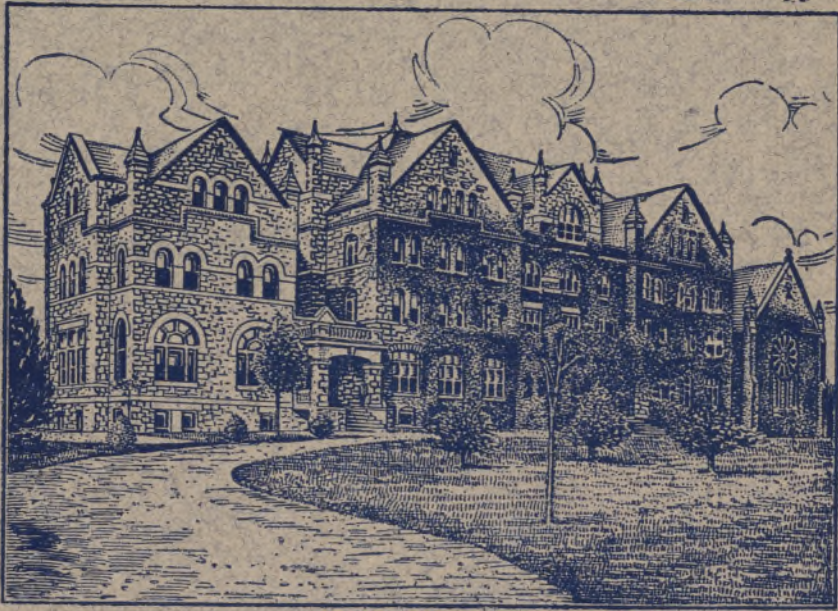


THE COMENIAN

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Vol. 25
No. 5

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The Comenian

Volume XXV.

BETHLEHEM, PA., FEBRUARY, 1916.

Number 5.

The Social Uplift of the West Indian Negro

WALSER H. ALLEN, '18

WHEN the first missionaries landed in the West Indies, one hundred and eighty-four years ago, they found the negro slaves little better than the beasts of the field. They were compelled to work in the cane fields all during the long hot days, having hardly any clothing on their bodies. They were whipped by the slave-masters until the blood ran down their backs. Many a dog was treated with far more kindness than that which was shown towards the slaves. The slave-masters were on the level with their slaves as far as morals were concerned. The slave was to them their beast of burden, the tool of their lust and sometimes their plaything. The owners of the plantations often sent out orders to have their slaves treated well, but as they themselves often lived in England and other countries, this order was absolutely ignored by the slave-masters, who only ill-treated the poor slaves more and more. The plantation owners also employed missionaries to preach to their slaves, but in this case also they lived in England and had no control over the actual affairs of the plantation, and as a result the slave-masters treated the missionaries with as much contempt as they did the slaves.

In order to preach the Gospel to the slaves the missionaries would go out into the fields and work side by side with them. Then in the evening, when the day's work was done, they would go around to the wretched huts in which they lived and talk to them about their souls. Thus "the grain of mustard seed" was sown which later grew into a large tree, for after a while the white people as well as the slaves be-

gan to attend service. On Sunday morning a service was held for the white people and another one in the afternoon for the slaves. However, all this took a long time and many missionaries lived and died without seeing any fruits of their labors. But little by little the work grew and prospered. Churches were built, schools established, and from then on the work has been steadily increasing in size and prosperity.

Then came the emancipation of slavery. The slaves were liberated at different times in the several islands. The British government bought the freedom of the slaves in Jamaica and they were proclaimed free on August 1, 1838. Since then this day has been a public holiday and as long as the old slaves lived, the day was celebrated by a service in the church. But now, as the younger generation knows nothing of the horrors from which they have been saved, the custom has almost entirely died out and the day is given over to jollity.

At the time of the emancipation many of the plantation owners gave their slaves land on which to live and allowed them the use of their surnames, for a slave only had one name. For this reason we find so many people of the same name.

Thus the West Indian negro was given a start, and from then on he has been rising in social position. This start was never given to the negroes of the Southern States. The West Indian negro has made good use of his opportunities and forged ahead. We condemn the negro as being uncivilized, yet so-called civilized

people, who are acting decidedly to the contrary at the present time, can trace their ancestry back for centuries, while the poor negro can hardly go back one hundred and fifty years and be called civilized, or semi-civilized. Now a white girl can travel through the West Indies unaccompanied with perfect safety, because a decided change has taken place.

The negroes have learned trades and are master workmen. Among them are found good carpenters and stone and brick masons. The churches are built of cut stone and the woodwork is all made of carved mahogany. More beautiful and artistic churches are not found anywhere. All this is done by native workmen. Give a good negro carpenter a plan made by an architect and he will follow it out to the smallest detail. There are also representatives of the three standard professions among them. A negro now practicing medicine in Jamaica, graduated at the head of his class in the University of Pennsylvania and is one of the cleverest doctors in the island today. There are negro lawyers who are members of the Temple Bar of London. Negroes are members of the Privy Councils in the various islands under British control. Some of the native ministers are educated men and good speakers. There is a regiment of negro soldiers known as the "West Indian Regiment," and this is made up chiefly of recruits from Jamaica, which is very active in the present European conflict. One of them, "Sergt. G. W. Gordon," has won the "Victoria Cross," an insignia which is sought after by every British soldier. He was awarded "The Cross" for throwing himself in front of an officer and receiving in his own body the bullet intended for the officer.

Each negro cultivates his own patch of land and many thus support themselves. The famous Jamaica Ginger is raised by them. The large banana, sugar and coffee plantations are cultivated by them. At first they knew nothing about these things, but in the British colonies, the government has provided agricultural instructors, who go about and show the people how to plant, raise and take care of their crops. Agriculture is the industry of almost all the islands and thus it is necessary that it be taught. So

now every boy and girl who attends school is taught agriculture. Every school has its "School Garden" and each pupil must spend so much time each week working in this garden. A prize is given each year for the best "School Garden," thus there is plenty of competition. At the present time, on account of the European War, things are very unsettled. There is no market for the products of the island and consequently the bananas and other fruits are rotting on the trees. There is no sale for them and the quantity is too great to be consumed by the population.

The negro has never counted for much in the world. He has met the fate common to persons born with some physical defect; their presence is tolerated and they are even pitied, but are not considered in the social development of the world. The claim of the philanthropist that he is fundamentally equal to the white man is denied. Everywhere except in the British colonies of the West Indies he has not been given a fair chance. No opportunities for social advancement have been afforded him in Africa. In the United States, both as a slave and as a free citizen, he has lived among people openly hostile to his social and political advancement. The West Indies is really the only place where he has been given somewhat of a chance, and this is to try to show that he has taken this chance and "made good." Jamaica may be taken as the best example of the whole group. Some of the colonies may exhibit greater progress in certain aspects of life, the remainder may be more backward, but in none is there so complete a manifestation of all the phenomena associated with the development of the civilization of a people. The negro is on the lower level of civilization, but judging from the progress that has already been made, the time will come when he will rise to a higher level. The way in which the British government has treated the negroes of the West Indies plays an important part in their social uplift. And not until the negro is given a fair chance, aided and influenced, will he ever rise in the social scale. Progress in this direction has been more marked for the last fifty years than ever before. There are still those who do not wish to see him rise socially or politically, but fortunately such ideas are being changed. One

who has done a wonderful work along this line is the late Booker T. Washington. He was the George Washington of "Black America." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to

every creature," cannot be interpreted "to every white man." Christian civilization is meant to embrace the world, and the negro undoubtedly forms a part of the world.

Visitor Number One

BENSON Y. LANDIS

SPARTAN was nervous, fidgety, tired. At a time, too, when he thought he should not have been so. As he rode along he often peered back to the ridge and scanned the horizon. Discovery he most dreaded, and he could not allow it. He lived to prevent it, and what he did toward prevention made him deserving of the name of his own adoption. And beside Spartan he had no other name. The hermit's decision was that if he were found he must begin over again. He galloped for a mile—then another and another. He knew the gentle slope, partly wooded, would conceal a rider following. But once more he turned in his saddle. "If there were a moon," he mused. But the moon was not going to rise until an hour later, and when it did dark, choking clouds hid it.

He had gone to town, on occasion, for three years. He saw to it that he arrived at nightfall. The population was in daytime industrious, but tired and unmindful of him at dusk. As he passed that evening he raised his eyes always to make sure whether many noticed. Hardly anyone did. His visits were never regular. One interval had been five months. He could only have lived by carefully husbanding provisions. But this was part of the plan he had worked out at the beginning: no man was to know him or his abode.

This time the owner of the little store had not been there. Spartan guessed it was the son. He surely was the object of the son's curiosity. He had been glad to leave and hoped his behavior had not been taken as a sign. He didn't know that the son stood at a window until he left the street.

He came to the river twenty miles from town. The burro stopped and stood on the bank. Spartan wiped the great drops off his forehead.

Plainly he was flustered. He might have denied it, though, had someone ventured just that to him. He pulled on the reins, went to the middle of the river, turned the burro's head northward. He started up the river as he always did, ever, too, assuring himself that he could elude a pursuer.

Here he was, stopping again.

"Spartan," he spoke aloud, "you're a baby. They can follow, but you'll lose them."

His words were like an explosion. He was so unaccustomed to the sound of his voice.

"Spartan," he repeated, "what's the matter? What else could you do?" He talked as though addressing himself before a mirror. But this was not helping any.

Before he entered the low, narrow canyon he strained his eyes again. He removed his hat. His hair received a coating of dampness. His flushed face became cooler. Those mists hindered. The water was no deeper than the burro's knees, still it rushed and made the going hard. That made Spartan look at his watch many times. Again and again the beast stumbled, the pack shifted, and Spartan had to stand on the wet, slippery rocks to put it back in place. These stone walls; they were a prison. Would he ever reach the end? Spartan looked ahead to find the easiest passages. Better time than ever, his watch told him, but had good time ever seemed so imperative?

He went up the trail which only he knew and used. He had to go first, leading the burro. At the top he leaped to the saddle and wondered how anyone could escape from the canyon as he had.

Two more hours over a wild trail and he approached two high ridges between which lay the valley he was hurrying to reach. Standing tim-

ber was heavy for that region, while cliffs and ravines added convincing reasons why Spartan should live there. In this fastness all was well; he was secure; here he breathed real relief. Only once had he seen a man and the man had not seen him. To the natural barriers Spartan had added others by felling trees or straightening cliffs. The burro could not roam far, for he was hobbled. His cabin no one could detect from either mountain. Spirals of smoke from his fire might have attracted, but thus far had not.

Spartan struck a match to light a candle. There were few times that he ever used a candle, for the open fireplace gave enough light. He did not care to eat; instead he let his body fall heavily upon a chair. Because he had a candle he took a book from the shelf. He had books which he neither valued nor liked. He should have burned most of them. The pages of this certain book never turned. He held it open, but fell asleep.

Not at all refreshed, he awoke after midnight. He opened the door. The cool air fanned his face. The cabin had but one window. He usually opened that.

"Who are you?"

Spartan snapped it angrily. He closed the door. The merchant's son opened the window for him. Spartan sank to the chair. The intruder saw a worn, beaten, jaded man. Very weakly he repeated, "Who are you?"

"Oh, I am Karl." Of course Spartan knew his surname.

"How, how did you come?"

Karl coughed a grain of cough. "Never mind," he returned.

But Spartan persisted: "By the river and canyon?"

"Yes," after hesitating.

"Spyglass?" Spartan's face wore an unusual flush.

"Yes, spyglass," tapping the strap on his shoulder. "Had to leave my pony a mile back. Never expected him to come as far as I got him."

"How long were you there?"

"I just came, proud at least of having come. You are?"

Their eyes fought.

"Spartan," he flared.

Karl was not surprised. He did not know whether his man was sane. He had dealt with a hermit before, but unsatisfactorily. He was anxious to profit by that mistake.

Spartan still played questioner.

"Why did you come?" naturally after his other queries.

"I choose not to explain. Well," he recovered quickly, "I came for no particular reason than to discover."

Spartan had guessed as much.

"This—er—interrupts considerably, does it not?" Karl found a time at last.

The pale, weak face only nodded.

"And you planned to prevent discovery?"

"Surely."

Karl thought someone was telling him to keep on.

"How will you live now?"

No answer. Karl repeated and still there was none. Since he had come to find out about Spartan's mine (if he had one), he dared to ask about it.

"How's the mine? Suppose you've become rich from it?"

"I have no mine," point-blank, and not unexpected.

"Oh, no; none of you do."

"I did not come here for gold," protested Spartan.

Karl hesitated to resume. Spartan paced steadily back and forth before the window.

"So you did not hope to leave this place."

"I do not *hope*," in the silkiest kind of a voice. There was palest shadow of stress on the last word. He started, but his head sank again.

Karl couldn't be blamed for thinking he was on the right track: "I think if you would let me I could tell your story."

"You could not."

Karl ignored Spartan's burst. "You came from the East, and you—"

"My story," insisted Spartan, "is different. Your knowledge of other men will not apply."

"But that much is true, isn't it," with a persistence that Spartan feared. The latter did dispute for a few minutes, ending in disgust with, "I'll admit nothing you say."

"Secondly, you failed in business, or—"

"You only guess. I'll credit nothing."

"No, not merely a guess. I was nearly right, I'm sure. You have friends in the East. You withdrew because of failure, or injury, or weakness—I'll firmly hold to weakness, Spartan."

Spartan stretched out his arms upon the table, made mental note of Karl's conclusion, and—refused a reply.

"At this moment you aren't the man you were when you came."

Karl expected challenge.

"Inactivity isn't existence," hurriedly. "You are sick."

Challenge came.

"I am?" questioned Spartan softly.

"Yes," confidently. "It is just this way: Your thoughts are diseased; have been I don't know how long."

"Explain."

"No need. Honestly, are you going to deny?"

Spartan began to review the last three years, and many years before. He believed he could analyze some difficulties. Karl saw him wink in quick succession, swallow several times, then quickly control himself. Spartan would listen and reason now. Yet Karl could not hope for too much. Spartan's face was very, very white. It appeared he was bracing himself in his sitting position. He fumbles with his veinous emaciated hands among letters and papers for a little book. It was his diary. Opening at random, he turned a page or two. Entries were frequent and infrequent, lengthy and brief. Some were scrawled hurriedly, others were accurate, to the greatest detail.

Then he walked to the candle. The inside pages took flame. Soon only the leather cover remained. Following came the letters and newspaper clippings. The charred remains of these Spartan rubbed between his hands and let them fall in tiny flakes to the floor.

"Whose fault, Spartan?"

"Mine," as he bit his lip.

"Because you didn't think so, you are here."

"I admit; rather I submit after fifteen years, of which I spent only three here."

Spartan for the first time ignored Karl. He opened the door and stood outside.

"Why," he spoke in a voice Karl feared would fail him, "this reminds me of twilight."

Karl came over and stood with him. Dawn came in narrow gray streaks over the mountain; light could only steal in gradually at first.

Meanwhile Spartan kept repeating, "Twilight, twilight."

"Yes, the morning twilight, then the day."

"I believe," Spartan gasped. He was quaking. What a struggle there was within him. "I believe"—and there he shook his head and stopped.

* * *

It was yet in the cool of the morning. Down yonder mountain a tiny rivulet made a white cascade as it fell from ledge to ledge. There was the jagged outline of a boulder overhanging near a cliff's edge. A lowly, mossy cabin lay far below, hidden except to Spartan's eye. A raven screamed, swooped downward, hovered long, and mounted higher, higher. The scent of the pine greeted them as they came to the crest of the range and passed over.

The true rule, in determining to embrace or reject anything, is not whether it have any evil in it, but whether it have more of evil than of good. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything, especially government policy, is an inseparable compound of the two, so that our best judgment of the preponderance between them is continually demanded.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Canada

REINHOLD HENKELMANN, '16

IT would be a worthy task to undertake a treatise on Canada, but as space would not allow such a lengthy treatise, we shall be compelled to limit ourselves to but one phase of the neighboring country. The question which is much talked about and which has been variously and thoroughly debated is that of free trade between Canada and the United States. We shall largely dwell on the phase just mentioned.

In the year immediately preceding and following 1910 and 1911, the reciprocity question was uppermost in the minds of the leaders in politics and tariff in both countries. In carrying out the provisions of the "Payne-Aldrich Law," which gave the President until April first, 1910, to decide whether the maximum or the minimum tariff should be applied to the different countries, he found the greatest difficulty in the case of Canada. This country has three tariffs: a very low one applying to only a few British goods; an intermediate one applying to some half dozen countries with which special trade conventions have been made; and the general tariff for the rest of the world, including the United States. The difference between the last two is very small. Americans claimed that the policy of preference for goods imported from the British Isles, the conclusion of a treaty with France giving that country special rates, and the existence of intermediate tariff were discriminations against the United States, and that, therefore, the maximum rate should be applied to Canadian goods.

President Taft, being very anxious to secure an arrangement that would insure the largest volume of trade between the two countries, arranged an interview at Albany with Earl Grey, Governor-General, and Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance. Canada granted to the United States its intermediate tariff on thirteen schedules, including forty articles. The chief items involved were cotton-seed-oil, drugs, window glass, leather, china, porcelain, soap, perfumery, photographs and works of art. The total trade in these articles was about \$5,000,000, as statistics showed in the year 1910.

It was during this time that the question of

reciprocity was largely discussed by American writers in magazines and other periodicals. It seemed to have stirred up the whole American nation that possibly through free trade Canada would eventually be annexed to the United States. Such transaction would be very profitable to the United States, but in a question that was facing the public, the Canadians also thought of what an annexation would mean to them. It would mean a farewell to the venerable British Flag, the surrender of Canadian liberty, the vast plains would soon be populated and thus disturb the joyous life of the ranchers and their flocks and herds. It would mean a lower rate for the manufacturer and consequently lower wages for the working populace. These are some of the thoughts which were involved in this question, and many others of more or less importance, produced vigorous discussions.

American writers pointed out that the United States would gain by the enlargement of its free trade territory. There were many indications that agricultural products are falling behind the increase in population and that our exports in the future will be less and less agricultural and more and more industrial. Some Middle-West States that only a few years ago were almost exclusively agricultural are now devoted very largely to manufacturing. On the other hand, Canadian manufacturers declared that they would lose more than the Canadian people on the whole would gain. The capital invested in the Canadian manufacturing establishments was mostly English and Scottish. Even if Americans, Germans, and French would cease to invest their money in Canadian interests, it would be of no great loss to the Canadians, because it would open up the field to British investors. Up to 1911 only a very small per cent. of the business and other investments were made by Americans and Germans. But at the present time the investment pendulum has swung more and more over to the Americans; they realized how enormous the possibilities were and how the assurance of profit was beyond all doubt.

For the last half decade Canada has been able

to hold its own, we might say. In Canada, as in every other new country, prospects for a quick and lasting development have been in progress. It is true, she is far behind with her manufacturing, but you must consider that she is only beginning to bud, not to say anything of starting to bloom. As an example of this I would cite the city of Edmonton, Alta. Only twenty years ago the city, then a village, had a population of less than 200, but in 1913 the population of Edmonton was 69,000. It is natural that, with an influx of people, all industry will come. So there is the start of a glorious future. People from North, South, East and West literally stream to this wonderful land of new and opulent opportunity. Of course the present war situation has decreased the influx of people and the activities of industrial development considerably, but, nevertheless, the opportunity is just the same as it was, only time for readjustment of affairs after the struggle is to be awaited.

With a large portion of the immigration American, about the years 1910 and 1911, we can easily expect that the majority were in favor of free trade between Canada and the United States. Especially in the north-western part of Canada, where these immigrants settled, this desire of reciprocity was most keenly felt. Surely they had reasons enough to desire it, since they found that there was a noticeable difference in prices of industrial implements and other necessities. Hence, the middle and north-western part of Canada was equally enthusiastic for reciprocity as were the United States, because there were few large manufacturers and taking it all in all it was and is now largely agricultural. Free trade would give the rustics and mine owners better chances for higher rates on their products. Shipping them across the border, duty free, would give them plenty of buyers and better rates. They, however, little realized that their resources would, before very long, be exhausted and then it would be in the same condition as the United States is now.

The reciprocity agreement opened the market of the United States to the leading agricultural products of Canada; notably wheat and other grains, and also the dairy products, eggs,

poultry, fish, sheep, cattle and other live animals. Rough lumber was also admitted by the agreement free of duty to the United States, as were print paper, wood pulp and several raw materials. In return for these concessions Canada agreed to admit free of duty cotton seed oil, American fruit and some other products and grant reduced duties on agricultural implements and other manufactured articles.

Campaigns to further the reciprocity cause were held in both countries and it seemed, before the vote of the people, as though it would be carried. But the opposers were not at all backward in showing the lovers of the Land of the Maple the respective detriment by voting the blue ticket into effect. The manufacturing districts were very busy in opposing this cause for the reason mentioned before and now we can see the result of their strenuous opposition has a working benefit not only for their own interests but also for that of the public at large. The agricultural and mining establishments now find a ready market for their products.

The work of the Canadian and the American Commission, of Congress and of the President was rendered null and void by the defeat of the reciprocity agreement by the Canadian electorate, except as to the provision for the admission of wood-pulp, which went into effect on the passage of that measure. However, the admission of wood-pulp greatly alarmed American paper manufacturers and was vehemently protested against. Here is a short quotation from the *Century Magazine*, 1912: "If the present tariff system existing between the United States and Canada continues the look out for Canadian export trade is very rosy. American paper men are pointing with alarm to the fact that between January and September 75,000,000 pounds of paper came into the republic from Canada, free of duty. It is certain that every month of the coming year will only render this condition more pronounced."

To remedy the cry of the paper men, a new process was studied in the United States. Waste long leaf pine for making paper and the recovery of wood turpentine, resin oil, wood creosote stated that the result, so far obtained, would be

(Concluded on page 69.)

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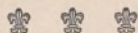
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Thank You

In behalf of the Athletic Association, the Musical Association and the Comenian Literary Society we take this happy occasion for thanking the general public for the interest which has been shown on their part in all the student activities connected with M. C. which these organizations represent. It is needless to state that the Institution on College Hill deeply appreciates the public spirit of approval which has been shown, especially in the attendance at the College Basketball games which have taken place in the Gymnasium during the early portion of this season. We thank you.

And in this connection it gives us particular pleasure to extend thanks to our sister institution for the *en masse* attendance and for the hearty enthusiasm shown toward our athletic activities.

M. W. R.



Tomorrow

These are days of conflict and questionings the equal of which have never before occurred in the history of mankind. Doubt and uncertainty are abroad. But though there were never times such as these when the future was so uncertain, when it was so impossible to presage

what even the next day would bring forth, yet prophets and their prophecies multiply daily though they repel each other in their differences. And these so-called prophecies are given on all fields of human activity, and in many cases their authors would even direct nature and dictate to God. Unfailing laws and abiding principles are ruthlessly cast aside.

In every country can be found in abundance those who bewail the downfall of true religion, who ring the knell of Christianity. Do they sense the trend of the age? They forget the justice of God. There is still punishment for sin and blessing for obedience. The fire which destroys the dross also refines the gold. The laws of God are unchangeable.

Out of the ashes of the present conflict will arise the true faith, elemental and pure, cleansed of all the clay which the passing of the centuries has mixed with it. There is a law that life shall ever spring out of death. The present destruction, though terrible in its present and future effects, has in it the germ of new life. And the new shall be better than the old.

M. W. R.



The Utility of the Classics

If you believe that classical education has been perfected you should not read this.

In a recent issue of *The New Republic* there appeared an article entitled, "The Classical Compromise." It is truth, living, biting and constructive. Some one once laughed at the "humanities," but in this article the author gives to the classics their acknowledged place.

In brief the argument is this: "Professors and instructors think undergraduates study classics out of the original texts. The undergraduates know better. They read ancient literature almost entirely by the aid of third-rate translations. They read unintelligently, unenthusiastically, sneakingly with the demoralizing consciousness that they are guilty of a dishonest practice. They know furthermore that they use 'ponies' not for a better understanding of the authors, but for the acquisition of a deceptive glibness in answering questions about genitives and ablatives, subjunctives and optatives.

"The professors hope that the student will

industriously fill the great gaps in his reading as soon as he is free from the tyranny of the college course of study. But the undergraduate has no mastering eagerness to learn the fate of Penelope. How can Homer be noble or simple or rapid to you if you can read only thirty lines of him in an hour? Or how can you marvel at Livy's pictured page when the pictures are all illustrations of rules in Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar?"

The author does not discredit the classics, but the method of teaching them. He deems a wiser classical compromise possible. It gives up syntax and keeps the spirit of the classics. "Such a compromise fate forced upon Shakespeare when it took him early from the grammar school. Such was the compromise that the thousands of persons who formed Mr. Granville Barker's audiences last spring spontaneously accepted, when in a few hours, out of the translations by Professor Gilbert Murray, they read more Euripides than the undergraduate knows in his academic life. It is a compromise, that the professors of the classics themselves acquiesce in when they read the English Bible.

"The new compromise is not so startling as it must seem to the professors. Classical undergraduates at present are reading a little Greek and Latin in bad translations. The new compromise lets them read twenty times as much in good translations. It relegates to the high school the task of teaching the student his grammar and to the graduate school the task of teaching him classical philology. The high school can give him enough Latin to take him through the Aeneid and a year or two of Greek. This preliminary training is desirable for its influence on the student's English. (And it serves as a foundation for later study if he so desires.)

"In the semester that he now devotes to the Oedipus he can read all of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and trace the development of classic tragedy for himself. Too often the undergraduate's conception of the Greeks is of gleaming, half-nude supermen whose sole business in life is the creation of beauty. This will bring him new conceptions of the manners and life of the ancients. The Lysistrata, the

Achaenans and the Peace contain some timely things about war and preparedness and feminism. But what professor now would dare assign a comedy for an afternoon's reading by way of illustrating Aristophanes' attitude towards peace?

"Now the shortcomings of translations are many, but they are far fewer than the shortcomings of 'ponies,' and the halting, grammar-ridden versions ground out by the honest minority of undergraduates.


"The new compromise will train up for the philosophy lecture-room students who have read Plato with delight. It will prepare for the courses in history students who have lived with the Romans elsewhere than in the Forum and on the battlefields of Gaul, who have known other Greeks than Homer's heroes. It will be the gift of a new literature to cherish while life lasts. And it will mean the true socialization of the classics.

"Obviously the new compromise will demand more talent of its exponent than specialists in genitives can have. The old curriculum has bred up a school of philological martinets who know the commentators better than the poets. Even the notes in the text-books kindle only at the classification of an elusive subjunctive. The new method will need men who love literature and who know the life that conditioned it. It will demand of teachers the insight and equipment of the historian and the critic and the philosopher. But in return it will substitute enduring inspiration for formulas, and give a profitable solution of a problem that too frequently has been evaded, or else approached without frankness or courage."

We congratulate the author upon the expression of the truth in such a timely article and express our sympathy and support towards such a worthy and necessary but as yet unknown compromise. The reverence for classics has made some men near-sighted so that they lose sight of the usefulness of classical literature. Let America and her colleges teach the world how to use ancient literature for present purposes.

R. E. S.



 Robert Burns' wish granted.

Humoresks

About the only time the average woman refuses to talk back is when she accepts some man's seat in a crowded car.

His Wife: "Isn't my new gown quite becoming to me, dear?"

Her Husband: "Sure thing. And I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

Prof. Bill, in assigning portions to the "Shovel Brigade": "Fishel, you will please shovel from the Chapel to the west east corner of the Refectory."

Pox: "I once knew a fellow who smoked fifty cigarettes daily with no particular harm resulting therefrom."

Hinks: "Is it possible!"

Pox: "Yes; and the only noticeable effect was the demise of the smoker."

Sherlock: "They say that Schlegel is sick."

Frankie: "Do tell!"

Sherlock: "Sure; he is suffering from balditus."

P. G. M.: "Ham and eggs are fraternal relations."

G. D. T.: "So!"

P. G. M.: "Yep; they usually belong to the same order."

Reassuring for the inhabitants of the Refectory: Dr. Werst captured a mice on Sunday.

Synonym for "Great White Way:" Broad Street, Bethlehem, with snow on it.

Old Lady Clewell, in English: "Yes, that poet labored under very severe difficulty: he was blind and could not see very well."

De Funk, in Psychology: "Our sensations form a discontinuous series, broken by enormous "Gapps."

Joke with no point: Pox is very *Goode* but he *Reads* too much.

Definition for Exams.: Things which tax the mental ability of the frail student to the bursting point, then as a climax produce a ready-made coffin in which the deceased is placed. All this is done by seven letters—f-l-u-n-k-e-d. Behind the starboard scuppers the cook's orderly sounds eleven bells and all is well.

Fire Drill at Comenius Hall

Our worthy *Hausvater* has, with the aid of Dr. Werst, installed in our dormitories an array of wonderful little red bells which when set agoing faintly tinkle and jingle the fellows out of their slumbers and into a pair of trousers, so that they may with all haste and speed scramble, shivering down onto the balcony, where the afore-mentioned Vater calls the roll.

THE FIRST DRILL OF THE SEASON.

It was forty degrees below zero, more or less, when the *Hausvater* softly stole in the back door of Comenius Hall and slipping up to the fire alarm button firmly pressed it and set the little bells tinkling here and there in the halls of old Comenius. Then he retired to the balcony to await the appearance of the "SONS." It was two a.m. All was still, except for the tinkling of the little red bells. "Bill" waited. Then one by one the fellows came sneaking down the stairs and through the reading room onto the balcony. Splies sneaks, tripping out, calling in a Wisconsin falsetto, "Too late, too late."

"Haus" Hoffman was next to greet the shivering *Hausvater*. He came scrambling through the reading room door. But why is it he has such a hard time getting through the window onto the balcony? Ah, we see. He has part of his bed clinging to his suple form, but

(For extra laughs see p ge 71.)

THE FIRE DRILL



The Birth of a New Year

By the evening of January fifth every man was back at college. As is inevitable on such occasions, there was a maximum of "Christmas Cigars," as well as of hours spent in reminiscences of the old year, followed by best wishes for the new. The next few days found M. C. busy in the breaking, sometimes wrecking, of New Year Resolutions. At length things assumed a more serious aspect, and everyone began to look forward to that gloomy period—Exam. Week. In many rooms it could plainly be seen that "coming events cast their shadows before." Now we can look back over that time when professors take fiendish delight in wasting red ink. The exams. are *past*, but by no means *passed*.

The Rev. Paul de Schweinitz has been appointed representative of the Moravian Church at the conference of representatives of the Latin-America missions, the conference to be held at Panama. Rev. de Schweinitz sailed on February third.

On the afternoon of January twelfth the annual German Oratorical Contest was held in the Memorial Chapel. This contest, usually held in December, had to be postponed on account of La Grippe—prevailing during that month. The programme was as follows:

Organ: "Air du roi Louis XIII" (H. Ghys), W. H. Spaugh, Salem, N. C., Deutsche Volkslieder, Liederkranz; "Maertertum," Samuel Wedman, Edmonton, Canada; "Die Deutschen in Pennsylvanien," LeRoy Allam, South Bethlehem; Violin, "Berceuse," von Jocelyn (Godard), Henry D. Funk, Springtown, Pa.; "Die Deutschen in Amerika," Frank H. Splies, Grand Rapids, Wis.; "Begeisterung und Schwaermerei," Reinhold Henkelmann, Edmonton, Canada; "Zwei Offenbarungen," Mark W. Ruprecht, Columbus, Ohio; then followed a French Horn Solo and several quartet selections, after which the prizes were awarded to Samuel Wedman, '16, and R. Henkelmann, '16, by the judges: W. Strohmeier, '82 Sem., of Schoeneck; C. R. Meinert, '04 Sem., of Emaus; and Mr. H. A. Doster, of Bethlehem.

From the *Bulletin*:

The Committee appointed by the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association to purchase books for the College Library up to the amount of seventy-five dollars, have purchased the following: "Encyclopaedia of Education," five volumes, by Paul Monroe; "Encyclopaedia of United States History," Harper's; "English, Past and Present," by Archbishop Trench; Browning's Complete Works; "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire;" "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius," two volumes, by Dill; "Adolescence," two volumes, by G. Stanley Hall; "Psychology, General

and Applied," by Hugo Muensterberg; "Rudolph Eucken; His Philosophy and Influence," by Meyrick Booth; "Varieties of Religious Experience," by William James; "Christianizing the Social Order," by Rauschenbusch; "The Old Testament in the Light of Today," by W. F. Badè; "Romance of Preaching," by Sylvester Horne; "History, Prophecy and Monuments," by McCurdy; "Introductory to the Study of Comparative Religion," by Jevons; "The Graded Sunday School in Principle and Practice," by Meyers.

THE COMENIAN takes this opportunity to thank the donors and committee for this selection.

The Glee Club was present at the Annual Banquet of the International Order of Odd Fellows during January. Three concerts are being prepared, which shall be given as follows: February 10, Freemansburg; February 12, Macada; February 18, Coopersburg. The manager expects to arrange a larger schedule during the course of the month.

Professor Schwarze attended the Mission Preparation Conference held in New York City on January eighth and ninth. On January twenty-third he preached in the Presbyterian Church, Bethlehem, Pa.

Through the kindness of Mr. James M. Beck, an Athletic Rally Supper was held in January. The occasion was very spirited and aroused great enthusiasm for the basketball season. Thanks are herewith extended for the "wherewithal."

Roy Hassler, '15, visited his home during examination week.

RED CROSS.

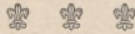
The health of the institution has greatly improved since the Christmas vacation, and has somewhat declined since the Examination *Vacation*.

C. L. S. Notes

The first Public Meeting of the year was called to order by the President at eight o'clock, Saturday evening, in the Chapel. The Chaplain read part of the third chapter of James. The roll was then called and the minutes read. The Glee Club favored the house by a few selections. The extemporaneous speeches were as follows: "The Holidays in Philadelphia," Mr. Everroad; "The Conference at Gettysburg," Mr. R. Shields; "From a Monarchy to a Republic and Back Again in China," Mr. W. Allen. The disclaimer was Mr. Richter, who gave "Thanatopsis." "America and the Japanese" was the subject of the oration by Mr. Kuehl. A French Horn Solo was rendered by Mr. Spaugh, accompanied

by Mr. Ruprecht on the pipe organ. Mr. Guttensohn then narrated "What is it?" Mr. E. Clewell then read his paper, entitled, "The Worst Times." The meeting was then adjourned.

On January fifteenth the following men were elected to fill office during the coming semester: President, E. Clewell; Vice-President, H. Kuehl; Secretary, R. Everroad; Treasurer, J. Shields; Custodians, F. Fulmer; Chaplain, S. Tech; Executive Committee, M. Ruprecht, R. Shields, S. Gutensohn.



Material for Thought

(Contributed.)

In the close association of men such as we have in our institution, it is the common thing for us to judge those with whom we are constantly associated. Among the many criticisms of our fellow men which are heard continually, is that of, so called, "American Bluff," or in its final analysis, deception.

It is a well established fact that we Americans rely on the art of bluffing as an essential factor in our daily work. Are we of this institution, individually, relying on this essential? If so, is it the best method of obtaining real results?

Probably all of us have, for some reason or other, neglected to prepare our day's work and have taken the chance that we would not be called upon for recitation, or were we to be called upon, would rely on bluff. Some of us may have formed this habit, so that from time to time, it has become increasingly difficult to engage in conversation without attempting to "pull the wool over another's eyes." This may eventually lead to the psychological fact, that he becomes so imbued with it that he will lose all sense of truth and believe his own bluff. This does not tend to increase the intellectual ability of the individual, nor does it raise him in the esteem of his associates, for they will eventually find out that there is nothing there to substantiate the statements which he has made.

Can we, at the completion of our four or six years' college course, suddenly discontinue this habit and rely on our mental ability? This would be contrary to psychology, for traces of a habit once formed are never entirely eradicated.

Why not be more straight-forward, more frank and less afraid to acknowledge our ignorance? Let each one of us apply the question to himself, am I a bluffer?

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To hear ourself as others hear us!"

(With apologies to Robert Burns.)

Self Reliance

It is very essential that man should learn to detect and guard the thoughts that flash across his mind from within; yet he disregards those very thoughts because they are his own. Time and again in some great work he recognizes the very thought that he rejected, and from that position it strikes him with a certain foreign force. This very fact should teach him to abide by his spontaneous impression with calm determination even though all other voices appear to favor the opposite side. For no sooner does he yield than some one very confidently tells him precisely what he had thought all the while, and his own opinion is forced upon him through another.

What one must do is all that concerns himself, not what his contemporaries think. This rule, equally difficult in actual and in intellectual life, may act as a distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the more difficult because there will always be those who think they know his business better than he himself knows it; nor do they fail to reveal the fact. It is an easy matter to follow the opinion of the crowd while in the world; just as easy is it for man to follow his own opinion while alone; but he is the great man who in the midst of the crowd can keep the independence of solitude.

This does not imply that man must be consistent in his opinions, for it is that very consistency itself which does much toward the ruining of his self-trust. Today he may give an opinion concerning some object; tomorrow he may regard that object from a different angle and a contrary opinion arises in his mind. How ridiculous if he should attempt to stand by the former because he fears to destroy the respect which through difficulty he created for it. He must speak with force and confidence the thoughts he thinks today, and tomorrow with that same preciseness again utter his thoughts even though they contradict those of the preceding day. It is the only method by which one can obtain self-trust and enable him to create a determining power.

H. A. K.

Y. M. C. A. Activities

Owing to the fact that a season of prayer was observed during the first week of January, in the Central Moravian Church, no regular Y. M. C. A. meeting was held. The first meeting of the month was held on the evening of January 13. The service was led by Mr. Wedman and consisted of the reports of the several delegates from the Gettysburg Student Volunteer Conference. The meeting was opened by the reading of the Nineteenth Psalm. Mr. Wedman then gave a vivid description of the trip which the delegates took over the Battlefield of Gettysburg. He also gave the substance of the address of Dr. Wolf, who is General Secretary of the Lutheran Mission Board. This gentleman spoke on "The Effect of War on Missions."

Mr. Kuehl reported the address of Mr. J. Crowthers, of the Methodist Mission Board. Mr. Crowthers spoke on the subject, "The Frontier of Today," saying, "God expects greater things of us than of our forefathers." He then dwelt on Africa as his field of frontier, on its social and economic relations. Mr. Honnshell, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, in an address advocated the increasing demand for intelligence of the mission field, such as studying the maps and knowing where you are going, and raising of money for the mission field.

Mr. R. Shields reported the address of Mr. Chas. D. Hurrey on the "Qualifications of Being a Missionary." Some of them being physical efficiency, social winsomeness, intellectual mastery of the Christian faith, strong will power, less haste and worry, overlooking disagreeable people, laying aside of race prejudice and, last of all, spiritual vitality. Mr. Shields then gave some of the general impressions of the Conference, some of them being: the rapidity with which the student officers collected speakers, delegates and worked up the Conference; the fellowship between the delegations and individuals, and the idea of carefulness.

After the singing of a rousing missionary hymn the meeting was dismissed, a decided benefit to all who were present.

January 20. The assembly was led by Mr. Weber and the topic for discussion was "Student Honor." This meeting was a close heart to heart talk among the men, in regard to the private life in the college and the social life without; student honor being loyalty to the Y. M. C. A. and all other forms of college activity. Many sentiments were voiced concerning the student honor during the "exam." week. This meeting was largely attended, spirited and earnest throughout.

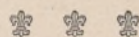
The evening of January 27. Mr. Strohmeier presided at the service, which was a missionary meeting. "The Development of Missions in China" was the subject. Many interesting incidents were brought up at this service and those who attended felt enriched in their knowledge of China's missions.

Exchanges

The January issue of the *Steel and Garnet* presents, as usual, a neat and finished appearance. The paper fulfills its purpose as a magazine for the alumni, but it does not adequately reflect the school life and spirit.

Our College Times contains several interesting and instructive articles. Those in the Literary department are, on the whole, well written and treat very well the subjects discussed.

THE COMENIAN also acknowledges the following Exchanges: *Old Penn*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Black and Red*, Watertown, Wis.; *College News*, Annville, Pa.; *The Hall Boy*, Nazareth, Pa.; *The Perkiomenite*, Pennsylvania, Pa.; *The Mirror*, Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Susquehanna*, Selinsgrove, Pa.; *The Albright Bulletin*, Myerstown, Pa.; *Ogontz Mosaic*, Ogontz, Pa.; *The Central Catholic High School Echo*, Fort Wayne, Ind.; *The Ursinus Weekly*, Collegeville, Pa.; *The Linden Hall Echo*, Lititz, Pa.; *The Kenyon Collegian*, Gambier, Ohio; *The Spectator*, Columbus, Ohio; *The Dial*, Lancaster, Pa.; *The Ivy*, Winston-Salem, N. C.; *The Witmarsum*, Bluffton, Ohio.



(Concluded from page 63)

a remedy for the fear of paper men. This is only one problem which confronted American manufacturers.

We can say with much confidence that the trade relations between the two countries are beneficial to both sides, as they now stand. It required that the United States would have to study industrial conditions and how it would be possible to meet with the demands of the people out of her own resources. In turn it gave Canada a decided impulse to establish her manufacturing more fully and better. It also brought about a thorough study of her almost inexhaustible resources.

At least for the present we have no reason whatsoever to look with scorn and hatred at the opposers of reciprocity. This opposition is for the betterment of both nations. It brings the productive ability of each country to a higher level. As long as Canada and the United States are separate we would hardly know how to predict free trade. But if ever (even though chances are poor now) an amalgamation of the two countries should take place, then free trade would naturally have full swing and would doubtless solve present difficulties.

Basketball

Moravian scheduled her fourth victory of the season on the local floor on January 8, defeating Drexel Institute, 30-12. The game by no means came up to expectations, being one-sided. Drexel was outclassed in every department of the game, the home team passing about them at will. Three of Drexel's field goals were made by long shots because they were unable to work the ball by the M. C. guards. Line-up:

Drexel.	Positions.	Moravian.
Eves	forward.....	Shields
Jobes	forward.....	Turner
Pierson	center.....	Kuehl
Walls	guard.....	Clewell
Calhoun	guard.....	Schulz

Goals from floor: Shields 4, Turner 3, Evans 2, Kuehl 3, Clewell, Schulz, Wills 2, Calhoun 2. Goals from foul: Schulz, 2 out of 10; Eves, 1 out of 4; Jobes, 2 out of 8; Calhoun, 2 out of 2. Substitutions: Evans for Turner. Referee: Barret, Lehigh.

Some old scores were settled with Bethlehem Preparatory School on January 12, when Moravian came out ahead on a 33-27 score. Prep. proved a tough customer, however, with a heavy, aggressive team, and only by a final burst of speed in the last five minutes was the game won. Shields led the scoring for Moravian with 8 field goals, many of which were sensational shots. Briody, as of old, was a hard man to guard, caging four two-pointers. The game was unusually rough and marked by individual playing.

Line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Bethlehem Prep.
Shields	forward.....	Briody
Turner	forward.....	Miller
Kuehl	center.....	Rauch
Clewell	guard.....	Walters
Wedman	guard.....	James

Goals from floor: Shields 8, Turner 3, Evans, Kuehl 2, Briody 4, Miller 4, Smith, Walters 2, James. Goals from floor: Wedman, 4 out of 6; Schulz, 1 out of 4; Briody, 4 out of 8. Substitutions: Evans for Turner, Schulz for Wedman, Smith for Rauch, Christman for Walters. Referee: Green, Lehigh.

Moravian suffered her first defeat away from home on January 15, at the hands of Ursinus. Although easily out-passing their opponents, and being in constant possession of the ball, Moravian could not locate the baskets, missing shot after shot. Schaub for Ursinus played a splendid guarding game and assisted in nearly all offensive plays. The Moravian forwards each succeeded in breaking through time and again but were

hindered by loose baskets from scoring. Capt. Clewell formed the backbone of the defense.

The line-up:

Ursinus.	Positions.	Moravian.
Light	forward.....	Shields
Adams	forward.....	Evans
Kerr	center.....	Kuehl
Schaub	guard.....	Clewell
Will	guard.....	Schulz

Goals from floor: Shields 3, Evans 4, Wiest, Adams, Kerr 2, Light 4, Schaub 3. Goals from foul: Light, 7 out of 12; Schulz, 9 out of 17. Substitutions: Weist for Adams, Havard for Will, Hain for Wiest. Referee: Brokaw, U. of P.

In one of the fastest games ever played in Allentown, Muhlenberg barely defeated Moravian on January 18, by the score of 30-28. In the first half it was Moravian's game for Muhlenberg was bewildered by the speed of the much lighter opponents, the score being 19-12 in Moravian's favor at the end of the period. Weight told, however, in the second half and Ritter and Gaston each broke through for two baskets. At the end of the regular period the score stood 25-25, and it was agreed to play five minutes more. Superior weight tells the remainder of the story. For Muhlenberg, Ritter and Gaston were the whole team, while Shields and Wedman, the latter in fouls, starred for Moravian. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Muhlenberg.
Shields	forward.....	Witmer
Evans	forward.....	Everett
Allen	center.....	Ritter
Wedman	guard.....	Fitzgerald
Clewell	guard.....	Gaston

Field goals: Shields 3, Evans 2, Allen, Gaston 4, Ritter 3, Everett. Foul goals: Wedman, 16 out of 22; Gaston, 14 out of 33. Substitutions: Kuehl for Allen, Turner for Evans. Referee: Mitchell, Allentown Y. M. C. A.

Drexel Institute succeeded in breaking even with Moravian by defeating them on their own floor on January 21, by the score of 34-23. It was a close game until about the middle of the second half, when Drexel started to pull away. Both sides guarded closely, the score consisting chiefly in a duel between DeMaris and Wedman in foul-shooting. The former was the individual star, scoring every point for Drexel. Capt. Clewell protested him at the beginning of the game as intelligible to play, but his protest was ruled down. Turner and Shields played an excellent floor game. Line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Drexel.
Turner	forward.....	DeMaris
Shields	forward.....	Eves
Allen.....	center.....	Pierson
Wedman	guard.....	Walls
Clewell	guard.....	Calhoun

Field goals: DeMaris 5, Shields 2, Allen 2, Clewell. Foul goals: DeMaris, 24 out of 28; Wedman, 13 out of 19. Referee: Glover. Substitutions: Evans for Turner, Kuehl for Allen.

Worn out by the hard game of the previous day with Drexel, the Moravian boys played a hard game against St. Joseph's College of Philadelphia on January 22, losing 29-35. The game was played according to Eastern League rules and with twelve-inch extension baskets, which were severe handicaps. The St. Joseph's guards played an offensive, shooting game, carrying out a system of play seldom used to advantage, but which proved hard to break up. Wedman featured in foul-shooting, making 13 out of 17.

Moravian.	Positions.	St. Joseph's.
Shields	forward.....	S. Martin
Turner	forward.....	Gallagher
Kuehl	center.....	Byrne
Clewell	guard.....	Reily
Wedman	guard.....	J. Martin

Field goals: Shields 4, Turner 3, Kuehl, S. Martin 2, Gallagher, Byrne 4, J. Martin 2. Foul goals: Wedman, 13 out of 17; S. Martin, 12 out of 26; Byrne, 5 out of 6. Referee: Murray, La Salle College.

Temple University added another to Moravian's list of victories when she was defeated 40-33 on January 28, on the local floor. The visitors scored first, gaining six points on fouls, after which Shields and Evans found Moravian's basket. The first half ended 26-12, Moravian leading. During the second period Temple made a strong stand but was unable to take the lead. Phillips and Neph played well for Temple; Evans and Shields leading in Moravian's scoring. Both sides were guilty of unnecessary roughness, the guarding was close, and Moravian was easily outweighed. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Temple.
Shields	forward.....	Geiges
Turner	forward.....	Creely
Kuehl	center.....	Gessleman
Clewell	guard.....	Phillips
Wedman	guard.....	Scarry

Field goals: Shields 5, Evans 5, Kuehl 3, Clewell 2, Geiges 2, Creely, Gessleman, Phillips 3, Neph 3. Foul goals: Wedman, 8 out of 18; Creely, 13 out of 23. Substitutions: Evans for Turner, Allen for Kuehl, Neph for Gessleman. Referee: Walton, Lehigh.

Bumoresks.

(Continued from page 66.)

look, now he disengages himself and rushes frantically out. He is ready for roll call.

But you—poor simps—who are reading this article, kindly, in your mind's eye, try to perceive the mad-rush which is now charging down the front stairs. Hand in hand comes little Sam Tesh and "Nonne," but our modesty will not allow us to describe them too vividly. Behind them and endeavoring to walk up their sleek backs, "Jimmy" and "Cluther" scramble. They are partners in one pair of pajamas.

Goosiebone, Ananias Richter, and Smyser Hagen are immediately behind these. They are singing "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." Sherlock Ruprecht casually lights a stogie and proceeds down to the trysting place a la Charley Chaplin. Mac rushes out with the Personal Page clasped tightly in his arms, his dress suit collar limply hanging around his thorax. Ed. trails out deftly adjusting a tie pin in his purple and gold pajamas. Gary and Curly Turner are scientifically throwing their store bit by bit at Prof. Bill, who yells, "Hoch Soll er Leben." Meanwhile Pete Vogler rushes wildly into "store room" and grabs up the cigar-box-cash-register, which contains a collar button, three hair pins and two one cent stamps.

Polly and Cewpie collide at the bottom of the stairs, each nursing his respective Victrola. Cewpie's is playing "Watch Your Step," while Polly's is playing "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," and Cyril crawls forth singing "My Honey, Wait for Me, I Have Your French Horn." At this exciting moment Ed. Wesenberg makes a spiral dip down the banister, breaking two records, and lands against the hard pine bulletin board and hangs limp and stark on a couple of Y. M. C. A. thumb tacks. Happily, for the success of the "drill," Hassler comes along and removes the stark figure so that Butch might answer "present." Fulmer, who had all this time been hanging to Butch's "gown tail," exclaims "Good night shirt," and then yells up to Everroad, "Slip on something and come down." Ralph did. He slipped on a banana peeling and did the "Ever Glide." He arrived on the balcony breathlessly yelling, "Here."

Weber, with his couch wrapped about him, joins the fast growing group around the *Hausvater*. The sun is coming up over the mountains to the east (as always) and Pox, Pop, and Henks, clothed as for a "shower," arrive before our modest eyes. Sam Wedman and Stolz come forth. Sam wears a sock, et cetera, and Andy a towel. Wildly Shields rushes out, holding "Big Ben" by one ear and Fishel by the other.

"Big Ben" had awakened quite alarmed, and had consequently gone off. They are all assembled by this time, and "Bill" calls the roll but no one answers. They are either all frozen to death or asleep!

Moral: Do not join the Clean Campus Club, for then we can all jump out of the window and report on the campus, regardless of the fact that we are all more or less a little "trashy."

MEYER & HEIBERGER

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