

LYRE TREE

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Visit To Benedetto Croce

By Edward Lloyd Voorhees

In appearance, Senator Croce is of a type more Teutonic than Latin. of medium height and plump countenance, he has a light complexion, light eyes, close-cropped sandy and grey hair, and a grizzly mustache. But aside from this superficial first impression, there is nothing of Teutonic ponderousness nor solemnity about the great Neapolitan scholar and thinker, neither in his physique, his manner, nor his mentality. He smiles much while he talks—his eyes glowing and twinkling with a Latin liveliness and humor; his bodily movements are agile, and his voice has an elastic timbre that belies his sixty-five years. His welcome was warm and cordial. He led me at once from the formal reception room into his great library, seated me in a comfortable chair beside his work-strewn desk, glanced quickly through the letter of introduction I presented, made some friendly remarks concerning the writer, and then drew me into a conversation concerning my travels in Italy and my impressions of his country and its people.

I hesitated about venturing upon the topic of philosophy: for, added to the natural difficulty of coming at the subject on such short notice, there was the barrier of language. Although Signor Croce admitted that he understood English, he modestly declined to speak it; and I felt far from sure of my ability to comprehend Crocean philosophy expounded in Italian—especially at the high rate of speed at which Italians seem always to speak their own language! Of course, there remained French and German, both familiar to him, but for me even less safe than Italian. I was determined, nevertheless, not to leave without having heard some-

thing through the living word of the Philosopher. Accordingly I frankly stated my desire and my difficulty, Signor Croce readily and good-humoredly promised to speak his native language at reduced speed, and we plunged in.

I told him it was my impression that his philosophy was revered, discussed, and studied with increasing frequency in the United States, in both academic and literary circles, and that this fact seemed to me to indicate a growing interest in our country away from materialism and toward spiritual values and ideas for our own sake. I confessed that my own acquaintance with his philosophy was limited to a bare introduction to his aesthetics, and expressed the wish and determination to widen my acquaintance by a study of his writings on history, ethics, and economics. He replied good-naturedly that he would give me a start at once; whereupon, after a moment's search he found and autographed copies of two of his essays, "Contribution to a Criticism of Myself" and his "Anti-historicalism," and gave them to me. Touching casually upon some of the matters presented in these two essays, he went on to say that owing to the eclipse which civilization suffered from the War, all the finer values in life, including ideas themselves, have either degenerated per se or have been supplanted by that which is snoddy and second-rate, and that this degeneration applies to human character as well.

This remark brought to mind what is perhaps Italy's outstanding "war book," and I asked him if he regarded Rube, the central character in Borgese's psychological novel of that name, as representing a state of mind typical of

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Good King Tomasius

Once upon a time an ancient King Tomasius surveyed his kingdom with fearful glances. Now, the rule of King Tomasius was drawing rapidly to an end and henceforward, he was to consort not with ordinary men of the realm, but with the strange, omnipotent medicine-doctors. Now the king had no heirs to his throne. There was to be a great palaver where all the patriotic citizens foregathered to elevate one humble member to the throne.

It so happened that foreign invasions had quite disintegrated the kingdom into northern, eastern, southern, and western sections. In the north, under a feudal system, a few potentates dominated the lives of all. In the south, because the sun beat down hot upon its inhabitants, they spent their time in revelry and in strange festivals. In the west, a plentiful crop had fattened the people and they were powerful and numerous indeed. In the east, however, a diversity of language and religion had loosened the political fabric. The people were at the mercy of the other sections, who, again and again, made sallies into their territory, annexing here, exploiting there and, though not exacting tribute, gleaned much to political support.

Now it came to pass, that these people, all originally of the same race, speech and ancestry, convened together in the huge market place to pick a man from their ranks, under whom all would gladly serve. Also there were to be chosen men, who should fill the offices of the kingdom: leaders for each of the "four estates;" a duke of the Exchequer; a correspondent, and the officers of the numerous armies of invasion.

It seems that those from the North and those from the West, being the most numerous, had seen fit to agree upon who would govern the rest of the kingdom. Secluded in their far-off lands the high muck-a-mucks, with cool, calculating shrewdness, portioned off the governing of the realm to each of their favored leaders, counting the possible votes here and there, attacking the defenseless section to the East, so that when the day came for the great meeting in the market-place, the king had already been informed who his successor would be. Being a man from the happy southern climes, he held much ineffective resentment against the oppressors who sought to exclude his family from all participation in the government. Bitter indeed

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A Letter On Fraternities

One of the first things which came to my attention in reading the articles headed "Fraternities" in the latest issue of The Lyre Tree was the assertion that King Solomon founded a fraternity which "now constitutes a force recognized in every nook and corner of the world." Such an assertion is sheer nonsense. As far as I know, and I have been a Mason for many years, no Mason would make such an absurd statement.

It should also be pointed out that one fundamental reason why men do not become members of a fraternity is because they choose not to do so. To label a man "non-fraternity" and count him as belonging to the so-called "non-soc" group is absolutely unjust, because there are men here who are determined to remain apart from any group whatsoever, believing that group organization is not in the best interests of the student body.

In May of this year, if the customs of previous years are adhered to, when the Officers of the Convocation are elected we shall see the old fraternity-combine-steam-roller go into operation. When sixty men vote in accordance with the dictates of their Exalted Rulers, it means that the remaining fifty men, assuming the student body to be one hundred and ten, are automatically disfranchised; with the result that the men, best able to hold office in the interests of the student body, may be barred from office.

This is the fundamental reason for the weakness of the so-called Convocation of Students and its inability to obtain concerted action in important matters.

Judging from experience a student's action is governed by his fraternity affiliation. He is not free to think for himself; and he is not capable of making an unbiased judgement. He must do what the fraternity bids him to do, and, though incapable, he must accept the captaincy of a team, if his "brothers" bid him to do so.

Fraternities make men think in terms of the fraternity and the interest of the larger group is entirely lost sight of. Fraternity men show the marks of the "brotherhood" as plainly as if they were branded on the foreheads; and in the name of fraternalism soon become fraternally selfish.

As to the fraternity giving "a man a chance to forget and vent to generous instincts" this is sheer nonsense. I have seen fraternity men get up from the table ready to tear each other to pieces because they were defending the honour of their respective fraternities.

As to the element of secrecy and the beneficial results of such I would say this. If an organization believes that it has got hold of some eternal principle concerning the happiness of men and their relation to women, such an organization owes it to the world to impart that secret to the world. That is a conclusion that I have come to as a Mason. That is why I believe that, in Church Catholic, I can find every advantage that secret societies might offer. As a member of the Church I can go to the four corners of the world and find real brothers and sisters.

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Resigns From Reserve Corps

By Lawrence S. Apsey

Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, Editor, The new Historian, New York, N. Y. Dear Sir:

Having taken a four year's course in Military Science, in the belief that as a hard-headed peace lover the best way to attain peace for my country was to provide for her adequate defence, I took a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps, in which I served for over seven years. Very gradually, however, and by dint of much mental conflict, I came to see the utter inconsistency of my position and as a result, tendered my resignation from the Reserve Corps.

A letter from one of my former instructors in Military Science demanded to know the reasons for my stand, and in reply, I wrote the enclosed letter, which embodies the results of my mental conflicts and the analysis which they required.

Thinking that the ideas contained therein might help to clarify the issues for others situated as I was and perhaps prevent the protracted period of uncertainty which I passed through, I am enclosing it herewith to you with full permission to show it to whom you will, publish it or take such other action in regard to it as you may see fit.

With all good wishes for the progress and success for your wonderful society, I remain Very truly yours, Lawrence S. Apsey

January 16, 1932.

Dear Major:

I have indeed the pleasantest recollections of you and your courses * * * and was exceedingly glad to hear from you, to know that you are well and enjoying yourself and have an opportunity to explain to you, a little more fully, why I have decided to resign

from the Reserve Corps.

At the time of accepting my present commission, I felt as you apparently feel now: that war was an evil, but that there were some things, notably the defence of one's country and of civilization in general that were worth fighting for. On looking a little more maturely into the subject, however, I have changed my mind. I now think that there is no evil greater than war and that a nation is not morally justified in having anything which it cannot obtain or retain without resort to war.

Slavery, you may say, subjugation to a foreign power, autocracy are worse evils than war. I disagree. Consider modern warfare, how it tends to engulf the entire world. The nations are so intimately bound together by the intricate relations of modern civilization that a war of major proportions affects all nations and is likely to embroil more than half the world's population in its chaos. The suffering of slavery is a limitation on the power of the slaves to express themselves as they will and enforced service, harsh treatment and some physical suffering. Is that worse than instant death to millions of brave soldiers, preventing them from expressing themselves at all in this life, cutting off their careers at the very bud, and incapacitating them from serving anyone, be it their master or their God? Add to this the keen suffering of millions more, mangled or maimed, perhaps doomed to live a full life of torture, dependent upon charity or the government for their subsistence. Add to this millions of mothers, wives, children violently deprived of their dearest possession. Their civil rights? Their

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Bach, Father Of Organ Music

It is well to know something about the life of Johann Sebastian Bach in order that we may become aware of his influence on music in general and appreciate, in particular, his organ works.

Bach came from a family that had been of importance in the history of music for nearly two hundred years. Throughout six generations, there had been only two or three members of the family who had not inherited a natural talent for music and made the cultivation of this art their life work. Johann Sebastian received his early training from his father, who taught him the violin. In his tenth year, Sebastian was left an orphan and went to live with his elder brother who was then organist at Ohrdruf. The remarkable genius of the boy soon began to show itself. Although he could play all his lessons by heart, and aspired to more advanced music, he received no encouragement from his brother. We are told that the brother possessed a volume containing pieces by celebrated composers of the day. This book was strictly withheld from the young Sebastian, but determined to gain possession of the volume, the boy managed with his

little hands to get it through the

lattice door of the cupboard in which it was kept. He secretly copied the whole of it by moonlight, a task which occupied him six months. When the stern brother eventually discovered the trick, he was cruel enough to take away from the boy his hard-earned treasure.

At the age of nineteen, Bach became organist at Arnstadt. Here he was in the habit of astonishing the congregation with his harmonizations of the carols. Here, too he wrote his first great church cantatas "Aus der Tiefe" and "Gottes Zeit." Bach's successes were crowned by his appointment, at the age of twenty-nine, to the post of Hofkonzertmeister to the Duke of Weimar. In the congenial surroundings of Weimar, Bach wrote many inspired arias and composed such colossal works as the "Passion according to St. Matthew" and the "B Minor Mass."

By 1750, when Bach died, he had composed 1,110 instrumental and 1,936 vocal numbers. He was considered, by his contemporaries, one of the greatest organists and clavier players of his day. However, his successors looked upon him as a "mere old-fashioned big-

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THE LYRE TREE

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FOR SENIORS ONLY

Undergraduates who will receive their sheep-skins this June have the enjoyable distinction of graduating into a lop-sided old world, whose health chart reveals a new low for the decade. The embryonic man of the world steps forth into an acutely grave life outside, an existence of unemployment, poverty and chaos. He is told by his betters that world wide depression makes his case unusual, and that it would be better for every one concerned if he would lay aside his ambition to become a captain of industry for another two years, becoming even more specially trained by going to graduate school. Thus, his postponements of searching for a job will relieve the gravity of the situation, and at the same time further his own ends by inspiring a better position, greater income, and happier life when he does go into business.

The latest ranking blow to the man who is about to become self-supporting is that a very illustrious critic, Dr. Flexner, has at last found the curse of the depression, Gentlemen, it is the graduate schools. Many of the reasons that are influencing young men to devote a few more years to becoming better educated are illogical, to Dr. Flexner's way of reasoning. The last-line fortifications are cracking up. The senior is told not to go to work, not to go to graduate school. What remains? It's a tough life in 1932.

Bed Time Story

Once upon a time Mr. Sun was going to bed, behind the green forest, and dark shadows were creeping up the laughing brook from the smiling pool,—yes, dear, they had to creep from some place,—Grandfather Frog was seated on his great big lily pad—well, honey, I know you can't, but frogs always sit on lily pads—, and the merry little breezes were gathering up great big bottle flies for him, so he would tell them a story.

Chugerrum said Grandfather Frog—yes, I know, but this frog said Chugerrum—and snapped a big fly into his mouth. At this point the rabbit blew in sat down, and said "howdy"—I mean Peter Rabbit came lipperty-lipperty-lop through the green forest up to the smiling brook, and, coughing discreetly, said "Good evening, Grandfather Frog.—Where had he been? Stealing Farmer Brown's chickens?—No, Willie, that was Timmy Skunk. So as I was saying, when Timmy Skunk came lipperty-lipperty-lop,—no as Peter Rabbit stole out of the hen house—as Grandfather Frog ambled sedately across the path—Yes, dear, Father knows he made a mistake.

So Brer Fox came gaily down the crooked path looking for his dinner—no, nobody had stolen it. Mabel—he suddenly decided to go over to the smiling pool and see

Anticlimax Department

Headline in the Boston Herald: Yale And Vassar Merge Temporarily To Produce Four One-Act Plays.

If banks would stop crashing down upon the heads of the depositors and stockholders, people might pay more attention to Mr. Hoover's earnest appeal to end hoarding.

Some one suggests that the actual increase in shoe manufacture may offset the anticipated activity in the motor car industry. Both commodities are used to get people places and in time like these the cost of gasoline plays an important role. It is reassuring to learn that there are persons who can buy shoes.

if Peter Rabbit was around.—No children, he wasn't going to ask him out to dinner, and he had plenty of addresses, he was going to eat him. So when he saw Brer Rabbit seated on the lily-pad, no it was the frog! * ? ;!?! No! Brer Fox wasn't going to eat the frog or any of his tribe, and will you shut up and listen to the story does Father have to get his slipper? Well go ahead—call your mother—(The front door closes with a bang and Father is on his way around the corner to buy an apple.)

De Profundis

Two interests prompted the author recently to do a little research work on fish, to find out their life and loves, in fact to acquire a tinge of jealousy for the interesting life of a marine biologist. The Lenten season, with fish served Wednesdays and Fridays, had no small part in directing the author's attention seaward. Aside from the religious significance connected with the subject, it came to attention that there is a growing vogue, a vogue that involves purchasing goldfish, bowls, food, ferns, snails, turtles—all for the end of brightening up the drabness of a room. Possibly the sophisticated twentieth century is turning back to Rousseau, Thoreau, romanticism, and naturalism. We read that the modern mechanist's greatest triumph, the sky-scraper, is to be blessed by a bit of nature carried on high. Engineers of Radio City have at last succumbed to a popular demand for something other than straight lines, and lofty planes, and are staying up nights trying to devise a means of mooring forests on the tops of sky scrapers. Science kneels at the roots of the monarchs of the woods.

Goldfish swimming around in a constructed bowl are not particularly inspiring. Gaudy-looking castles may be purchased, which temporarily break the monotony of a goldfish life. But the real value in owning goldfish is that it is a step in the right direction. One is exposed to what seems to be a fascinating hobby, collecting and stocking a man-sized aquarium. Interesting things, fish, if you can forget the cold, flabby cuts spread out on a fish-monger's slab. Watch them in their natural element and listen to the observations of a scholar who knows them, E. G. Boulenger, director of the Zoological Society's Aquarium in Regent's Park, London.

Man's first attempt to keep fish under observation probably amounted to the blocking up of some rock gully, to keep the fish inside for future consumption. The old Roman fish-pond was the ancestor of our modern great aquariums, such as that in London already mentioned, and those of Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Naples, Vienna, New York, Boston, etc. The Romans farmed fish on a large scale, sometimes connecting their ponds by canals to their banquet halls. The Chinese were actively engaged in breeding fish, carp in particular, obtaining the fantastic show goldfish that they export today. The moat of a mediaeval castle was not only for defense purposes but took the place of a Frigidaire. Scientific control of aquariums, balancing the oxygen content of the water with the consumption of the fish, dates from Priestly. The first aquarium was established in 1850 in what is now the Wading Bird House in London. The Aquarium in London is so constructed that diffused light does not counteract the illumination of the tanks. The visitors standing in darkness enjoy a series of brilliantly illuminated pictures of the underwater world. Now, service galleries have been constructed connecting the tops of the various tanks to aid the custodians in removing decaying matter, cleaning the glass side etc. Formerly, loose planks were placed across the tops of the tanks, and more than one visitor quietly watching the gyrations of the fish has been startled to see a human form in baggy blue overalls drop into view with a swirl of minute bubbles rising from its beard.

There are three classes of fish in a salt-water aquarium: invertebrates, fishes, and reptiles. Fresh-water aquariums have the first two classes, and, in addition, aquatic batrachians, and aquatic mammals. It would be impossible

to attempt to describe even the most common families of the above classes in a paper of this length; accordingly, only some of the most interesting fish will be mentioned. Jelly-fish, sea anemones, and corals are all members of the Polyps family. The strongest family resemblance appears in the matter of procreation; all polyps are endowed with three ways of getting little polyps. They may "bud off" from each other in the manner of bulbs; they may lay eggs; or they may increase by the method of 'alternation of generations.' The largest jelly-fish, found in Northern latitudes, weigh nearly one hundred pounds—almost a hundred pounds of water, for the animal is 98 per cent fluid. The Portuguese Man-of-War, tinted all the colors of the rainbow, has a sting that will lay a man up for weeks; yet they are attacked by turtles, who only take the precaution of closing their eyes when going into the fray. Some types of anemones attach themselves to stones several inches below the sand, and only their brightly hued tentacles protrude from the sea-bed. The shrimp that attempts to flit before the tentacles is checked in its stride and disappears from view forever. If the shrimp does not rest well on the anemone's stomach, the latter disengages the whole of its stomach, turns it inside out, and tries again. Hang-overs and Bromos are unknown.

Star-fish as we know are descendants of prehistoric hulking brutes, who had an estimated "finger" spread that would outspan the largest round table ever constructed. Not so long ago, oyster farmers were ignorant of the regenerative powers of the star-fish, his most hated enemy. As they dredged up enormous quantities of star-fish, they expressed their wrath by tearing the hated fish in two and hurling the hated animal overboard. The two halves, instead of sinking down to die as any decent fish would, developed in time into two perfect star-fish, very capable to kill two more oysters. And the oyster farmers blamed the depression on the President. Some star-fish are so brittle that they part with their limbs at the slightest provocation. Many a rare fish has shattered its soul away in a collector's hand. The Cotton Spinner has a neat defense mechanism. The Cotton Spinner itself looks like a fat white grub that has stuck its head into a magnified snow crystal. When the creature is bothered it ejects a vast quantity of sticky threads, which immediately swell on exposure to the outer wall and form an entanglement from which a fish or crab seldom escapes. There is a ribbon worm which ordinarily looks like a piece of liver. It hides itself under an overhanging rock, and as a fish swims by, it shoots out a sucker-like mouth which seizes the unsuspecting prey. The fish, startled, darts off; but the worm when active may extend himself 90 feet. A live fishing line plays the fish, until the exhausted creature is overpowered and engulfed.

The Giant Clam is to be found in tropical waters on barrier reefs. Stories are told of divers walking on the reefs who accidentally place a foot between the half-open shell. Instinctively the valves close in a vise-like grip. The Common Cockle is the most entertaining of the bivalves, for it has a large orange foot with which it can burrow in the sand, hook itself to stones, or take the most astonishing leaps. As a result of such a performance, people walking along the gravel shore have imagined themselves pelted with stones owing to hundreds of cockles leaping in unison to meet the incoming tide. The small octopus of our seas, incidentally,

will never deliberately attack a human being. Any such casualty reported is due entirely to the shock aroused by the octopus' sinister appearance.

The word "shark" is loosely applied: a dog-fish is a small shark, and a shark is a big dog-fish. A skate looks like a dog-fish that has been put through a clothes-ringer and survived the ordeal. The Bottle-Nosed Skate may reach a length of 9 feet and an equal width. Such a skate recently cut open was found to have eaten three mackerel, two skate over a foot in width, a four pound lobster, a coal-fish, a quart of assorted crabs, and a number of small plaice. The Torpedo Ray is possessed with a kidney-shaped electric organ, a galvanic battery which produces enough current to make a lamp glow, magnetize a needle, and emit a spark. In the Middle Ages the Ray was used for a cure for rheumatism, the patient being made to stand bare-footed on the living fish. The cod-fish in the fish market is a colorless mass of flesh. In the aquarium the cod shines in vivid greens and browns, shot with little blotches of pearly white. The mackerel represents fish-form in its most perfect aspect, since it is built for attaining the maximum of speed with the minimum of effort. One of the queerest of the fish kingdom is the Mud Skipper, a fish of great adaptability, whose pectoral fins are developed into regular limbs and not only spends long periods walking over the dry land, but even climbs trees and bushes, where it varies its normal diet of shrimps and baby crabs with a tasty snack of butterfly or mosquito. The Stickleback has "cave man" tendencies. During the breeding season, the male weaves a nest out of seaweed, and then uses every possible device to entice the female into the nest. If his invitation is spurned, as is often the case, he grabs the female by a fin and hauls her in after him. The Angler fish lure their prey into their mouths by means of a number of fishing rods evolved from the first few spines of the dorsal fin, which carry bait in the form of flaps of skin. By wiggling these, small fish are attracted near the Angler's large mouth, which is suddenly opened and the inrush of water carries the victim inside.

During the Middle Ages a certain form of perch had the unfortunate reputation of being in league with the devil. The pious men of those days, having enjoyed a protracted orgy of devotion, went forth with rod and tackle to "cork the pope". This cruel and senseless sport consisted of catching the fish and tying a cork on to the highest spine of its dorsal fin. Each fish so incapacitated was considered a "pope" doomed to starvation, and the boys on the banks howled with glee. Two male Fighting Fish inserted in the same bowl used to take the place of cock fights, and the onlookers were accustomed to wage all their personal property on the outcome. Just how long a pike will live is not settled but specimens weighing 60 to 70 pounds are probably that old. There is an authentic instance recorded of a pike engulfing the head of a swan which happened to be groping for water weeds at the time.

And so it goes. The more one reads about the fish world, the aquarium of moderate outlay more one realizes its oddity. An serves as a laboratory for observation and experimentation. Fish can be trained to rise to the surface when a whistle is blown. Unsociable fellows may be tricked into friendliness. A whole new field is opened for home photography—a close up of Willie the pike, hiding behind a weed intent on a kill, while some other iridescent fish swims into focus. If this article will spare the man with the goldfish thoughtless laughter, it will have served its purpose.

GOOD KING TOMASIU

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 did the strife threaten to be. Life-long friends, because they were from different parts of the kingdom, held vicious battles, even in the streets of the capital. Why, can you imagine that the duels often interrupted their progress to the temple on days of devotion? But that is just what happened.
 The great meeting was held, in the cool of the evening, after a plentiful banquet. Votes were cast, one token for each subject; some being sent in by those whose affairs prevented them from making the tortuous journey. Lo, and behold! as had been planned,

the new king Paulus, his ministers, his generals were all the handsome men from the distant fastness of the north and from the fertile lands in the West. Great was the consternation among the commercial men from the South and East. "By the great god Ra!" they screamed, "we will not be dominated." The main choices having been made. Each of the "estates" was to meet to elect its leaders. As fate would have it, many of the brave and noble men from the North and West suddenly received word that they must needs "to boot and Saddle" to make a short raid into a neighboring kingdom. Scarcely had their departing dust settled back on the road, when the Southern and Eastern members of the "first estate" roamed through

the highways and by-ways and gathered doubtful supporters for their cause. Just as the election was finished, being interrupted by an irate westerner who had remained behind to care for the women and children, the warriors returned with hearts sore from an utter defeat. Then indeed, oh children, strife was everywhere to be seen. Warriors and farmers from the "first estate" bowled over bystanders as they galloped to and fro about the city with little books in their hands, constantly in angry contention over the moral rightness and validity of the recent elections.
 Now, children you can not blame the southern and the easterners for wanting to have some voice in the government. Perhaps even

without influence the men chosen would have been elected anyway, and possibly many of the other officials would never have gotten their undeserved places. Those provincials who were not even acquainted with men from the other sections of the Kingdom said, "Groups will always combine, and so why not be the ones to conquer?" But, do honors to the prestige of either the individual or the nation?" You will agree that they don't. And this little kingdom was so poor that certainly there was no economic advantage to be found in all the unpleasantness.
 Now it came to pass, however that many of the officers, seeing the bitter, justified antagonism aroused by the parliamentary

tricks during the week of the great palaver, advised: that each estate profound its own constitution, to avoid litigation; and also a few started a tour of good-will around the kingdom. And when the new king Paulus also went to study among the medicine-doctors, the kingdom again held a great palaver in the market-place, and each man cast his token. But he cast it for those he really wished to honor and for whom he had the greatest respect.
 Because all provincialism was destroyed, the kingdom was again restored to peace and unity. Many bright and cheerful years were to follow. The subjects were loyal and the rulers had the confidence of all their subjects in that far-away land.

Benedetto Croce

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 the young Italian intellectual at the time of the War. Signor Croce's reply revealed an interesting angle on his philosophy of literary criticism. "Rube," he said, in substance, "is typical of nothing except the author's idea of Rube. The only reality any novel can represent is an imagined reality which exists nowhere outside the consciousness of the novelist himself. He creates his characters and their mentality—if he does create them—but a part of himself." Put into words, this idea seemed immediately simple and self-evident; yet I had to admit to myself that while I may have believed all along that some such thing was true of a romantic novelist, it now seemed for the first time to be equally true of the so-called "realistic" and "naturalistic" novelists, as well.

There is something also of the artist about Croce the philosopher; he has the faculty of finding the significant form of truth amidst the nebulous material of thought. In this, he is comparable to Michael Angelo, who said of his statue of Moses that it had always been there in the block of marble; that he had merely to chip away the superfluous material in order to enable it to be seen. Many years ago Croce formulated this definition: "Art is an activity aiming at the production of the Beautiful." His own life, moreover, has been given to just this form of activity, using the idea and the word to reveal truth.

In conversation, Signor Croce reveals himself as a tolerant and kindly person, a sort of Socrates; for when he spoke of certain political experiences which had caused him and his family embarrassment and even terror, he did so with a serenity and good humor at which I marvelled. He could even laugh about matters which would cause most human beings to say bitter things. He is tenacious, however; for in the swirling tides of change all about him he has kept his philosophic faith. Giovanni Vico, his spiritual father, thus summarized the three stages in the development of man's nature: "Men first feel without perceiving, then they perceive and are perturbed and moved; finally they reflect with pure mind." Croce the philosopher has apparently attained to the third stage; yet has not entirely dispensed with the second.

I took my leave, believing that here was an example of what Emerson would call "Man Thinking," as distinguished from "a mere thinker;" and here in the heart of the older, more crowded part of his beloved Naples, in an old palace behind doors closed effectively now to those elements which are distasteful to him in these times, yet alert and listening to all that is significant without, Benedetto Croce goes quietly on, thinking and writing, with a mind and heart which have to no small degree remade the intellect and education of Italy, exerting, beyond her boundaries, an influence which goes on permeating philosophy and art the world over.

Edward L. Voorhees



Copy, 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"LUCKIES are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALES
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RESIGNS FROM RESERVE CORPS

(Continued From Page One)

fortune? Their freedom? Something far dearer to them than any of these—one whom they loved. Give any normal mother the choice between the loss of her freedom, her fortune, her civil rights on the one hand, or her son on the other hand, and what will she choose? Yet, the world thinks it right to sacrifice her son to attain for her something less dear.

Add to this the misery of debt, depression, national indebtedness, unemployment, government pensions to millions of exsoldiers and their dependents. Add to this the moral decadence of a generation reared on hatred and violence during the war years, producing in the social structure armed robbery murder, divorce, scientific gang warfare, all rising out of the ingrained belief that might makes right. Could any conceivable rule of tyranny bring as much suffering into the world as this?

Furthermore, a modern nation, acting concertedly to resist slavery or outside autocracy, or even the subverting influence of Bolshevism, could, in my opinion, protect itself without war. Even with a well trained army, a foreign power could not enforce laws upon and levy taxes from 120,000,000 people adamantly, but passively, refusing to comply with its dictates. Let the citizens express their heroism at this point rather than * * * by organized murder. It would be less destructive. As a modern example of this, we have the methods of Gandhi in India.

Perhaps you say that a foreign power could at least loot our banks and treasuries and walk off with our possessions. Are our possessions more precious than the lives of our people? If we have left our lives and the soil beneath our feet, we can raise up another, as this one was raised up in the past; but we can never give back to the brave soldiers who died the lives that they might have lived.

At any rate, we know what war will do from experience. We know that it brings misery into every walk of life. We have not tried passive resistance. Surely its results could not be any worse. Wars have been worn out. It is for this age to experiment with a new method.

For almost seventy years, we have been paying for the Civil War, and the end is not yet. The money paid out to conduct the war, pension the veterans, support their dependents and pay other expenses directly traceable to that war, would have purchased all the slaves at a more than fair price many times over. Union and freedom seemed worth fighting for; but think of the horror of Reconstruction days in the South, the terrific depression of 1873, the South retarded perhaps a hundred years in its development. In my opinion, had the war never been begun, the South itself, at least by now, would have found a way to free the slaves; and then the two sections, temporarily separated, would have come together again. Who can tell where this nation would be today, if it had never had to pay the bill for that war, were not even now paying it?

It will take the world much longer to pay for the Great War than it is taking to pay for the Civil War. Right now, the entire world is bankrupt as a result of it. Child criminals, gang warfare, insanity, depression and Bolshevism, among present conditions, are largely traceable to it.

The Jewish people, unable to resist, were led into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar. Later, their country was captured by Rome, the greatest military power the world has known. Unresisting, they submitted to wave after wave of conquest which swept their country. They were scattered to the four corners of the earth. Today, they are everywhere, lead-

ing the business world, piling up fortunes, outdoing all other nations in the peaceful arts of commerce. Instead of following martial pursuits, they poured the genius of their race into economics. Today, other races must turn to the Jews to borrow the money to pay for their devastating wars. Indeed, the Jews, as leaders in finance and economics, bid fair to control the destinies of all nations. A nation is its people, not its territory. That the Jews lost Palestine for a few hundred years matters little. They own it again today and have far outgrown it till they play a vital part in the social and economic structure of almost every nation. But show me a Roman today. In the lust of war, the Romans consumed themselves.

Japan is grabbing Manchuria by force China's military resistance is negligible. But what about the boycott? Japan's exports (most of which were in China) have declined alarmingly, with the result that her financial structure has suffered a severe blow, she has been forced off the gold standard, her factories are idle and her people out of work. This is an example of the weapons of peace which a modern nation can find to defend itself with, without resort to war.

I believe that every military victory is a spiritual defeat.

The people of the world can stop wars. So long as they remain willing to fight, by joining fighting organizations, they will never do it. I do not wish to be helping to retard the world's people in ending wars, by training myself to fight. I wish to put all my time and effort into the constructive work of the world. Time taken to train myself in the art of destruction is time stolen from the work of building. I would rather be a builder than a destroyer.

I would rather lose my own life than have to know that I had been willingly instrumental in wounding another, maiming him for life, killing him, depriving his wife and children of their means of support, or bringing sorrow to his relatives, merely because his government wishes to deprive me of my freedom, possessions, or even my life.

Even should I change my mind in the stress of war conditions and feel that an issue worth fighting about had been raised, I should be free at that time to make that decision. Were there no further excuse than for the wars this country has engaged in in the past, I should certainly choose prison or the firing squad rather than fight. If I remain in the Reserve Corps, however, I have contracted to fight in any war in which the nation may be involved. I like to keep my promises and do not wish to be bound by one, such as this, which I might not be able to keep.

It is love for my country which makes me take this step. I wish to see her progress spiritually first of all and lead the rest of the world out the the barbarous unintelligence of the past. For this reason, I refuse to be allied with those who have not yet seen the light of modern intelligence to the extent of knowing that no evil is great as war. It takes more courage to do this than to wait a few months till my commission expires. There is no impending war which could give me motives of personal cowardice.

Nothing whatever has happened at camp or in my relations with other officers to cause this step. I have nothing but good feelings, respect and friendship for all I have met in my army experience. I have always been treated with courtesy and consideration.

The only thing that has caused me to take this stand is a very careful analysis of the duties incumbent upon me as a member of the Reserve Corps and of the causes, results of, and alternatives for avoiding war.

Thanking you very kindly for your interest in me and hoping that you can now understand how I have been driven to the conclusion to resign, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Lawrence S. Apsey

BACH, FATHER OF ORGAN MUSIC

(Continued From Page One)

wig stuffed with learning" until, many years after Bach's death, Mendelssohn opened the eyes of musicians to their short-sightedness. By the time Bach's successors had recognized his genius, many of his great works had been lost beyond recovery.

Bach was a most profound and original musician—the master of masters, from whom succeeding great composers have drawn inspiration. When Mozart heard one of Bach's pieces he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven! Here at last is something new I can learn from." Chopin confessed that, before a concert, he locked himself up for a week with nothing to play but Bach. Wagner, as he grew older, played Bach more and more. The deep and all-pervading influence of Bach none have been able to escape.

Dr. Garabedian tells us that we are fortunate in having in our Library several remarkable books on Bach. For the layman who is interested primarily in the life of Bach, there is the fascinating recent biography by the English authority, Charles Sanford Terry. We have also, in Ernest Newman's translation, the two volumes by the great German authority, Albert Schweitzer. For those interested in Bach's organ works, the book by Harvey Grace is unique in the field and indispensable.

Today, organists are unanimously agreed upon Bach and Franck as the outstanding composers for their instrument. It will be the object of our next article, therefore, to make the acquaintance of Cesar Franck.

W. J. S.

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A Letter On Fraternities

(Continued from Page One)

That is why in that Church I can find men of races who would be barred by the rules of secret societies as they exist on this campus. If Jesus Christ were living today he would be classified "non-soc" but no man has ever lived who has been a member of so many races and so many societies, as He, in the person of faithful workers, has been known throughout the world.

Normal, natural friendships developed by congenial souls are of far greater value to this campus than fictitious brother love—which is neither brotherly nor lovely—generated in a too close contact on Thursday evenings.

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