy eating which is so commonly associated with our present Christmas.

And so we might mention innumerable other customs and practises that have been taken over and have become an almost inseparable part of our Christmas festival. But though our Christmas feast does have so many pagan elements, we must remember that it is the central Christian theme that gives meaning to them all. In the last analysis it must always remain the birthday of the One who brought the Spirit of Love into the world that there might be "Peace on earth, good-will toward men". Though you have all the decorations and songs and gay practises that are associated with this happy time of the year and yet leave out the spirit of the Christ-child, Christmas becomes just another holiday. To preserve its meaning, Christmas must always remain the Christ-mass.
Ah, Childhood!

DICK YAHRAES

Fog hung low over the campus, and the sun was still a dull glow in the east.

The eight o'clock Spanish class was in session. Joe listened to Professor Williams lecture on case endings. Williams was fond of fresh air; mist rolled in through the wide-open windows, and from time to time white wisps of fog enshrouded a student, hiding him from view.

Joe was being addressed in whispers by a fellow student. "Did Williams mark you present this morning?"
"I'm not sure; it was pretty foggy when he took roll."
"Better stick your head out so he can see you're here."

Joe straightened himself in his chair, and thereby caused his head to protrude above the surface of the cloud bank that had drifted into his corner of the room.

Professor Williams was for the moment startled by the apparition. Then, calmly, "Good morning, Pursel. You're late today."

He resumed his lecture on case endings. The chill breeze from the east blew away the fog, and the pupils sat riveted to their seats. Even Joe, although ordinarily he cared little for the mysteries of case endings, was motionless. For he was frozen stiff.

* * *

Meanwhile Eleanor DuTelle (who is, frankly, the inevitable girl in the story) was eating alone in the campus restaurant. For a time during breakfast she wondered why no one had chosen a seat at her table.

"Is this seat being saved?" giggled Marjory. Marjory giggled on every occasion, and you grew accustomed to her habitual merriment after a time.

"No, why?" Eleanor replied, glancing up. And then she knew why no one had come to her table: she had entered the restaurant with the subconscious notion that someone had asked her to reserve a place, so she had tilted up all the chairs within a radius of twenty-five feet. As a result, half the student body was packed into one corner of the hall; three freshman waiters perspired as they ran back and forth; and the other waiters, having no customers, were lolling about in the kitchen.

"You look sleepy," tittered Marjory.

"I'm in a daze—I guess I'm in love," explained Eleanor, with the frankness that sometimes goes hand in hand with feeling.

"Joe hasn't come across?"

"No, he never even talks to me; just sort of smiles."

"Cheer up, Elly. He's the campus bachelor. When he falls, he'll fall hard. You'll knock him off his feet one of these days."

"I don't care about knocking him off his feet. All I want is to give him a tiny little 'biff'! so he'll know I'm around."

* * *

Eleanor DuTelle was either very mistaken or very modest. Joe Pursel was decidedly aware that she was "around". In fact, he had decided that it would be pleasant to sit next to her in chapel. She was in the Literature-Philosophy Group; he was a member of the Business-Commercial Group; but that could be remedied.

"A last word of warning, Joe—the portrait on the wall of his study is Erasmus. Don't forget it; he'll ask you."

So Pursel, all six feet of him, moved down the street toward Doctor Wood's home. Unfortunately, Doctor Wood saw him coming.

For years, Doctor Wood had amused himself at the expense of his youthful visitors by asking them to identify portraits. The little charcoal drawing of Erasmus had been his star puzzler. It had been variously named—General Grant, Bede, Noah, Grey's Elegy, St. Augustine—by the students. But the last several pupils seeking to enter the Literature Group had identified the portrait instantly. Someone had talked.

Now Doctor Wood, scenting, like Hamlet, something rotten in the state of Denmark, saw Joe coming toward the house, and decided to act. "Bring me last Sunday's comics and a scissors, Mabel," he called to his wife.

* * *

"Ah, Mr. Pursel, you wish to join the Literature-Philosophy Group?"

"Yes, I've decided my interests lean toward the cultural subjects—the liberal arts."

"Ah, to be sure. As a lover of literature, you will no doubt be interested in some portraits I have in my study. Just step inside."

("Erasmus—Erasmus..." rehearsed Joe to himself.)

"Now, would you venture a guess as to the name of this old gentleman?"

Joe leaned forward and assumed a reflective attitude. The small square drawing back of the plate glass looked to him like a certain character from "Popeye". But then, a Commercial Group student couldn't be expected to recognize Erasmus right off, the first time at bat. Pursel cleared his throat.

"Er—obviously the portrait is of someone in early medieval times. I gather from his monkish garb and from his untrimmed black beard that he is the scholar Erasmus."
Immense enjoying himself, Doctor Wood stroked his chin to keep from shaking with mirth.

"Then you don’t read the comics, Mr. Pursel? Then you really don’t recognize this bearded fellow as Geezil?"

Joe gasped, but couldn’t speak.

"Surely you’ve taken time off from your readings in ancient literature and other cultural subjects to become acquainted with Popeye, Wimpy, and Mr. Geezil? Your Erasmus is old flies-in-the-soup Geezil!"

Now he roared with laughter, and was so pleased by Joe’s discomfiture that he awarded him transfer papers to the Literature Group without further questioning.

"Who does know the Constitution? It says the President shall be given powerenforceestuates ‘n’ upholdlaws of th’ country s’ he sees fit! Knowitforexttime! Who’s next? Miss DuTelle! Suppose I were to import a bushel of apples. Could President say well-Johnson’s-importing-apples-I’ll-charge ‘im a couple cents a pound duty? Could he do that, Miss DuTelle?

Our heroine terminated hastily her rosy dream. Joe, football uniform and all, had been proposing to her.

"Er-yes."

"Yes what?"

"The Constitution says that—"

"Does it say that? Does anyone know? Well, go on, Miss DuTelle."

"In the case of Inray Nagle v. Paramount News, Justice Smith said if the Senate gives its consent . . .”

"Are you sure? Just consent or two-thirds vote?"

"Two-thirds vote. But in the event of . . ."

"What event? Suppose I’m a Republican? What then?"

Hands were raised.

"No, Mr. Black, give her a chance to recite. Go on, Miss DuTelle."

The bell rang then, and Eleanor DuTelle staggered forth to lunch, wishing she had learned that Constitution.

So it was that she managed only a wan smile as Joe met her in the lobby of the restaurant. For love and American History are immiscible substances.

Joe, fresh from his embarrassing conference with Doctor Wood, wasn’t especially exuberant himself. However, he summoned courage to speak.

“Howabout waiting for me after lunch, Elly?” He gulped then at his boldness.

"Okay, — Joe,” Eleanor replied meekly, as the restaurant tables spun foolishly in front of her eyes. (They had never done that before.)

And Joe wasn’t hungry. He said, “No seconds.” (He had never done that before.)

In fact, both our children were unusually silent that noon over their food, and over their rice puddig. But a few minutes later, they were together again—

"Make mine vanilla.” This from Eleanor.

Joe obeyed the eternal masculine urge to be funny before the female of the species. “I’m not sure I want ice cream. Is it true they found a mouse in a cone one noon?”

“Certainly not,” replied the indignant proprietor of the Campus Sandwich and Supply Shop. “There was never a mouse in our cones. In fact, the cat sleeps right there in the barrel all night!”

As he walked with her to her dormitory, Joe didn’t say she was pretty. He didn’t mention that she was the cause of his entering the Literature-Philosophy Group. Mereley, he asked bluntly if she’s go to the movies with him some evening soon. He didn’t bother to name the evening. Joe, Joe!

Fog hung low over the campus, and the sun was still a dull glow in the east as Joe shuffled into Spanish class next morning. Professor Williams’ lecture on case endings boomed through the fog banks. Joe’s eyes were heavy with sleep, and his response to roll call was automatic. As the chill breeze from the east blew away the fog, Joe sat riveted to his seat, just as if the world had not changed for him and for Eleanor during the last twenty-four hours. He sat motionless; he was frozen stiff.

In chapel that morning, he thawed somewhat, as he and his lady love sat side by side. Pursel, fidgety in his new seat, tried to be nonchalant, and his gaze wandered over the familiar details of the chapel. (Yes, familiar; there had been a “pep rally” one time.)

Meanwhile, Miss DuTelle buried her head blissfully in her American History book, and tried to forget that Joe had officially fallen yesterday after lunch.

An observer would hardly have guessed that the two students were approaching the stage in their relations termed “going together”; for they seemed totally unaware of each other’s presence.

And so it is always with campus sweethearts.
From Brain to Brawn

“Send 'em to college,” says Registrar Beeder.
“College is knowledge, a grey-matter-breeder.
Send 'em to College, we'll make 'em all wiser.
College is knowledge, a brain fertilizer.
Lunk-heads and bunk-heads, we'll make them brain-trusters,
Kings of the earth with their bellows and blusters.
Send 'em today or you'll live to regret it.
Send 'em today and you'll never forget it.
Senators, Congressmen, just let us take 'em.
Diplomats, plutocrats, make 'em or break 'em.
Engineers, marketeers, anything—state it.
We make the best; you could never debate it.
Take it from me, you should send 'em a-packing.
College is knowledge. That's all that they're lacking.”

“Put 'em to working,” says Industry Carty.
“Schooling is fooling, a permanent party.
School makes 'em sissies, of putty-like plaster.
Sock 'em and rock 'em; it makes 'em learn faster.
College is knowledge? Bah! Vilest of hokum.
Hundreds I've known and the business-world broke 'em.
My alma-mater? The school of devotion,
With long hours, no credits, little emotion.
My only game was a blasting hot furnace.
Poor sport to some, but I took it in earnest.
Profiteers, racketeers, they come from college.
Saving means slaving, a hot bed of knowledge.
Industry needs hardy men at the prow.
I was a dumb-bell, but look at me now.”

MITCHELL FENIMORE.
Pictures In the Sky

I like to lie upon my back
And gaze into the sky,
And watch the clouds go lazily
And slowly drifting by.

I see strange pictures in those clouds—
Brave knights and knaves and kings
And dogs and trees and oceans blue
And lots of other things!

The grown-ups merely laugh at me;
I've often wondered why;
I guess it's 'cause they just can't see
Those pictures in the sky!

DOROTHEA BENNER.
Winds

Winds of April,
Blowing gently,
Bring your silver-jewelled showers;
Bring your sweetest, gayest flowers;
Bring your birds on boughs above;
Bring to every man his love.

Winds of summer,
Blowing softly,
Bring your wealth of shady trees;
Bring your drowsy, humming bees;
Bring your nights of starry skies
With their dreams from Paradise.

Winds of autumn,
Blowing briskly,
Bring your frosts and colored leaves;
Bring your shocks and bounteous sheaves;
Bring—for each of us—a part
Of thankful prayer for every heart.

Winds of winter,
Blowing coldly,
Bring your ice and sleet and snow;
Let your Christmas candles glow
In all their radiance, bringing light
Of peace and striving toward the right.

In Absolution

Cold, dark, drear, and murky. Outside
the drizzling raindrops splatter.
In my brain a steady patter.

Forbidding clouds hang low. Inside
thoughts drive to desperation
as I find no consolation
in the steady rhythmic beating of the rain.

The God of Fortune wins! Again
with my victor I’m struggling,
tensely fighting and striving
once more, this fight I’ve lost. Some men
cursed me when I failed the test.
God knows that I’ve done my best.
Then again the panic pounding in my brain.

Chill, damp, thick, and dreary; on earth
the rain now beating and fierce.
From my very soul a curse
on fate that’s made me fail. Will death
be for this failure, the cost? . . .
A shot would die and be lost
in the steady rhythmic beating of the rain!

NELLA.
Clouds In a Hot, Red Sky

There are black clouds in the hot, red sky:
Black clouds God didn't make.
They're clouds that bid poor humans die
For lust and mad greed's sake.

The sun beats hotly on the land
Where black men live and toil;
And each man, as he plies his hand,
To tilling, loves the soil.

The black and kingly chieftain sits
And tells to all mankind
That God's anointed crown now fits
Upon his brow, aligned

From David of the long-past days.
But in the world there's one
Whose greed for power creates a haze
Over all that's said or done.

He spurs good men to blindest hate
Against the peaceful black;
He fits out armies at a rate
That seems to have no slack.

He takes the poisons and the gas,
That bring slow death and pain
And burn the flesh upon the grass,
To work his hateful gain.

He kills the sick and those that heal;
Women, age, and child
Are downed by his machinery's wheel
And mass of big guns piled

In murdering lots around the town.
His soldiers hate and kill
For his greed and its wide renown.
And murder's cold, bleak chill,

When guiltless men they have shot down,
Them haunt with icy fear
That he is friend with skin of brown,
And his is their own bier.

The chieftain noble calls his men
And sends them 'gainst the foe.
They fight for home and murdered kin;
But in their hearts they know

Each man should live and till the ground,
And not kill other folk—
Those hate-fill'd shouts should not resound
'Till throats with life's blood choke.

The world of men look on and weep,
And strive to end the fray;
A peace like God's own dream they seek.
They try each thought-of way

To stop the tyrant's rush of greed
Into the chieftain's land.
But faith and courage still they need
To bind the slaughter's hand.

Yes, black clouds in the hot, red sky:
War clouds o'er Christian land!
Greed's clouds that bid poor humans die
At tyrants' bold demand.

S. Elizabeth McBride
"Out of Douche and Latin"

COMMEMORATING THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH

CHARLES FRANCIS EHLY

COMMEMORATING the quatrocentenary of the first translation of the Bible into English by Myles Coverdale (1488-1569) President Franklin D. Roosevelt said: "The four hundredth anniversary of the printing of the first English Bible is an event of great significance. It challenges the reverent attention of English-speaking people the world over. To that day, October 4, 1535, when Myles Coverdale, an Augustinian friar, later the Bishop of Exeter, produced the book in the common vernacular we trace a measurable increase, not only in the cultural value and influence of this greatest of books, but a quickening in the widespread dissemination of those moral and spiritual precepts that have so greatly affected the progress of Christian civilization."

It is appropriate that the anniversary of so notable an event should be celebrated throughout the English-speaking world. The time is ripe to place a fresh emphasis upon the place and value of the Bible in life. As literature, as a book that contains a system of ethics, of moral and religious principles, it stands unique. We can best pay homage to its influence by tracing out a few of the steps along the path by which it has come out of the sixteenth century to us. Churches and colleges have shown a deep interest in such a commemoration of the life, the services, and the monumental translation of Coverdale.

Myles Coverdale was born in 1488 in Yorkshire, and studied philosophy and theology in Cambridge. In 1514 he was ordained priest at Norwich, and later entered the convent of Augustinian friars at Cambridge. He soon came under the influence of Sir Thomas More and Thomas Cromwell, and here began his careful study of the Bible. Later he left the convent, becoming a secular priest, and began his career as a popular preacher, opposing vehemently auricular confession and the veneration of images. In 1531 he received the degree of bachelor of canon law at Cambridge, but for several years spent most of his time on the Continent. During his stay there Coverdale met Tyndale, who was busy at Antwerp on his work of translation and revision of the New Testament.

Tyndale, however, was compelled to work secretly in Germany. With the help of friends, he published two editions of the New Testament in 1525, which were smuggled into England and met with instant acceptance. Henry VIII used every means to suppress the work and many copies were publicly burned. But its sudden popularity increased with the efforts to suppress it. Tyndale himself, still in exile, in 1530 set about the completion of this work by the translation of the Old Testament, which, however, he did not live to finish. In 1536, in spite of all the efforts of his friends to keep him safe in his retreat in Antwerp, he was betrayed into the hands of imperial officers, tried, condemned, strangled, and burned.

Coverdale, his illustrious successor, was more fortunate and in no small degree availed himself of Tyndale's work. He published the first complete Bible in the English language in 1535. It was printed first on the Continent, but seems to have won the favor of the English authorities, including the king, Archbishop Cranmer, and Thomas Cromwell. Coverdale's translation was submitted to the English bishops, who said it had many faults. "But", said the king, "are there any heresies maintained thereby?" When they told him that they had found none, he answered, "Then in God's name let it go among the people."

The royal license was accordingly obtained, but the introduction of the translation was delayed by the necessity of striking out the name of the king's "most dearest, most just wife, Anne," which stood with his own in the dedication. The first printed copies of the whole Bible were admitted into England in 1536, the year of Tyndale's death, and the year also in which his New Testament was first printed in England. Coverdale's translation was described on the title-page as having been made from the German and Latin—"faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latin into English."

The work of Coverdale did not end with the publication of the 1535 Bible. Several later editions of the same work were issued, with revisions and changes. The great era of Bible printing had set in, and many editions were published in the next few years. The Matthew Bible was issued by John Rogers in 1537; a translation by Richard Tavener in 1539; the Geneva Bible in 1560; and the official Bishop's Bible, edited
It is an interesting fact that the Psalter in use today in all churches of the Anglican order is the one revised by Myles Coverdale for the 1535 edition of the Bible. At the Prayer Book revision of 1662 the Coverdale version was retained in preference to the King James rendering "because the choirs were familiar with the older version, and it was felt to be smoother and easier to sing." Probably the Coverdale edition of the Psalms is the most impressive section of the translator's work.

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**Satan Calls a Conference**

**F. BRADFORD STONE**

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."—Ephesians 6:12.

"Let's have a war! Let's spread a reign of blood and terror across the earth; let's tear the roots from the heart of civilization; let's throw the universe into a raging hell. We'll purge the world of all its good and spray the flood of hate and murder into the soul of man.

"We'll begin with all the subtlety at our command. We'll creep insidiously into the peace-loving hearts of men. We'll start petty arguments and enlarge on national jealousies; nation will doubt nation; 'incidents' will become issues; statesmen will quarrel and countries will exchange notes; the war spirit will flare and we'll touch it off with the spark of injured patriotic pride.

"We'll collect arms—bombs that will blow city blocks skyward, gas that will tear to shreds the lungs of humans, bullets that will shatter their frail bones and organs, cannons that will flatten homes and gut the earth. We'll rally the munitions-makers and enrich them as they aid us—then we'll dash them and their dollars to destruction when their work is done.

"We'll fan the flames of war in the feeble brains of men. We'll spread propaganda in every country. We'll send our agents into cities, towns and hamlets to shout our gospel. We'll preach those simple mortals a message of false patriotism, we'll stir them to answer the call of their homelands, we'll send them out to die for their loved ones. We'll mobilize millions and gleefully watch them murder each other.

"We'll gather them from the high-schools. We'll whip into a frenzy of hate these beardless lads and baptize their innocence in blood and smother every high ideal in their virgin hearts. We'll take the college men from their studies and blight their ambitions with disillusionment. We'll crush everything that is fine within them, and send them through life broken in mind, body, and spirit. We'll drive the business man from his desk, the mechanic from his machine, the farmer from his field, the doctor from his patient. We'll throw them all into a broiling inferno.

"After we've gathered together the flower of nations, we'll break apart each country and turn all into orderless shambles. We'll close the banks and cripple exchange, sever all trade and commerce, destroy religion and banish education, culture, and civilization itself. We'll reduce the populace to starvation and watch women and children die in the gutters from disease and violence. We'll part lovers in their embraces, make orphans of innocent babes, widows of faithful wives—not one shall escape the scourge which we will deliver.

"We'll drive our groveling hordes of mankind across the battlefields of death. We'll rack them with waves of machine-gun bullets and watch them fall screaming into the mud. We'll strangle them with fumes of poison gas, maim and mangle them with shrapnel, scourch and sear them with sheets of liquid fire. We'll use every instrument of torture and death that we can devise, and watch with glee their suffering. We'll see them roll on the ground, struggling and shrieking, with stomachs blown open and entrails dragging in the dirt. We'll watch the blood from punctured lungs stream from gaping mouths and staring eyes. We'll strew the countryside with arms and legs, bits of torn flesh and bloody hulks of bodies. The luckier ones we'll shoot to bits, and let their surviving comrades collect them in buckets—to join them later in the grave.

"We'll crowd droves of dirty men into stinking trenches..."
and dugouts. We'll send pestilences and plagues; we'll bruise their flesh with sores and overrun them with rats and vermin. We'll feed them rotten food and polluted water. We'll let them suffer from dysentery, trench-mouth, typhoid fever, cramps, and pneumonia. We'll visit them with every discomfort—and send them shrieking with maniacal disgust from their death-laden holes to the bullet-ridden air above.

"Behind the battlefields, and far from the roar of the conflict, we'll fill the hospitals with shattered wrecks, armless, legless, sightless cripples to live their miserable lives in baskets. We'll fill sanatariums with the diseased and asylums with the insane. We'll make the living envy the dead while we prolong their pain and agony. We'll populate the cemeteries with bloody, nameless corpses, and the grass will grow green with their gory fertilization.

"We'll spread this horror from country to country and draw each nation into the seething hell. The war we'll drag on for years and years until all have felt its fangs, and its effects will last for centuries. We'll sign our names in letters of blood across the debauched and mangled face of humanity. We'll defy the powers of heaven to stop our reign of death. We'll bludgeon Christ and blast God from His throne. Let's have a war—and the Beast shall be king!"

---

**Emptiness**

*A milling throng of chattering fools*  
Worked and played in this corpse of what had past  
Yet never knew the spirit sharp had fled,  
Leaving but haunting memories about her cast.

*In the sightless staring eyes of every window,*  
*In the gaping mouth of every opening door,*  
*The ghost of emptiness was ever wryly watching*  
*To mock the robe of pretence that she wore.*

*Her laughter this grim monster threw from end*  
*To end of halls made desolate by his sway,*  
*Echoing with deafening din the mockery*  
*Of hollow, stilted phrases stridently gay.*

*Roberta J. Byron*
A Portly Gentleman Intrudes

VERNON GROFF

For perhaps fifteen minutes, Klepter had been watching the tearing up of Chestnut Street. There was motor traffic on only one side of the street. On the other side many men were engaged in removing the bricks over which motor cars had driven for many years. Farther up the newly torn thoroughfare, concrete was being laid down.

The endless pressing tide drifted past him on the pavement, but Klepter was not aware of the people. Nor were his thoughts entirely on the scene before him. Now and then his glance moved upward, across the street to where the Jefferson Building loomed tall and massive in the gleaming sunlight.

A pressure drill clattered into action, and Klepter brought his eyes and his thoughts down to the street again. The man standing beside Klepter on the edge of the pavement extracted a newspaper from his pocket.

The rustle attracted Klepter’s attention, and he, too, read the headlines. The hand that was holding the tabloid was moist and fleshy. Klepter saw that the man was inclined to obesity.

He saw also that the portly gentleman was looking at him through very thick shell-rimmed spectacles. The portly gentleman misconstrued Klepter’s return gaze as an invitation to open a conversation.

“Isn’t it awful, all these suicides?” he said, tapping the headlines as he spoke.

“Yes, it is,” said Klepter.

“What do you think of these here now, in the paper? Jumping off of skyscrapers!”

Klepter didn’t answer. The man persisted in the conversation.

“You know what I think? I think this stuff they put in the papers about some of these suicides is all a lot of hooey. You can’t tell me all of ‘em is driven to it by fear or desperation or melancholy! Can you now?”

“I don’t know. I hadn’t thought about it.” Klepter was beginning to dislike the man.

“You nor anybody else can tell me that. Here’s why I think there’s so many suicides. I think half of ’em happen because the people go temporarily nuts. Some people is built that way, and they can’t help themselves. Whadda you say?”

The portly gentleman delivered himself of this opinion accompanied by a darkening facial coloration, and Klepter was not very much inclined to argue with him.

“I don’t know,” Klepter answered. “It sounds odd to me. I hadn’t thought about it.”

Klepter felt his dislike of the man rising, why he did not know. He dismissed him with a glance and moved farther down the curb.

In his mind, too, Klepter dismissed the man, the while he watched a machine pouring out a lava-like flow of concrete.

Very shortly, however, and altogether without his conscious realization, Klepter’s eyes strayed once again to the many-eyed tower which reared its body into the upper light a short distance away from him. Klepter again explored the exterior of the Jefferson Building with his eyes.

He counted the tiers of windows slowly. There were fifteen stories, fifteen rows of windows. And there were fourteen windows in each row across the face of the building. That made about two hundred and ten windows altogether. All of them were blank, open, staring, with nothing to obstruct the entrance of the soft June breeze and the already hot sunlight. Klepter wondered why, in all of the two hundred and ten windows, there was not one person looking out.

He felt his mind wander to a trim pair of ankles before him, but they quickly passed out of vision. Once again he looked upward; then he crossed the street upon a sudden impulse.

* * *

Entering the portals of the Jefferson Building, Klepter walked swiftly down the cool, vaulted corridor and halted before the elevator entrance. He watched the clock hand above it slowly count off the floors passed by the descending cars, until suddenly the door on the right opened before him. A messenger boy and two men carrying brief cases stepped out.

Klepter was the sole passenger, and as the lift shot upward he said, “Fifteenth floor, please.”

The car stopped abruptly, and he found himself alone in the corridor of the top floor. Most of the frosted panes along the hallway were blank.

Klepter sauntered uncertainly to the front end of the building, and stopped before a door upon which was painted, “The Kipper Sisters—Public Stenographers.”

Klepter did not pause in thought. He turned the knob and was greeted by an office boy.

“I’d like to see about having some work done,” he told him vaguely.

The boy led him into one of the rooms in the suite, mumbling something about waiting until Miss Kipper had attended to another man.

Klepter had not heard him. He looked about the

(Continued on Page 20)
EASY WAY TO STUDY CHEMISTRY SAFELY

STUDENT OPENS LABORATORY DOOR CAUSING TRAINED SEAL A TO DROP BALL — FIRING PISTOL AND PUNCTURING BARREL B. WATER RUNS DOWN TROUGH ON TO WATER WHEEL C WHICH TURNS AND LOWERS ARMOR-PLATED SUIT D OVER STUDENT SO HE CAN PERFORM EXPERIMENTS IN SAFETY. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK DIVE OUT NEAREST WINDOW —

... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

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A Portly Gentleman Intrudes

(Continued from Page 18)

room. It was empty except for a mimeograph machine and some odds and ends of paper litter. There was also a wicker sofa, set beneath the two windows which faced the street.

The windows were open, and through them blew a soft breeze, and sunlight splashed the cretonne cushions of the wicker sofa. Klepter walked to the sofa, and climbed upon it on his knees. His elbows he rested on the sill of one of the windows, and he leaned his head out over the edge.

Klepter had not thought fifteen stories would look so high. Far to the south he could see the shining river and the flats, and nearer rose many smokestacks, and here and there a higher building. Those little crawling things below him were people. Klepter could see them moving away in either direction.

Squinting down the smooth stone face of the edifice, Klepter noticed that the vertical ribs of the building moved unbendingly closer together the farther down they went. His eyes fascinated followed the perspective lines.

He leaned farther out, and pondered upon the distance between him and that cluttered white ribbon of pavement. Reaching into his pocket, Klepter drew out a matchbox, held it in his outstretched hand, and loosened his fingers. The box gained momentum as it dropped. It narrowly missed a woman, and Klepter could see it bounce on the concrete.

Then Klepter became aware of a certain peculiar dizziness. He looked down, and felt a strange desire grow within him. He smothered it the instant it was conceived, but he did not draw away from the window. It thrilled him, this dizzy height. He remained on the sofa, with his head and arms far out of the window, and he found himself again wondering what . . .

Klepter stopped thinking. There was nothing to wonder about; it was really silly. But he could not restrain a tugging within him. In his mind’s eye he saw himself leap far, far out with all his strength. And he saw his body go tumbling, whirling, flashing downward, through the air, annihilating that space between him and the pavement.

Klepter made a sudden movement, as though to leap upon the window sill. He stopped, once more looked downward, and his brain refused to function.

He threw one leg over the sill, grasped the bottom of the upper pane, and swung the other leg over. In another fraction of a second he was poised erect on the sill, his hold on the window released, and his leg muscles tense.

At the same instant the door of the room opened and a woman screamed. Klepter saw everything in one blind flash. He made a desperate lunge for the window, caught it, and the sunlight became black before him.

The elderly Miss Kipper found the strength to grasp the other leg as the office boy firmly anchored the lifeless limb which dangled back into the room. Between the two of them, they laid him, pale and limp, on the cretonne cushions of the wicker sofa.

Then they closed the windows, and only the sunlight entered the room.

Fifteen minutes later Klepter stumbled out of the elevator into the cool, vaulted corridor on the ground floor. The aromatic smell of salts still lingered in his nostrils.

With his hand he supported himself along the wall, as he made his way to the street and the sunlight, still pale and trembling slightly.

Thrusting himself out into the crowds, he became immediately conscious of one thing only, a pair of eyes which sharply pierced the milling stupor of his brain. They looked at him through a pair of shell-rimmed spectacles.

Klepter recognized the portly gentleman. He had not moved from his place on the edge of the pavement across the street.

For a very few seconds, Klepter stared at the eyes behind the shell-rimmed spectacles. His brain was working furiously, striving to make order out of chaos. Then he remembered . . .

Klepter walked steadily across the street. When he came to the portly gentleman, he stopped before him. Then he opened his mouth to speak, and it seemed to cost him infinite effort to say the words.

“You were right about the suicides,” he said, and he looked at the man steadfastly.

The portly gentleman said nothing. He was astonished to see a look of unspeakable hatred leap into the eyes of Klepter.
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