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Anatole France

PAUL J. ALLEN, '16

ANATOLE FRANCOIS THIBAULT, more commonly known by his pen-name of Anatole France, was born at Paris in the year 1844. His early years were spent among the treasures of old prints, antique furniture, and rare editions lying in the ancient book-stalls along the Quai Malaquais, a street facing the Seine,—"that river of glory," as he affectionately calls it.

His father was a dealer in old books, whose shop was a meeting-place for bibliophiles, artists, and authors. His mother was a pious woman of mystical temperament, who stirred the boy's imagination with stories of devout men and women of bygone ages who had tasted the joys of martyrdom. France's interest in the stories of ascetics and hermits never flagged. In "Thais," and in many of his short stories, he delights to reproduce these peculiar combinations of emotions, known as religious, which appeal to the mystical side of his nature. In this respect and in his languid grace he is akin to Maupassant.

At the Collège Stanislas, where he took his Bachelor's Degree, he became acquainted with the masterpieces of Greek and Roman civilization. This classic training reflected itself in the Greek magic of words, Latin phraseology, and hedonistic philosophy, which characterize his writings. Together with his passion for the classics was a keen interest in clerical discipline and Theology; the latter, instead of instilling in him the so-called "faith," only succeeded in driving out what "faith" he ever had. In one of his later books, "The Elm-Tree on the Mall," the principal of a seminary, fearing for the Orthodoxy of one of his pupils, declares: "It is in the temple itself that the hammers were forged which overthrew it. Such is the power of Theological discipline that it alone is capable of rearing great sinners; an unbeliever who has not passed through our hands is powerless and without weapons for evil."

While acknowledging his indebtedness to the systematic training received at college, he speaks thus of the book-shops on the quays: "Simple-hearted book-sellers, my masters! How grateful I am to you! You have given me my intellectual education even more than the professors at the University." Of the shops he also writes, lamenting the changes which later years have brought: "There one feels more keenly than elsewhere the labors of past generations, the progress of the ages, the continuity of a people, the sacredness of the work accomplished by our ancestors to whom we owe liberty and the leisure for study. It is there that the mission of Paris to teach the world appears most vividly to me."

His genial and generous scepticism is the natural outgrowth of a contemplative mind; in it we see the ancient Classics, and their modern interpretation by Renan and Voltaire, filtered and analyzed by the keen, and often destructively-critical intellect of the man. He founded no system of philosophy. Speaking through l'Abbe Coignard, he says: "We must further observe that his" (Coignard's) "surpassing intelligence had originality of outlook on nature and on society only wanted, in order to astonish and delight mankind by some vast and beautiful engineering feat, the skill or the will to scatter mental sophism, like cement, in the interstices between truth and truth. It is only in that way that great systems of philosophy are built up and held together by the mortar of sophistry."

A queer definition of philosophy, this; by no means accepted, by no means true.

His destructive criticism needs further attention. France asked himself the question, "Is the power to doubt a higher one than the power to believe?" After discussing the question he declares that "doubting is a kind of esoteric art, a power that only few isolated minds can enjoy." And this is not a sophism, for literature, history, and art bear him out. The fact impresses the reader more and more that M. France's criticism of life and history is not sporadic, nor splenetic, but rather the filtration of one of the most analytical of minds—a mind striving to overcome the prejudices of his age. It seems to me that the final proof of his intense earnestness, of his heroic struggle for truth, of his fairness of judgment, as well as his nobleness of nature, is found in: "He did not sufficiently exempt himself from the contempt other men inspired in him. He lacked that valuable illusion that sustained Descartes and Bacon, who believed in themselves when they believed in no one else." This, from the "Opinions of Jerome Coignard." We quote his opinions of the "Essais de Montaigne": "What I most admire in Montaigne is his gift of contradicting himself in everything he says. By this sign we recognize a happy and bountiful nature. The highest and most fruitful natures are those most abundant in contradictions.... Happy those who know but one truth and who stick to it with indestructible confidence! Happier, or at least better and greater—are those who have surveyed things from every side, who have seen them under multiple aspects and full of contrasts. They have come close enough to the truth to realize that they shall never reach it. They doubt—and become benevolent and gracious; they doubt—and they become the moderators and good counsellors of this poor humanity which is so enslaved to certainty, and which does not know how to doubt. Let us learn from Montaigne the tribute of true doubting, indulgent doubting, the doubting that leads us to understand all beliefs without being misled by any." He has fully realized the literary possibilities in the legends of saints and martyrs, and although himself without "faith," is especially successful in seizing and portraying all the delicate shades of popular creeds. Especially is his art seen in "Thais." The book is well worth the reading. But it would not be Anatole France to simply give the story as related by the medieval monks, and then leave it there. With true irony, after having described the victory of good over evil, he narrates the triumph of the flesh over the spirit. The monk, Paphnutius, has saved the soul of "Thais," but he has lost his own.

Our author was viewing life from the standpoint of a spectator, with dispassionate yet pitying irony. He proposed no remedy for the ills of the world, except perhaps, "men make themselves miserable by the exaggerated opinion they have of themselves and their kind; if they could only form a truer and humbler opinion of human nature, they might be kinder to others and kinder to themselves....this sympathetic regard, then, would urge them to humiliate their fellows, in their opinions, their knowledge, their philosophy, their institutions.....They would put their hearts into showing others that their weak and silly nature has never constructed nor imagined anything worth the trouble of attacking and defending very briskly, and that if they knew the crudity and weakness of their greater works, such as their laws and their empires, they would only fight in fun or in play, like children building sand-castles by the sea." A generous scepticism is therefore urged. From this standpoint he proceeds to discuss historical events: "The folly of the French Revolution was to wish to establish virtue on the earth. While one would make men good and wise, free, moderate and liberal, one is led to the fatal desire of killing them all. Robespierre believed in virtue and he brought about the Terror. Marat believed in Justice; he demanded 200,000 heads.... One opposed to the principles of the Revolution could not have signed a line of The Declaration of the Rights of Man, because of the excessive and unfair separation it establishes between man and the gorilla....If we could begin to smile a little at our follies, which once appeared majectic and at times were stained with blood; if we could perceive that our modern prejudices are like the old, the outcome of something either ridiculous or hateful; if we could

judge one another with a charitable scepticism, quarrels would be less sharp." This also from "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard."

But how is it that this dilettante, this genial sceptic, and at times mocking Mephistopheles, suddenly comes before the world in the light of a vigorous social reformer? The change is sudden, abrupt. He is now a robust devotee of the "rights" of the people. In 1896 he was elected to a seat in the French Academy,—that one formerly occupied by Ferdinand de Lesseps. In 1897 he issued "l'Orme du Mail," a series of notable comments on contemporary literature and social life,—probably the outgrowth of his contributions to the newspapers. This is regarded as the most notable comment on things French today. In some way these things seem to have given birth to a new man. But it was the Dreyfus affair which really brought Anatole French from his study. It will be remembered that Dreyfus, a Jewish officer in the French army, was arrested in the year 1894 on the charge of having sold military secrets to Germany, and was found guilty by a court-martial sitting behind closed doors. The honor of the army was saved, and the anti-Semites, Nationalists, Clericals and Royalists took advantage of the verdict to further their own ends. Then came the bitter struggle. A small group of intellectuals, prominent among them Anatole France, labored ceaselessly in his defense. The pardon was granted, as well as his reinstatement in the army. This gave our author ample opportunity to put into action his carefully thought-out theories. And yet, as Professor Crawford, of the University of Pennsylvania, points out, his participation in these social reforms was only the practical application of his thought; not, therefore, a revolution in his life, for "an anti-militarist, he resented the tyranny and injustice of the army; he viewed with apprehension the growing power of the Royalists; believing in a weak form of government, he was bound to oppose the Nationalists, who wished to reform the existing parliamentary government into a dictatorial one; tolerant of all creeds, he resented the bigotry of the anti-Semites."

This active participation in public affairs is reflected in four volumes of "Contemporary History," dealing with ecclesiastical politics, contemporary questions, and particularly with the Dreyfus case. France has now been brought into the streets. But his faith in a more stable human nature has hardly been deepened. The "Histoire Comique" is now written. That great critic, Brander Matthews, deals adequately with the book and its morals. As to the form,—while his short stories are masterpieces of artistic execution, as careful in structure as in style, the "Histoire Comique" is by no means so. "There is no structure, no unity, no regularity; the story is without beginning and without end. It commences anywhere and ends anywhere....It is an innovation in the art of story-writing. Every sporadic chapter has glancing wit, biting humor, cutting satire, piercing paradox. His narrative is journalistic. The book is a permanent kaleidoscope of France in the dismal years of the Dreyfus case; it elucidates the temper of the time....The topics serve chiefly for discussions from divergent points of view of the several characters, all representative and significant, vital and pertinent....Throughout France rejects the attraction of an artful plot, and focuses his interest solely on the characters. It is in this that he is most brilliantly himself, and most acutely critical."

France has been called immoral. He is hardly that, but is often indecent. After all, as a critic has said, morality is largely a matter of opinion. "A critic like France may be justified in casting doubts upon all our principles, as well as upon all our prejudices." There are incidents in almost all his books, amusing in themselves, yet leaving one a little ashamed of the laughter they aroused. His books are not for all kinds and conditions of people. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." A few of his writings are only for those of a very stout stomach.

Space will not permit us to go into any great detail, therefore we hurry on to the end.

Professor J. P. Wickersham Crawford, of the University of Pennsylvania, doubts whether France was ever converted to the ideas of Socialism, but thinks that his interest in this

was merely that of a dilettante. While actively engaged in Socialistic propaganda, he wrote "The White Stone," "Through the Horn or Ivory Gate," and "Toward Better Times." But even with this evidence we may be justified in thinking that his interest arose from a sympathy for suffering humanity rather than from a deep-rooted conviction that conditions would ever improve. That this would seem to be the case is shown in "Penguin Island." After replying to those critics who believe that history is a barren mass of documents, he proceeds to present history as a picture pulsing with life. "Penguin Island" has been called "the *reductio ad absurdum* of the history of France." Another critic calls it "the burial of the illusion of the hope in the ultimate regeneration of society."

Absolute nihilism is the philosophy of "The Gods are Athirst." Humanity is shown as being heroic only in its stupidity, is incurably human, and a plaything of the forces of nature. Let us look at one of the incidents. The hero of the book is Evariste Gamelin, a young painter and juryman of the Revolutionary Tribunal The great figures of the Revolution are almost entirely ignored, and are simply dim figures in the background of the picture. Gamelin is waiting for his companion in one of their accustomed *rendezvous*. Outside a great crowd is escorting the first victim of the new revolutionary court to the guillotine. The delayed passengers are eager spectators. Desmalis does not come; Gamelin becomes anxious and mixes with the mob. Soon the friends meet, but Desmalis refuses to confer on some most serious business, saying: "Let me go! I was following a divine girl in a straw hat, a modiste's girl, with blond hair hanging down her back. This cursed car separated us. She passed on ahead of me. She must already be at the end of the bridge." In this way Anatole France interprets history. "Sex and hunger, vanity and prejudice remain dominant even when men are hypnotized by abstract ideas of reason, justice, and virtue." Another character, M. Brotteaux, is condemned because "as an aristocrat, he was weak enough to believe that the Revolutionists were more weak and more stupid than other men," Again we see that France exempts no one from human frailties.

"The picture throughout is of a society, that all through its tremendous excitement and fear and intense national impulses, fulfilled its human business of loving and hating, buying and selling. Gamelin's mother is always obsessed by the rise in the prices of food; the poor little *fille de joie* by the Puritan Jacobism which would spoil her trade. Politics influence everything, and create a fickle, time-serving, intensely watchful Paris. Love, indeed, venal, sensual, pure, horrible, goes on always, and the misery of the streets, and the wretchedness of the poor" (London Times). In everything there is the echo of negation.

In one of his earlier books, Anatole France makes Jerome Coignard tell his disciple, Tournebrouche, that no action is possible unless inspired by enthusiasm. The fruits of the intellect are arid. Our author seems to have attempted enthusiasm during the years of his active political life. But perhaps the habit of destructive criticism had gained too strong a hold on him. At any rate he seemed to have decided that he could not thrive on enthusiasm. In "Penguin Island," "The Gods are Athirst," and "The Revolt of the Angels," he has again retired to his asteroids,—even more despondent over poor humanity. There is a proverb, "To understand everything is to forgive everything." Our author is diligent in understanding, and in proving everything. He is therefore never arrogant, though to him, like to Renan, life was a tragic farce. Unlike Renan and Voltaire, however, his redeeming faculty of pity is far stronger than his terrible negation of things.

Whether or not the mental attitude of Anatole France will influence his country's thought and literature will largely be decided by the present war. In many of his most virulent denunciations, and in his Olympian scorn he is at variance with the then hopeful aspect of French writers. The war literature of today sounds a far more cheering note. It is well, we think, to give the sketch of Anatole France's intellectual and spiritual development, as given by Professor Crawford. That authority writes: "At

times he reveals himself to us as a poet with exquisite perfection of form, a dilettante with ardent love for the literature of the past; an indulgent sceptic who looks upon human frailty with Olympian indifference; a mystic who naively invokes the poetry of primitive religions; a sentimental rationalist who saps the foundations of belief with a devout smile; a voluptiary; a keen critic of theological dogma; a bitter anti-clerical and zealous supporter of the separation of Church and State; a Socialist and eloquent champion of the rights of the people; a learned historian; a Rabelaisian short-story writer, and a scoffer who laughs with Mephistophelian mockery at all things, human and divine."

As a master of well-nigh perfect language, a writer with amazing versatility, a man accurate and precise in psychological analysis, an author and thinker of the broadest of views, Anatole France will prove well worth while to the student of literature and life. We would recommend the reader to study, before taking up any of the more critical works, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which is considered to be the finest of his novels. The bitterness and corrosive irony of his later years are almost entirely absent in this wholesome story.

Trieste's Yellow Diamond

BENSON Y. LANDIS, '18

THE Principality of Trieste!" Such was the decision of the congress on the conclusion of the treaties of peace of the European powers in the fall of 1918. Territory and indemnities had all been disposed of for some time—with one exception. Neither Austria nor Italy would yield in the controversy over Trieste. At the conclusion of hostilities Austria had held all of the city but a few outposts. Italy contended that had they been allowed to continue their onsloughts the city would have fallen. Among the disinterested ministers opinion was divided. I believe it was for two weeks at least that the wrangle was on the front page of our papers. Nor was it any wonder; the negotiators of all the belligerents were held at Stockholm until Austrian and Italian representatives could determine on the future nationality of the Adriatic seaport. We had expressed editorially our belief that a compromise would soon be effected; and the outcome of the final session was the first four words that I have written.

We Americans viewed it derisively. And as soon as the diplomats of England, France and Germany returned, they unitedly disapproved. They said they had consented because it had meant adjournment, and for that reason only. As for Russia, everybody was silent. Some paper guessed the reason: Trieste was to have a Russian prince.

And then for the next half year the news which came out of Trieste savored of constitution, limited monarchy, and elections. And these items we usually tucked away among poor advertisements, where we wagered one reader in a thousand would read them.

It was not until toward the end of 1919 that we received the story of the yellow diamond. The prince of Trieste was the owner of the largest yellow diamond in the world. Paris had been the first to feature the story. I favored publishing the report and the chief agreed. The column contained much "as rumor had it." The unearther of the secret did not know the size or the value of the gem; he only said it was enormous. The original informant was an employee of the city's, or the country's, government. The prince valued his gem above anything in his realm; he often carried it about with him; at all times was it closely guarded. The princely person was a vain, pompous fellow. He loved display; he was a snob. His meager court was the worst clique in Europe. As an executive he was a misfit, about government he knew nothing, his little standing army he laughably likened to that of Piedmont in the time of

Cavour, and the members of the upper legislative council, whom he himself appointed, were of his own kind. In the lower council, on the contrary, there were signs of restiveness and disgust. One of its members had flung forth the accusation that they were mere members of the prince's speaking club.

The day after we published that the chief sent me to Europe, and told me to save a day or two for Trieste. And what is most outstanding in my first trip to the city is that Rudolph Herrman came into my life. Of course I saw the docks that were now not so crowded as in antebellum days, the streets with less of bustle than I had anticipated, the sluggishness of business everywhere, and the frequent vestiges of royalty. It was evident that dissatisfaction reigned. Other cities were gradually regaining the former prosperity; not so Trieste. But I am determined to persist in my statement that better than anything else was my discovery of a preeminent personality. I had first met Rudolph Herrman in the lobby of a hotel; later I had seen him as floor leader in the lower council; and before I left I had been received in his own home. I had observed him as few had.

In his study I spent the last hours that I had been in the city. I encountered the features of his Prussian grandfather on a portrait there. I was reminded of those of a German general who had been killed in the war. My gaze shifted to Herrman's face to make a comparison. He was ready for me.

"Oh, I have changed. There must be a world of difference between my Prussian grandfather and myself. The climate has contributed; besides, he was a soldier, and I am a merchant. And I think everything is better here; I am wholeheartedly concerned about the welfare of Trieste."

The way was open for me.

"How's business now? Picking up as well as can be expected?"

It struck vitally.

"We are fettered!" he exclaimed. "We are bound by a foreign puppet, a royal fool. How can we expand? You do not teach a bird to fly by clipping its wings!"

"Then your monarchy is only slightly limited?"

"Our rulers give us what they think best for us; the prince and the upper house remind me of your American bosses. You are far too tolerant over there. We business men have a majority in the lower house now. But they bleed us with taxes; they let us talk until our temples swell; they ignore us. But soon they will not!"

"Secret organization?" I questioned.

"Of business men, yes. But you may not publish this. When we make our inroads among the army officers we will be ready. Remember, silence about this now."

I obeyed gladly because of his trust in me—and left Trieste reluctantly.

II.

"The Republic of Trieste!"

Six months later everybody had that headline. The distatorship of Rudolph Herrman was announced. He had led the revolting army on the capitol buildings. On the third day of his incumbency Dictator Herrman issued a proclamation for new elections; he was supreme ruler until that election day. And during the campaign days there was one party popularly known as the Herrman party, and another small group in opposition who favored the restoration of royalty. Nobody doubted that Trieste's dictator would become her president.

Soon there was circulated news of Herrman's proposal to introduce measures which would abolish the upper and lower councils. Although I had no direct knowledge of the situation, I feared for him then; it semed most imprudent to ask newly elected legislators to legislate their offices out of existence. But this rumor had truth in it; Trieste was to have a commission form of government, precisely like that of some American cities. The constitution was so amended, or mutilated, maybe, that these commissioners would now be popularly chosen.

Always came the news that the city was quiet. Citizenship, it is true, became not what is citizenship in America. The business men who were running things must have seen to it that

there should not be too much democracy. And Herrmann's sole purpose was to free the merchants, the bankers, the shippers, and to reduce the rate of taxation.

Briefly, they stopped laughing over here. I say they, because we had been respectful ever since I had returned in January, 1920. But up bobbed the story of the yellow diamond! I never could learn where it originated this second time; it seemed to have appeared simultaneously in several places. "President Herrman now has the yellow diamond. Trieste's democratic president strangely holds the crown jewels. We think such a man of the people should sell them and turn the money into the public treasury." I wanted to retort hotly to the man who wrote that, but the chief wouldn't let me. He made me show him my editorial, so the best thing I could do was to particularize on the small salary President Herrman had been granted at his own request. I knew the chief had to bow to conservative owners, and couldn't risk being the zealous champion of the wronged republic of Trieste.

All I could do was to do justice to the news as we received it—and to long for another European assignment. But Paris got a man there first. "President Herrman denies that he has the yellow diamond." I pictured myself in his presence and hearing him thunder that denial. Additional word came from Herrman; he was obdurate; he insisted he was being shamefully accused. And everybody but we said, or might as well have said, "Huh!"

The chief and I didn't have lunch together again until the summer of 1921.

"Make special provision about Trieste," he said. "You and President Herrman are friends, so go with the intention of complimenting his administration, and if you think he will answer you, ask him about the yellow diamond."

III.

The two men aside of me at the rail were talking about the protective tariff which President Herrman had succeeded in enacting. Trieste was expanding; her wealth per capita would double in a decade, asserted one of them, who was a banker. I had met him the first day out. About ten minutes before we docked he turned to me.

"But Herrman has little patience with you foreign newspaper men. You are keeping up the story of the yellow diamond. Herrman doesn't have it; and I know what he says is true."

"I believe what he says about the yellow diamond."

"You, you believe?"

"Here's a card on which I have written Dec. 1919. Then he told me that the revolution was coming."

It developed that I had known Herrman before the banker himself, and he said, "Then I guess you'll get some time with Herrman."

"Good morning, Mr. President!"

He called me simply Williams, and because of this initiative I always addressed him Herrman.

We had spent an hour before we really got to talking. Anything he or I started on seemed to lag.

"Man, but you know the commission form of government. That's one thing for which you're indebted to America."

"Oh, yes," he rejoined. "But you usually make the mistake to teach Asiatics and Europeans to go home and do better than you."

"Isn't that—"

"Boastful," Herrman supplied. He saw my embarrassment and went on, "Maybe it is. Anyway you didn't say so. But I was going to mention the treatment the papers have given us. We don't want that kind of publicity. We are taking care of ourselves, however. Trieste will be soon known widely for what she manufactures. And then you fellows will forget about the yellow diamond. You're just aching to ask me about it now. But you don't know how to frame the question.....I'll make it easier for you by saying I will tolerate anything."

He was smiling; his huge body reclining in ease in his chair.

"Did you ever see the yellow diamond?"

He jumped up. "Caught! The other fellows used to ask 'Do you have the diamond?' And then I could answer no in truth. I didn't lie

(Continued on page 103)

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Aiding Our Fellow Men

One main characteristic of the days in which we live is men's sensitiveness to human sufferings. Through one cause or another they have become open-eyed and tender-hearted in regard to the terrible distresses which afflict vast portions of the human race. It seems that some unusual, yea, even some unnatural power has been moving upon the minds of men, and has caused the bitter cry of human sorrow to pierce and penetrate and rouse to practical help, many who before were but little conscious of, and less concerned about, the dark and deplorable facts that lay all around them.

Here and there we find those who regard these sad conditions of the world as inevitable, and therefore hopeless, and who look on with cynic doubt and reproaching suggestions; while others are bestirring themselves to find some sort of remedy. But this very sensitiveness needs to be soothed, strengthened and guided by the love of fellow-men which is based on the faith in the love of God; or else it will rush into wild schemes, which can do no good to those in distress, and will only rebound in many sad and terrible ways on those who devised them; or else it will sink down into hopeless despair, and to vain, frantic protests against what it thinks to be the cruel laws under which men are condemned to live. At such a time nothing but confident trust in the true love mentioned above will avail.

All efforts to better the lot of our fellow-men demands patience and energy, and a hopefulness that nothing can quench. To ease the suffering of man, or to face the great evils of human life is real, serious, earnest work, from which all but the true hearted will turn away. Apart from this, men cannot and will not persevere in the often apparently hopeless task of lightening the burdens which oppress so terribly so many of the human race.

Food Preparedness

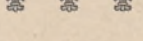
For the first time in our history, the people are really doing something about the high cost of living. We have seen much along the line of military preparedness, but until lately very little has been said about agricultural preparedness. But now, wherever one looks some statement, prophecy, or warning about the food situation meets the eye.

Our economic system has proved inadequate in providing proper measures to regulate and distribute the food supply. The United States alone of all the warring nations has a system of producing and distributing farm products which is entirely unorganized. Now, when an emergency has arisen and when all the disturbing influences of a state of war are flooded over the land, the loose system which had been adequate before is fast becoming a chaos.

Private enterprises of many kinds are at work on the solution of this problem. Newspapers are urging men to raise food on every available bit of land and are throwing out numerous suggestions for increasing the production. The utilization of idle land has been taken up both by private and by public agencies. Some men have gone so far as to plow up golf courses and beautiful lawns. Plans are in progress which

would place the agricultural situation in the hands of the military authorities and men would enlist for farm service just as well as for army service.

Whether these suggestions and plans can be carried out and whether, if they should be carried out, they would solve the problem of food shortage here and in Europe is very much of an open question. Such activity, however, shows that the country is fully aware of the emergency which confronts it, and if proper action is taken in time it is hoped that the situation will become less strained. R. W. S.



What Is Art?

"Art," remarked Fra Elbertus Hubbard, "is the joy a man takes in his work."

"Speakin' about Art," James Whitcomb Riley intimated, "I once heard of a fellow down in Texas who could stand aside of a freight car and spit clean over."

Max Eastman, who edits, they say, a "very radical weekly paper" in New York, finds during any nine innings at the Polo Grounds much of the artistic in the expressions that are hurled from the bleachers.

We once read a story in the *Century* which might in synopsis be put thus: A railroad magnate moves into a fashionable neighborhood, the people of which are known for the cultivation of their aesthetic tastes. In his front yard he orders laid down twenty feet of what he calls perfect railroad track. And the next day an audience of neighbors express their horror; they cannot endure the ugly, inartistic sight. The "boor" smiles, and later invites them to an artistic exhibition in one of the halls of his home. His neighbor lovers of Art pass sneeringly by paintings which he has borrowed from private collections, which they would otherwise have called "priceless," because he has put on horrid price tags of twenty-five or thirty dollars. Afterward, they cannot applaud the noted Russian pianist, simply because according to the programs given them a nobody is seated at the grand.

To George Moore we are indebted for this: "All Art springs from the attempt of man to imitate nature. But man, being on imitative animal, will imitate instead, if he gets the chance, the efforts of his fellow-man to imitate nature. If he doesn't—that is, if nations live apart and don't see each other—he will go on imitating nature indefinitely, and thus continue to produce Art *ad infinitum*, for the number of ways of viewing nature is inexhaustible."

And not out of harmony with Mr. Moore's first sentence, Booth Tarkington has written that "an artist is a person who reveals bits of creation, by recreating semblances of them in symbols."

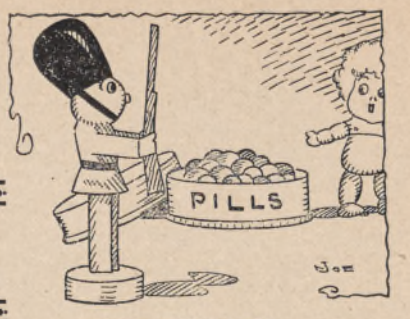
If we return to George Moore he will go on to tell us, "There is no harm in a man imitating his neighbors. It is the communities [the nations, rather] which must not mingle." For it is his verdict that "the death of Art can be expressed in one word: Locomotion! The steamboat and the railroad debauched the Muse, and she died strangled in telegraph wires; the telephone chants her requiem.....Art was born in parochialism and cosmopolitanism has killed it.....Art, until bows and arrows come again, is extinct."

Beyond reminding that George Moore's voice is somewhat Victorian—which may comfort some; and beyond inserting from the chapter on production in Richard T. Ely's "Outlines of Economics," in answer to the charge that machine production is antagonistic to the development of Art, that "an extensive use of machinery as a servant of Art will always be necessary, and that in two ways: (1) for an appreciation of Art there must be leisure, and without machine production this is not possible for the masses; (2) there is much work that is preliminary to the work of an artist, and that can be done by machinery;" further we will not pursue elusive Art.

Maybe it would import to select from the foregoing; our preference goes to the defining words of Booth Tarkington. And among "bits of creation" we dare not include "ideas."

B. Y. L.

DRILL DRIBLETS



IN TOYLAND.
"Hey, you Doll, get away from those shells, you might be a spy."

Pharo, on guard duty: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Echo answers: "Nobody."
Pharo: "All right, go ahead."

Vogler and Strohmeier stopped over at a hotel in Palmyra. Scene: 10 A.M. Vogler is seen *en negligé*, brushing his teeth by gas-light. Enter Strohmeier, wearing a hat and two socks.

Strohmeier: "Hey, hold on there. You're using my tooth-brush."

Vogler: "Oh, am I? Sorry, old man. I thought it was one somebody had left here."

The Poe-etical fantasy of Amos Fulmer:

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, wet and weary,
O'er my ne'er forgotten model, model of French beauty fair,
Suddenly I felt a burning, some resistless inner yearning,
Creeping upward to my hair.
'"Tis the stomach-ache," I muttered,
Groaning loud in deep despair.
Then before my startled fancy came the perfect form of Nancy,
Agnes, Bessie, Susie, Beatrice, Helen of the melting eyes.
Each before my vision bobbing, set my youthful heart to throbbing,
Made my sinking spirits rise.
Was there ever such a picture?
Surely this was Paradise.
When at last the vision faded, down I sank so weak and jaded,
Knowing that I yet was single, and the knowledge made me sore.
But if e'er I get to heaven, I will have of wives eleven,
And I'll yearn for even more.
Then would I be quite contented,
Happy, yea, for evermore.

No matter how young a prune may be, it always has wrinkles.

Professor, after vainly searching for his Latin book: "A Hercule, veni, vidi, sed non reperivi. Will someone please lend me a Horace?"

Reckless Rick: "Here, Professor, take mine. It's well topped.'"

Chames: "Andy, me b'y, you're looking bad. Why will you keep on going out so much?"

Andy: "Well, Jimmie, me lad, I must get used to facing powder and falling in arms."

EXTRACTS FROM THE "REGIMENTAL BULLETIN."

Colonel Trafford has imposed a sentence of death for stopping cannon-balls.

Private Fulmer has been disqualified because of his "Specs."

The cavalry squadron now consists of Allen, Hagen, Kilpatrick, Shields and Bilheimer. New recruits needed. Qualifications: Two legs, bent by nature; good looks, and a high horse.

Corporal Funk, of the awkward squad, complains that Priyate Splies is too wasteful of his powder.

Trooper Hagen, while engaged in target practice at close range, accidently discharged his piece, and shot a Bishop.

She: "Oh, Benson, promise me you won't enlist. You know what Sherman said about war."

Ben, the fatalist: "I know, dear, but a little information beforehand might help me later on."

The "religious" class was discussing the pros and cons of Noah and the flood.

Bilheimer: "They must have had salt pork in those days, too."

Professor Bill: "But, Mr. Billheimer, you are so unscientific in your thinking. Pigs hadn't been invented then."

The other Bill: "Well, you just said that Noah took Ham with him into the ark."

EAU.

At midnight she said to her beau,
"You really are awfully sleau!"
He turned, "I've a glint
That perhaps that's a hint,
But is it—to kiss you—or geau?"

A kiss is the meeting of two smiles.

Minister: "Why, Johnny, you've been fighting. Don't you know that it's wrong to use violence? 'They who fight with the sword, shall perish with the sword.' And you have a black eye."

Small boy: "That's all right. You better go and preach to your own kid. He's got two of 'em."

Frankie, in Hebrew class: "So the letter Koph means the back of the head? Doesn't the German word Kopf come from that?"

Dr. Schultze, fondly: "Oh, no; there're nothing in that."

Locals

The annual meeting of the Moravian Educational Association was held on Saturday, April 28, in the Mary Dixon Memorial Chapel of the Linden Hall Seminary. Meetings were held in the morning and afternoon, over which Dr. A. Schultze, President of the Association, presided. At the morning session reports from the various schools were heard. At the afternoon session, Dr. W. V. Moses read a paper on "The Study of Latin." Prof. C. H. Rominger, Sem. '06, spoke on "The Curriculum of Preparatory Schools." Dr. Clewell discussed the "Relation of Schools to the Community." The report of Rev. Stengel showed that the endowment fund of Linden Hall Seminary had reached the $35,000 mark.

On Thursday, April 19, the Ohio branch of the Moravian Theological Seminary Alumni Association met at the parsonage of the Sharon Moravian Church. An election of officers was held, which resulted as follows: Rev. J. E. Weinland, President; Rev. R. Bahnsen, Vice-President; Rev. M. F. Oerter, Secretary-Treasurer. At this meeting Bishop Hamilton read a paper showing the effect of the war on Moravian Missions.

During this great National Crisis many of our eastern colleges have taken up military training in order to help train students, in case they may be needed by our government. With the consent of the faculty, the M. C. students have fallen in line by also taking up military training. Among the students are found men who formerly were National Guard men, and also some who received training in military schools, so it was not very difficult to find able leaders in order to drill the students. The following officers were elected: F. T. Trafford, Captain; F. H. Fink, First Lieutenant; E. S. Hagen, Second Lieutenant. The Captain appointed H. E. Kemper, First Sergeant; C. H. Pfohl, Second Sergeant; W. H. Allen, Commissary Sergeant. The students are all very enthusiastic regarding the movement and about forty are out at every drill. A Pennsylvania National Guard man, while watching the students at a recent drill, remarked that he hardly believed such wonderful progress could be made in such a short time.

On April 19, Rev. Rufus Bishop, Sem. '12, was married to Miss Pearl Woosley in the Home Moravian Church of Winston-Salem, N. C. THE COMENIAN extends heartiest congratulations.

THE COMENIAN extends congratulations to Rev. Wayne T. Harner on his marriage to Miss Marie Bartholomeu; also to Edward B. Fishel, ex-'18, on his marriage to Miss Carolyn Bauer, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Henry A. Kuehl attended the Executive Meeting of the Student Volunteer Conference held in Philadelphia on April 21. On account of the National Convention of Student Volunteers to be held in Chicago in January, the date of the Conference which was to be held at Moravian on November 30 and December 1 and 2 has been postponed until February 22-24, 1918. Mr. Kuehl also conducted the services at the Edgeboro Chapel on Sunday evening, April 15.

Frederic Trafford filled the pulpit of the Easton Moravian Church at the morning and evening services on April 29.

Among the trips made by the Musical Association, the one to Palmyra and Riverside, N. J., was the most prominent. On the evening of April 12, a concert was given at the Palmyra Moravian Church. After the concert the Glee Club was invited to a social gathering and refreshments were served. The members of the Club were also entertained at the various homes of the members of the congregation and their hospitality was greatly enjoyed.

On the following evening a concert was given in the pretty Riverside Moravian Church. Here, too, a reception was tendered and delightful refreshments served, and the members of the Association were again entertained at the homes of the Moravians.

The programme at each of these places was well rendered and proved a decided success. It consisted of Glee Club, quartette, duet, vocal solo and violin selections, all of which were heartily applauded and greatly enjoyed.

George F. Weinland delivered an address in the Coopersburg Moravian Church on Sunday evening, April 29, on the subject, "The California Missions."

Reinhold Henkelmann addressed the Central Junior C. E. Society on April 24, and also spoke to the College Hill Junior C. E. Society on April 29.

Christian O. Weber attended the Presidents' Y. M. C. A. Conference held at Lebanon College on April 28 and 29. On April 8, he occupied the pulpit of the South Bethlehem Baptist Church.

Messrs. Trafford, Mueller, and Turner spent their Easter vacation in New Dorp as the guests of Ernest S. Hagen, Jr.

Walser H. Allen visited friends in Montclair, New Jersey, during the Easter Recess

Samuel Wedman preached in the South Bethlehem Baptist Church on Sunday evening, April 22.

Dr. S. H. Gapp has arranged that members of the Senior Class who expect to enter the teaching profession can obtain some experience in practice teaching in both Nazareth Hall and Moravian Preparatory School.

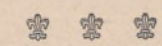
Often suggestions have been made that graduating classes of M. C. leave some appropriate memorial. The Class of 1917 has fallen in line to this suggestion and have had a Drinking Fountain placed on the first floor of Comenius Hall, as their class memorial. Here is hoping that other classes will follow this example.

C. L. S.

April 3. The president called the meeting to order, after which the Chaplain performed his duty. Mr. Splies acted as critic for the evening. The extemporaneous speeches were as follows: Mr. Allen, "Stevenson's Rank as an Essayist;" Mr. Weinland, "Literary Societies at Pomona College;" Mr. Everroad, "My Ideas of the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy;" Mr. V. Richter, "My Experiences in a Paper Mill." Mr. Weber concluded, speaking on "Comparative Religion as an Interesting Study." Mr. Stocker declaimed, "Lines by a Clerk," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Funk reviewed the current events. After the regular three minute recess, an extemporaneous debate ensued. Various members of the society were called upon to draw a slip from the desk, and debate either affirmatively or negatively upon the subject written thereon.

April 17. The President having called the meeting to order, the Chaplain performed his duty. Mr. Trafford was appointed critic. The first declaimer, Mr. Fulmer, gave "A Song," by Greene. The second declaimer, Mr. Kuehl, recited, "Miss Edith Helps Things Along." The leader, Mr. P. Hassler, gave, "Without a Title." Mr. Fink reviewed the week's events. Mr. Weinland narrated, "The King of the Mountains." The orator, Mr. Stolz, gave "Woman." The Editor was Mr. Henkelmann.

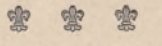
April 24. The meeting was called to order by the President. The Chaplain performed his duty. Mr. Everroad was appointed critic. The extemporaneous speeches were as follows: Mr. Henkelmann, "Prohibition in 1920;" Mr. Shields, "Legitimate Drama Has a More Uplifting Effect upon the Public than the Moving Pictures;" Mr. Stocker, "Spring, the Best Season of the Year;" Mr. Hagen, "Impressions Received from the Recent Glee Club Trip." Mr. Trafford concluded, speaking on "The Influences of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools upon the Children of Detroit." The declaimer, Mr. Splies, gave "The Average Man." Mr. Wedman reviewed the current events.



Y. M. C. A.

Meetings have been held regularly during the past month, different topics being discussed. The men are beginning to work up enthusiasm for the summer conference. In view of the fact that the conference will be held at Northfield this summer, and not at Eagles' Mere, as in previous years, it is rather difficult to decide what will be done. We hope that Moravian will be represented at Northfield.

Mr. Ehlers honored us with a short visit the latter part of April. The purpose of his visit was to secure delegates for the presidents' conference. As he had only a few hours in the afternoon, there was no opportunity for a student-body meeting.



Athletics

Base Ball

Baseball is progressing very well at Moravian. When the weather permitted, Captain Landis has had the men out on the field and is rounding them into shape. As a result of this, a tight playing combination has been formed, with the following men showing up well: Turner, Mueller, Landis, R. Hassler, Kuehl, Hagen, Kilpatrick, Fulmer, Stocker, and P. Hassler.

Two practice games have been played thus far.

The manager, Turner, is arranging games with Quakertown, Allentown, and other near-by places.

A second team is being organized and, from all indications, there appears to be very good material contained therein. Games are being arranged for them also.

Tennis

The elimination matches, in which twenty-two men participated, resulted as follows: 1. Hoffman; 2. W. Allen; 3. Kemper; 4. Mueller; 5. Stolz; 6. Henkelmann.

The varsity played its first game of the season on April 25 with the Alumni. Summaries: Doubles—P. Allen and T. Shields (Alumni) defeated Hoffman and W. Allen (M. C.), 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. Singles—P. Allen (Alumni) lost to Hoffman (M. C.), 4-6, 6-3, 8-10. T. Shields will play the decisive game of this match with W. Allen in a few days.

ALLENTOWN Y. M. C. A., 0; MORAVIAN, 3.

On April 30, M. C.'s racquet wielders easily downed the Allentown delegation. Summaries: Doubles—Romberger and Wieland (Y. M. C. A.) lost to Hoffman and W. Allen (M. C.), 4-6, 0-6. Singles: Romberger (Y. M.

C. A.) was downed by Hoffman (M. C), 0-6, 0-6, and Wieland (Y. M. C. A.) was scalped by W. Allen (M. C.), 2-6, 2-6.

Exchanges

The D. M. L. C. Messenger contains an article, entitled, "Utilization of our Time," and we can utilize our time very profitably in reading it. Abounding in truths, emphasized and illustrated by quotations, adages, scriptural and other allusions, it impresses one with the criminal waste of valuable time all about him and strongly demands that one look over his own time sheets. The value it places on time suggests a "Lost" ad., seen long ago, but which is worth repeating: "Lost: Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, one golden hour, containing sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered as they are gone forever." The thorough utilization of time to one's advantage, however, which the writer of the article prescribes makes one wonder if he has not overstepped the "golden mean." Would such a plan not seal us in sunless crypt in which we would miss the joys of life which come spontaneously in our communion with men and trees, beasts and flowers, sunshine, shadow, wind and cloud? An exacting schedule in which every minute has its place, if rigidly adhered to, would make hermits of us all. Neither could we radiate a maximum amount of light on our surroundings nor meet our Creator in the many ways in which He, unannounced, appears.

We gladly welcome two new exchanges, *The Columbian* and *The Literary Novice*. We hope to have both as regular visitors in the future.

Other exchanges are: *College Chips, Newberry Stilus, Wartburg Quarterly, The Spectator, Old Penn, Ogontz Mosaic, The Mirror, Steel and Garnet, Linden Hall Echo. College News, Ursinus Weekly, The Eskimo, College Times, Black and Red* and *The Witmarsum.*

(Continued from page 97)

then, and I will not now. I have seen the yellow diamond."

His manner changed. His left elbow rested on the desk, and that hand pressed against his cheek in such a way that the action of his jaw was retarded.

"I found it one day last spring. I carried it in this pocket. I was walking in the courtyard when I saw a loose stone in the shaft of the fountain in the center. I slipped in my cane, and pushed it from its place. Lodged in there was the yellow diamond. Strangely, I was alone. And that evening I decided to go out in the yacht for a few hours; as we sailed out into deep water among the big vessels I leaned over the rail and dropped it. It lies out there, wherever the waves have carried it."

"And still they accuse you of vanity," I shouted. "I'll—"

"But you must not publish it. Don't tell them! Let them say whatever they wish! I can stand all of them or against them! I prefer to be nothing in their eyes."

"Herrman, I'm leaving now. I leave Trieste tonight."

"Well," spoke Herrman slowly, "if you outlive me you may publish this."

"Thank you for that."

IV.

The pity of it is that Herrman died before his time. Now it is December, 1931, twelve years only since I met him for the first time. To his credit be it said that he was re-elected and re-elected on their short-term system until his death. Overwork, I am sure, killed him. So is the chief dead; I happen to go by that name now. Last night I did not sleep: out of my memory I drew what I have here written.