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March 1939

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THE LANTERN

Vol. VII.  March, 1939  No. 2

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THE LANTERN is published three times during the college year at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania.
Subscriptions, 50 cents a year; single copies, 25 cents. By mail, one dollar per year.

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Better Than We Found It?

JUST one year ago the 1933 staff published its last issue, and its editor entitled this page, "And having writ, moves on." That caption so impressed the new editor that she replied in the June issue with the hope that the outgoing staff but finished to begin again. How swiftly the days have flown from that time to this only those who must leave Ursinus in June realize. And it is now appropriate for the senior staff members to say farewell.

In the spring of last year the LANTERN staff was enlarged and reorganized as a step toward guaranteeing a permanent "training" process. Now there are nine student members, and four of these are seniors. Miss Houck, Mr. Frosch, and Mr. Dunn have worked hard and willingly, and their work has been appreciated. We are grateful, also, to the faculty advisors for their consistently helpful coöperation. There is a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that they stay on after we leave to temper the LANTERN's future in the light of its past.

But it is to the remaining staff, its old and new members, and to the students who make up the LANTERN's contributors and clientele, that we write now. We are grateful to the first group for the privilege of working with them; to the second for their material and inspiration. Now, at the end of our senior year, and of our work with the LANTERN, we wonder if we are leaving anything deserving of their gratitude. The question uppermost in our minds is, "What have we done to leave things better than we found them?"; and we refer not only to the LANTERN's pages, but to every phase of our college life.

Before we realized it last spring, responsibility was ours. We accepted it, only partially knowing what it meant, for we were eager and enthusiastic. Since then we have done our work hurriedly, with little time to think about the worth of what we were doing. True, we have not strayed far from our original purpose; and we have produced the finished product at the expected time. But what more have we done? There has been so much to do, and so little time in which to do it, that here we are, at the end before we have really begun. Is there nothing of more lasting value than three copies of "The LANTERN"?

We leave the same standards we found, to be protected as we strove to protect them. We leave, perhaps, a few new ones which may prove worthy of a place beside the old. And we leave many mistakes which, if a lesson learned well, will have been steps to a better achievement of the purpose of a literary magazine. But what if these standards are not accepted by those who follow us? What if they do not profit by our mistakes? Is there nothing else we can leave them?

As seniors we are convinced that we have received nothing from that to which we have contributed nothing. We are convinced that only as each and every one takes upon himself responsibility, and stops occasionally to think about it, will he leave things better than he found them, and Ursinus a better place because he has been there.
Among Our Contributors

Robert Yoh is well known to LANTERN readers for his consistently well-written poetry. His subjects have been varied, but often they have concerned New England life. We publish with a great deal of pride this, we believe, his first prose contribution to the LANTERN’s pages, and once again he has chosen New England for his setting. You will like this haunting ghost story; what’s more, it will haunt you. Take especial notice, also, of his exceptionally good sonnets.

Ernest Muller, a junior contributor, has turned from music for the moment, and this time has written a strong and rather convincing defense of American literature. He has chosen his characters well, for they certainly illustrate his purpose, and once again Mr. Muller has handled a delicate subject deftly. When you read “In Defense of Americanism” you will conclude that at least part of its author’s purpose was to share his own interest with you.

Valerie Green, a hard-working junior, has a strange knack for arranging words in such a way as to send shivers up and down your spine. If you like the horrible and grotesque, and are not afraid of being kept awake at night, read her story, “Fever.” Miss Green is a staunch supporter of the Manuscript Club, and we hope she will continue to write for the LANTERN.

For some time we have been waiting for an opportunity to print something of Joseph Dubuque’s. You all know him as an excellent debater and orator, but you may not know that he likes to write as well. We submit this sympathetic article, “Martyrs of Progress,” to you, and know that you will agree that Mr. Dubuque has a rare ability of saying what he has to say in a forceful way.

In the December issue we welcomed as a new writer Harry Showalter, a freshman this year. At that time he took a very timely topic and made it interesting. Once again he has written something for you, and this time it is by way of some subtle advice to the LANTERN’s masculine readers. They should find it instructive, and our feminine readers should find it extremely amusing. It has added a touch of good humor to this issue.

In the December issue of last year a new writer cropped up. He was Robert Peck, then a freshman. The title of his article was “Truth in Print,” and its context, news distortion. Since then we have seen nothing of this very well-informed writer’s work. So it is that we print this issue not an article about German submarines, but a very impressive and unusual story—with a surprise ending. Once again, Mr. Peck knows what he is talking about.

Throughout these pages you will find poetry woven into the content of the magazine. Most of the poets you know well. Georgine Haughton and Dorothy Shisler began contributing regularly to the LANTERN as soon as they arrived last year; Mabel Ditter has had many an article and poem printed throughout her four years; and Evelyn Huber’s poetry is well known to you all, for this junior staff member’s work is consistently good and enjoyable. We have not had nearly enough of Roberta Byron’s poetry, though you will remember her poem “Peace,” which we printed in the last issue. We introduce to you in this, the 1939 staff’s last issue, a new and promising poet, and perhaps prose writer, Gladys Heibel, a freshman who entered in January, and we hope she will be encouraged to write often.

MARCH

THREE
HERR Kapitan von Hünfeld, listen attentively, please. You will proceed directly from this base to the Firth of Forth in Scotland. You understand?"

A thin, dark-haired man of average stature looked with stern face at his equally typical Prussian superior. He automatically clicked, "Yes, Admiral."

"Good. We have it on the information of our agents in England that the British Grand Fleet is at present stationed near Rosyth on the Firth of Forth. You will take your submarine there and do the greatest damage for the cause of the Fatherland. . . . Do you have any questions? You realize that your position will be very dangerous!"

"Yes, Admiral, I understand. What of the ships that I meet on the way?"

"You are on no account to show yourself—this venture must be a complete surprise. A glass of sherry, Herr Kapitan?"

"Thank you, Admiral."

"Then to the Fatherland, and Gott strafe England."

Fritz von Hünfeld, Kapitan in der Deutsche Königs-Unterseemarine, clicked his heels, saluted, turned his broad back and walked out. Descended from a good Prussian family inbued with the traditions of the Kaiser and the Fatherland, Fritz was, nevertheless, not a real militarist. He hated this war, which had now been dragged out for three years—besides, he had been planning to return home for his Easter leave before this new affair had cropped up. He glumly thought of Easter Day when he would have been home with his parents, going to church in the morning, and after a good midday meal, would have had a pleasant quiet afternoon at home. Now he would probably spend Easter Day in a cold submarine dodging the British.

Such were his thoughts as he walked to the Submarine Depot, received automatically the sentry’s salute at the gate, and slowly sauntered to where his command lay. To a real sailor the vessel was a thing of beauty and line—to Fritz, a gentleman fighting since it was his duty, the UB-12 was a long, grey, cigar-like tub of 1,100 gross tons, carrying 4 torpedo tubes and fifteen mines, mounting a baryk little 4-inch rifle forward of the conning tower, and having a speed of 13 knots wrenched from her rusty, old pre-war engines.

That March night in 1917 the UB-12 slipped her moorings at Wilhelmshaven and proceeded down to the sea on the surface. The night was cold and clear but for the moon obscured by a thin veil of cloud.

Kapitan Hünfeld stared speculatively ahead at the East Frisian Islands. There he knew his clever British cousins had a thorough minefield and submarine patrol—a pity they were not friends instead of foes. His countrymen had greatly underrated the Englishman—a shopkeeper, yes, but a fighting one.

The UB-12 submerged at her captain’s order and safely negotiated under the alien minefield to the open North Sea. Carrying his orders out to the letter became most annoying, for when the U-boat came to the surface during the day to recharge her batteries, rarely did she not see smoke on the horizon. Then fifteen minutes later the UB-12 would have to dive as along came one of John Bull’s destroyers on patrol.

Finally, on the afternoon of Easter Eve, the UB-12 slipped into the Firth of Forth near Rosyth and made ready for battle. Emotion crept into Fritz as he barked out his commands.

"Achtung . . . Up periscope . . . Himmel!” came the natural expletive as disappointment found its mark. "Clever Englishmen,” Fritz told his second in command; "the British fleet is gone!"

Cold reasoning made Fritz lay his fifteen mines in the main channel off Rosyth, but his crew thought that they would be good Easter eggs for the British. The UB-12 cleared Rosyth and went to hunt for British shipping. It was near the mouth of the Firth of Tay that he sighted the smoke of the Grand Fleet well out to sea and heading for Rosyth.

Fritz gave slow pursuit as he wished to arrive only in the early Easter morning to launch his attack. He trembled to think of the sacrilege, but discipline and logic warned him to make the attack while the British were yet at Rosyth.

The first streaks of dawn threaded their way through a jet-black Scottish sky as the UB-12 nosed in near the anchorage of the fleet at Rosyth. His periscope up, Fritz could make out the dim outlines of the anchored battleships. He knew his mines were farther up—or were they—the landmarks from which he could tell his position were hidden in the night. And as Kapitan Hünfeld realized this a cold sweat covered his brow and his Lutheran background made him utter a short prayer of forgiveness for his duty on that holy day.

Whether it was the hand of the Almighty or not—a terrific explosion shook the U-boat—then followed a more violent blast as the torpedoes blew up. Oblivion descended on Fritz and remnants of the submarine were hurled out of the water.

(Continued on Page 16)
Fever
VALERIE H. GREEN

FEVER. You have no idea of the fear, hatred, and violence in the connotation of that cursed word! It reeks of quinine, blazes in tropic heat, consumes all vigor, and dies in arid waste of body, killing with a deep-seated vicious love of killing. I’ve lived with that word—lived with it long, never in peace from its awful influence, dominated by it more and more, detesting it with its own slow consuming fire, hating it, fighting it, finally going mad from it and fulfilling its sadistic lust to kill. . . .

Fever got my brother, my older brother Jim, in Honduras. He’d gone in one summer, after the usual setbacks on the coast, on an archeological expedition to find the remains of an old India civilization. Dad was the expedition doctor. After twelve weeks of grinding effort in the blazing tropic heat—beset by scorpions, ticks, flies, mosquitoes—we found the stuff. Grave mounds, bones still undisturbed; golden images of their gargoyles gods, set with precious stones; golden trinkets, jeweled ornaments. We worked for hours on end, digging, piecing together, packing with infinite care the things we excavated, all in a fervor of excitement. Our only thought was to get the stuff out, off to the museum.

It wasn’t until one day, toward sunset, when Dad dropped and broke one of the best urns we’d found, that we realized that something was wrong. His face was alternately flushed and pale—chills. Jim had them earlier in the day. Fever! That night it was worse; both were down and out. We kept them wrapped up in blankets, fed them quinine, did what we could . . . and went on working. We didn’t sleep, hardly ate, sat there and watched them fight against fever, and death. Dad’s face turning from burning red to cold white. Jim lying quiet and still, then tossing and plucking at the blankets, gasping incoherent things about “angry gods”—something he’d heard from the natives—his face flushed, eyes bright and unseeing, bright with fever. . . .

The fifth night, about midnight, Dad came out of it enough to recognize us, to speak, and then to fall into a deep sleep. We knew that with careful nursing he’d be all right. But Jim was still fighting hard; tossing and turning, muttering about native gods, moving his wasted hands about in vacant gestures, his eyes staring wide . . . . The crisis came, and in that tropic hell of heat, the fever won. Jim—dead! It wasn’t possible. I couldn’t believe it. Jim—dead! I staggered blindly out into the night, my heart choked up into my throat, my brain marked indelibly with the picture of Jim as I last saw him—black eyes staring, burning in his white, fever-wasted face . . . suddenly grasping that single word—fever. It kept repeating in a terrible crazy lilt, fever, fever, fever. . . . I ran, stumbling, blindly, trying to escape it. Finally I fell, lay there, and all I could think of was that horrible red word—fever!

When we got back to the States, leaving Jim buried alone down there in the steaming jungle, the Binghamton Research Foundation wanted Dad to go back and work on that fever—isolate the virus, develop the serum to fight it. They’d set up a station down there, and Dad was to work with another doctor, Dr. William Turner, whose field was tropical diseases. We liked Bill immediately, a man of strong personality, with iron-grey hair, twinkling brown eyes, and a slow smile. Gentle and kind, yet forceful and dominating when necessary, a physician in every sense of the word. Dad and he left for Honduras.

I entered medical school that fall. Perhaps, when I finished, I could work with them. Quien sabe? They came home once a year, at Christmas, and I stayed and worked in the city during the summers. They kept me posted on their work, their plans, hopes and blasting, discouraging results. Finally, after I graduated and started my internship, the thing I dreaded happened. Three weeks before Christmas, a telegram from Bill. Dad was dead. The fever had killed him. He was buried down there, next to Jim. Bill came up for Christmas, and we tried to have a good time, but it fell flat for both of us. He missed Dad as much as I, maybe more.

Bill decided to stay in the States for a year, catching up on the latest developments in medicine, and I finished my internship. The Foundation backed our reopening the station, so we went back, starting from scratch. That was two years ago. We started over and over, trying all kinds of serum, using every trick we knew to save those fever-injected rats. It didn’t work. Shipments of rats came in, were injected again with the counteracting serum—they died. One day, two of them showed slight signs of combating the fever injection before they died, and gave us a new lease on hope. We tried to figure out what change in the serum had caused it; repeated it to lengthen the recovery period, but it was no go—only the ever-growing strain of blasted hope and disappointment. That was four months ago. . . .

Then, the devil walked in. His name was Koenig, one of the heads of the Research Foundation; a great scientist, with a long list of degrees and accomplishments. He came down to watch us, a self-appointed efficiency expert—to be sure that every cent we got was accounted for, that our time was accounted for to the last second—as if, in a job like this, we had time for anything else! Koenig,
great as was his reputation, was like something straight from hell. He'd been in a front line dressing-station during the war, wounded—and showed it. He had a large head, enormous in proportion to the rest of his body, with a wide red scar running from forehead to chin twisting the left side of his face into a leering grimace. Horribly empty eyes distorted behind thick glasses, and a disgusting thick-lipped mouth. His body was short and crippled—his right leg horribly deformed. He leaned on a cane, grotesquely heaving his body along behind it. And his mind—as twisted and warped as his body.

It wasn't so bad at first, but we couldn't ignore his presence. He began to get on our nerves... you wouldn't, you can't know what it is to do the kind of work that we were doing with someone forever watching, with those pale, whitish-blue eyes following every move you make, his ugly face twitching spasmodically as he made mental note of your every action. That cracked, high-pitched voice croaking about your tests, your technique—and that cane, like the sound of naked bone; and those shuffling, halting steps coming up the gravel path, into the lab.

We worked for three months under those conditions. For ninety-two days of growing tension, ripe disgust—his gargoyles face in front of us, his huge, dome-like head cocked on one side, almost overbalancing him, to catch every word, suspicious always that we were keeping something from him. Why? I asked myself a thousand times. I don't know, except that his brain was as deformed as his body... His thick breathing, like a muffled clock, the only sound for minutes, hours... It was like a horrible nightmare. Bill and I ate, worked, slept in silence. We couldn't leave the place together, one of us always stayed... The disgust and loathing I had felt for Koenig at first turned to blind unreasonable hate. The very sight of him made me sick, sent cold chills through my spine. I began to think of ways to get rid of him, to wonder if I should go mad under the strain. I couldn't endure it much longer... I don't know how Bill stood it. He was older, knew more about people... How he could stand Koenig, being in the same room with that still-living corpse, working incessantly, I don't know. We worked hours on end, the strain becoming consistently more intense every day. Only a few hours of sleep, sometimes none... Bill began to show it, physically. Growing thinner, nerves taut, driving himself on. Then, suddenly, when I'd made up my mind it was a hopeless job, we found it! The thing that stopped the fever!

Bill made some accidental mistake in the concentration of the fever serum, and the three rats he dosed with that hypo recovered. We could hardly believe it. Our hopes soared. But the next morning when we opened the cage they lay there dead, their feet in the air. We repeated it several times, improving it, and it was just ready for the final inclusive test before sending in our report—when it got HIM! The fever got Bill, just the way it got Dad, and Jim. But he kept it to himself, putting all his energy, everything he had, into that anti-fever serum. I didn't realize it—thought of nothing, now, but the serum, even forgot Koenig—until the symptoms were so obvious that the greenest intern could diagnose it.

I got him to bed and did what I could. But it was no go. We both knew it. The fever had had him too long. There was only one hope—the stuff we'd been working on. It might kill—it might cure. But making a guinea pig out of Bill—God! I tried to lick it without resorting to the serum, but he knew, and made me remember. If he couldn't help Dad, how could I help him without it? He made me fix a hypo of the stuff and drive it intravenously into his arm. That was the first time since my first O.B. that I actually prayed for God's help.

He hung on for forty-eight hours. Two days of blind uncertainty, but he looked as if the stuff would work. Koenig came in just before the crisis, and just when I thought it was over—Bill went out. Like a match. But just before that he was conscious for a few seconds, enough to tell me it was too strong, to give me the weaker concentration quantities to make it right. Too strong, it had burned him up in combatting the fever, its burning, consuming power far greater.

Seeing him lying there, fever spots still in his thin cheeks, his body burned out—the man with whom I had lived, worked, eaten, slept; my teacher and friend; my god... the world crumbled, crashing about my head. It seemed the end of everything. I was crazy with grief, wild with bitter resentment that I'd been unable to help him... And Koenig, that blighted, half-mad scientist who'd seen death a thousand times, that ghastly, horrible creature, began to laugh—laugh! He just sat there, squinting through his thick lenses, like a black vulture watching me go to pieces, glancing at Bill's fever-wasted face, and laughed!—with tears rolling down the furrows of his twisted face... The

His body began to rock back and forth, slowly, just a little, and he laughed—that harsh cackle that drives a man mad, that drove me mad. He reached out to steady himself, and knocked a bottle over on the desk. The stopper came out—the contents spilled over—my God! The papers containing the formulas, the last notes Bill gave me! The notes Bill had given his life for, ruined! Gone because a half-mad creature spilled aqua regia over them! Dad's work, Bill's, mine—all irrevocably destroyed! My brain snapped. That diabolical fiend—to prevent his ever destroying another thing. That was it. I moved toward him, migrating like iron to a magnet, my mind thinking only of how pleasant it would feel to have his neck between my hands, to slowly press my thumbs into his windpipe, watch his face turn black—

I laughed harshly. I knew what I was going to do, and so did Koenig. He looked at me, saw it in my eyes, incredulous at first, then he slid to the floor, groveled at my feet for his life. His voice squeaked with fear, his body shook, his hands trembled. What use was he to the world,

(Continued on Page 15)
Sonnets to the Planet We Call Earth

ROBERT C. YOH

Ah, why, in this once clean and tranquil world,
With all its first pure peace and mystic calm,
When smoke from some old pagan altar curled,
Spiraling up to heaven, and a psalm
Falling from the lips of some old priest
Of some old pagan throng, bespoke of joys
In soft and quiet tones—why have these ceased—
And in their stead the humming hateful noise
Of Strife alone be heard? Why is this so?
Would that the former less intensive day
With its old creeds, like unremembered snow
Fall on the busy struggling world, and lay
A blanket that would cover up the hate
Of this small earth which has grown sick of late!

Earth is unhappy with her child called Man,
She can not understand his selfish ways,
Who, ever since his narrow life began
So long ago, in long-forgotten days,
Had lost his love for her, and in her stead
Substituted greed, and then conspired
To place Earth’s starry crown upon his head,
The crown love planned and crippled Vulcan fired,
Which Man had wished to be his very own,
And which he gained through falsehood and deceit.
But when in pride he climbed upon Earth’s throne,
The starry ivature left the crown to cheat
Vain Man of all his pride and all his mirth,
And return the power he stole again to Earth.

When first of all, in ages long since passed,
Nature had not met and loved cruel man,
Who, unfaithful lover, ravished at last
All her beauty, and by an easier plan
Replaced the beauty with its ugly art
Of raping mountains with their coats of green,
Attacking earth, and eating out its heart,
Just as a minute worm is oftentimes seen
To eat the budding rose, and leave instead
A spoiled flower, which though still a rose,
Is but a wretched thing, much better dead:
In those past years, brought swiftly to a close,
Was Nature happy—in her eyes the gleam
Of one who ruled the virgin earth supreme.
Granting that it is still the conventional procedure, even in modern society, to ask the young lady’s father before the pre-marital understanding becomes official, I shall endeavor to smooth the path of any young man who may be timidly contemplating that momentous step. Let none criticize my subject for its seeming triviality, for no man ever knows “the girl” long before he begins to toy with the idea of some day asking her father for her hand in marriage. To one who is prone to cross bridges before he reaches them, this proposition may assume immense proportions even before he meets the girl of his dreams. In any event, no matter how smoothly his period of courtship may move with the young lady, to avoid serious obstacles in the closet session with her father is a culmination he devoutly desires. To the perfecting of masculine technique with the prospective father-in-law I shall, then, proceed to devote my humble efforts. But let no young woman turn up her adorable nose and refuse to read what is about to follow, for she may one day be the means of guiding the feet of her non-aggressive boy friend in the correct path with her father.

I shall just divide all fathers of daughters into a rough triple classification and then attempt to outline plans for breaking down the “sales resistance” of each type. The first and simplest type with whom one has to deal is the good-natured, friendly sort of father, who quietly analyses each man that seems to visit his home with more than usual regularity, and with whom the eager young suitor can readily see how he stands. The second type is often hard to understand and is, unfortunately, rather common. He fully admits to himself that he likes his daughter’s choice, but he is determined that he will put the young sprout under pressure for a time, and have the pleasure of watching him squirm. This type probably had to go through the same ordeal once himself, and has spent his life since then waiting for an opportunity to compensate for the embarrassment he felt. The third type is by far the toughest nut of the three to crack. If you can maneuver your course at all, it would be better that you choose someone else’s daughter to bear your name. This type is the scowling, hard-bitten sort of villain who had reached the conclusion, even before his daughter was born, that she was much too good for any mortal man; hence, he will be adamant in his opposition to any one of her masculine friends—even you, whom she has chosen as the “grandest man in the world.” I repeat that this type is very difficult, but follow on for a time. There may yet be a plan of attack which will pierce even his hardened exterior.

Now that fathers have been thus arbitrarily divided into three comprehensive classifications, I believe it would be best to discuss first the general rules of procedure which apply equally to all three types. The first advice I would offer is that the young man become absolutely certain of the affections and loyalty of the young lady before he takes the more advanced step of consulting her father. The added assurance of her support always helps. Achieving that with certainty might itself be made the subject of an eloquent treatise, but to avoid digressions I shall leave it entirely to the ingenuity of the reader, and invoke on his behalf the blessing of a kind and loving Deity. The second bit of general advice involves securing and maintaining the good will of the girl’s mother, for it is to be borne in mind that no matter how obstinate the father may be in his dealings with you, he may be mere putty in the hands of his wife. If he looks as though he might be rather tough, take especial care to win the mother to your side at the earliest possible date. Here again the young man should use his own judgment in choosing the best method for the achievement of his goal. However, courteous treatment of the older woman coupled with an at least professed regard for her wishes never goes unnoticed. If you are the type who insists upon bringing her dear daughter home at unseemly hours of the morning, and she has told you that she does not approve, try to arrive at a time when her slumber is most sound; or, better still, forego the luxury of late hours entirely until the critical period with the father has passed. Add to the foregoing advice such smaller items as manifesting affection for distasteful relatives, keeping your heels off the furniture, putting ashes in approved receptacles, fondling the favorite cat, and bribing the smaller brother, and the whole atmosphere may be mellowed by the time you move your shaking knees into a conference behind closed doors with the “head” of the family.

Up to this point most supplementary phases of the procedure have been discussed, and if the Fates have been

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"This is the district in which there is a strange something evermore about to be."

New Hampshire Ghost Story

ROBERT C. YOH

There is a mysterious something about the lake district of New Hampshire, a something which presses down upon the person of the spectator, and ever threatens to fall upon him unexpectedly. He feels out of proportion with all space and time as he spends long hours by the shores or in sight of these lakes which stretch their lone waters endlessly on and on. And there is something strange about the lakes that attracts him to them, almost against his will. They intoxicate the native and the stranger alike with their chill, sad, ice-blue waters.

Just as the mountains hedge in these lakes, keeping them in their bosoms, so these lakes lay hold on the person who looks upon them. It is almost as if they have some secret they are ever about to tell, but can never find the right moment in which to tell it. Certainly all the trees, and rocks, and grasses that border their shores, and all the isles that dot their waters are ever alert and at attention, listening with strained ears. And yet again, they might be a part of the secret itself.

The region is a wild one, full of mountains and rocks, and swamps; a region which has ever been the despair of the farmer. It will not be tamed. Instead it imparts its wildness to its inhabitants, both animal and human. Long ago the Indians said that no deer were as wild and keen as its deer, no fish so swift and vigorous as its fish. But it is a beautiful region, and not unkind. There is a wild friendliness about it. Indeed, its beauty is breath-taking, even if terrible, eminently satisfying, even if awe-inspiring, absolutely complete, even in its vast emptiness. This is the district in which there is a strange something evermore about to be.

Art and I had been living on a peninsula which forced its way out into the largest of the lakes. We had been there three months, and the spirit of the region had made us its victims, just as it had made others bend under its heavy spell.

This particular night about which I write did not come upon us in any strange fashion, nor was there any peculiar aspect about it. True, it was a furiously stormy night, in which the lightning flashed and the thunder barked like an insane dog, but these whirlwind-like storms were not unusual to the district, and before Art and I had been there very long we took them for granted. Because of the storm, we stayed inside, warming ourselves before the fireplace of the inn lobby, contemplating the andirons which were in the shape of little Prussian soldiers. These suggested to one of us the adventures of the Revolutionary War, and we soon became absorbed in a dissertation on history. We did not notice the silent approach of Mother Mac who quietly pulled up an old worn chair close to the warm fire. There was nothing about her approach to startle us, nor anything about her which would cause alarm or suspicion. Of all the New England people I had met, there was never a person so gentle and kind as she, and no one could better entertain with stories and legends of New Hampshire and its lake district.

Art and I had grown to like her—as did every person who ever knew her—and we were glad to have her company on such a wild night. We anticipated an interesting story, and we welcomed the prospects of one, especially since our historical discussion (as all discussions upon history) was quite dull, and was employed merely as a means to pass away time. The summer was nearly over, and the many guests had left the inn, so that Mother Mac, Art and I were the only persons left, and the inn was the only building for miles upon miles. There is nothing more lonely than a deserted summer inn, or if there is, I have never met up with it, and I hope I never shall. After the ear has been accustomed to the loud laughter and ring of many voices, the silence that comes with their departure is almost unbearable. Every strange creak in the floor, or every shutter banging in the wind is thrice as loud in that awful silence; but worse is the wind which at times seems to be alive with the departed voices.

"It was on such a night as this, many years ago," said Mother Mac, "that old Joshua Green did away with himself." We knew now we could expect a story, and we leaned forward so that we would not miss a single word. Mother Mac's stories were never the kind which allowed the listener to settle back comfortably in his chair; they were far too short for that, and they were told in a way which wasted no words. All New Englanders are careful not to use more words than absolutely necessary when they speak. Indeed, they place a kind of value on them, and treasure and horde them just like a miser his gold. Each word is charged with meaning, and each plain statement with imaginative power. By the arrangement of their words they achieve an effect that is poetic and beautiful, and each single phrase captures the most elusive thought. It is difficult to describe and define the charm of the New Englander's language, but the important and very sure thing is that the charm is there.

Mother Mac's old face was a lovely sight, illumined as it was by the pale red glow of the fire. Her white hair seemed to catch all the rays of light and center them there, so that it became like a halo. She was a very avatar of charm and grace. There was a pleasant and friendly smile on her face which became at once con-
tagious—a smile that also had something of sadness in it. No book could have better revealed the adventures of a full and rich life than her face. Life was a lonely thing for her now, and the pleasure company gave her reflected itself in her features, and her eyes scintillated like warm and friendly stars as she talked with us. Her toil-worn hands, although they had long since earned a rest, were unconsciously busy at work on a hooked rug.

“Yes, it was on such a night as this, many years ago,” she repeated, “that old Joshua Green did away with himself. Why, no one has ever been able to explain. Folks say he was crazy. They all called him the ‘Old Coot.’ For many years he lived on this point of land by himself. He was a sort of scholar, and read Greek plays to pass the time away, and there is a rumor that he used to act them out, poor fellow, with his dog as an audience. These Greek plays must have helped to make him crazy, for they say that on stormy nights, such as this, he would rush about in the rain, naked as a babe, his long hair streaming in all directions, his mouth draping, and his eyes opened so wide it would seem they’d fall out of their sockets. And while he was doing all these insane things he would shout out in defiance to the wind, in a voice that would scare the devil himself, ‘From Fate only no man escapes, be he brave or coward, when once he is born in this world.’ It was a line from one of the old Greek plays which seemed to haunt him.”

She paused for a moment to inspect the rug which up to this time she had apparently not noticed. It seemed to satisfy her, and she continued: “Well, on this particular stormy night, he went through these same motions, and suddenly rushed down to the big rock which hangs over the lake, kneeled down, and began to furiously dig with his bare hands, while a strange radiance seemed to hover about him. Several people happened to see this, mind you, and they swear on the Holy Bible it is true. All at once he stopped digging, and muttered almost inhumanly, ‘I have no time to find it . . . . No time.’ With these words he plunged into the lake and was no longer seen alive. The next morning they found him caught between some huge grey boulders deep down under the water. They took him out and gave him a decent Christian burial.”

Mother Mac became silent. And then, as if the whole storm were belching its very insides out, an idiot-like, insanely-mad laugh rose on the wind, and faded away. Art and I leaped to our feet; we rushed to the door, but we could see nothing except the lashing trees and the pitch darkness. We shall never be able to explain that laugh. Perhaps it was our highly excited imaginations, which had converted an unusually loud clap of thunder into such a laugh, but it left the three of us shaken for a time.

Not long after this sinister occurrence the storm ceased. (I have never seen a region where storms come and go so quickly.) With the ending of the storm our fears left us, and Art and I soon forgot Mother Mac’s weird tale. The storm-lashed heavens became dotted with stars, although a strong and cold wind still remained in the air. The night became sternly beautiful, and yet wildly singular in its unnatural beauty. Art and I put on our raincoats and started forth on a short stroll, as was our custom, before going to bed.

By habit, and yet almost as if some spirit had pointed the way, we turned our steps in the direction of the lake shore. The strange beauty of the night hung upon us. We did not speak. Art stumbled and I leaped forward to pick him up, for a hidden tree root had tripped him to the earth. And then, before we realized it, we were within three hundred yards of the huge rock which overhung the lake. Art was the first to notice the fact, for I was busy looking straight out into the lake. Suddenly I was startled by Art grasping my shoulder. I turned quickly around, a cry stifled in my throat. It was then I saw it. A sickening sensation crept into my stomach, and a strange light feeling came over my head. I fought desperately to prevent myself from fainting, and held on to Art as tightly as he held on to me.

There, bathed in some unhallowing and unearthly light was a crouching figure (or so it seemed) digging with furiously into the loose thin earth which covered the top of the rock.

No human speech nor words can accurately describe the actual horror of that ghostly figure, and no human thought could ever surplant that spectre which had been incalculable upon my very being. Fighting as I was against the ill sensation of stupor which oppressed me, I was in no fit condition to gaze fixedly at the creature, or spirit. I was a neophyte when it came to experiences with the supernatural, and was too taken back to think perhaps in the clearest possible manner. Had I been the only one to have seen it, I could have laughed it off as an hallucination, much as did Scrooge at first laugh off Marley’s ghost as a bit of undigested beef, but Art too had seen it, and afterwards repeated to me exactly the same strange things I saw and heard. The spirit can only be described as an indescribable something, thin and old, with grizzled hair hanging wildly about it, with huge eyes as white and dead-looking as chalk.

As the figure dug, we heard the strangest sounds our ears had ever encountered. It was more like an idiot’s jabber than any other thing, and we were unable to understand any of it until of a sudden the thing sprang up and murmured, “I have no time to find it . . . . No time!” and then with a terrifying shriek plunged into the lake.

(Continued on Page 16)
MARY
GLADYS HEIBEL

Mary—
Half-veiled eyes,
Face a shadow—
As incense rises
From the king's gold vessel
What are you thinking?

Can you see
The white dove's fluttering,
Shrilling
Above a table
Overturned in the temple?
Or does a child
Sit playing in the sun
Outside your door,
Carving the thick wood shavings
Around his little forefinger
And laughing to feel them cling?

On Turning Over a New Leaf
MABEL B. DITTER

A piece of clean, white paper,
A sweep of untracked snow,
A stretch of unmarked seashore,
Where waves wash to and fro.

An unlived life before me,
Its story yet untold,
An unscarred conscience gleaming
Like ice in winter's cold.

One track along the seashore,
One shadow in a glare,
One line across the paper—
What thrill to place them there!

One stain across the snowfield,
One year from out the life,
One pause of stillness shattered,
One blow that leads to strife.

A piece of clean, white paper,
A sweep of untracked snow,
A stretch of unmarked seashore,
Where waves wash to and fro.

On Approaching Death
ROBERTA BYRON

A moth with pale white wings
Flies into the fire
To sing its soft sweet beauty
In the flames.
So her young loneliness
Is being consumed in the heat
Of God's white flame.
And this I know,
That pain will leave
No mark upon her soul,
But she will cast away
The scorched wings
To be enwrapped
In love's eternal fire.
In Defense of Americanism

ERNEST MULLER

In a recent book of memoirs by an expatriated American we find a cynic delightfully denouncing America as being a "civilization not likely to bear any of the fruits of culture." He does, however, graciously admit that in the past America has flowered, and that from its now dead, but once laden boughs, have fallen Emerson’s Essays, and Hawthorne’s The Scarlet Letter, and Whitman’s Leaves of Grass. But now it seems that we are lost in a mechanistic maze of things, so incapacitated by it that now none of us is capable of living in the realm of pure thought, of thinking for the joy derived from thinking, of writing for the exalted pleasure experienced from trying to achieve perfection. Instead, our only goal and purpose is collecting gold. And so, America, your once swift ascending star of culture has set, and he who would think, and write, and enjoy with epicurean delight a pink and buoyant cloud must first find himself an English farm, an Italian villa, or a French chateau, before he can attain that freedom so necessary for true appreciation, that freedom from “elevated railroads and aeroplanes” and the “regular percentage of a neutral sex which serve as ‘schoolmasters’.”

The question at once should come to our mind “Is there any just ground for such a feeling?” Is it true that our richer passages of expression are being barricaded by too much science and industry? Has America unwittingly killed with commerce that sensitive young plant which was so carefully being cultivated in nineteenth century New England? Are we really incapable of producing more than just this year’s best-seller, probably to be forgotten in a twelve-month, or an atrocious, miscast nut Post Office mural, or a song that is neither more nor less than the aged Bach in swing? Must our men and women of genius seek a more stimulating environment in some European city? Was this forementioned gentleman after all right in saying that we are not “likely to bear any of the fruits of culture?”

Unfortunately he is not alone, but rather shares his opinion with a considerable number of eminent self-exiled Americans. In the past, Henry James, Whistler, Sargent, and more recently the lately lamented Edith Wharton and T. S. Eliot, have found in England and France surroundings which proved conducive to creative work. And even more important, there is a feeling right at home that a culturally creative America just isn’t. It is surprisingly common here for schools and colleges to ignore disdainfully the cultural past and present of our nation. Indeed, it is not a rarity to find among scholars and students those who frankly state that in the end there is no American artistic culture of any worth, and so why try to catch hold of something no less elusive and no more actual than that hoard at the rainbow’s end?

Why, in the name of common and uncommon sense, this mental state should be present with us I will not attempt to answer. It just remains evident that we have hidden within our cultural structure a slavish devotion and veneration for all that is Old World, and so far nothing has emancipated us from this modern animism. Even the most casual of European observers cannot understand our whole attitude in this respect. Because, considering our extremely short span of history, we have stored up a remarkable treasure of poetry and prose, art and thought. In the past the wisdom of Emerson, the painting of Stuart, the stories of Poe, the poetry of Whitman, the politics of Hamilton, the sculpture of Macmonnies, and the jurisprudence of Holmes have had variously great or moderate influences upon a changing intellectual and artistic world. And today we are seeing rise under our very eyes a new generation which is showing ever increasing promise, and what is more, we are a part of it ourselves. It is a generation that is being tempered by adversity and uncertainty, and is the stronger because of it. It is a generation that is being forced to find new truths and values, and it has always been in such a period that we find the unquestionably great. Already we can see about us men and women who need not go to foreign shores in order to produce something of significance. Rather, contemporary Americans are beginning to force European attention to “home-made goods.” Samuel Barbers crashed the musical gates of exclusive Salzburg; Eugene O’Neill has successfully taken over the London stages; Robert Frost has sold thousands of volumes in France and Germany; Rockwell Kents have had paintings bought by continental museums. Are these the symptoms of an America, dead as a culture bearing tree? Personally I very much doubt it. Instead it seems to be an America that is only now beginning to come to full flower. We in the colleges are going to witness an even greater growth, and much of the responsibility of this greater growth will rest upon our heads. We should be proud of this responsibility, and confidently assume it. It is time for America and Americans to get over the timidity, the shyness that marks their approach to European arts and literatures. This timidity does not characterize us in business, it is not harmonious with our nature, so why continue with this least American quality? We are no longer a scientific and financial infant-nation; let us not continue feeling that we are culturally so. America has had, and is making, a culture that is peculiarly her own, and we are America.
propitious, the stage should now be set for the central theme of this essay, namely, asking her father.

Since fathers have been classified as to their varying degrees of resistance to a suitor’s approach, let us regard the easiest type first. With this type one assumes that the young man’s associations have always been friendly, and that acceptability has been achieved in all but actual words. To this type of father, if you are sufficiently familiar with him, a genial “Hello. How do you like your new son-in-law?” may be an effective way to open the subject. If, however, he raises an inquiring eyebrow, it might be better to try a new opening remark. Allow yourself to be seized with a violent fit of coughing and begin again. With this friendly sort of father the pre-engagement conference at its worst seldom develops into anything more embarrassing than a sociable discussion of finances, future plans, and other intimate trifles. If you believe that your prospective father-in-law belongs to this type, waste no time. Make his approval a reality as soon as possible.

Next to be considered is the practical joker who will derive pleasure from tormenting his daughter’s suitor much as he would a hooked fish. The chief difficulty with this type is that his attitude is usually not apparent; hence, he is taken seriously by the perspiring victim. The maintenance of cool good humor is the imperative rule to be observed under these circumstances. It is also well to show obvious marks of concern and distress during the browbeating you will undergo, for they are the signs your questioner will be trying to bring out, and to aid him in his purpose is a means of shortening an unpleasant interview.

Remaining of our three types is the one which was classed as being the most difficult to overcome. It was necessary for the author to go into earnest communion with himself and his store of relevant information to formulate ideas by which this foreboding sire might be willed. Someone once said that in earnest thought a new idea is born every minute. Statisticians have also proved that one person is killed every minute. For the sake of his peace of mind, however, the writer chose to discount the latter scrap of information as having no bearing on the present subject. Nevertheless, the fact still remains that unless one chooses to use such questionable tactics as blackmail or manslaughter, it is a very difficult proposition. It is almost always essential to this type that his daughter’s fiancé have a sturdy family tree, a sizable bank roll, a secure future, and none of the so-called “vile habits.” Unless the young male feels that he can meet all of these requirements to a satisfactory degree, he has no alternative except to elope and live with the woman he loves at a safe distance from her irate parent. In fact, after a few samples of the latter’s temper in argument, he may decide that the alternative is indeed the preferable solution to the problem. However, to the persistent, aggressive man who is determined to win his wife in the approved manner, the task is not usually an insurmountable one. He will strive tactfully to apply all methods fair or foul which will eventually cause the stubborn older man to capitulate. It may involve an indirect attack through the cooperative mother, or it may take the form of direct high-pressure salesmanship; but in the end success will crown his efforts. Remember that determination and tenacity are the characteristics which produce successful results in this case. If you do not have them, stick to a well-organized elopement. It will involve less wasted effort.

It has not been my purpose in this essay to outline any stereotyped forms of procedure. Personal ingenuity and careful analysis of personality are, of course, the primary essentials. I have, however, attempted to give the grooming young man a preview of the situations he might meet, and thus have attempted to increase his chances of successful marriage with the father’s whole-hearted blessing. Do not ignore the importance of that last phrase. Remember that many desirable fortunes have been lost to their natural heirs through a paternal whim called disinheritance.

What is This Love?

GEORGINE HAUGHTON

What is this love, this bliss of which men speak?
Is it a fleeting thing, alone for youth,
That in old age, when past its dizzy peak,
Will disappear? Oh, can this be the truth?
Does it the heart and not the soul pervade?
And must it be transmitted by a kiss,
There to dwell until the impression fade?

Oh, mortals' love, it must mean more than this.
It is a gift of God to us that we
Might share His love as He had planned.
As waters uncontrolled roll o'er the sea,
So love is meant to flood our peopled land,
Eternal as the God from whence it came,
It shall in human hearts remain the same.
Martyrs of Progress

JOSEPH G. DUBUQUE

The prophet Moses stood gazing pensively into the muddy waters of the river Jordan. He was as one deep in thought, recalling the past—how he had scorned the ease and luxury of an Egyptian court, how he had freed his people from slavery, and how with infinite patience he had guided them so near to the promised land. He remembered the reproaches of the very people he had served. There rang in his ears those now-famous words, "The people who dwell in the land are stronger than we; we dare not go against them." And again, "We cannot go across the Jordan, thou idle dreamer." With saddened face he turned his way toward the wilderness. In the dusk of evening, climbing wearily to the brow of Nebo, he beheld for the last time, far in the distance, the dim outlines of his dream. And there, without a friend to appreciate or to console, the aged leader died.

Throughout history great men have lived lonely lives, sacrificing all personal interest to serve their fellow-men, seeing what ought to be, and striving to create it in fact. Sooner or later the people they served have caught the vision and have crossed over into the promised land. But those who pointed the way, their doctrines despised, their services scorned, themselves condemned as dreamers and fools, have died despairing of their cause, friendless and alone. All history is a repetition of this tragedy of the great. Socrates, the enlightener of youth, preaching his sublime moral truths, was scoffed at as he passed along those Grecian streets, and finally condemned as a heretic, to drink of the poisonous hemlock. Galileo, the pioneer of natural philosophy, discovering the unfathomed truths of the stars, deriving invaluable formulas, reaching far out into the universe of knowledge, confined by the dogma-blinded monks of his time to a darkened, filthy dungeon. Huss, the advocate of free religion, burned at the stake by the defenders of dead tradition. Lincoln, the emancipator of an enslaved race, slandered, abused, assassinated. And now the last great martyr of truth lies in his lonely grave, the flowers scarce wilted above him. Pleading for international brotherhood and peace among nations, his message was torn to shreds, his noble spirit broken, his life ended. Age after age has witnessed this worn-out tragedy. Philosopher, genius, statesman, whatever he be, he enjoys no rewards, he meets no sympathy, has no understanding friend. He dies despised, his mission adjudged failure till too late for him to see a tardily awakened humanity find the truth he heralded.

The fate of this lonely man of vision will always be the same. He can never have really sympathetic friends. Between him and the people he serves yawns a gap too wide to bridge. His thoughts are not their thoughts; his work is not their work. Ordinary men live in a world of ordinary things; the great man lives among the ideals he hopes to realize. They are content to leave things generally as they are; he strives to make them as they ought to be. They are concerned with the immediate sectional things of life; he with the universal and ultimate. Ordinary men cling to worn-out tradition; they are able to understand only those things that have happened before. The leader, scoring any precedent, seeks truth, and traces link by link the golden chain of things to be. The common mass of men sees the speck on the window pane; the great man gazes beyond upon the beauty of Nature's landscape. Mediocrity sees only the little valley in which it lives; genius ascends the neighboring mountain and gazes with enraptured, comprehending eyes upon the limitless seas beyond.

The greater the man, the wider the gap; the more sublime the truth he proclaims, the more certain it is that he will not be appreciated or understood. True, he will have associates, admirers, flatterers—a myriad of these. But true friendship is based upon understanding, intelligent sympathy, upon things held in common. How little they have in common with him! How unsatisfying is their mite of sympathy! How limited their understanding of the forces of life! His very greatness sets him apart. His loneliness is that of Everest towering far above the monotonous ranges of lesser peaks. He has reached a higher plane than they; and so, like the unaccompanied condor of the Andes, must dwell forever alone.

Despite the tragedy of great lives, they cannot fail. Unselfish sacrifice for mankind is never in vain. The children of Israel made real the dream of Moses; the world of Alexander followed the philosophy of Socrates; an enlightened world blesses the memory of Galileo; Huss is the saint of Protestant believers; the "Man of Sorrows" is reverently named "Great Emancipator"; and even this early the cause of peace is gaining definite form. Great lives are never in vain. They set in motion irresistible forces; new ideas, new conceptions, new idealisms. Standing firm and unafraid amid the uproar of reproach, they survive defeat. They build upon the solid foundation of truth, that those who come after may complete the task. Philosophy storms the mind of humanity; genius destroys the old-fashioned; statesmanship supersedes the antiquated. Blinded eyes are opened; narrow visions are broadened; the will of humanity is altered. Dogma, tradition, custom—these flee before them as dark-
ness from a room when the shutter has been opened. The great movement goes on and, like a huge snowball rolled from the hilltop, gathers force and hughtness as it goes. The ridicule, the violence, the torture—all these merely annoy—they cannot defeat the cause. The power of great lives is irresistible; it crushes every opposition, and rides triumphant despite it all. It is to these frontiersmen we owe our civilization—they who stir the world to motion. Behind every significant movement in human experience there has stood a great man. It took a Napoleon to set all Europe ablaze with his dream of world dominion; it took a Voltaire to create a French revolution; a Lenin to wipe from earth all semblance of Russian government. Destruction—and a great destroyer. On the other hand it took Jesus of Nazareth to give the blessings of Christianity to all the world; a Thackeray to cleanse the society of England; a Wilson to bless tomorrow’s world with peace. Construction—and a great builder. These, the solitary, unappreciated, victorious, great; they sow the seed; humanity gathers the harvest. They are mankind’s richest boon—these martyrs of progress.

Fever

(Continued from Page 6)

whose work was done twenty years before? Why should he live to torture other men as he tortured us? Why? Why?

I reached down, grasping him by the neck—that scrawny, loose-skinned, sweat-dampened neck—and lifted him, dragging his body over the littered table, pressing his head back over the edge. . . . His arms beat like the wings of a headless chicken, his face registered horrible fear, his breath slowly left his lungs as my thumbs pressed inward. His eyes bulged, stood out, his tongue protruded, his face went purple, then black . . . and, as I pressed him down on the table, there was a sickening crack . . . His head felt suddenly loose, and fell back voluntarily at a ghastly angle. His neck was broken. . . .
Easter Eggs
(Continued from Page 4)

When day came H.M.S. Encounter's rowboats investigated the oil spot from where the blast had come that early morning. They could only realize the peril in which the fleet had stood, but were at loss to understand the reason for the U-boat's explosion. Then it was that they noticed drifting mines, German mines, and the explanation was clear.

The sequel—well, Smythe, Robinson and Smythe—Salvagers Inc., raised the remnants of the UB-12 in 1920 and sold her for scrap iron to Vickers-Armstrong, Inc., which is now helping to build a bigger and better British navy.

New Hampshire Ghost Story
(Continued from Page 10)

The strange light faded slowly and was no more. And then came to our ears, as if mocking our shocked senses, a low, ubiquitous whisper, "From fate only no man escapes, be he brave or coward, when once he is born in this world!"

Was it the wind through the trees that said this thing, or the waves as they lapped against the damp sand of the shore? We knew not, but it too faded into nothingness as had the light. For one endless moment we stood still, and then hurried back to the inn. We kept our secret to ourselves, and merely said, "Good Night" to Mother Mac.

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The pride of ancient Rome is in your face,
As when we met and loved in ages past
In mystic oaken wood, a Druid's place
That did enhance our love that could not last.
Thus always love and strangeness mingle well;
Your somber eyes beneath the same white moon,
Your warm and honeyed lips that softly tell
Of love, make hours like heart-beats pass too soon.
Again we've found our perfect ecstasy;
Though it will pass, and you will go away,
I shall not hurt you with a woman's plea:
I'll wait a thousand years and then a day,
For as we met and loved, so must it be
That we shall meet throughout eternity.

SPLINTERS
EVELYN HUBER

I know some men who would say
What a beautiful world one could make
Of this earth, with its ashes and clay,
If only a body would take
The beauty that lives in all things—
I'd agree of beauty in men,
Of beauty in dry, withered cheeks,
Of tears on the faces of children,
Of eyes from which tenderness speaks—
It's certain there's beauty in things,
But with all the beauty around me—
Condemn, and I know that you will—
I find something brittles the beauty,
And it keeps right on breaking until
It makes only splinters in things.
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4 MILES UP!

How a Former Information Clerk Jumped 20,800 Feet to a New Record

Marie McMillin was on her job at the Information Counter of a Columbus, Ohio hotel when...

Marie, here’s that inquiring reporter again. What’s the question for today?

Well, I’ll ask the young lady. What would you like to do that’s different?

Oh—oh, I tell you, I can’t do it!

OKA-A-Y—I’ll fix that right away. We’re running a stunt promotion at the airport tomorrow. You go up for a parachute jump.

Oh—oh, I just can’t go through with this.

Too late now—we go.

Next morning—Marie felt pretty scared but...

Don’t forget the record!

Who’s got a camel?

Bravo!

Wonderful, Marie, you’re a born parachute jumper.

Who’s got a camel?

Yes, long parachute jumps are rough on the nerves, but I’d like to take pride in our willpower to break nerve tension by letting up—lighting up a Camel whenever I can. I find Camels so soothing!

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Winston-Salem, N.C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos
...Turkish and Domestic

Let Up—Light Up a CAMEL!

Smokers find Camels’ costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

(left) When busy, strenuous days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nervous system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—e.g., to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this instinctive urge to relax. Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—light up a Camel. Start today—and add an extra comfort to your smoking with Camel’s costlier tobaccos.