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THE LANTERN

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**Puppets of Propaganda**

**How Governmental Officials Control Mass Opinion In United States**

**JESSE G. HEIGES**

Men have always tended to believe what their rulers have wanted them to believe. From the early medicine man in a primitive tribe to the modern president of our United States, those in power have tried with great success to tell their peoples what opinions to hold on the questions of the day. As a rule, they have not encouraged intelligent consideration of problems, but have disseminated answers which the masses were expected to accept blindly as being the best solutions.

This systematic attempt to influence the opinion and action of others by appeals to reason, prejudice, or passion, is known as propaganda. It is significant that the term “propaganda” was first used in connection with a governmental agency, when Pope Gregory XV in 1622 created the Congregation of the Propaganda, composed of cardinals in charge of Catholic missions throughout the world.

Change breeds struggle, and struggle breeds propaganda. We are now passing through a period of change and struggle, and have reached a time when we must decide exactly what sort of government and economic life America should have, a time which Glenn Frank calls “America’s hour of decision.” In this day of struggle and decision it is only natural that there should be an increase of propaganda activities by both governmental and non-governmental agencies.

The increase in governmental propaganda activities in America merely reflects that taking place in other countries, especially in Russia, Italy, and Germany. Propaganda is most effective when it is not recognized as such, and when it appeals to the emotions rather than to reason. The propagandist knows the truth of Schopenhauer’s statement that “no one ever convinced anyone by logic.” What are the methods used so subtly and cleverly for the control of mass opinion in the United States?

First, the better literature of America is utilized both consciously and unconsciously for propaganda dissemination, especially biographies, books on economic and political topics, and magazine articles. We find President Roosevelt himself publishing a book, “On Our Way”, which is a propaganda document, as it contains many of his speeches. In the December issue of *Scribner’s*, Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, makes an emotional appeal for the New Deal: “The one thing above all others we stand for is that human beings come first. We believe that economic laws can be made to serve, and that human beings have in them a spark of the divine which gives point and flavor to their non-economic life . . . .”

Second, the propagandist makes a definite appeal to feelings held by the mass. In its endeavor to build up a militarist sentiment, our war department has appealed to religious feeling by quoting the Bible:

> “Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears,” (Joel 3:9-10). “The Lord is a man of war” (Exodus 15:3).

The popularity of former President Coolidge was built largely on his mythical “economy” program, with which taxpayers were sure to feel in sympathy. A writer in the *New Republic* of June 15, 1927, commented: “The whole idea has been to hook up debt reduction and tax cuts with ‘Coolidge economy’, which, while it sounds plausible, is absurdly untrue. . . . (They are) fraudulent claims and the figures prove it.”

Third, by emotional words, slogans, and stereotypes the governmental propagandist controls unthinking Americans. During the World War he contrasted the “unquenchable heroism” of our boys with the enemy’s “foolhardiness”, yet the daring and bravery of men in both armies was substantially the same.

Attitudes which may or may not be wise are incessantly drummed into our consciousness by slogans:

> “You can’t change human nature.”
> “We do our part.”
> “Join the Navy and see the world.”
> “Let’s Go! Citizens’ Military Training Camps” (a postmark).

By stereotypes, or fixed images of certain classes of things or persons, the propagandist controls public opinion. When an American politician tells his bourgeois audience about the labor menace, the timid conservative sees a “threat”, a “mob”, or a “communist”, instead of his courteous milkman or the driver of the grocery wagon.

Fourth, through the use of many forms of dramatization, officials often control mass opinion.
For example, the war department has been known to subsidize news reel companies to show what the army and navy are doing, and thus keep people awake to the needs of "national defense". Mass opinion is also swayed by the use of symbols, to which the government urges loyalty and devotion. While the Nazis waved their swastikas, the New Dealers tacked up their Blue Eagles and urged a boycotting of businesses not displaying it.

Theodore Roosevelt, like F. D. R., was a master of another form of dramatization. When faced with severe criticism on the Panama Canal, he issued an executive order requiring sedentary and elderly army officers to take daily exercises. The mental picture of the staid old army officers doing their daily dozen made the country laugh, causing it to forget its heated criticism of the canal.

Fifth, the government disseminates its propaganda through the schools mainly by means of the R. O. T. C. Every year 260,000 selected young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five are given military training by the war department in high schools, colleges, and Citizens’ Military Training Camps. Sex appeal is even used to make popular this “playing at war.” In February of this year a college in Philadelphia elected a coed to be honorary colonel of its R. O. T. C. unit, and to lead the grand march at its Military Ball! Fortunately, our government attempts little additional direct propaganda in the schools.

Everett Dean Martin has pointed out that propaganda tells us what to think, and education teaches us how to think. The two should not be confused. Propaganda tries to obscure differences and create favorable sentiments without logical foundation; education involves reason and the making of careful distinctions.

Sixth, speeches to audiences have always been fairly effective methods of propaganda dissemination. The advent of the radio has made addresses a large factor in the control of public opinion. During the eight months following his inauguration, President Roosevelt addressed about 38,000 words to a radio audience estimated at over 50,000,000. Concerning his talks the Literary Digest has commented: “His ability to create a feeling of intimacy between himself and his listeners, his skill in placing emphasis on key words, his adroitness in presenting complicated matters in such simple terms that the man in the street believes he has a full mastery of them, has won him admiration from even his political enemies.”

Seventh, the all-important power of the press is fully realized by those desiring to secure or to retain the reins of government. From 1928 to 1934 over 150 newspaper men who knew how to contact the press and to secure favorable publicity were drawn into the struggle for governmental control. Twice a week, President Roosevelt holds informal press conferences. The reporters are honor bound not to release any information which the president declares to be “off the record”, thus setting up an informal censorship. The pressmen, however, like the personality of the president, and send out dispatches favorable to him.

Presidential invitations to the White House have often been used to secure favorable publicity. Adolph S. Ochs, owner of the New York Times, was a welcome visitor while Herbert Hoover was president. Consequently, when "shabby appointments" were made, the Times was willing to carry a story about Hoover’s appointees as the “new patriots.” Mark Sullivan, a member of the famous “medicine ball cabinet”, has made his syndicated column the mouthpiece of the Republican propaganda machine.

Will Rogers in a radio broadcast unconsciously showed in his own inimitable way why the government takes such pains to please the press: “I ain’t sore at anybody, not anybody at all. But when I read my paper in the mornin’ I’ll find somebody to get sore at. It ain’t the fault of the papers. They print what they get. . . .”

In conclusion, the methods of propaganda dissemination are so varied and subtle that the majority of Americans, including college students, are puppets in the hands of the official propagandists. They believe what they hear, and they hear what the government wants them to hear. College-educated men and women should take the time and trouble to think for themselves about the problems of the day. Otherwise they may be led into situations they would really like to avoid.

Charles A. Beard in the February issue of Scribner’s writes: “If there is anything in American traditions and practices to guide us, it is that a wider spread of economic calamity will culminate in a foreign war, rather than in a drastic reorganization of domestic economy. . . . President Roosevelt has not given any indication whatever that he intends to relax the competition of the United States with Great Britain and Japan for prestige and ‘sea power’. Judging by the past and by his actions, war will be his choice—and it will be a ‘war for Christianity against Paganism’ this time.”

If a policy of war, drastic inflation, or the socialization of industry is followed, it will not be because American citizens wanted it. It will be because they
have been heedlessly dancing along to a merry tune piped by the propaganda men. An intelligent and well-informed minority could minimize the influence of the official propagandist, and force him to base his appeal on reason rather than on emotion and prejudice.

Reluctance

I wish you were not quite so kind:
   I would not mind
If you sometimes would let your patience end,
   And make me bend
Before your anger or your indignation,
   Or if, perchance,
Your merry eyes would cease their joyous dance,
   To frown and scold.
(Just so their gleam would not become too cold!)
I think I might resist this gravitation
   That draws me so;
I might be less dismayed to see you go—
   Might even find
That "out of sight" could then be "out of mind."
I quite resent that, 'spite my hesitation,
You should so subtly force my adoration.

ANONYMOUS
Reflections From My Diary

A COLLEGE STUDENT

Dec. 4, 1933

Formerly ideas and impressions which I received were usually retained. Now it seems that my mind is forever searching for a recollection of a past event, or the name of a person or thing. I sit down to write a simple letter or an account but spend the majority of the time groping for the proper word. Everything seems to require more effort and time for an inferior result. Facts and thoughts which I previously thought I had mastered are either vague or have slipped out altogether. New ideas or words must be repeated numerous times before I can remember them. Mastering is a lost art.

It's disgusting to feel, first, that you are overestimated and secondly, that any ability which may have once been real is decreasing instead of improving.

May 31, 1934

"But above all keep your ideals."

When we think of our efforts in a particular piece of work we make our aims high. Almost naturally we are dissatisfied with our first attempt no matter how others may praise us. However after a few more trials we begin to feel satisfied with ourselves. Why?

Because we have lost sight of our ideal and are judging and comparing the performance either to one of our previous attempts or to that of someone else.

May 31, 1934

While an orchestra plays a beautiful piece of music we sit in rapture, enjoying each succeeding chord as much as our musical experience allows. Yet not until the last measure has been played do we really possess the whole theme (the spirit). Then, we have everything, though in any descriptive sense we have nothing.

So with life. We live in awe each succeeding moment to the height of enjoyment allowed by our experience. Yet not until death do we grasp the whole, the absolute. Perhaps then we will have everything through nothing.

Aug. 8, 1934

Though I have no desire for material development nor reputation, nevertheless at times I recoil from the thought of eternal and complete oblivion.

Yet why should I?

The name is not me, nor are my material possessions, nor my acts, nor even my words. These are merely the outward representation of those things which I truly cherish as my own and which I should hate to be lost. And, on analysis, by things I mean the ideas (gained from experience, thought, and reflection), which I realize are not mine alone but the mutual possession of all who sincerely desire them.

Thus they can't be lost so long as earnest seekers of truth, beauty, and goodness live; and who wants his treasure revered by the unworthy anyway?

Reverie

A thousand sunsets in the skies,
Each one lovelier than the last;
A thousand thoughts as daylight dies,
A benediction from the past.

DOROTHEA BENNER
Bash Turner Enters the Limelight

HARRY F. FENSTERMACHER

"YES, sir, I'm telling you that affair's going to be the biggest ever held here in Krumsville. Why, the whole of Ozark Township will be here. And you can just bet I'll be right in the thick of it, too." Having delivered this speech, Ezra Smalley shifted his tobacco to the other cheek, spat vigorously, and continued his energetic chewing. The nightly meeting of the town fathers was in session in Charlie Bennett's general store, hotel and post office, and Ezra, as usual, held the floor. Here the affairs of the nation were discussed and debated, and advice was freely offered on how to run the government. But tonight national affairs were given a berth. The attention of all was centered on the annual masquerade dance to be held on Saturday night in the town hall, and all else was forgotten. Even Ezra, who liked to be contrary, had no desire to change the subject.

"Who're you taking, Ez?" queried little Jeb Hayes. "It seems to me a prominent citizen like you ought to be right in among the society folks, instead of just watching like us old fellows."

"Don't worry about that," piped up a voice across the room. "I heard tell that Ez was spending quite some time down at the Widow Barnes' place. How about it, Ez?"

Ezra, his face crimson, glared at the speaker as the others chortled with glee. When the noise had subsided, he began, "Let me tell you, boys, the Widow Barnes is too good to wipe her shoes on any of you, and I'll thank you if her name is never mentioned here again. Whether I'm taking her to the dance or not, is my business, and it'll stay my business. And if you make any mention of my private affairs, we're just going to part company."

This ultimatum being completed, an uncomfortable silence fell on the group. Finally, Jeb could stand it no longer. "Ez," he said, "I know I'm talking for the rest of the boys when I say we're sorry if we hurt you. We didn't mean anything by it." The others chorused their agreement, and Ezra, somewhat mollified, tried to look pleasant and turned their attention back to the main theme.

"Speaking of the dance, it's sure going to be a great time for the young folks. Boy, I wish I could still step around the way I used to. The time was when I could out-dance anyone in these parts, but I'm slowing up now. I can't nearly keep up with these young fellows any more."

"That's all right, Ez," said Jeb. "Neither can the rest of us. But just the same, I get a big kick out of watching the dancing, especially when young Bash Turner is out there showing off."

"Say, now, there's a boy that can dance," offered Charlie Bennett, who had just entered. "Wonder who he'll be taking? Probably the best of the lot, because he's generally quite a hand with the girls."

"Sure, Charlie, he's taking the nicest girl in the township," said Jeb. "And I believe you'd go a sight farther than this township to find a girl nicer than Abby Gale, only Bash don't seem to know it. The way he treats that girl is something awful. Any other fellow would think himself lucky to have Abby, but Bash is too darn conceited to see it. Boy, I wish something would happen to knock some of the swell-headedness out of him. It certainly would make Abby happy, because she thinks the world and all of Bash."

"Something will happen sometime, Jeb," said Ezra. "Fellows like him are just riding for a fall. He won't go on that way forever."

"No, but you boys are liable to keep talking forever if I don't stop you," put in Charlie. "It's ninety-three, and I'm locking up. All out, unless you want to sleep in the store."

"O. K., Charlie, we're going," said Ezra. "See you at the dance."

Good-nights were exchanged, and within a few minutes Krumsville was silent.

The night of the dance finally came, one of those clear, moonlight nights ideal for such an occasion. The people arrived early and continued to come in a long procession, so that an overflow crowd was in prospect. Hilarity was the order of the evening. Everyone seemed to come with the express purpose of having a good time, so the success of the affair was practically assured.

It is needless to say that Ezra and his followers were among the first to arrive. Contrary to expectations, Ezra did not escort the Widow Barnes, because he thought he could have a better time if he were not "tied to a woman's apron-strings," as he put it. There the old men stood, near the doorway, watching the couples arrive and guessing at the identity of each. And what a job they had. Everyone was
masked completely and dressed to fit the occasion. Some wore gay-colored finery and some wore clown suits; others imitated tramps and farmers. Taken all together, they made an impressive sight. And as they mingled, the babel of voices and laughter filled the room with merriment.

Over on the platform the orchestra was tuning up, and their leader was vainly trying to gain the attention of those assembled. At length he announced: “Clear a space for dancing, please. The first number is about to begin. I might also say that a prize of five dollars will be given to the best-looking couple. On with the dance!” Immediately the music began, the crowd pushed back and a space was opened for dancing. The first to venture out were a Spanish señor and his señorita, who made a very pretty sight as they glided smoothly across the floor. Ezra nudged Jeb, saying, “I know who that is. That’s Abby Gale and Bash Turner. Gosh, don’t they make a handsome couple? Almost makes me feel young again just to watch them. I bet you two bits they’ll be married inside of a year.”

“I won’t take you,” answered Jeb. “They sure make a fine pair and everything will be all right for a marriage when Bash once realizes what a fine girl Abby is. The trouble is, he’s so wrapped up in himself that he has no time to see her good points. But she’s gone on him, all right. You can see that without half looking.”

The floor quickly filled with dancers, and several numbers passed uneventfully. Then Jeb shook Ezra. “Look!” he exclaimed, pointing to the doorway. There, entering with queenly grace, was a girl whose beauty outshone all the others. She wore only a small mask, so that her features could easily be seen, and she was attired in a gorgeous evening gown. As she paraded through the lane that was opened for her, she was the cynosure of all eyes. “Gosh!” whispered Ezra, “watch these young fellows go for her. Ain’t she a dream, though?”

The dance went on as before, with the exception of the attention that was paid to the newcomer. Everyone wanted to dance with her at once, and she could scarcely dance five steps without changing partners. Bash Turner, of course, had noticed her arrival, and immediately fell for her charms. Leaving Abby to look out for herself, he became one of the most ardent admirers of the stranger, and, since he was a good-looking, likeable boy, he soon found himself in her favor. The other would-be dance partners were skilfully evaded, and in dance after dance Bash alone guided her about. They made a couple such as had never before been seen on that floor, and there was no doubt as to who would receive the five-dollar prize. Bash was having the time of his life, and Abby was forgotten. His partner was charming, an excellent dancer, and he was in the limelight where he had always longed to be. They got along splendidly, talking and laughing as if they were alone on the floor.

“You surely don’t come from around here,” stated Bash. “What’s your name? And what made you come to this dance?”

“Now, don’t be so inquisitive,” answered the girl. “I haven’t asked you your name, you know, so we’re even on that score. I will tell, however, why I’m here. I was left in town with nothing to do, so when I heard of this dance, I decided to come. Let’s forget these serious things, though, and have a good time.”

Bash was willing as long as he was in on the good time. He remained with her constantly, dancing most of the numbers with her, walking with her during intermission, and doing his best all the while to work into her good graces.

Meanwhile, Abby was having a miserable time. She tried not to notice being left alone, doing her best to appear happy with the other boys, but her attempt met with dismal failure. It was easy to see she was holding back her disappointment with difficulty. At intermission, when it was announced “The prize of five dollars for the best-looking couple goes to Bash Turner and his partner,” she could stand it no longer, and went home.

At twelve o’clock the dance ended and the couples slowly filed out. Bash naturally asked to escort his new acquaintance to her home, but she only smiled saying, “Take me to the front of the dance hall. My car is to meet me there.”

“But when will I see you again?” queried Bash, hopefully.

“I don’t know if—Ah, there’s my car now. Take me to it, please,” she said. They walked across the pavement to the car, where the girl turned to Bash. “Thank you very much for the good time you showed me this evening,” she said, extending her hand. Then, seated in the car, she turned to the driver and continued, “Jack, I want you to meet the young man who so kindly looked after me while you were gone. Bash, meet my husband, Jack Burns. Let’s go, Jack.”

The car moved slowly away, leaving behind it a speechless, bewildered, but much wiser Bash Turner.
The College Student's Obligation

GILBERT J. BARTHOLOMEW

"W"hen the college students are not interested in what is going on, how can you expect the man-of-the-street to be?"

Have you ever heard that question? I have heard it many times, and the more I think about it, the more it concerns me. Does it mean that there is a difference between the "college student" and the "man-of-the-street"? If there is no difference, of what significance is the condition in the question? And if there is a difference, does the question imply that the college student has an obligation that is peculiar to him, a responsibility, which, if HE does not recognize, we cannot expect others to feel?

When we think of the privileges and the opportunities which the college student has, and which are denied to so many others, we cannot help feeling that there ought to be a difference. For four years he is living, supposedly, in a healthy intellectual atmosphere where he has at his command the equipment needed in the pursuit of knowledge, accompanied by a spirit of freedom and tolerance essential for that purpose. He is living with men and women of his own age, who have a wide range of interests, with whom he may cooperate and whose enthusiasms he may share in a common purpose; a group with whom he can make friends. He shares the experience and guidance and friendship of mature minds, devoted to the various fields of knowledge. He enjoys the privileges of the library, where he may read and study the best that has been and is being written; and the laboratory, where he may study and use the best implements of scientific research.

If this is true, and if, as it is supposed, he is receiving of the highest and best the educational world knows, it is also true, it seems to me, that the college student has not only the opportunity for equipping himself with the best tools and instruments for making a living, but the responsibility of living the best life of which he is capable.

Does the average college student know "what is going on"? Does he keep himself informed? Is he acquainted with the social and economic problems the world is facing today? Does he know how Russia is trying to meet them, Germany, Italy, Great Britain, the UNITED STATES? DOES HE CARE ABOUT IT? Does he know what points in these systems are favorable and which are unfavorable to justice and equity for all? Does he know what is being done in the interest of International Relations and World Peace? Does he know what the United States Supreme Court said about military training and conscientious objectors to the war system? Does he know why the Senate voted against joining the World Court? DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO HIM? If not, surely our first question is well founded.

Can it be that the college of today has become the organ of an unstable society, a mere wheel in the machinery of economic success, or the machinery itself which turns out the implements of our complex materialistic society? Is it true, to use another figure, that the college is putting a tool in the man's hand, but forgetting the man? As a matter of fact, tools for a man to work with, to use in a trade or profession, are not peculiarly provided by the college. We can get them in the shop, in business, in the whole world of experience. The task of education, and, therefore, the college, is to make persons, to aid men and women in developing full personalities. The tools with which to work, by which he can earn his livelihood, these the college has provided. It is the student's obligation to share with the college in the more important task of developing personality.

The student of today must pay particular attention to organizing himself. He needs some personal conviction on every major issue of life, because life is so very close to us all. He needs a workable social philosophy. To this end he will conduct himself in the amateur pursuit of natural and social science, history, the fine arts, religion. He owes himself and society an historical perspective and an optimistic hope; not so much a RAGGED INDIVIDUALISM as a RUGGED SOCIAL IDEALISM. Understanding human needs and appreciating human wants are, in my opinion, fundamentals in education which neither the college nor the student may ignore.

Does the college student have a better opportunity than the man-of-the-street for equipping himself with these essentials? If so, he also carries a heavier responsibility—that of sharing with others his wealth.

The most practical and matter-of-fact students today dream of prosperous America and a peaceful
There are millions of people. If, as Walter Lippmann has said, democracy is king, then the king must be informed. It means a "kingly mass of people." It means, too, that the college is definitely responsible for helping to bring this to fact.

The modern college student may still be "protected" from the "outside world," but he surely is not isolated from it. Therefore, during his four years on the campus, and especially afterward, he shares with his colleagues who went before him in spreading among the "mass" true and important ideas. No matter how few his contacts, he does influence a certain number of people. He can help to put sound thought and scientific plans into circulation, to develop an intelligent public opinion, to foster deliberative social conduct. It is a student’s obligation to oppose mob action, gullible swallowing of propaganda, the shameful passivity of public servants with regard to needed social reform. On the other hand, he has an equally important obligation to lead in constructive social action and influencing others in the direction of similar action.

In a word, then, if there is a difference between the college student and the man-of-the-street, it is in the better opportunities the former has for the development of a fine personality and a sound character. And, if this is true, the college student becomes automatically obligated to lead others in thinking and action. He is not expected to attempt a fixed and static adjustment in a rapidly shifting world, but he needs to look out on life with understanding, tolerance, appreciation, and with certain attitudes and values worthy of an educated person; to disturb the complacency of all those who are still blind to social evils, still untouched by the pain and suffering of the multitudes, still unmoved to respect human rights above property rights. His education and training alone obligate him to be a promoter of clear thinking, a leader in public service, a real force among all the reconstructive forces of a changing social order.
The Schwenkfelders

PAUL R. SHELLY

WHEN speaking to a friend recently concerning the peculiarities of some of the sects that have settled in Eastern Pennsylvania, I mentioned the Schwenkfelders.

I was surprised to find that about the only thing my friend knew about the group was their observance once a year of what she called “Apple Butter Day.” She did not realize that this annual observance of the Schwenkfelders was based on a rich heritage.

A group of one hundred and eighty stalwart followers of Caspar von Schwenckfeld left their ancestral homes in Silesia, because of bitter persecutions by the Roman Catholics, and arrived in Philadelphia on September 22, 1734.

Just two hundred years ago, on September 24, 1734, this small group held a Thanksgiving service in memory of their safe arrival in this country. The noon meal at this meeting consisted of bread, apple butter and cider, and since that time an all-day meeting has been held annually in thanksgiving to Almighty God for his deliverance from the hands of the persecutors in the Fatherland. Each year a similar meal is served at noon, the only exception being that water is substituted for cider.

Since this meeting commemorates a distinct part in their noble history, we can see that the Schwenkfelders would naturally resent calling this yearly “Gedachtnis-Tag,” or “Memorial Day,” merely “Apple Butter Day.”

Two centuries have passed since these immigrants entered our country. It may be well for us to look into the past and see what forced them to leave their fatherland to seek a new country.

We will begin with the one whose name the group bears, Caspar von Schwenckfeld, a Silesian nobleman. Although he became a counselor to Frederick II, Duke of Liegnitz, religion meant more to him than his position. Thus, he left the royal service to become canon of a church in Liegnitz.

While at Liegnitz, Schwenckfeld became vitally interested in the Reform movement, especially in the work of Martin Luther. However, he could not agree with Luther on certain points of doctrine and consequently severed his relations with both the Catholics and the Lutherans. In 1529 he was forced to leave Silesia because of his beliefs, and three years later died in Ulm, little dreaming of his great influence. He had never thought of founding a church, but many who heard him preach or who had read his treatises, followed his teachings.

The Catholics tried every method possible to get the followers of Schwenckfeld to come back to the faith of their fathers, and when unable to convince them, they began to use force. During the year 1732, when the Schwenkfelders could not bear the persecutions any longer, many of the families fled.

At Berthelsdorf and Herrnhut, where they stayed for eight years, they received assistance from Count Zinzendorf. People from Holland became interested in their welfare, and gave sufficient financial aid to help some of them to set sail for Pennsylvania on the English ship, Saint Andrew. The ship finally docked in Philadelphia on September 22, 1734, and discharged its thrifty yet devout passengers.

The majority of the Schwenkfelders moved out of Philadelphia into the rural sections of Berks, Montgomery, and Lehigh counties. Most of them had been agriculturists before entering this country, and continued in this occupation here. As a result, they established some of the finest farms in Eastern Pennsylvania, which some of their descendants are still cultivating today.

They lived honestly and simply, showed a marked degree of thrift, and had the highest regard for law and order. Since they were not allowed to sell any property before they left their homes in Silesia, they were without any means of support when they settled here. However, the entire family cooperated in the tilling of the soil, making it possible to do their work with only a small amount of hired labor. This fact aided their material progress considerably.

A question that may well be asked is, What was the real distinguishing characteristic of the Schwenkfelders? They belonged to the group which is known in history as the Pietistic group, which included the Mennonites, Dunkards, Quakers, and others. They stressed the importance of a personal religious experience, hence the practical and human values instead of the theoretical and scholastic came to the front. They all stressed a simple faith in God, who for them was an ever-present reality.

Like the other groups that came to America for religious freedom they believed in keeping the Sab-
bath Day holy. Holiness to them meant spending a part of the day in church and the remainder in rest and worship at home.

A word concerning some of the early peculiarities may be in order. Their dress, down to a comparatively recent period, was rigidly plain; bonnets were worn by the women and broad-brimmed stiff hats by the men. Personal decoration by means of jewelry was practically unknown. Their plain garb, however, is no longer adhered to; today the majority of the members cannot be distinguished from any other denomination by their personal appearance.

The Schwenkfelders who had remained in Germany did not follow their friends to America. The reason is obvious, for Frederick, King of Prussia, realized the mistake that had been made and did all in his power, not only to keep in Germany those Schwenkfelders who had remained behind, but also to urge those in America to return. On March 8, 1742, he issued an edict in which he offered the Schwenkfelders in America many inducements to return. However, they had already established comfortable homes here and so appreciated their religious liberty that they ignored the King's proposal.

The Schwenkfelders worshipped in private homes until the first meeting house was erected in the year 1790 at Hosensack, in lower Lehigh County. Several other meeting houses were soon built in Berks and Montgomery counties, and in some of them a room was set aside to be used as a school. The Schwenkfelder schools soon attained high distinction among the schools of Eastern Pennsylvania.

In their pioneer years in this country the Schwenkfelders injected into our civilization those things which, in reality, compose the essence of all that we in America are justly proud of. They tilled the soil with a will to work and thus became useful citizens. They erected meeting houses which gave to every section that which it needed to give support to the spiritual life and high ideals. They were the pioneers in the field of education in those communities in which they resided.

These people have been very energetic in all of their undertakings and have usually succeeded in their efforts. The majority of the group became prosperous farmers through hard work, and have always generously supported the work of the church and community welfare projects.

The Schwenkfelders have always been blessed with leaders who were willing to undertake tasks which seemed insurmountable. Not only were they pioneers in building schools in the upper Perkiomen Valley, but wherever they went they interested themselves in raising the educational standards of that community.

Perkiomen Seminary was founded in 1875 by Rev. Charles S. Wieand, who in 1895 resigned his position as principal to assume the regular duties of the ministry. The school changed hands several times and after a few bad years had to be closed because the patronage was too small. Naturally, the closing of Perkiomen School left a gap in the educational opportunities of the valley, since public high schools were unknown in this period.

Dr. Kreibel and others of the Schwenkfelders blessed with foresight saw the need for a school of this kind in the Perkiomen Valley, both for the children of their own denomination and for those in the community, and decided to buy the establishment in 1891. A sufficient number of pledges was secured to warrant the opening of the school in 1892. It was very successful, and the enrollment grew so rapidly that a twenty thousand dollar addition was erected in 1895.

Words cannot adequately describe the part Perkiomen School has played in the development of Montgomery and the surrounding counties. The five thousand graduates who are scattered throughout this section testify to the accomplishments of the Schwenkfelder group. On the other hand, this school is one of the enterprises which served to unify the group, for it gave them a common goal.

Some of the Schwenkfelders had remained in Philadelphia. Still others had moved out of the farming sections of Montgomery and surrounding counties into larger communities, such as Lansdale, Norristown and Philadelphia. Through influence exerted by the Schwenkfelders living in Philadelphia, a mission was started there in 1895, to be followed some years later by similar establishments in Norristown and Lansdale. Today thriving congregations are found in all of these places.

Migration from the rural sections to the cities is typical of other agricultural settlements in Pennsylvania. Most of the early religious groups that came to America settled in the agricultural sections, but in later years left the soil for larger towns. In most cases missions and later self-supporting churches were founded in the towns where they settled.

Because of urban contacts many denominations are rapidly getting farther and farther away from the traditions of the past. The Schwenkfelders, however, are striving to maintain the traditions of their forefathers, and their enterprising spirit is again seen in their project to collect, edit, and publish "Corpus Schwenckfeldianorum"—the complete works of Caspar von Schwenckfeld.

As a whole, Schwenkfelder contributions have left
an impression which cannot be fully estimated. What we have said concerning this group might have been said, with certain variations, about any similar group, such as the Mennonites, Dunkards, and Quakers.

These sects included a large percentage of the settlers who came to Pennsylvania in the pioneer days from Germany, Switzerland, and England. These simple people came here, not to secure an easy way to wealth, but to have a place where they could earn an honest living and freely worship God. This latter fact was important to them, for God was to them a reality which motivated their entire lives. These courageous early settlers were possessed of sturdy qualities of deep loyalties which made them willing to die, if need be, for their faith.

Love's Desire

P. I. G.

THE full moon hung low and beautiful over the early autumnal countryside. Its bright beams caused the tall, stately elm trees to cast a ghost-like shadow upon the pale-painted veranda of the Farthingdale mansion. The wind rustling through the fir trees that landscaped the lawn added a musical note to the scene. The beauty of the night, the peacefulness of the surroundings, the last, lingering touch of summer in the air—all served to provide the perfect setting — for love. The only sound that betrayed human presence was the soft rustle of a hammock as it slowly swung to and fro. But not a word was uttered, for what is more eloquent than the meaningful silence of young love? And the light of love burned brightly in the eyes of Ezra Hackett as he worshipfully turned them upon his beloved Cynthia.

The silence continued and the night wore on. Finally, in desperation, Cynthia slipped a little closer to the youth who so adored her. Her hand crept to his shoulder, and as Ezra bent toward her, she whispered into his ear, "O, Ezra, what would you do if you had money?" As though a hidden spring of response had been suddenly touched within him, the bashful lover cast off all timidity, and throwing out his arms as though to embrace the world that lay before him, he cried, "I'd see the world . . . the places of my dreams. O, Cynthia, if I had money I'd travel—travel—travel." And then as if he rued his boldness, he suddenly withdrew into his shell of reticence, and was again the silent, shy, worshipful lover. But Cynthia had been moved by his eloquent outburst and as though to show that she shared his desire she slipped her little warm hand into his and pressed it sympathetically. But as he closed his hand, hers was gone, and glancing up, he saw that she had disappeared. Dumfounded, he glanced down at his hand again and was blinded by the reflected rays of the moon upon a bright and shiny nickel.
Verse
RUTH I. HAMMA

Vesper

Twilight softly fades, the shadows creep
Across the quiet campus; towers keep
Their faithful vigil, and as daylight dies
Lift noble heads 'gainst rainbow-tinted skies.

A glory hovers then around the spot
As though some flaming comet that was not
Too hurried in its vast, unending flight
Had showered star-dust through descending night.

Lights begin to gleam from calm gray walls;
The darkness stirs—a student's gay voice calls—
The clock chimes eight; the campus once again
Is called from dreams to share the lives of men.

Amendment

"My life is mine to live," I say;
I care not what may pass,
But seek self-satisfaction in
Life's golden looking-glass.

Yet as I look and see so clear
The forms of suffering brothers
Who need my help, "My life," I say,
"Is mine, to give to others."

Simile

A heart is like a budding rose
A-bloom in gardens sunny;
Love is like the bee that comes
And steals away the honey!
On the Squirt of a Grapefruit

ELIZABETH McBRIDE

"The two most uncertain things in life are a woman's mind and a grapefruit's squirt," some wit has said. Or perhaps it wasn't a wit at all; at least, I know that the statement is one of those stock sayings which belong to the race in general, despite authorship. At any rate, some one passed a dictum upon the uncertainty of those two things. Now as for a woman's mind, I should not say that the statement is exclusively true; it could just as easily be a man's mind or a human being's mind. But then, quite naturally I would defend my own sex. Anyway, all this is beside the point; I aim to deal with grapefruit.

Now I have never been able to see how that oft-repeated statement can possibly be true where grapefruit is concerned. Assuredly, the most certain thing about grapefruit is its squirt. The squirt of a grapefruit is not a variable but a constant; it is sure not to go in the same place any two times, and it is certain to land wherever you would rather not have it. Since these two statements are set rules of the grapefruit's squirt (and is there anyone who has attempted to manipulate one of those very humorous fruits, who will deny that they are?), I feel that I must discredit the modern near-proverb.

I have been embarrassed repeatedly by the excessive bespatterment of my glasses by the sure aim of the spurt of the grapefruit which I was gingerly prodding with my spoon, or which my neighbor was determinedly digging into. It is mortifying enough to have to dodge the full stream of liquid aimed at you from across the table, but it is far worse to lose so much of your breakfast through taking off those necessary and much bespattered lenses and cleaning them of the most stubborn sticky spots that can ever decorate them.

This loss of time is doubly discouraging when I bethink myself of the break-neck rate at which the rest are meanwhile bolting their food. Even were I granted a handicap, I am sure I could never speed up my digestive apparatus enough to approximate that swift hand-to-mouth system so common to the dining hall. No wonder the disadvantages accompanying grapefruit are so discouraging to me. Frequently do I pray at night that the morrow will bring some miraculous change when enjoyment of the meal is substituted for the desire of achieving the honor of being the first to finish. For me, I should rather taste what I eat and know all its hidden flavor even if it takes me an hour for a bowl of soup. (But perhaps, as people have so often pointed out to me, the usual college meal is not one that can actually be enjoyed.)

Since my natural slowness of eating commonly puts me in arrears, the minutes I spend in cleaning my glasses make my breakfast a matter of a cup of coffee and the grapefruit; I lose the rest of my meal because of the first course. I've tried not eating the pomelo (I like the sound of the more musical name for the spurt fruit, but I'm tempted to feel that it is too pretty to apply to such an aggravating edible)—yes, I've gone to breakfast and watched the others struggle with the squirting "half", but I've received the worst of the bargain in the end, for everyone seemed to aim at me so that my assiduous wiping of my face, my arms, my clothing, and my glasses would give me something to do.

There's another thing which has embittered me toward grapefruit, and that's the bespinking of my clothes with the indelible fluid it squirts. A spoon thrust into one cell of the spurt fruit emits a shower of juice all over the front of whatever one happens to be wearing. Now I possess, as almost everyone else does, certain clothes which I like better than any others I own. I have yet to experience one time when I have worn one of these favorites to breakfast, that I have not received a bath of grapefruit juice. The whole front of the dress, blouse or whatever was covered with the grayish, discolored spots; the sleeves were well sprinkled; and even the back came in for its share. I recall distinctly a white collar of which I was peculiarly fond. I was always careful not to wear this pet of my clothing to breakfast; but one morning, in an unusual rush to outwit the bellringer and be on time for the early meal, I snatched up the collar and wore it! As was to be expected, the fruit course was grapefruit. Although I was sitting at the other end of the table from the attacker, his barrage of juice showered my collar with sticky globules. The collar wasn't washable and its first breakfast finished its days of usefulness.

So many clothes have been ruined and so many days have consequently been spoiled, that I have come to the conclusion one needs a protection against pomelos. I suggest one of the now so popular driz-
zle capes, sold, of course, under the name of "grapefruit protectors". The sale of the rubber waterproofs would be doubled in a few months, I'm sure, especially if they "went on the air" at breakfast time.

One of the most embarrassing moments you can imagine came to me as a result of a breakfast-grapefruit combination. It was a week when the kitchen force decided upon two days of bombardment instead of one, and, thereupon, we received grapefruit both Monday and Wednesday. On Monday I suffered only slight discomfort when my roommate reprimanded me for a badly placed spurt of juice with the demand, "Well, do you serve towels with your showers?" Feeling much like the proverbial fifth wheel of the wagon—not wanted and much out of place—I mumbled an embarrassed apology. Wednesday, however, discounted this experience exceedingly. In great openheartedness and friendship, I asked another girl to come to our table so that she would not have to eat alone. She accepted the invitation, but rued it when the grapefruit was served. As soon as I thrust my spoon into the first cell I showered Eleanor with juice. She glared at me, but I bent my head to the task before me. Sitting directly opposite me was a young man who, contrary to the custom of young men at college, completed his toilet with the addition of a necktie. That particular morning, Mr. —— had on a necktie of a most beautiful shade of red—not quite maroon, yet hardly to be called red—with a little silken design running through it. Now, I admired that necktie very much; and perhaps, because of its attraction for me, I unconsciously aimed the grapefruit toward it. Horror of horrors! A jet of the sugary fluid leaped from the pressure of my spoon in the pomelo, directly across the table and landed in sticky balls all over that tie, with a few splashes on the gentleman's chin! The young man gave me a real thunder-storm look; Eleanor, too, was still regarding me with that unfriendly expression; but there wasn't room under the table. I felt myself dwindle into a peewee of two inches in height. I laid down my spoon and declared peace toward my table mates, but my face was burning and I could not regain my composure.

Embarrassing moments are the certain accompaniment of grapefruit. So is sorrow. You have your neighbor extracting the burning juice from his eye one minute, and the next you are lamenting the ruination of your own clothes. I recall the experience I had one day at —— but enough! Surely there is no one who hasn't had grapefruit experiences of his own. I've said too much about mine already.

However, I still maintain that a grapefruit's squirt is certain—certain to go anywhere you don't want it and certain to be variable in its direction. Think over your own struggles with the disgusting fruit; you'll find my formula "as true and constant as the northern star."

Pioneers!

A Tale of Mormon Frontiersmen

UTAHNA BASOW

It was remarkable how far the new cult spread. When he first preached the Mormon laws to the few who would listen to him, Joseph Smith probably never realized that he had set a mighty ball a-rolling which gathered momentum and bits of clinging soil with it. Nor were his teachings limited to the States, for gradually he became so engrossed with the principles he had originated, that he extended his power across the seas, and missionaries were sent to all parts of the world to enfold within the new belief an ever-increasing number of devout followers.

With each step the clumsy oxen took, the lumbering "prairie ship" jolted its occupants unmercifully, but by this time they were accustomed to it. For four long, weary months the Warsden family had ambled across the never-ending miles of dull prairie land. Nothing seemed real now but the ever-present need of watching, and staving off excessive hunger and thirst. It seemed impossible that they had once lived in solid comfort on the plentiful bounty of England's lush green fields.

Of middle-class English family, the Warsdens had
been fired with the inspired zeal of the Mormon missionary who had suddenly appeared within their midst. Stifling any forebodings they might have had for the future, with little or no regrets for what they were leaving behind, the little family of six set their faces towards the States. Or perhaps they went as did so many others, because the missionaries opened before their eyes the mysteries and fascinations of Mormonism, and they wanted to probe into it to see what manner of faith it was.

After the monotonous months of traveling, when there was nothing but the lone, stark grassland, the Warsdens had their first sight of something other than distant herds of shaggy buffalo. At first glance it appeared to be a bevy of silver-winged moths, but as the covered wagon drew closer, its occupants discerned signs of busy action, and the driver speeded the slow-moving oxen. The others showed more interest and enthusiasm than they had thought themselves capable of, and the youngest child crowed ecstatically at the mere thought of something which might furnish fresh interest for her play.

Meanwhile, the little caravan, which had been preparing for its rest and vigil for the night, was arrested in its activity by the sound of approaching wheels and the “Halloa!” of the oncoming pioneers. When the wagon stopped, willing hands lifted down the tired travelers, questions were hailed upon them from all directions, and eager faces wordlessly and vociferously welcomed and heartened them. A kindly matron lifted the child from its mother’s aching arms. Men, crowding about, asked, “Were you with an outfit?” and “Where’s the rest?”

“Ja count Injulls?” inquired frisking little boys, and shy girls sidled up to the new arrivals, wondering what sort of playmates they would make.

At last, when the newcomers had eaten and rested, when the important matters of travel had been arranged and the lesser details of settling for the night disposed of, the caravan’s leader tentatively suggested, “How ’bout ’jinin’ up ’long o’ us? Got plenty room, guess the prairie can hold us all together. Besides, the more the merrier for oustin’ them pesky redskins.” As simply as that was the momentous decision settled, and one more group “jined up.” This small band which managed to come across the prairie entirely by its own effort would certainly be an asset to the larger “outfit.”

The day wore on, and as the caravan progressed, new wagons joined it along the trails until the mere handful became a goodly number. Gradually the dull prairie fell away, giving place to the verdant green of untouched meadowland, and the deeper tones of cool-shaded woodland.

These Mormon pioneers settled in a fertile valley between blue hills, in the land of the Utes. The tiny city they named Christianburg, in honor of their leader, Joseph Christiansen. The first difficult months nearly broke the brave little band. Hard, unyielding earth had to be irrigated, and preparations made for the dangerously cold winter. Oddly enough, people of all nations worked together whole-heartedly, with little dispute. Side by side with giant Scandinavians worked scholarly Englishmen. Every so often came news of towns growing closer and closer to Christianburg. Through the cold, crackling winters and hot, dry summers, the faithful Mormons stuck to their post, never swerving from the ideals of religion and the purpose they had wordlessly set up for themselves.

The gayest Mormon wedding the valley had ever seen was that of Joanna Warsden and Theodore Christiansen. On this occasion the settlers by common consent laid aside their habitual solemnity and devoted themselves to frivolity and disregard of care. Rustic tables fairly groaned with barbecued venison and dainty morsels of wild duck meat. Those artistically inclined had bedecked the cabins and stockade with vivid clumps of Indian paint brush and exquisite Sego lilies.

But the gay festivities were harshly interrupted by the sudden appearance of grotesquely painted Indians. Pandemonium broke loose. The sudden appearance was all the more startling since there had been no interference from the redskins for months, not since the last dispute had been settled by peaceable means. But then, these were not the friendlier Ute Indians, but Black Hawk warriors.

The gruesome massacre left the little town demolished, and marked the passing of its leader. The battle went down in history as the Black Hawk Indian War.

The handful of survivors began the task of rebuilding, and maintained the old, patient traditions of work and prayer.

Ellen Warsden loved to ride. Many a time she took to the trails with her wild pony, Prince, as her sole companion. Prince, who was once the king of wild horses, had followed Ellen since the day she had rescued him from the shallow creek, where she had found him lying prostrate with a painfully wounded foot.
Strange as it may seem, this fleetest of wild horses, which so many men had tried to hold and tame, never deserted the girl. No one else could ride him; he was actually dangerous when mounted by anyone save Ellen.

She named him Prince, for he had such a princely bearing, and his kingship was so obviously a part of him. He still remained king of the horses, even though he was so seldom with his tribe; nevertheless, when the band of horses had to be led out of a dangerous pass, it was Prince who was the leader.

On Ellen's trips through wooded hills, Prince was her sole but adequate companion. He always knew just when Ellen might want to halt and gaze in breathless admiration at the beauty of some bit of far horizon. No matter how steep the hill which he had to climb in order that his rider might view some natural picture, Prince took it with sure-footed precision. Going down a mountain's steep trail, he would bend his knees and descend on his forelegs in order that his lady might not tumble over his head.

Yet even this pleasant companionship did not rid Ellen of a certain feeling she had of eyes watching her. Her fancy became fact when, on one of her solitary rides, she glanced backward, straight into the piercing eyes of an Indian, a chief of his tribe.

Many times after that the girl was conscious of those keen eyes upon her, but she could tell no one of this experience, for the chief never exceeded the bounds of respectful distance; and since it was a common thing for the Indians to stare at the settlers, it would seem childish and decidedly unbecoming a pioneer maiden to report such a trifle.

Ellen Warsden married Joanna's brother-in-law, Tydus Christiansen. In the absorbing life of home and family matters, Ellen Christiansen managed to forget the Indian chief.

Periodically, one man was chosen from the settlers to journey into the next town for the purpose of selling the summer's harvest, and to obtain supplies for the village. The trip took six months, so when a man set forth on it, the entire settlement came out to wish him God-speed.

Any fears she might have had, Ellen quenched. She had reason to fear, for her little son lay ill, so ill that his father might never see him again. But of such stuff were these pioneers made that the woman sent her husband off with a smile that revealed none of her heartbreak to the other anxious people.

Returning to her cabin, Ellen attended the boy, tossing in fever. Bending above him, she suddenly became conscious of eyes watching her. Cautiously glancing around, she beheld the Indian chief looking at her through the window.

In a stooping posture, she managed to edge her way towards the door, through which she slipped in a second, and sped with flying feet to the nearest cabin.

Returning with a reassuring neighbor who promised to stay with her, they found the crude cradle empty.

All that night and the next day they searched for the child, but what could they find in the unrelenting shadow of the mountain strongholds or in the bare desert? Poor Ellen lived in a stupor of remorse and heartbreak. Day after day she set forth on Prince in search of her small son, but it was always the same—she found nothing. After three months of vain searching and hoping, Ellen lost all sense of reason. On a hot, dry night in summer she mounted Prince and rode off into the desert.

Late in September, Tydus Christiansen, coming through Death Valley on his return journey, suddenly beheld a startling sight. A wild horse came running towards him at flying speed, on his back a woman with dishevelled hair and tattered clothing. As horse and rider drew closer, Tydus, a naturally brave man, was almost frightened at the sight they presented. At first the man thought that the horse meant to attack him, unusual as it would be, but he realized that the animal only wanted to be with him, as though to tell him something. Its once beautiful coat was flecked with desert sand and its mane matted with mud and stones. A strange sight, for even the wildest horse managed to keep his coat clean and brushed.

The woman was obviously mad, a disgusting sight of skin and bones. He managed to take her from the horse's back, but was forced to tie her to the seat of the wagon. So he arrived home, with his strange burden of horse and woman, only to find his cabin empty and abandoned.

When the settlers saw his wagon they were afraid to face him, but the unpleasant duty had to be met and the tragedy told. Wordlessly the man returned to his deserted cabin and the mad woman he had left there. As he approached the cabin, the horse, tethered nearby, whinnied and stamped one hoof in the familiar, inimitable fashion of Prince. Tydus felt drawn to him, dazed as he was; he gave the animal a thorough grooming, and finally from the ugly sight he was before, emerged the velvet coat and flowing silky mane of Prince.

Tydus actually cried then, hardened pioneer that he was, and ran shouting to his brother, leading the horse...
with him. But he could hardly dare to think that the creature he had left behind in the cabin was Ellen.

When Tydus returned to his cabin, he found the woman he had left there sleeping peacefully. With her features in repose it was possible for him to recognize his wife.

* * *

After years of patient waiting, Ellen Christiansen regained her sanity, but she watched and waited in vain for the return of her son.

Her time was occupied now with the newly rising schools, and she was the first woman to take an interest in the education of Indian children. She held no grudge against the red man for the loss of her child, but gave unstintingly of her energy and knowledge.

In her work with the red-skinned students, Ellen found many intelligent minds, but one young man interested her particularly. She had become so fond of him that she bade him good-bye with genuine regret when he left for the East to continue his studies in a medical school.

* * *

Dr. Christiansen, sitting in his luxurious office, realized that the monument he had erected to his parents could in no way compensate for the anguish and years of heartache they had endured. For not until the chief of the Black Hawk tribe had died was his squaw free to tell the boy of his identity, reveal his rightful name, and prove that his bronze skin was of the sun, not race.

Ellen and Tydus Christiansen never lived to know their son.
Whither Fraternities?

DOROTHY E. HORNE

THE New York Times recently conducted a poll of student editors, faculty members, and college presidents in thirty-two “key” institutions, throughout the country to determine the opinion on campuses concerning the value and possible extinction of the fraternity system. The results of the poll are indicated in the following review of two articles which appeared in the New York Times Magazine, February 10 and 17.

America is unique in its Greek-letter society system. In no other country is the freshman, within a few weeks of his arrival on the campus, rushed into other country a student division—the “ins” and the “outs.” But despite, or perhaps because of its uniqueness the system has flourished—until recently! In the early days of the system the students invested heavily in houses, furnishings, parties, and the rest of the paraphernalia that go with fraternity life. In the effort to promote their societies groups of students would travel from one campus to another to “colonize” or found brother chapters. As a result, fraternities multiplied rapidly until today there are more than 1,000,000 members and the value of fraternity houses is estimated at $75,000,000.

Within the past decade, however, three factors have arisen with which the organizations will have to compete. They are: first, hard times, which have reduced membership and increased the number of mortgages; second, a new student seriousness; third, the concern of the colleges themselves with the housing of undergraduates. It is interesting to note that five student editors—at Yale, Columbia, City College, Washington Square College of New York University, and Syracuse University—predict extinction for the fraternity system and consider the now existing fraternities as “glorified clubs without benefit of stated purpose.”

Today there are few colleges which for some time have not been witnessing obliteration or consolidation of several of their fraternities. With the diminishing of financial support came loss of prestige and a more independent attitude on the part of underclassmen. As a student editor, himself a fraternity member, at the University of California expressed it: “The old argument that ‘you’ve got to be in a fraternity if you want to get anywhere on the campus,’ simply has not clicked this year.” This attitude naturally detracts some of the leaders from the “charmed circle” and “independents” are now assuming an equal place with fraternity members. The amount of depreciation in the value of fraternities can be realized when not a few campuses state that “fraternities belong to the outgrown ‘collegiate’ era.”

Mr. Wilkinson of Dartmouth and an observer at Cornell say in effect: College men are going to college for an education. They look askance at all things that do not help them to secure it. They are rightly skeptical concerning the value of a fraternity when they discover it gives them nothing they can’t do for themselves. Not only because of the irksome routine of the house, but also in order to “gain more privacy and more social freedom” and to improve scholarship, there has been an increasing exit from the fraternity houses on some campuses.

Another competitor of the system is the tendency of colleges to provide housing for their students. The houses are being built so adequately that all the needs of the undergraduates are well taken care of as is shown by the following list of facilities that accompany the dormitories or “student unions”: restaurants, game rooms, ballrooms, beer gardens, and theatres. Whether or not this may lead to the downfall of the fraternity is a debatable question. However, since the function of the colleges is becoming broader, so that it unites intellectual, social and recreational life instead of merely emphasizing the former and letting the student seek the latter as best he can, there is reason to believe that the “house plan” will some time supplant the fraternity system.

It is not the large and “first-class” colleges that are fraternity minded. The Eastern women’s colleges for the most part have no sororities. Bryn Mawr, Smith, Barnard, and Mount Holyoke find residence halls so satisfactory that there is no apparent interest shown in sororities. Oberlin is one of the many smaller educational colleges which foster the house plan. The president of the college states that the “college’s freedom from secret societies is ‘one of its main assets.’” In his opinion such societies “perpetually compete for campus prestige, with ‘inevitable jealousies, hostilities, and false emphases’.”

A possible solution of the housing problem may be found in the union of fraternities with the colleges. With some reformation the fraternities could
become a part of the intellectual organization of the college. They would thus assist the more serious student to gain a deep intellectual experience which would probably lead to the reestablishment of their prestige.

All poll commentators agreed that the cultural aims of the fraternities should be increased in some way. President Ruthven of the University of Michigan stated his opinion as follows: "The fate of fraternities is thus, in large measure, in their own hands. If they will abandon some of their exclusive features and become more democratic, if they will encourage a greater degree of self discipline and a larger sense of social responsibility among their members, and if the chapters will frankly recognize that the trend of the times is toward greater efficiency in education, they can survive successfully."

Although these two articles deal primarily with national fraternities and sororities they seem to offer a definite challenge for each college to analyze its own situation and evaluate the necessity and benefit of the fraternity groups. Each college will, of course, have different problems, but from the result of the Times poll it is safe to generalize and say that few fraternities and sororities justify their existence today except where they help to solve the housing problem.

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**Book Review**

**MARY PETERS by Mary Ellen Chase**

**REVIEWED BY MARGARET L. SHIVELY**

To Mary Peters, born and bred at sea, the sun-bathed city of Cadiz high above its harbor meant security and peace. She saw it for the first time when she was nine, after a long and troubled voyage; throughout her youth she returned to it many times in spirit. In her maturity she was to weave into a rag rug what had been throughout troubled years a symbol of peace, that "high, white city above a white wall which kept out the sea."

In the Peters family a sense of unity with nature was strong. Mary in her childhood came to understand that she, her family, and their ship were one with the sea, and all a part of Eternity. Her mother Sarah knew from long experience that human decisions came to naught in the face of the uncontrollable power of the sea, "and that things usually turned out well enough if one just didn't get too much worked up over them." Her brother John, though he hated and feared the sea, loved the land, and found in it a source of strength and happiness.

The value to all of them of this nature-engendered stability was proven by later years upon the land. When Mary's dearest friend, whom John, too, loved, died in disgrace, Sarah Peters reminded her children that "there's something more terrible than what you've gone through, and that is the thoughts that you keep in your minds about it." When she herself was made an invalid by a stroke, then "more than ever—she could not get away from the notion that mere events were as nothing compared to the way they were received, to the spirit which must steady and stay them on their course." When John's wife failed him he found comfort in his farm. And when Sarah Peters died, Mary "could not see for a moment why it mattered in the least."

Mary Peters was capable of great love. Miss Chase writes: "There are natures in the world which, often unconsciously, seek other natures because of peculiar, irresistible forces which bring them together, forces which may be evaded or escaped but which cannot be denied. (Science may ascribe their being to laws of physics or chemistry or biology, but it cannot further account for them and their power. The more imaginative mind may interpret them less materi ally; the superstitious see in them the workings of fate.) They may wreck or rebuild, bring remorse and ruin or the highest happiness according as they are balanced by caution and understanding; but the wise mind knows their existence and recognizes their power for what it is. Such a nature, discovering its complement, sometimes with fear and misgiving, realizes its fulfillment is at hand. Two such natures become one as inevitably as two streams converge in a common valley; and others, looking upon them
know, either vaguely or surely according as they are attuned to life, that they hold in common something which surpasses and transcends friendship or companionship or even love. For an extraordinary sympathy and understanding makes as it were two parts into a single whole, forever outdistancing speech, rendering explanations of thought or even of behaviour unnecessary, setting at naught all practical considerations of this and that by which most lives are governed.”

Three times was Mary’s life so blended with that of another; twice she was deprived of her love by death, once by unfaithfulness. But in her nature there was no room for rebellion. Instead she capitulated her mother’s experience. Years before Sarah Peters’ unfulfilled girlhood love had, as she thought, disappeared. Yet later in life she recognized it in her “longing to protect those who suffered” and her “quickening companionship with all things that must live.” . . . “Nothing,” thought Sarah Peters, “was ever final; nothing was ever lost.” Mary Peters’ love likewise was not lost, but transmuted into great fortitude and peace of mind.

“Mary Peters” is a story of happiness wrested from tragedy, written in a simple, lucid style. The book is shot through with memorable passages of bright beauty and courageous thought. It reads like poetry and remains as philosophy.

—John F. Brown
"Different as Night and Day"

ELIZABETH McBRIDE

It was a late afternoon in summer, beautiful as only those late summer afternoons in pretty little towns can be. Here and there along the peaceful tree-lined street were people enjoying the comfort of their front porches, shaded by softly swaying elms or sugar maples. Women were sitting sewing and mending, sometimes chatting with their neighbors or passers-by; old men were gently rocking while they enjoyed their afternoon naps. Occasionally the sound of a noisy car broke the stillness, and even more rarely the clop-clop of horses’ hoofs and the squeaking and creaking of buggy wheels were heard. And then all was quiet again.

Suddenly an odd noise disturbed the still afternoon air. It was a queer rattling, roaring sound with a peculiar rhythm much like the imitation of a locomotive in an amateur play. The old men woke with a start and leaned out toward the street to discover the source of the racket; the women started, laid down their needlework, and looked up and down the highway.

The sight that met their eyes turned the startled exclamations into gales of laughter. A small boy, scarcely six years of age, was trotting up the street carrying a cigar box from which the odd noise came.

“Hi, yuh, Jerry! What you got in that box?” cries from every side greeted him.

Little Jerald Symmonds stopped and flashed his disarming child’s smile on his questioners. “Marbles!” he said proudly, displaying the great number of “aggies” and “commiss” which almost filled the cigar box, “Marbles that I’ve wonned!”

The town’s marble champion was he; none of the “big” boys could touch him in the game. The little fellow had become such an expert at placing a marble in the desired spot within the rough-drawn circle that he was collecting all the marbles owned by the boys of the town.

“And where you goin’, Jerry?” asked an old man, cocking his corn cob pipe in the corner of his mouth.

“Up here to play some fellers,” replied the little boy starting to trot up the street.

The rattle of the marbles in the cigar box became fainter and finally died away completely. Quiet again reigned on the pretty little street.

Suddenly another startling sound broke upon the afternoon air. “Is that the fire siren?” cried one old man, jumping from his chair. “Just that brat again!” he mumbled as he slowly sat down again. “Don’t see why they let him carry on like that. Different as day from night, those two boys.”

The “siren” was a little chap of about eleven years of age, the brother of Jerry. Blair Symmonds made a specialty of fire sirens; he had learned vocal imitations of them so well that few people outside the fire company could distinguish “Blair” sirens from real ones.

Although this hobby of the elder Symmonds did much to make him unpopular with the townsfolk, it scarcely accounted for the general dislike everyone seemed to have for Blair. The boy lacked the smile and open friendliness of his younger brother; he curtly answered questions people asked him and seldom stopped in his mad dashes hither and thither unless he was compelled to.

The people on the porches leaned back in their chairs with disgust. Blair ran up street waving a stick and “sirening”.

Blair knew where he was going; he had heard the older boys discussing the contemplated game of marbles on the old, vacant lot. The fellows were buying new agates in Mr. Fisher’s cluttered old store and the elder Symmonds had been crawling behind some rolls of linoleum. The game hadn’t sounded on the square to the skinny eleven-year-old, so he had made it his business to break in on the game after a carefully planned interval.

No one looked up when Blair arrived. None of the “kids” liked him well enough to speak to him; he was always butting in and spoiling Jerry’s fun!

“Yah! miss it! miss it!” yelled chubby Johnny Cole as he saw his marble carefully aimed at by Jerry. “Aw! doggone you! There goes my last aggie!” as the marble hit his red agate squarely. “Well, you can’t beat Bill, I’ll bet you!”

Bill didn’t think so either. With his eyes narrowed he moved toward little Jerry. Blair was unconcernedly prancing about the lot near the group. Suddenly he bumped into Bill and sent him sprawling away from the arm he had tried to jolt. Jerry’s shot was good.

“Jerry, sell me some commies an’ I’ll play ’nother game. I got a nickel here,” said Ben, one of the oldest boys of the group.
"Then you get fifteen commies," replied the business-like Jerry, counting on his fingers. "Get 'em while I make this shot." Jerry turned to the circle. His father was a storekeeper and had taught him lots about figurein'. Why, he was as good as any "big" boy.

But "big" boys are always better than little ones. Ben reached in the box and drew out five commies, then with a quick glance around, he took a shiny blue agate.

"That's an aggie," reminded Blair.

"I was just lookin' at it," defended Ben, putting it back. He carefully picked out ten more commies. Then came a cry of pain! Blair had thoughtlessly stepped on the box lid when Ben's hand had gone back for a few extra commies entirely out of his bargain with Jerry.

"Jerry, Mom said for you to come home. She's got somethin' for you to do," remembered Blair at that precise moment. "G'wan, scoot! She's waitin' right now!" he said gathering up the nickel and the marbles his brother had just won and putting them in the box. "Hurry! You're awful slow," he grumbled at the six-year-old.

Jerry picked up his box and trotted off down street toward the "square". His mother was clerking in his father's drug store right on the corner. He'd find her there.

"Mom, wadda ya want?" asked Jerry, as he faced his mother at the corner of the high counter. "Bud said ya had somethin' for me to do."

"Why no, Jerry, I haven't a thing for you to do. But I'm very glad you're here so that I know where you are. Run over home and play," said Mrs. Symmonds, stepping out to meet a customer.

Jerry, quite puzzled and rather angry at his brother for spoiling his fun, stepped out of the door. Well, anyway he wasn't goin' home; he was goin' down and talk to old Mr. Brown that always sat on the bench outside the print shop.

"Evenin', Jerry. How's m' boy? What you got there, I'd like to know!" The grizzled old Mr. Brown greeted the child as he strolled up to the bench.

"'Evenin', Mr. Brown. I got marbles. Look at this pretty white aggie! Aw! look out! You dropped it!" And Jerry was after the marble rolling out across the road.

There was a scream, a screeching of brakes. And they picked up an unconscious little Jerry out of the road.

Blair ran around the vacant lot, coming back to the crowd of boys at intervals to learn what they were saying.

"Aw! Blair's always spoilin' little Jerry's fun!"

"He just pretends his mother wants Jerry. That's what he does."

"And he makes Jerry do his work for him, too!"

"He's just as mean as he can be to the poor kid!"

And so the abusive remarks ran. Worse and worse they grew; everyone was quite satisfied that Blair did not love his little brother. The boys only voiced the opinion of the town. Blair, the townfolk were sure, cared nothing for darling little Jerry. He was always "grouchin'" at him; he never played nicely with him. He was a mean little rascal!

It was true; Blair never outwardly showed any affection for Jerry. But his mother will tell you about a little boy tucking his younger brother in bed afternoons when their mother worked; of a little boy who made whistles, and paper caps, and trains of spools for a smaller sick boy.

The town didn't believe Blair's tears at Jerry's funeral were from his heart. They felt that he was afraid he might be boxed up with Jerry, and cried with fright.

But Blair's been different since Jerry left. You don't hear him "sirening" up and down the street any more.

I went back to Jerry's grave the other evening and found Blair there, planting a daffodil on the grave. He told me his mother had sent him to do it. But she said she knew nothing about it.
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Upon my heart, which beats with hollow roar.
My back from hours of tossing dimly feels
Most horrid pains. Oh, may it feel no more!
But how I envy thee, thou carefree sprite.
Who would not give their all to live like thee,
Caroling lustily in some alley dark
Thru all the lonesome night,
Ever wandering wildly, ever free
To warble sweetly as a meadowlark?

When day is done and night-time shadows fall,
When moonlight lures, and quiet rules the land,
You with a lonely, chilling, plaintive call,
Gather around your sleek and subtle clan.
Ah! Then it is this slinking crowd begins.
Little cats, big cats, tame cats, wild cats,
And all alike performing as you say.
Till all make such a din
That even the obnoxious belfry bats
Have fear of venturing out to search for prey.

Thou wast not born for death, thou devil red,
Full eighty times have I, with deadly aim,
Sent bullets hurtling at your impish head.
But, curse your luck, results remain the same.
Always you nimbly hop the little pond
To disappear until the following day.
Oh, for the time when all your lives galore
Have reached the great beyond,
And I in peaceful solitude may lay
Myself to rest, and calmly sleep once more.

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