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The Elm
In regard to matters of an arbitrary nature, college students demand proof, not opinion. Let it be stated at the outset, then, that the following study is not based on opinion. Its authority rests upon facts and statistics. Opinion is readily scorned, whereas concrete facts and figures demand consideration and, if found true, merit acquiescence.

Many college students are wont to lay little importance on high scholastic rating at graduation. Oftentimes they are satisfied to do work of ordinary or merely passing grade, and devote much of their time to the enjoyment of college life and to the pursuit of extra-curricular activities. They are obsessed with the oft repeated idea, "Why let studies interfere with your college education?" They believe that outside activities are more dependable determinants of their later success. Some like to bluff their way through college. Some prefer to get through on as little effort as possible. In the words of Dr. L. A. Rufener, "Many of our... college students... devote more mental energy to learning how to avoid learning anything than they would need to give to their studies in order to master them. They devote themselves to the cult of bluff instead of to the cult of learning and of service".

Is it true that college ranking has little to do with later success, or do students of high scholastic standing usually become more successful than those of low standing? Does business today want high-ranking students? Do the undergraduates of high scholastic attainments find greater success in the graduate school than do undergraduates of low rank? To these and similar questions many students seek convincing answers.

In order to make this article more than a mere compilation of other men's researches, I undertook a small inquiry of my own. I sent about fifty questionnaires to individuals and colleges, in which I asked for specific replies to my query, "Does high scholastic rank make for greater success after graduation than does low scholastic rank?" The replies I received were both interesting and gratifying.

Let us consider, first, the questionnaire sent to the individuals. Twenty-four persons were picked at random, with no bias or partisanship, from Who's Who for 1930-31. Who's Who was used as a source because the individuals listed therein are persons who have attained marked distinction in their fields of work. Included among those chosen were lawyers, educators, clergymen, a County Superintendent of Highways, an ex-senator, the Headmaster of the Chicago Latin School, a banker, a Superintendent of Public Instruction, a naval architect, and a librarian. Thus many different fields are represented. Of the twenty-four questionnaires sent out, thirteen were returned. My conclusions, accordingly, are based on these thirteen replies.

Of this number, ten were graduated in the first quarter of their class at college. Of the three remaining, one did not know his scholastic rank, the second omitted answering this particular question, and the third explained that he was not a college graduate, so that there were in fact no negative answers. Seven of the ten who were graduated in the first quarter received honors at graduation. Many students dislike "hitting the books" continually, as they are apt to say of those who rank high in their studies. Therefore, it is of particular interest to find that four of the ten under consideration were active in extracurricular activities, covering such subjects as athletics, debating, journalism, and dramatics. Replying to the question, "Does high scholastic rank make for greater success after graduation than does low scholastic rank?", eight of the ten answered affirmatively, although three of these admitted that there were exceptions to the rule.

The questionnaire addressed to representative colleges and universities brought replies of a similar nature. Twenty institutions were written to, but only seven replied. The nature of the questions required considerable investigation, and it is likely that many of the schools failed to reply because they were too busy to search their records. However, sufficient evidence can be gathered from the colleges which responded to give our conclusions a reasonable degree of authority.

The questionnaire applied only to the class of 1920 in each college, because it was felt that this class was illustrative of graduates in general in that its members, in approximately fifteen years, have had ample time to prove whether or not they have met with success in their fields of work.
Figures from three of the seven colleges replying show that a total of sixty-six graduates of the class of 1920 have had outstanding success in their life work. Of this number, twenty-nine were graduated in the first quarter; in order words, 43.9 per cent. as against 10.6 per cent. The other four replies gave no definite figures in answer to this question. Each of the seven answered affirmatively the question, "Does high scholastic rank make for greater success after graduation than does low scholastic rank?", although one observed that there are exceptions, setting forth that personality, initiative, and character are also very important for success. Dean H. Tatnall Brown, Jr., of Haverford College, in answering this questionnaire, said, "It is my distinct feeling that throughout the general run of Haverford alumni those men who during their undergraduate days stood well up in their academic requirements have made a greater success of their chosen vocation than the students who were continually near the danger line at the bottom of their class".

In addition to my own investigation on the subject, I submit the partial results of research conducted by other men of greater authority and experience. Through them is found the attitude of business and the professional school in regard to this matter of scholarship.

In the first place, is high scholarship in the undergraduate school more productive of success in the graduate school than is low scholarship? Dr. William Trufant Foster, former President of Reed College, published in The Century Magazine of September, 1916, the results of a study which he had made about the bearing of undergraduate scholarship upon success in both the graduate school and later life. Dr. Foster made an investigation of the records of the graduates of Harvard College who during a period of twenty years entered the Harvard Law School and found that, "of those who graduated from college with no special honor, only 6 1/2 per cent attained distinction in the Law School. Of those who graduated with honors from the college, 22 per cent attained distinction in the Law School; of those who graduated with great honor, 40 per cent; and of those who graduated with highest honor, 60 per cent." Dr. Foster further states, "Not one man in twenty years who was satisfied in Harvard College with grades of 'C' and lower gained distinction in the studies of the Harvard Law School".

These conclusions are confirmed by Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, writing in Harper's Magazine for May, 1928. "In 1911", he says, "President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard published an article on 'College Studies and Professional Training' which showed that men who ranked high in their college studies were apt to rank high in the law and medical schools and that, in spite of exceptions, those who ranked lower in college ranked on the average lower in the professional schools'. Surely these figures and the studies of these men point conclusively to the fact that high college scholarship does make for greater success in the graduate school than does low or medium scholarship.

But what of the college graduate who enters business or some other occupation? Is high scholastic rank a determinant of future success here? Dr. Foster explains the result of his study thus: "Three judges selected the most successful men among the graduates of the first twenty-four (1878-1901) classes from the University of Oregon. An examination of the scholarship records of these men showed that 53 per cent had been good students and 17 per cent had been weak students. Of the graduates who were not regarded as successful, 52 per cent had been weak students and only 12 per cent had been good students."

Walter S. Gifford, previously referred to, made an investigation into the scholarship of 4,125 of the college graduates employed in the Bell System, and found that "the longer the best students are in business, the more rapidly their earnings rise. The longer the poorer students are in business, the slower their earnings rise". Mr. Gifford admitted that success in life cannot be rated by income. "Nevertheless", said he, "as between one man and another working in the same business organization, success and salary—while not the same thing—will, generally speaking, parallel each other".

Dean Rivenburg of Bucknell University states that in his judgment and experience high scholastic rank does without question make for greater success after graduation than does low scholastic rank. In partial support of this he cites information which he received from one of the members of a chain store firm which has over two hundred stores. One letter stated, "Our experience has been such in our Company that we are now considering only the applications of the highest ten men of the graduating class, and where an applicant for our business is not obtainable among those ten a committee must pass upon the application before it is finally accepted. Like every concern, we have a surplus of employees and are weeding out the undesirables".

Another letter from the same source said, "Unless they become good students they will find it more difficult to compete in future years with the many good
boys who are graduating from college and have proven themselves capable of developing their minds”. Dean Rivenburg himself adds, “Business men in large numbers have come to believe that men who have developed the habit of doing high-grade work in college will continue to do high-grade work after they graduate, and they are uninterested in the man who graduates in the lowest fourth or fifth or tenth of his class”.

It seems safe to conclude, then, in the light of the above facts—unless evidence to the contrary can be produced—that scholarship in college does have a bearing on one’s future position in life; indeed, that high scholastic rank does make for greater success after graduation than does low rank. We have but to witness the many distinguished men in all fields of activity, the foundation for whose success has been the diligent and eager pursuit of their studies while in college. In the words of Dr. Foster, “It is likely that the first quarter in scholarship of any school or college class will give to the world as many distinguished men as the other three-quarters”.

--RUTH I. HAMMA

Thus Endeth:

Today has passed; the evening glow
Has faded, and its glory left the sky.
Yet in the shadows underneath the trees
Low music softly sounds; sweet harmonies
That with the breezes wander to and fro
Still haunt with dreamy tune the passerby.

And night has come. The moon no longer swings;
A great red ball, above yon tapering fir,
But high in heaven’s arc it gleams
And in a silver shower streams
Its light on all the earth; now night takes wings
As Day draws near. The stars make way for her.

And thus the yesterday of four long years
Has faded, and become a memory
Of lights and shadows, of gay melodies,
Of quiet thoughts, like nuns on prayerful knees.
All these pass by, and now a new day nears,
But still we linger in our realms of reverie.

And when the sky grows bright with morning-glow,
When dawn’s red fingers beckon us along,
And when tomorrow has become today,
May we launch forth, glad for our yesterday;
And on our roads, wherever we may go,
God, give our hearts a prayer, our lips a song.
Even In Dover
The Prize Winning Short Story in The Lantern Contest

RICHARD YAHRAES

DAVE had met Marion in Atlantic City during the summer. Now it was October, and he lay on his cot and gazed up at Marion's photograph. He had thumb-tacked it to the ceiling directly above his pillow. Of course, he should not ordinarily have fastened it there, for thumb tacks removed from plaster walls leave unsightly niches. But now it was October; June and dormitory room bills were still far ahead.

Later it was November. November in the city of Dover, New Jersey, is not usually considered a dreary month, for the goldenrod still blankets the fields, and the skies are blue. But Marion thought November a very dreary month indeed. Every day she could walk to the end of Main Street and see the goldenrod, but goldenrod and blue skies, too, grow monotonous.

Marion wished it were August, and Atlantic City, and the restaurant on Atlantic Avenue, and she in a waitress' white smock and Dave back in the kitchen, with white shirt-sleeves rolled up, arranging salad platters. Instead, it was November, and she was at home, lonely, in Dover. And Dave was at college, probably not lonely.

He wasn't lonely, for there was soccer practice every night, and studying to do, and hundreds of glasses to fill with water three times daily in the East dining-room. But he still found time to think of Marion, in spite of the soccer, the term papers and the empty glasses which had to be filled—

He hadn't expected to remain interested for so long. Usually a new girl graced his day-dreams for a month or so, only to be replaced by another and different one. Then there were always long letters of explanation that had to be written. Dave never failed to feel sorry for his lady-loves as he cast them aside. And genuine sorrow it was, too; he realized that his nature was a fickle one, and always sympathized with the girl, who had not tired so soon as he had.

Dave supposed that some day he would mature, and his tastes would become more stable. Until that day, he would have to continue apologizing. In the back of his mind there lurked a disturbing thought. He suspected that in some remote time—a time as thickly shrouded in the mist of the future as June and his room bill—a girl would become weary of his ready smile and his shaggy mop of blond hair, long before he had wearied of her photograph on the ceiling of his bedroom. He wondered if this young lady of the future would be as gentle with his feelings as he should be with—well, Marion's, when the time had arrived to be gentle.

As she dusted the living room furniture, Marion was happy in the knowledge that square, grey envelopes from Pennsylvania still arrived in the afternoon mail. As long as these envelopes continued to arrive, Dave still cared. And his caring meant much to her. At nineteen a girl in love is very much in love.—Marion was nineteen.

In all their walks on the wind-swept boardwalk last August, they had never spoken of love. He had not mentioned the solemn word, and she, maidenly, had acted always in character; she had been careful, she thought, to be gay and friendly, and to stop there. Dorothy Dix, Emily Post—they all said a girl must stop there, if she would arouse a boy's interest. She had tried not to be too often in his presence. But there in the restaurant on Atlantic Avenue, something more than mere words had passed between them.

The ancient Hindus had an explanation for the phenomenon; King Nimi, the legend goes, is the name of the little sprite that dwells in lovers' eyes—this flash in Dave's eyes, when their glances met over the steam tables, meant more to her than ordinary talk of love.

Yet he was a college boy, and college boys were fun-loving, and perhaps careless of a girl's heart. Meanwhile, the letters continued. That was something. And meanwhile, Marion went on with her dusting.

Now it was January, and the basketball season was at its height. Dave's mop of blond hair, his wide smile, and his prowess on the gymnasium floor were making him more than ever popular.

Then came the Athletic Association dance. Dave attended, and it was here that Kitty catalogued him as
desired, and decided to obtain him for her already large collection of male admirers.

Marion’s photograph remained on the ceiling for several days after the dance. For there was something about that girl, as Dave phrased his thought aloud to his roommate. When his roommate asked how long Dave had known her, Dave replied that their acquaintance had lasted two months. His roommate remarked that Kitty was more beautiful than Miss Atlantic City, and used a slang term to the effect that Kitty possessed the added advantage of being skilled on the dance floor.

Dave agreed to all this. But he added that his roommate hadn’t known Marion. His roommate conceded that there must have been something about that girl. Her personality, probably. And the picture remained in place on the ceiling.

There were walks with Kitty, who remarked that Dave should have as a permanent possession someone like her to keep his tie in place. She remarked that it wasn’t fair to the girls in the world that Dave should have so large a share of divine, golden hair on his sweet head. And so saying, she sometimes reached up and smoothed his divine, golden hair with her long, graceful fingers.

More surely than slowly, Kitty succeeded in making an impression on Dave. Especially after that night at the College Tavern. They were walking home with the others, and Dave noticed that the moon hung low and orange in the sky. He noticed the moon, and that whenever Kitty reached up to rumple his hair, he felt pleasant inside. She was—“fluffy” seemed best to describe her, in Dave’s imagination. He began wishing to cuddle her, like his younger sister used to cuddle her fluffy Persian kitten—

Kitty apparently felt the same way about the matter. At any rate he kissed her, twice, under the bare branches of a maple tree. He kissed her twice before she said good-night, and each time he could see, from the corner of his left eye the great, orange moon hanging low in the sky.

Now it was March, and no square, grey envelopes had come to Marion in Dover, New Jersey, for several weeks. It seemed a long time ago that she had received Dave’s last letter. It had been as friendly as ever, but it was the last. Perhaps the time that had elapsed wasn’t so very long, after all, Marion thought. She counted the days on the calendar. She’d skip Sundays, she decided, for there was no mail collection on Sundays. And hadn’t there been three out-of-town basketball games on the college schedule? She couldn’t expect him to write while he was away, fighting for his college, could she? But even without figuring in Sundays and three other occasions, Marion realized that no letter had come for eighteen days.

She heard the “clink” of the slot as the postman dropped in the day’s mail. She tried to walk to the door calmly. But it was very hard to deceive yourself when you wanted a letter—

The “clink” was a circular letter addressed to her sister. Well, she hadn’t really expected a letter; why were those tears running down her cheeks? She dabbed at the unreasonable eyes with her handkerchief. She thought they were unreasonable eyes for crying like this, but she remembered that Dave had told her, in a very serious-sounding voice, that she possessed extremely pretty eyes. He had said that the night he had kissed her. She remembered that time very well. They were standing under the pavilion, with the rain splashing down all around them. They had just—looked at each other—and then it had happened. Love was queer, Marion reflected. And now, she supposed, it was all ending,—or ended.

She glanced at the circular crumpled in her hand. It was addressed to her sister. She hadn’t talked much about Dave to her sister. It was hard to talk about those things. She heard her sister humming “Night Winds,” as she worked in the kitchen. Her sister could afford to hum. She hadn’t loved Dave, even with shirt-sleeves rolled up, arranging salad platters. She hadn’t been kissed by Dave, while the rain made murky puddles on the boardwalk—

In his third-floor dormitory room, Dave had removed the picture. Another now occupied its place. Dave’s roommate congratulated him. Kitty and Dave were the toast of the campus, and not burnt toast, either, said his roommate. Dave smiled.

The more he associated with Kitty, the more completely he forgot Marion. He was not surprised that he had forgotten Marion. Atlantic City, summertime—he hadn’t even visited her at her home. She lived in Trenton—no, Dover, New Jersey, and besides the address in his billfold were directions to find her house, directions he’d had no occasion to use.

Kitty no longer rumpled his hair; spring had shaken the sleeping campus into new green life, and sometimes colorful salamanders never more than four inches long, crawled, lizard-like, in the dewy grass. Kitty took advantage of these occasions to squeeze Dave’s finger and make a frightened, little-girl sound
that Dave best described as "Ooo!" He liked it, though he couldn't imitate the sound. Nor could his roommate, who laughed and talked as if all the young women he had ever known had made "Ooo!" sounds.

In spite of Kitty, sometimes when Dave went to bed, he could see Marion's picture looking down at him through the dark. Of course, it couldn't really be her picture, he told himself, for the room was in darkness. Besides, Marion's picture wasn't fastened up there on the ceiling any longer. Usually he would turn over and go to sleep, but before drowsing off, he would still see Marion for several seconds, even with his face buried in his pillow, even though everyone on the campus knew he loved Kitty, even though he knew he had forgotten Marion—

Sprin in Dover, New Jersey, is not extraordinary. But it is as beautiful as spring anywhere in the Temperate Zone. Marion had been picking violets. Then she thought of Dave and forgot that it was spring, and that violets were growing in the fields at the end of Main Street.

She knew Dave had forgotten her. She knew she had no right to expect a college boy to remember a waitress in a restaurant on Atlantic Avenue. He'd be working at the restaurant again that summer, she knew. But summer was a long time away. She mustn't write, not until she received at least a note from him. She mustn't write, she informed herself. But the very thought gave her ideas. She would not write, she re-asserted. Yet a friendly note, inviting him to—she must NOT write. He'd think her foolish and sentimental. And he'd be right in thinking so. She must not write. "I won't write; I won't!"

After she had penned a letter, she felt more cheerful. The letter invited him to visit her and her sister during Easter recess.

But as she stood at the corner by the mail-box, hesitant, a freak gust of wind twisted the blue envelope from her fingers, and it rolled into the tar-streaked gutter. As she turned up Main Street, toward home, she decided that Fate was unrelentingly against her. She'd rewrite the letter tomorrow.

Tomorrow was April 12, and on April 12 Dave informed his roommate that he intended to cut track practice, in order to leave college early. For spring recess started the next day. Dave did not tell his roommate that he desired an early start in order to reach Dover, New Jersey, that same day. Although he didn't realize it, a gust of wind was responsible for his resolution to see Marion—a gust of wind that had blown past a corner mail-box in Dover the evening before.

For Dave was curious. He had not written to Marion since February. Now it was April, and he was about to cut track practice to visit her. Usually when Dave neglected to write to young ladies, they were disturbed, and in time sent inquiring letters. Dave was not conceited; he was merely curious to know why the customary adulation was not forthcoming from Marion.

He was certain that Kitty was as attractive to him as ever, and that his interest in his former lady-love was now purely a friendly one. Moreover, his conscience bothered him. He had deviated from his usual custom of making written apologies for loss of interest. Now he'd deliver them personally.

He wrapped Marion's photograph in brown paper, addressed a note to his roommate, mailed his laundry kit to his home address, and proceeded to hitch-hike to Dover, New Jersey.

The early afternoon of April 12 was warm. Dave was perspiring when the garrulous truck-driver reached Easton. But Dave thanked the driver, and crossed the Delaware Bridge into New Jersey. In New Jersey, kindly motorists were less numerous.

Late in the afternoon Dave found himself stranded on the winding Schooley's Mountain road east of Hackettstown, New Jersey. Although the road was a State highway, traffic was meagre. As Dave started to ascend the two-mile grade on foot, he had time to crystallize his plans.

Candy he could buy in Dover. He'd hand her the candy with an appropriate remark concerning sweets to the sweet, and then he'd hand her the wrapped photograph, and say that he hoped their friendship would be a long one, and then add that he must be returning to his home in the morning.

As he swept by Budd's Lake in an open car driven by a silent man in grey tweeds, he assured himself once more that Marion would not consider him a lover. She couldn't; last summer had passed long since. They had both been young—He remembered kissing her under the pavilion in the rain. Then he remembered kissing Kitty twice under a large orange moon hung low in the sky. He frowned in thought—

The twilight of early evening had fallen as Dave located the "1500" block of Dover's Main Street. He rehearsed to himself the words he would speak. First the candy, then her photograph. Above all, non-chalance. That was important.

He approached Marion's house, and identified the
address. He'd ring the front door bell. He noticed a young man in a linen suit seated in a coupe at the curb. But the car was parked by the house next-door. Dave was relieved, strangely.

But as he looked again, he knew that the coupe was parked by Marion's house, and that the young man was waiting for—Marion. Dave became convinced that drowning persons do review in kaleidoscopic fashion the events of their past life. For the young man's presence made him review his past with Marion, in a second:

The youthful lines of her white smock—her quiet voice—she didn't squeeze one's finger—kissing her in the rain—her face in his pillow.

He knew, finally, why one kiss in the gloom just off the Atlantic City boardwalk remained more vivid in his memory than two kisses under a maple tree, with a great, orange moon hung low in the sky—with Marion no moon was necessary.

Then came action. Dave was angry, really moved, for the second time in his life. (The first had been the occasion of his mother's yielding up his cherished tricycle to the junk man.)

He sprinted through the back alley, just as if he had not cut the afternoon track practice, and therefore had been in top form. He remembered the photograph. He dropped it into a lilac bush in the back yard, and dashed up onto the porch.

Marion looked up with a start from her ironing.

"Dave!"

"Listen, Marion, didn't—"

"But, Dave!"

"Yes, it's me. But please listen. Now look. Didn't I—well—you can't—"

"Yes, Dave?"

"Darn it, didn't I have your picture on my bedroom ceiling ever since last September? Didn't I—gee, that apron's pretty on you—but anyway, didn't I, I mean, I could hardly wait to see you, so I came all the way to—well, I did, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did, Dave." She was being demure now.

"Well, good gosh, don't you see? Can't you even sympathize? I love you. I love you. Haven't you ever been in love?" By now he knew that he, at least, had never been in love—until now.

"Yes, I've been in love. I love you right now, Dave. But this—"

"Good! I mean, gee! Well, shall we—well, what about your guy out front?"

"Guy?"

"In a coupe. I mean, in a white linen suit!"

"Oh, Dave! He's Irma's young man. You've never met Irma, have you? My sister, you know—"

Then Dave kissed her for the second, third, and fourth times in his life.

As they stood there by the ironing board in the spring twilight, some seconds later, they were thinking different thoughts:

Marion was thinking that Fate must indeed have been smiling on her all the time, all winter, even here in Dover, for here was Dave—

Dave was thinking that when it grew dark, he'd have to sneak out and get that photograph from under the lilac bush; he needed it for his bedroom ceiling.
An Essay Submitted for the Paisley Prize

The Moral Standard to Which We Must Appeal in Judging Whether a Lie is Ever Justifiable.

A YOUNG WOMAN STUDENT

The use of the word “lie” usually implies strong moral censure and a charge of intention to effect wrongfully the acts, opinions or affections of another. It is a falsehood uttered or acted for the purpose of deception. It is with the application of this definition of the word that we make an attempt to keep our speech free of any untruths. From this effort in the struggle of life with individuals the query often comes, what is right or what is wrong?

Right is what is morally good and lies are peculiar types of evil, the latter being results of moods which overtake us unknowingly. They need critical analyses before we can apply any moral standard for a reasonable judgment.

Is there any moral standard to which we must appeal in judging whether a lie is ever justifiable? In answer to the question at issue we maintain that there is never any justification for wrong doing. Is there any moral standard to which we must appeal as a basis for this conclusion? Yes. That standard is the individual himself. In a world in which “laissez-faire” and crime seem to predominate, the process by means of which one arrives at this conclusion is difficult. Perhaps we shall make clear our position that wrong doing is never justifiable and that the individual is the standard to which we must appeal, if we turn to the great German philosopher, Immanuel Kant. We shall not deal here with the fundamental error in the Kantian philosophy, that is, the distinction between the phenomenal territory, the sensations, and the noumenal territory, realities beyond sensations.

The fundamental question is: In the field of ethics, are there any universal and necessary judgments? Must every human being join the terms right and wrong to certain actions and people? Kant’s very answer is clear. “There is nothing absolutely and altogether good, a good will alone excepted.” This good for all is not anything that may be used to evil ends. It will not let us justify a lie on any grounds. This law of his is not mere inclination: it is the necessity of speaking the truth always out of regard for the moral law. “So act that the maxims of thy conduct could, by thy will, become law universal.” This is no happiness morality; this is no commercial utility morality. This is morality based upon one’s own will. And man cannot will except in keeping with his highest—his best self. It is to this best self one must appeal in judging whether a thing is right or wrong, or whether a wrong is ever justifiable. This law makes each one an end in himself. “So act,” says this keen philosopher, “that you will, at all times, recognize the worth of humanity in your own person and in the person of every other.” If you try to justify a lie, then you are not recognizing the worth of humanity either in yourself or in the person of another.

When Soeur Simplice, in “Les Miserables”, told the gendarmes that Jean Valjean was not in the room, Victor Hugo says poetically that that lie is recorded in heaven. What he means to say is that Sister Simplice did not lie. The low-minded gendarmes were looking for Jean Valjean, the thief, the degenerate, the brute. Instead there was in the room a counterpart of the “Man of Sorrows”, who had just come from his Gethsemane, the court-room, where he had willfully given himself up to save an innocent laborer from the galleys. Did not Victor Hugo mean that the Sister recognized the worth of humanity in herself and in the great soul before her when she said that Jean Valjean was not there? This is not quibbling. This is an act in the inner intelligible world of freedom. This is founded on experience which you yourself make and hold up in your own soul.

Everybody has experienced impulses and desires blindly pulling in one direction. Suppose one does not yield? Duty uncompromisingly above the struggle points in the other direction. If one surrenders to blind impulse, one breaks a universal law. When he listens to duty, he acknowledges the superiority of morality. This is the Kantian ethics. As the ions and electrons in chemistry are necessary for an adequate explanation of the facts in that science, so is the will a necessity for any proper explanation of the moral life. This is the standard to which we must appeal in judging human...
condemns what he formerly understood. Dewey condemns the moral imperative as inconsistent. He says, for example, that if one kill a man in defense of his family, he may not will that everybody should always kill. Of course not. This does not follow. If you kill in defense of your family, you may will that one should always kill in defense of one's family. Dewey likewise gives this illustration: "If I will aid a man by charity, I may not will that everybody should try to relieve all distress that comes before him." Why not? What is wrong about willing that helping those in distress is always to be practiced? We maintain, then, that Kant's moral imperative has unquestionable value in determining the justifiability or lack of it in questions of moral conduct. We believe that wrong doing is never justifiable and that the moral standard to which we must appeal in judging is the standard each one must necessarily set up in his own soul.

In so much that this is true, Artaban, in Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man", was justified in keeping the safety of the child secure by telling the soldiers that he was alone. He felt within himself that he had told an untruth but the standard he had set up in his soul permitted him to don the role of a protector. He was pre-Kantian in his ethics.

Another German philosopher, George Hegel, teaches that man's moral worth cannot be realized except by the death of sin in him, and this death he alone can cause. Sin may be necessary as a stage in the process of man's growth, but this does not mean that we should approve or justify it. We must will its death. According to Hegel, then, the concrete standard of duty is as much of infinite reality as one is capable of accepting at any given stage of his development. Therefore, he may condemn as wrong tomorrow that which he believed to be right today. This does not mean that standards vary, but that with progress of fuller knowledge man condemns what he formerly did not understand.

In the field of ethics the materialist does not accept our standard for judging moral worth nor the standard which the individual himself sets up within himself. The materialist rejects this because he believes that civilization is the inevitable result of blind forces working blindly and that, consequently, free will is a figment. If this is true, then, there certainly can be no standards of moral life. There are just "blind forces working blindly." It is, of course, necessary to recognize that there are distinctions between mind and matter, between noumenon and phenomenon, between finite and infinite. We know there can be no consciousness without a brain. However, we cannot agree with the materialist that from blind forces comes consciousness that is not blind. There can be no antagonism between mind and matter, between the finite and the infinite. Therefore, that which we know finitely is only so much of the infinite that we are able to get in touch with at our present state of development. Some are more developed than others. These know more of the infinite. In the field of ethics, they express more of truth, not complete or perfect, but an expression of truth nevertheless. The more we know of science, the more we are led to believe that the universe exhibits law, reason, and right. But each one must experience this idea for himself, by his own study and his own effort. No doubt at first the world stands against us as a cold, cruel, unconscious world. If this idea prevails, we must surely perish. But each one must strive to bring about a unity between the world outside of himself and the world within himself. He will find that within himself are reason, conscience, and will power. He will find that he must be able to do what he thinks he ought to do and that he must be able not to do what he thinks he ought to do. If he cannot will within himself to do what he chooses to do and approves of doing, he is not moral. However, experience shows us on every hand men and women capable of doing what they know they should do. Their standards are they themselves, right characters which they themselves have developed. We know they grew to be right characters through stress and strain, through conscious self-direction. If man has no self-directing power, he is like an animal. But man can and does direct his complex life of impulse, desire, intellect according to end, a standard of duty. And the only standard he has, therefore, is the one which he himself has brought about by hard labor and by much suffering. He reaches this often by the overthrow of his pride. He wills the death of many wrongs within him. When he is able to do this no lie is justifiable. If it were, it would mean the downfall of reason.

In connection with our problem it is helpful to
note the teaching of Henri Bergson. He says that "a conduct that is really our own is that of a will which does not try to counterfeit intellect and which ripens gradually into acts which the intellect will be able to resolve indefinitely into intelligible elements without ever reaching its goal." This means continual change, ceaseless development. In the field of ethics these acts of the will are not accidental; they are in keeping with the kind of a creature you are. When we remember what Bergson says that "intelligent modeled on matter fabricates it and converts it into an instrument in order to become master of it," we may logically conclude then that we can use this intellect in the field of morals as the motivating force for self-direction. "Harness, like yoked oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles and joints, the weight of the plow, and the resistance of the soil." Our heavy task is to get into conscious touch with reality. This justifies no truckling with wrong-doing. To realize ourselves means that we are not yet satisfied. Self is not static; it is mobile and full of potentialities. To realize any phase of it we must express ourselves. We must be monads, independent creatures bounded neither by matter nor by conventionalities.

Our idea of independence is not pragmatic. Pragmatism is a makeshift; it affords a working hypothesis for the practical man’s view of ethics, a kind of cut and dry philosophy for the weaker brother, the modern Babbit or Chamber of Commerce parasite. The philosophy which says, “Thou canst, for thus oughtest” is higher, for it allows the conscious self to dominate the whole situation. If we live in a determined world, it is inspiring to believe with Bergson that we are indeterminate, that is, nothing can prevent our self-expression. Our freedom is the result of things that are us. I am limited by my past; my past is me. We make ourselves do certain things and are ourselves the standards. We thus, “thrust ourselves into reality”, each an individual if fearlessness shares in the spirit of the whole.

In conclusion we must believe that if we are undetermined centers in a determined environment, the self is free. It is then the only standard to which we can appeal in questions of a moral nature. We can now understand more fully the significance of “Posse non peccare.” He was able not to sin. Being the person he was, he could not sin. We can understand then, too, that the good for all is not anything that may be used for evil ends. Consequently, wrong-doing is never justifiable. Truth is the necessity of an action that comes from the moral worth of the self. This is freedom.

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**Towers of France**

You lift your regal heads in mighty splendor
Against the blue of turquoise-painted sky.
For centuries, o'erlook the ancient tree-tops
And watch the changes of the world glide by.

You stand enthroned upon the lofty hill-tops
With quiet peaceful mien, and tell to all,
The struggles that have passed by at your feet—
A nation's conquest, growth, and then its fall.

You watch the slow but mystical transition
Of customs, dress, and such, from old to new
But ever hold as sacred treasured secrets
The memories of the age that built you.

You lead the restless spirit of the nation
To harmony, and peace, and high ideals,
'Til it is all unknowing, striving, longing,
For the strength and beauty each of you reveals.

—RUTH I. HAMMA
An Essay Submitted for the Paisley Prize

A YOUNG MAN STUDENT

"Is there any moral standard to which we must appeal in judging whether a lie is ever justifiable, as for example in the case of Artaban in Van Dyke's The Story of the Other Wise Man?"

I

What is a moral standard? Essentially, it is a basis for judgment of right and wrong conduct of groups, or of individuals within a group. Whatever this standard is, it claims our highest devotion, and its authority must be recognized as supreme. Moral standards, however, are not fixed and perpetual; every age and every group seems, to some extent, to have a distinct moral standard, determined by the particular needs and interests of the time. What is right for one age, or one group, is wrong for another.

There was once a time when might was right; when the individual proved such right by sheer force, to the end of satisfying selfish desires and physical cravings. He never asked himself deliberately whether his conduct was of such a kind as to promote the welfare of his group. Still less was he concerned about his own character or that of others. Soon, however, customary modes of action grew up in the life of the group, and modes of action which were favorable to its welfare tended to be selected, approved, and preserved. The Elder in the family and the Leader in the clan preserved the customs and judged, for the most part, the right and wrong conduct of the members. The state was merely an enlargement of these smaller groups. When the church gained power it became the final authority, and law took a large measure of the place of custom in the control of conduct. The distinction between right and wrong became more distinct. With the transfer of authority from the positive law of state and church to the moral law of the sacred canon came also the passing of judgment on attitudes, motives, intentions of the mind as well as on the external action of the individual.

At this stage conflicts arose. Increased knowledge and wider experience revealed inconsistencies of customs and traditions with laws, or of one law with another. Increased complexity of society and new social roles made it difficult for the individual to know just what was the right thing to do on a given occasion. The ultimate result was good, however, for such conflict of laws and uncertainty of traditions and customs gave rise to reflection and criticism, to the revision of traditional systems and social customs, and to the search for some deeper standard of judgment. At this stage we have preached the higher level of moral development—personal, or reflective, morality, and it is here that we are today. It now becomes the opportunity and the obligation of the thinking individual to arrive at moral convictions for himself, and, by thoughtful consideration, to determine some fundamental principles of right conduct, and their application from day to day.

Though we believe that no one can find or set up any fixed standard solution for imaginary problems to fit into a given situation when it arises, and that there is no rule that can tell us in advance how to meet a new situation in every detail, we do believe that there are fundamental principals of morality which, for practical purposes—for we should not be so conceited as to overlook any possibility for future development in new knowledge and insight—we may say constitute lasting elements of a moral standard.

The supreme worth of Persons and their inherent right to the development and growth of personality; a person's ability to select and interpret the order of values, such as Beauty, Truth, Justice, and Love, worthy of the highest devotion of all men; his freedom to dedicate himself to that order, these appreciations constitute, we believe, the essential elements of an adequate moral standard. Rightness and wrongness of human conduct rest upon the fulfillment and violation, respectively, of these fundamental principles, for right and wrong are determined neither in terms of āpriori precepts nor of external authority, but in terms of actual values experienced by the individual in a social group. Sound judgment must precede simple acquiescence to authority and law.

II

Our question now stands, therefore, Is a lie ever justifiable, judged on the basis of such a moral standard?

Now, society rests upon the honesty existing in human relations, else it could not hang together. At the bottom of the whole superstructure is someone's confidence in someone else that he is truthful and is
Some people habitually torture us with their revelations of the 'truth;' and our enemies stand ever watchful to discover not imaginary but our real short-comings to turn these to our harm. We may even gather up the gems of truth that fall from poisoned lips and use them for our own purposes: salut ex inimicus, runs the Latin phrase; and not infrequently we derive involuntary profit from people whom, nevertheless, we are thereafter careful to avoid.

On the other hand, there are times when we come face to face with real moral problems and situations which place before us the alternative of lying against one value or another that is equal to it, or above it. That is the situation in which Artaban of "The Other Wise Man" finds himself when at the home of the mother and the child. It is true, we feel, as Van Dyke himself says, that perhaps a lie is never justifiable, but "may it not sometimes seem inevitable? And if it were a sin, might not a man confess it, and be pardoned for it more easily than for the greater sin of spiritual selfishness, or indifference, or the betrayal of innocent blood?"

Exactly that. In any situation where value stands against value there is no possible escape. Even to remain silent on the question is a positive decision—for usually such action, or lack of action, speaks louder than words—and, in addition, the person becomes a moral coward. In the real world we are continually confronted with the necessity of settling conflicts of value, and no one escapes the obligation of his decision, given in one way or the other.

Hartman expresses exactly the feeling of the writer: "Truthfulness as a value, with its specific moral claim, admits of no exceptions at all. What is called the necessary lie is always as anti-value—at least from the point of view of truthfulness—as a value. No end can justify deliberate deception as a means—certainly not in the sense of causing it to cease to be a moral wrong.

"Still we are confronted here with a very serious moral problem, which is by no means solved by the simple rejection of each and every lie. There are situations which place before a man the unescapable alternative either of sinning against truthfulness or against some other equally high, or even some higher, value. A physician violates his professional duty, if he tells a patient who is dangerously ill the critical state of his health; the imprisoned soldier who, when questioned by the enemy, allows the truth about his country's tactics to be extorted from him, is guilty of high treason; a friend, who does not try to conceal information given to him in strictest personal confidence, is guilty of breach of confidence. In all such cases the mere virtue of silence is not adequate. Where suspicions are aroused, mere silence may be extremely
eloquent. If the physician, the prisoner, the possessor of confidential information will do their duty of warding off a calamity that threatens, they must resort to a lie. But if they do so, they make themselves guilty on the side of truthfulness.”

Oppositions between values need not always be contradictory in themselves. But even where value does not stand against value, concrete situations bring it about, and we can devote ourselves to one only in violation of the other—as in the case of Artaban. In practice, values clash and if we must decide between loyalty to truthfulness or loyalty to some other higher value, judged on the basis of our moral standard, an untruth seems to us to be inevitable.

For instance, perhaps the highest values in any ideal society are love and justice. Real love, toward God and Man, must express itself in just relationships. There is no genuine love that at its root is not ultimately based on justice, and theoretically they are not antithetical. And yet we often meet with practical situations where, at the moment, at least, there does seem to be a conflict and we must make our decision in favor of the higher value. (The basis for such decision, let it be remembered, is our belief in the worth of persons, and their ability and freedom to set up a system of values to which they and all men may give their highest devotion).

What is Van Dyke’s illustration? In brief, it is this: Artaban was faced with the problem of deciding at once, either, as a citizen, in favor of loyalty to the decree of the state—deciding in favor of the legal law, or, as a person, and a respecter of persons, in favor of loyalty to protection of personality against that legal law—deciding in favor of the moral law. Truthfulness to the one value necessarily prevented truthfulness to the other. He chose the moral law.

It is quite clear that the values as such were not in conflict; between loyalty to country and loyalty to personality there exists no antimony at all. But in such a practical situation as this it becomes impossible to satisfy both at the same time. We do not mean to make a universal justification of the necessary lie. Van Dyke’s illustration is no doubt an extreme case. Nevertheless, in such a situation as Artaban’s—and one meets extreme cases more often, perhaps, than is desired—one cannot avoid making a decision. Every attempt to remain silent, or hold a middle ground, is a violation of both values. It indicates a “lack of the sense of responsibility and of the willingness to assume it; and often it is also due to moral judgment of the individual. He is responsible for his act, and, according to his own living sense of the relative height of the values in question, he takes upon himself the consequences of his act, personal and social; the guilt involved in the violation of the one value. By so doing we believe he increases in moral strength, and so is able to carry the guilt shameless.

“Real moral life is not such that one can stand guiltless in it. And that each person must step by step in life settle conflicts, insoluble theoretically, by his own free sense of values and his own creative energy, should be regarded as a feature of the highest spiritual significance in complete humanity and genuine freedom. Yet one must not make of this a comfortable theory, as the vulgar mind makes of the permissible lie, imagining that one brings upon himself no guilt in offending against clearly discerned values. It is only unavoidable guilt which can preserve a man from moral decay.”

III

Is there any moral standard to which we must appeal in judging whether a lie is ever justifiable, as for example in the case of Artaban in Van Dyke’s The Story of the Other Wise Man? Yes. It is that standard which claims our appreciation of the supreme worth of persons and their inherent right to grow and develop; a person’s ability to select and interpret the order of values worthy of the highest devotion of all men; and his freedom to dedicate himself to that order.

On the basis of this moral standard, is a lie ever justifiable? Yes. Where there is a conflict between values one may, and, to be truthful to himself, ought to remain loyal to the highest value, even at the danger of being guilty on the side of truthfulness. That value or those highest values, it should be repeated, are deemed worthy of the highest devotion of all men.

Though a lie were a sin, “might not a man confess it, and be pardoned for it more easily than for the greater sin of spiritual selfishness, or indifference, or the betrayal of innocent blood?”
"MINISTERIAL INTERN" in a hospital for mental diseases is in a position to observe aspects of hospital life at first hand— aspects which are denied to members of the staff and employees by reason of their restricting professional and social positions. He is free to associate with patients and doctors as he is with social workers and the chef. By the very nature of his work, he is admitted everywhere with the utmost freedom; he is the confidant of all and, at the same time, the cynosure of all eyes, in that he is material for choice gossip. Such a position was mine for two delightful months last summer, cooperating with another man whom I shall call Paul.

Laymen are well aware of the tragedy and horror connected with a hospital of the sort I mention. Too often they fail to note that there are varying degrees and kinds of insanity, so that to them a patient is an object of awe and fear. It is of no use to inform them that some patients are the intellectual superiors of some college professors—this being often the nature of their affliction—or that, according to reliable statistics, fully half the patients make complete recoveries. Insanity is insanity, they will say, and by the term they mean that the unfortunate victim is transformed from a normal human being to something bestial to be herded with others of his kind into cells. They know, rather vaguely, that methods of treating insanity today have improved considerably over the methods used two centuries ago, but it comes as a distinct shock to them that violent patients are not kept in pits open to public view. If that is surprising, a greater surprise comes with the revelation that few patients are restrained at all, that they live in comfortable rooms opening on well-lighted, attractively furnished corridors which in turn open into pleasant sitting rooms and music rooms. The last gasp comes with the knowledge that many of the patients are completely happy, knowing the first real peace of their lives.

Tragedy stalks a hospital for mental diseases, Yes. But there is much that is humorous, too. There is thirteen-year-old Patsy who has a terrible temper because she is an encephalitic. She bites anyone in reach. In the course of her examination by the staff, she confides engagingly in the handsome doctor that she wants to be his secretary. There is the fine-look-
so I have a good excuse for my inability to grant her request. I persuaded her to support the Presbyterian church a little longer despite its unjust system of communion. After all, membership in the Episcopal church is attended with certain technical requirements and the specialized character of the preparation of the candidate is a bit removed from my training. We continue the interview on a more fruitful topic by discussing the lady’s afflictions. She has “nervous spells” from which she has suffered for some twenty years in the hospital. Seeking to put a tactful question, I hit on one which every good doctor asks his patient sooner or later:

“And do you hear voices?”

“Why yes,” she exclaims with an air of surprised delight as if it were wonderful how I knew. “Yes, often Jesus talks to me right out.” (This with the quiet triumph of equality with, if not superiority to, “the minister” to whom celestial voices are certainly no novelty). “And God does, too. Sometimes I see Angels floating around the top of my room. And my father and mother, too. It’s very interesting, you know.”

I agree warmly, commend her religious zeal, point out the opportunity for a practical expression of that zeal in a more sisterly attitude toward her fellow patients—a point which reports from nurses and attendants indicate she had overlooked—and the interview is at an end, with fervent assurances on her part that we are now friends for life with definite possibility of change in the nature of the relationship so far as she is concerned. I withdraw.

Perhaps the most amusing patients are those suffering from manic-depressive psychoses in the manic phase and parieties. No worry clouds their brow. To them life is expansive and large and full of laughter. If a bit of diverting amusement is desired, it is necessary only to start a row from which a whole series of hilarious consequences follow. For example, nothing is quite so funny as the actions of a person whose hair you happen to be pulling. Then, too, it’s always good fun to try to run away; it gives some of the plumper nurses exercise. Attendants can always be choked if nothing better in the way of entertainment presents itself.

One day early in my internship while the hospital is still largely a place of awful mystery, Paul announces that we are to visit the airing courts. These courts are large, brick-walled enclosures, bare of furnishing except for a pavilion to shade the patients, into which the more disturbed and less presentable patients are placed every day for several hours in order to derive the benefits of open air and sunlight.

Before we enter, Paul warns me not to be frightened either by what I see or what may happen, nor am I to appear ill at ease. At our appearance, a slight, frail old woman on the other side of the court shouts a greeting, and with amazing agility ambles toward us. She greets each of us in turn and, because I am last, she devotes her attention to me.

“My name is B. — B. — and I am the Empress of Rooshit! What’s yours? Are you married? Oh dear! Yes, I am. What do you suppose this ring is for? I have a son. He’s much bigger than you are. Do you have any rings? Oh, don’t do that!”

She chatters on. In the short time it takes to cross the court, she gives me the impression that we have fully discussed at least ten subjects, ranging from our respective marital conditions to our views on religion, and arrived at definite conclusions on each. While I try vainly to keep up with her conversation, tossed off with the rapidity of machine-gun fire, I take stock of the Empress. Her Majesty is small; her face is plaster-like, a relief map with two bright, bird-like eyes shining through the wrinkles. She is neatly dressed, as befits a royal personage, and in her hair is a huge comb glittering with rhinestones; it is her chief bid for fame and the final proof of her royal status. She must be sixty-five, I decide, but her actions are those of a very mischievous and energetic child.

Later, when in the course of several meetings, the Empress, at heart a very democratic person, and I become good friends, I begin to look for some mark of royal favor. Paul has told me that my predecessor so captivated her that he received an appointment of Crown Prince of all the Rooshias”. An appointed Crown Prince seems strange at first when past impressions indicate that other monarchs undergo a more involved procedure, but the Empress has an easy way of settling her affairs. Paul has been made Grand Duke. On several occasions, the Empress has been cordial to me, so my hopes are high for something better. Anybody can be a Grand Duke, but it takes a real man to be Prince Consort, for example.

Going into the airing court one day in search of a supervisor, the Empress waylays me and greets me with such effusiveness that I know my appointment is near. I am not wrong. Taking my arm in the manner of an Empress who is about to honor one whom she would trust with the crown jewels, she conducts me to the pavilion where I inquire for the supervisor. That business finished, the Empress indicates her desire to speak on matters of state. Overcome by the informality of the occasion, I hoist one foot to the pavilion floor, rest my right elbow on
that knee and cup my chin in my right hand, leaving the other hand free for gestures. With an air of democratic comradery, the Empress apes my position and launches into her problems.

"Tell me," she begins, "What are they doing in Vienna? I understand they've been fighting quite a bit. I'm the Empress of Rooshia, you know. My name is B — B — and I'm the Empress of all the Rooshias and they are all my subjects."

I disclaim any first-hand knowledge of Vienna, not having the opportunity to visit that delightful city, but I inform her Majesty that newspapers report a distressing state of revolution among her subjects. I feel it best to let her assumption that all the Rooshias embrace Vienna rest for the moment.

"I know, I know," Her Majesty frowns. "Why haven't you been there? What do you do?"

I explain the demands on my time by an understanding hospital staff.

"Well, how would you like to go to Vienna? I'm Empress of Rooshia. You go in an official capacity, of course, as my private confidential ambassador. I'll fix it for you here at the hospital. The doctors are friends of mine. I'll pay your expenses, too. Now you go as soon as you can and when you get back, you report to me. Hear?"

I assure Her Majesty that her wishes will be obeyed. My chagrin I conceal as best I can. What! do I rate nothing better than the post of confidential ambassador? Oh, well, one must serve one's sovereign in any capacity she may see fit.

With daily experiences like these, the life of the intern is filled. Emergencies arise, major tragedies of the moment must be averted, confidences are imparted with a touching faith in "the minister's" ability to solve the whole problem on the spot. The infinite variety of moods and foibles of humanity are spread before him. Early he learns to check futile sympathy and to express it in some practical fashion, to listen to burning grievances which spend themselves with the telling, to respond to all advances he can. Very early he learns "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think," but to meet his patients as a friend. He laughs and helps them to laugh; he presents a father whose greatest desire is that they, being sick, might be made well, who does not punish but loves, who is approached through prayer. In return for his efforts, "the minister" is showered with the easy affection of the afflicted, and is rewarded with the knowledge of his definite contribution, however slight, to the great work of healing and restoration constantly going on about him.

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In Commemoration of "Comus"

FRANK J. TORNETTA

THIS spring, when we gathered on the Ursinus campus to enjoy the dancing, music, and color of the May Day pageant, probably not all of us realized that we were continuing a tradition—a tradition not of our college alone, but of the entire literary world. For, through centuries these colorful dramas have been presented to bring to mind memorable scenes or memorable people of history. One of these colorful dramas, remembered and enacted intermittently through the years, celebrated its tercentenary last autumn. This drama is Comus, a masque by John Milton.

Let us imagine that it is the memorable Michelmas night of the year 1634. Ludlow Castle, the official residence of the Lord Presidents of Wales, is brilliantly lighted. Its main hall is filled with renowned guests. The Earl of Bridgewater, whose ceremony of inauguration as Lord President of Wales has taken place, and whose entertainment for that occasion is now to be enjoyed, is majestically attended by all the members of his Council, and "by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry." The form of entertainment to be presented is a masque, an amusement closely akin to the pageant, and well-liked by the gentlemen of the court because of its fine music, dancing, and singing; because of its elaborate and expensive presentation; and because its cast is usually made up of noblemen.

Preparations for this masque had been begun many months before. Henry Lawes, the music instructor of the Bridgewater family, had been made general manager of the performance. He had written the music for the play, and, with the aid of the Earl's children, had devised the plan of presentation. But when the task of writing the poetry had come, Lawes and the children were in despair. Neither of them could write verse. "Whom can we
get to write the poetry?” they asked. Lawes said that he knew an affable friend of his who, while living at Horton, had written some poetry for him in the “Arcades”, and perhaps now, if he would go to Horton, he could persuade this same friend to write the poetry for the masque. Of course, this affable friend was John Milton, a young poet just gaining recognition for his splendid verses. Whether he did it to please himself, or to oblige Lawes, or to be favored by the Earl of Bridgewater is not known, but Milton finally did compose the masque.

After a month or so of arduous work by Lawes and his friends, the play was ready for presentation.

The guests are now assembling in the great Council Hall of Ludlow Castle. This hall, sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, is the place where all the great state meetings of the Council of Wales are held. But tonight this huge stateroom has been converted into a theatre. At one end a wooden stage with elaborate scenery has been set up. Throughout the hall magnificently upholstered chairs have been placed. The guests have seated themselves according to rank, and the list of characters is formally announced by the herald:

“The Attendant Spirit: first appearing as such, but afterwards in the dress of the shepherd, Thyrsis.

Comus, with his crew.
The Lady
First Brother
Second Brother
Sabrinia, the Nymph of the Severn river, with attendant water-nymphs.”

The part of the “Lady” is taken by Lady Alice Egerton, daughter of Lord Bridgewater. The parts of the “two Brothers” are filled by Viscount Brackley and Thomas Egerton, sons of Lord Bridgewater. The role of the “Attendant Spirit”, afterwards “Thyrsis”, is played by Lawes himself. “Sabrinia” is taken by another daughter of Bridgewater, and “Comus” by one of his distant relatives. The stage is darkened to signify that it is night, and the “drops” are vividly painted with greenery to show that the scene is in a wild wood. The performance begins.

The Attendant Spirit, singing a prologue, descends upon the stage, and makes a speech explaining that, as a Spirit of the Good, he has been sent upon the Earth from heaven to perform a special errand. He says that the wood is haunted by Comus, who by means of his magic wine transforms people into wild beasts. He then informs the audience as to the kind of play they are to witness and tells them about the inauguration of Bridgewater to the Presidency.

When the Attendant Spirit has left, Comus and his boisterous crew enter. The audience bursts into laughter as they appear. Comus bears a charming rod and a glass of enchanted wine. His revellers, headed like wild beasts and wearing glittering apparel, break into a rollicking dance. Hearing the footsteps of a maiden, Comus commands them to scatter.

As the crew disperses, Lady Alice enters, complains that she has lost her brothers, and sings a song which directs Comus to her in disguise. Little knowing what perils confront her, the Lady goes with Comus to his so-called “cottage”.

The two Brothers now enter. “Thyris”, their father’s shepherd, who in reality is the Attendant Spirit, comes in and warns them of their sister’s misfortune. Making plans for her rescue, all three go in search of Comus’s palace.

The curtains are drawn and the musicians play. There is a continuous hum throughout the hall. So far the guests have been well-pleased with the entertainment.

The second scene is “laid in a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness”. Comus sits beside the Lady and offers her the enchanted wine, which she is about to drink. The Brothers enter, dash the glass to pieces, and drive Comus away. “Thyris” comes in a moment later and rebukes the Brothers for letting the false enchanter escape. Without Comus’s rod, he says, the Lady cannot be freed from the chair.

On second thought, “Thyris” resolves to invoke the aid of Sabrinia, a nymph of the Severn river. To do this, he sings one of the most beautiful songs in the masque. Presently Sabrinia, attended by water nympha, enters and frees the Lady.

The next scene is laid in Ludlow Castle—the very place where the masque is being presented. The main characters remove their disguise and Lawes presents to the Earl and Lady of Bridgewater their children, who have brought them new delight. Here the dances between the characters and the audience take place, and then Lawes, as “Thyris” again, sings this epilogue:

“Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue! She alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

As “Thyris” leaves the scene, the audience applauds tumultuously; and as the final note of music
is heard, the guests rise and disperse throughout the castle. Thus ended the festivities of that memorable day.

But the "masque presented in honor of Lord Bridgewater" began to be spoken far beyond Ludlow Castle. In fact, the songs were being sung throughout England. People everywhere wanted to know more about the masque, its author, its songs, its characters. Therefore Lawes printed an edition of the Masque. Several years later another edition was printed. During this time the Masque had no title, and it was not until years afterwards that the short name Comus was given to it.

To speak of the literary qualities of Comus is to repeat the reasons for Milton’s greatness. The diction is concise, vivid in imagery, yet simple in thought. The description portrays scenes that are natural and clearcut. The characters are lofty in conception but tend to become allegorical abstractions. Humor is lacking, but what need is there for humor in the presence of many other charms? The mood of Comus is like the “sunshine holiday” of L’Allegro, yet it contains the deep religious philosophy of Paradise Lost.

Comus is not only a beautiful poem, but also a great ethical work. Its thesis is the victory of virtue. The Lady characterizes virtue and beauty. “She is the sweet embodiment of Milton’s youthful ideal of virtue, clothed with the fairness of opening womanhood, and armed with the sun-clad power of chastity.” The monster Comus portrays vice. Although inwardly foul, he possesses such beauty as to ensnare those lacking moral perfection. The Attendant Spirit and Sabrinia represent Divine Providence. The two Brothers allegorize human weakness and experience. The scene is laid in Earth, or dramatically, in a wild wood. The poem shows that moral purity, exposed in this world, has many difficulties to keep chaste. Comus, when tempting the Lady to soil her purity, says to her:

"List Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature’s coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head."

But the Lady’s will is too strong for Comus; she is not to be subdued because

“So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.”

As a result Comus cannot change her to a beast; he can only chain her to her seat. The Attendant Spirit, representing divine protection, comes to the rescue and frees the Lady, thus showing that even if Virtue were feeble,

“Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

Comus, bearing his magic wand, escapes, thus symbolizing that he is still looking for wanderers in the wild wood, so that he may work his enchantments and increase his crew of ugly monsters.

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BEHIND a huge heap of doughnuts and rural
tasties stood an Amish farmer's buxom wife
and her daughter, who was a miniature repli-
ca of her mother in both features and dress. Al-
though Lydia was but twelve years of age, she was
as assiduous and sedate as her middle-aged parent.
They had left their well-kept farm early that morning
in order to reach King Street Market by five o'clock.

It was Fasnacht Day—the day of days for dough-
nuts. Their sweetmeats were in great demand, and
by four o'clock their counter was bare. Lydia hur-
rriedly carried the few empty boxes to the dearborn
and climbed upon the seat. She spied the lines
temptingly wrapped around the whip stalk, and al-
though not an experienced driver, she loosened them
and drove toward the store where her mother had
gone to purchase some sugar and flour. She feared
that darkness might set in before they reached
home. Lydia took the whip from the socket and
switched Colonel smartly over the flank. This sur-
prised the horse, for he was not used to such treat-
ment. He straightened his ears and galloped around
the corner at a wild pace. In vain she tried to rein
in the runaway. Her face was contorted with fear.

“Whoa! Whoa!” she screamed, but Colonel only
increased his speed. The swaying vehicle bore down
upon a boy who was boldly waiting with upraised
hands. When the horse reached him he caught the
bridle and desperately clung to it. He managed to
turn the horse toward a high wall which stopped
him abruptly. The frightened girl jumped out of
the wagon and ran screaming toward her mother,
who anxiously rushed to meet her.

Mrs. Stoltzfus recovered from her terror and turned
to thank the rescuer, but during the confusion he had
vanished. Prayerfully blessing the unknown rescuer,
and rearranging the contents of the dearborn, she
gathered up the reins of the now quieted horse and
drove slowly homeward.

This incident had become a memory, for Lydia
was now well advanced in her teens, a model Amish
maiden. Each Sunday, when she went to church,
aspiring rural suitors lingered about the doorway
until she arrived, hoping to catch a shy glance from
beneath her prim bonnet. No blue front yard gate
was needed, for her charm was the talk of the coun-
tryside.

Zachary Fetters, a neighbor, had sold his farm to
Aaron Emrick from Pequea, some thirty miles away.
Soon after they had moved there, Mr. Emrick sent
his son Amos to the Stoltzfus farm to inquire about
a certain tobacco pest. When Lydia answered the
door, Amos immediately recognized her to be the girl
he had rescued.

"Is your Pap at home?"
"He just left for town. Can I tell him anything?"
"No, thank you. Pap will see him tomorrow, I
guess."

With this he strode across the lawn toward home.
Lydia remained standing in the doorway admiring
her new neighbor.
The following Sunday after church they were
drawn into a conversation, during the course of which
he inquired,

"Did you ever have a horse to run away with
you?"
"Why, yes, about six or seven years ago, while I
was at market with mother."
"I knew that I saw you before."
"Are you the person that stopped Colonel?"
"I don’t remember the horse’s name, but I couldn’t
forget the driver."
"Oh, Mr. Emrick, you must come home to our
place for supper. Mom wants to meet you. She will
be glad! We have always been wondering who
stopped Colonel."
"I am sorry, but I think I must go home today.
Thanks just the same."
"You’ll come over soon, won’t you? I thank you
so much for stopping Colonel. I was so frightened,
and you certainly were brave."
"Oh, I don’t know, anybody would have wanted
to stop that horse for you," he added hurriedly.

Inwardly Lydia smiled with a sense of happiness
at the boldness of her rescuer while her heart
thumped with increased rapidity. All cares were
blotted from her mind by this new interest; and the
world seemed to hold nothing in store for her but joy
and gladness.

“Well, I must bring your Pap’s plow home to-
morrow, so I guess I’ll see you then.”
day, doing two people’s work. I must do all the churning, sewing, and cooking while the rest take it easy or sleep. When do I ever go away except to church? I don’t have any time for reading, or my own pleasures, and what pay do I get for it?”

“Pay! Who ever heard of a wife getting pay? You have a good home, clothes to wear, and a roof over your head. What more does any woman want?”

“Oh you—you—!” cried Lydia, searching for words. Then she continued.

“Does bossing and growling from morning to night make a good home? Clothes! Look at this patched and torn gingham! You promised me a house two years ago. Where is it? If I must live here under these conditions, I’ll leave and go to Rachel.”

“Now, now, listen once! Stop your boiling over.”

“You are boiling over yourself!”

“Go to bed and sleep it off; your tantrum will be over in the morning.”

“No, unless you promise me wages or a new home I’ll leave tonight.”

“Well, I’m going to bed.”

Amos blew out the lamp and went upstairs, leaving her alone. “Women is funny creatures. They never know when they have it good.”

She stared out into the dark night for a long time. All was silent in the house except for the continual ticking of the clock. The hour twelve was rapidly approaching. She got up and walked toward the sitting room. “So he thinks I’m just fooling. I am not going to stand it any longer.” She removed her shoes and slipped into her room as quietly as possible. Amos was sound asleep and would not be easily awakened, and if he were he would pay no attention because of the humor he was in. She packed a few of her clothes and slipped out into the dark night to catch a train which would be due in an hour.

Amos heard the alarm strike five and raised his head, “Lydia must be getting breakfast early this morning. She just got up early because she is stubborn.” He went down stairs but no meal was in progress. The stove was cold. “I wonder if Lydia went away?”

“Lydia, Lydia! . . . Lydia!”

No answer came, and soon the house was all astir. He told the rest what had happened last night. They could hardly believe that Lydia had left. Although Amos was positive that she had gone to Rachel’s, he could not assure himself until the following market day, for the tobacco needed much attention now.

Amos began to realize what Lydia had said last
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My dear gentlemen—oblique spherical triangles will be the object of our consideration today—the sines of the sides are proportional to the sines of their opposite angles.

Incidentally, the cosine of any side of a spherical triangle is equal to the product of the cosines of the other two sides, plus something or other, which makes it harder.

I've been framed!

Let ABC and A'B'C' be a pair of polar triangles, and no cracks from you about anything, see?

The smoking triangle

There's one triangle I never get tired of—a pipe, a light, and Prince Albert. What a smoke!

M-M-M-M

Pringe Albert

America's favorite!

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Winston-Salem, N. C.
night. He had promised her a new house but could not afford it at once. Now financial conditions had improved but he made no effort to fulfill his promise. Even her clothes were inferior to those worn by her friends. It was true that she was doing most of the work and received nothing for it. When was the last time he had taken her for a ride? She even went to church alone, or with her mother-in-law.

Before this a week was merely a week to him, but now it seemed like a year. He worked harder and faster than ever before, and, Saturday arrived at last when Amos was ready for market. His mother and father bade him farewell and told him to try to persuade Lydia to return if he could find her.

He arrived at market and soon disposed of his products. After several inquiries he found the home of Rachel. He rang the door bell and was greeted by Lydia, who asked him in. She did not appear very friendly to him although she was not discourteous. After a brief conversation of the events of the past week, Amos said beseeingly,

"Lydia, won't you please come back?"

"No, here I am happy and independent. I can't be either there."

"By next week you will have your fill of this city life," warned Amos. "You'll be plenty glad to get back to the farm."

"No, I won't," said Lydia, determined to hold out no matter what price it cost.

"Well, I must be going. Good-bye." There was just a note of dejection in Amos's voice.

"Good-bye," said Lydia, but she was far from feeling the triumph her voice portrayed.

For months Amos's weekly visits did not cause her to yield to his increasing inducements and promises, although at times she longed for the few simple pleasures of the farm: the cool shade beneath the willows in the meadow by the quiet stream, the silver-throated notes of the thrush which ushered in the twilight, the lowing of the Holstein herd, the perky cockiness of the bantam biddy, the scent of the clover fields, and similar pleasant memories.

Finally, she allowed Amos to persuade her to go back with him for a week-end visit. She was having a wonderful time, and they treated her like a guest. As time passed she was more than a little sorry when Sunday afternoon came, for she would soon be returning to the city.

She was playing with the pet cat when Amos came quietly to her side.

"Let's take a short ride across the mountain before you go back to the city. Maybe we'll see your brother."

"Sure, I'll be glad. Let's be going." (If only he would be like this all the time!)

Along the way she saw the willows in the meadow by the quiet stream and the Holstein herd waiting for the bars to be lowered. She recalled a picture of Amos driving the cattle home, Rover running by his side. A new wire fence replaced the old one which had been made of rails.

They rode along for several miles, when suddenly she espied a newly constructed house.

"Oh, Amos, there's a new house! I heard that Christ Zook was building a new house somewhere around here. It's just the kind I like."

"Do you like it pretty much?"

"It's a dear, it's just the thing. If we only had one like it."

"We do. It's ours."
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