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SILENCE

High on the hills dwells Silence in retreat,
Like some Brunhilde on her flame-ringed mound,
Enclosed by guardian walls of soaring sound
Whose formless echoes all the heights repeat.

He who wins through strange Presences must meet;
All things unuttered; truth,no word has bound;
Uncharted chords no master yet has found;
Elusive thoughts, unapprehended, fleet.

If he keep vigil, such at length may hear
Clear utterance of some new word just framed,
Leash for a thought made captive, still untamed,
Still chafing in the harness it must wear.
A thought from Silence won, which nevermore
May roam her uplands free as heretofore.

John Mills Gilbert.

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AMERICA AS SEEN BY AN EUROPEAN

It was a wonderful September day when the North-German Lloyd steamer "Munchen" sailed into the harbor of New York. We were three exchange-students on that boat, full of hopes and eager to see the new continent and its great people about which we had heard so many strange and unbelievable things.And already in the beginning our hopes seemed to be realized. The European who comes to New York is overwhelmed by the aspect of Manhattan. Skyscrapers unknown to him, grow upward to the sky. The streets crowded with traffic surpass anything that the foreigner can conceive.

But that is not the most surprising thing which confronts the newcomer. Much stranger seems to him to be the attitude of the people. They are not so different from the human beings on the other side of the water in their clothes and similar matters. Oh no, it is not that. You know, the world has become more and more Americanized, at least in its outward appearance. No, it is their attitude towards you which makes you feel that you are in another country. The American is a cosmopolitan. He is a mixture of all kinds of European races, from the English down to the Pole. In his veins flows the blood of those who left centuries ago—or had to leave—the old world for some idealistic purpose. So I think it is quite natural that the true American receives everybody from Europe with a hearty welcome, apparently free from prejudices. At least so I have experienced it.

Another reason for the cosmopolitan attitude of the American seems to me to lie in his conception of democracy. Before I came to this country I had heard a great deal about American democracy. Some people told me that America was not democratic at all, that its democratic attitude was nothing but a camouflage for imperialistic purposes. To a certain extent this may be true. Others told me that America was the only really democratic country in the world, the only place worthwhile to live for a liberty loving man. I am glad that I did not acquiesce to both statements because they seem to me to be wrong.

The greatest feature of American democracy lies in the fact that every man in this country has a "chance". Of course, there are distinct classes in the United States, as well as in the nations of Central Europe. But there is one vast difference. In Europe those classes are shut, they have become Indian-like castes. There is at the present time some change going on but here is not the place to discuss that change. In America those classes are open. If a man makes money he will be acknowledged in all classes of society. He can easily become a member of the "Washington Society", at least so I have been told. In Europe the reversed process will take place. The higher classes will reject him, and should they be compelled to admit him to their midst, he will always remain for them "The Proletarian". In Europe, democracy is a theory, in America, it is practice.

But in spite of the above made statements there is something aristocratic within American democracy. Superficially speaking, America's development seems to have reached its climax in materialism. This materialism finds its expression in the love for the dollar and quantity. Wall Street dominates the stock exchanges of the world. Every foreigner who visits this country and some of its industrial institutions will be amazed by the enormous intensity and eagerness that is displayed therein. This zeal with which Americans devote themselves to a fixed goal is probably another typical feature. But is this intensity really materialistic? I have always observed that Americans spend their money much quicker than they can earn it. On one side there is the love for the dollar —and on the other a love for throwing it away. They love it because it is the symbol of their power, intelligence. In hunting after it they perhaps forget that there are things in life more worthwhile. But that does not indicate the entire lack of idealism—on the contrary, it is to me nothing but a rough and undeveloped idealism.

There is still another dominant factor in the life of Americans that distinguishes them from Europeans. It is optimism. If we look over the history of the United States, we observe quite clearly how wonderfully this affirmative conception of life has overcome dangerous crises. It is not necessary to quote instances here; every citizen of this great Republic knows them. In Europe,

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this optimism has made way to a gloomy pessimism, especially in Germany. Perhaps the world war was an important factor in causing it. The great space of this continent, its wonderful resources, the fact that it is a united continent and not a conglomeration of nations like the old world, all these factors encourage optimism greatly. I haven't found one American in this country who did not believe in his future, who did not hope. It is true that to a certain extent this fact is due to the apparently great prosperity of the nation, but in my mind such a fact plays an inferior role.

From success in life necessarily comes to the American a certain pride, a belief in himself and his country which has very often been misunderstood in Central Europe. It has to be admitted that the behaviour of American tourists very often has given evidence in regard to this misinterpretation. This is perhaps one of the reasons why America is many times so falsely conceived on the other side of the ocean. He who comes to the country and in immediate contact with the people will soon revise his conception. He will find pride and self assertion prevalent in the nation, but he will also find that this attitude is entirely justified by achievements, in technical as well as in scientific ways. Moreover, this feature reigns probably only among the lower classes and not among those who have received a college education.

No doubt the American educational system has its characteristics. The foreign student who studies for a while in a College will soon realize that there is something unique and important in it. The hearty relationship that exists between teacher and students is perhaps one of its greatest features. Both live very close together, study together, cooperate, and are to a certain extent comrades. In Central European countries the student is entirely free and independent, he does work individually and has to pull through by himself. There is complete academic liberty. So it may easily seem a little strange to an exchange student, when he sees that his "comilitones" in America cannot, at least to a certain extent, go their own ways—that there is some restriction of liberty. On the other hand it has to be considered that both educational systems have originated in different

ways. In America, the professors made the university—in Europe, the students.

Another striking and distinguishing feature of American education is its democratic character. Probably it reflects very intensively the democratic tendencies of the people. The great amount of time devoted to sports and other nonacademic activities is perhaps not to be found in an European university. The mechanical methods of administration, for instance, the accumulation of credits to secure a degree, are typically American. Here is something of which the foreign student cannot conceive, because he, in his home country, does not care about credits, so far as they have to be regarded as accumulated in order to get a degree as quickly as possible. The European educational system differs in this feature very widely from America. Its chief aim is embedded in Goethe's words: "A man exists for culture; not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him." In America one may be deeply versed in the writings of a Greek or Latin poet without any poetic taste or appreciation. In Germany the student, out of the lecture room, still broods on the lesson; and the professor cannot divest himself, as Emerson puts it in one of his essays, of the fancy "that the truths of philosophy have some applications to Berlin and Munich."

It is, of course, not possible to understand a country, its people and soul in the short span of a year. Who even can venture to judge his own country that one is supposed to know better than all others? In the case of America the chief difficulty lies in the fact that the nation is a product of the "melting pot" and that it occupies a continent. If there could be a personification of America in my mind, it would not be George Washington—but Andrew Jackson.

G. A. Dussel, German Exchange-Student,
University of Cologne.

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LOVE IN RAIN

Slanting rain, soft, through soft green leaves, that curve gracefully from so-soon-gone bare boughs, and the very earth looses its hardness, as when you fell on the ice and made the palms of your hands red with blotches. Earth becomes soft, and you think soft thought's of pictures—a little sentimental perhaps, but then,it is a soft sentimental time—and pillows, nice and white, and the soft billowness of silk umbrellas. Then you think of the softness of pink flesh, of little hands, and lips. Quite sentimental, you see, and quite scoffable by young intellectuals, when the ground is hard, and you graze your cold-white knees. But who can be intellectual, and turn-up-mental noseish when the rain is soft? Even a hard rain-coat cannot. . .Yes, all that comes around you, creates an atmosphere, smoke like, as when you smoke cigarettes at nights in a window-closed room. In the spring a young man's. . . .

Do you remember last vacation the quarrel you had with the little thing? Light brown hair that turned up in crisp corners. I wonder what the rain has done to the crisp brown hair. Has it made it a little curly, so that it isn't crisp now, but softly curling in a touchable flirtation?

"Dear Marge. . . So long since I have written you, that really, I am ashamed. You know you didn't answer my last letter. (But one should be prepared for that, to give twice as much as one receives.) It won't be long now, Marge, before I shall be home for the vacations. Do you remember last summer?"

But I had quite forgotten about last summer. It ended rather sadly. Perhaps I had not really directly better mention last summer. Marge might remember too vividly. One must have tact.

Dear Marge. . . It is so long since I have written you, that, really I am ashamed of myself. . ."

Wasn't it last summer that I met Jane? On the beach in a yellow bathing suit? Brown sand and the yellowness, and the green of the sea, and the. . . Jane's hair was soft even then, the most softest yellow, in the most softest yellow bathing suit, and the purple, and the brown. Jane had blue eyes. Fleetness of Jane running over the

sands. Toes digging in the sand where the tide had gone out. "I'll catch you, Jane. Jane!"

"Dear Jane. . .It is so long since I have written you, that really, I am ashamed. Do you remember running on the sands last summer? Do you know, Jane. . ."

Softly slanting rain through new-green leaves, curving from graceful boughs. Softness of moods as you walk along dirt roads. Alone thoughts. Nuances of green, damp on the earth, making it soft. Soft light, as though the earth were a bubble foating against a background of dark clouds. In the spring. . .

Do you remember how. . . . .

Edgar W. Wilcock '30.

THE MOUNTAIN POOL

A shadowy, dark green pond
Lies covered by lifeless scum
And cradled by jealous pines:
A wailing of winds above—
A clattering of falls below—
Nothing but stillness here.

Suddenly breaks the deep silence;—
Barefooted boys are approaching—
A loud crackle of protesting branches—
Shouting like a troop of monkeys,
They dive in the pool together.

Now they are laughing, splashing, fighting;
But soon, climbing out in silence,
Shivering, they dress themselves.
A moment later they are gone—
Once more to its endless reveries
The dull green pool returns.

Rhett Wilson, '32.

"THE LOGOS DOCTRINE"

The idea of the Logos, an immanent Divine reason in the world, is one that is met with under various modifications in Indian, Egyptian, Persian, Hebrew, and Greek systems of thought. But the idea was developed mainly in Hellenistic and Hebrew philosophy. The word Logos denotes with equal facility the uttered word, the reasoning mind, a plan, a scheme, or a system. In Christian theology, St. John adopts this term to designate the Word of God, i. e. the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

To the Greek mind which saw in the world an ordered whole, it was natural to regard it as a product of reason, and also to regard reason as the ruling principle in the world. So, one might begin the history of the Logos with the Greek philosopher Heraclitus in the sixth century B. C. He discerned the working of a power in the world analogous to the reasoning power of man. He named this universal principle, which animates and rules the world, "Logos," and he claimed its material emblem to be fire. God is fire and fire is material, thus it is in a materialistic monism that the Logos doctrine first appears.

The philosophers of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. were dualists, and conceived of God as trascendent. Plato and Aristotle were engaged in the development of the theory of ideas, with its absolute separation of the material world from the world of higher reality. Their work was of profound significance for the after history of Logos speculation, but belongs itself to a different philosophical movement. It was the reaction from Platonic dualism that the Logos idea again asserted itself, and was worked out though all its implications in Stoicism.

The Stoics, animated chiefly by a practical interest, sought to connect the world of true being, as conceived by Plato, with the actual world of man's existence. They abandoned the theory of supersensible arch-types and fell back on the simpler hypothesis of Heraclitus, that the universe is pervaded in all its parts by an eternal reason. Man in his individual life may raise himself above all that limits him and realize his identity with this

Logos, which resides in his soul, and is also the governing priniciple of the world. God, according to the Stoics, did not make the world like a mechanic making a tool, but it is by completely penetrating all matter that the Logos is the demiurge, or maker, of the universe. God penetrates all matter as water does a sponge. The principle controlling the world is also called the "seminal" Logos, because It is the germ from which everything else comes, i. e. It is the organic principle of the universe directing it to a rational and moral end. Logos, at the same time, is an irresistible force and law which bears along the whole world and all its creatures to their dutiful end. In other words, the Logos is a Natural Law which is holy, and every man should follow it willingly.

The Logos theory was welcomed by the Alexandrian Neoplatonistic dualists. They did not conceive of It as the Natural Law, but as an inter-mediate agent by which God governs the world. Philo, the Jewish philosopher of the first century B. C. who was interested both in the traditions of his people and the contemporary pagan culture, found in the Logos a means of reconciling the transcendence of the Jewish conception of God with the immanence taught in the philosophy of his day.

The Logos doctrine of Philo was molded by three forces—Hebraism, Platonism, and Stoicism. A number of ideas similar to that of the Greek Logos were floating about in solution in the schools of the Jews, viz. the Shechinah, the Name of God, the Ten Words of Creation that might perhaps be the One, the great Archangel and chief of the Chariot-bearer, Metatron, the Heavenly Mind, and the High Priest. (From "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria," by Bigg.) Then again, the "Ma'mar" of Palestinian Rabbinism resemble the Logos doctrine. The "Ma'mar" is a hypostasis that takes the place of God when direct intercourse with man is desired. The "Ma'mar" proceeds from the transcendental God of Jewish theology and retains the relation between God and creature. To quote from Joseph Klausner's "Jesus of Nazareth."—

> "The 'Ma'mar' has something in common with the Greek 'Logos' as taught by Heraclitus and Philo; but while for Heraclitus the 'Logos' means 'the idea of the world' and for Philo 'the intelligence of the world', and for both of them it includes the notion of an emanation from the Godhead (such is the Philonic idea of 'the firstborn of God' rather than the more involved Christian one), the 'Ma'mar', on the other hand is only as it were the 'working instrument' of the Deity and serves only to mediate between the wholly spiritual and the sensual material world. God needed not to make the world and its fulness; it was enough for Him to say the Word, and through the 'Ma'mar' all things came into existence."

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With this Hebrew background, Philo appropriated the Stoic conception of the Logos, but he combines it with other elements borrowed eclectically from previous systems of thought. He takes the Logos idea from Stoic materialism and mingles it with Platonism, which regards the visible things as only the types and shadows of realities laid up in the higher world. The Logos becomes identical in a great measure with Plato's idea of the Good, except that It is further regarded as creatively active. Philo's grand innovation, however, is to press the Logos into the service of Old Testament theology, and thus make a bridge between Judaism and Greek philosophy. It preserved the monotheistic idea, yet it afforded a description in terms of Hellenic thought. Also, the same problem which Stoicism had tried to solve has become urgent in Jewish thought. The effort to conceive of God as absolutely transcendent had resulted in separating Him entirely from the world, of which yet He had to be regarded the Creator and Governor, for in the latter books of the Old Testament are suggestions of an intermediary between God and the world. "Wisdom" is described in Job and Proverbs, as God's agent and co-worker. By his "Word" He had created heaven and earth and revealed Himself to the prophets. It seems natural that Philo, with his Hellenistic and philosophical culture, would connect the Word of the Old Testament with the Stoic Logos.

Turning to the New Testament, the term Logos is found only in the Apocalypse, in the Gospel of St. John, and in his first Epistle; but the theology of the Logos has already made itself felt in the Epistles of St. Paul. This is seen in the Epistles to the Corinthnians, 1 Cor.,

1, 24, where Christ is called "the power of God, and the wisdom of God", and, in the 2 Cor., 4, 4, Christ is referred to as "the image of God." It is evident in the Epistles to the Colossians, and even more so in the Epistles to the Hebrews, where the theology of the Logos lacks only the term itself to make it appear like St. John's conception. It appears that the foundations of St. Paul's Doctrine are Jewish. The conception of Christ in the Epistle to the Collosians as the "first born" or first begotten of creation can be directly derived from the Old Testament on the basis of the identification of Christ, as the "image" of God, with the Divine Wisdom, described in the Book of Wisdom, as God's "image," and in the Book of Proverbs as having been "begotten" by God" as the beginning of His way, the antecedent of His works, of old."

The writer of the Fourth Gospel tells us that "The Word became Flesh." But what is meant by "The Word?" The writer does not explain it; he assumes that it is already familiar to his readers. The inference suggests itself that the title "the Logos" was already in current use in the Christianity of Ephesus where St. John was at the time, as a recognized designation of Jesus. It may be held to present affinities with the Logos doctrine of Philo, with the World Reason of Stoicism, and with the 'Ma'-mar' of Palestinian Rabbinism; for in such a city as Ephesus all or most of these various notions were probably current. However, A. E. J. Rawlinson, in his book, "The New Testament Doctrine of the Christ," claims that it is really a "Wisdom" Christology. From the point of view of the Old Testament, the Word was as capable as was the Wisdom of God of being personified as a Divine Principle intermediate between God and the world.

St. John's Logos has not the back-firing tendencies towards Stoicism that Philo's doctrine had. The Logos of Philo impersonal it is an idea, a law, or at the most, it may have been taken for a half abstract, half concrete mythological form. For Philo, the incarnation of the Logos would have been as meanigless as the connecting of the Logos with Messianic ideas. For St. John, the Logos appears as a concrete and living personality; It is the Son of God, Jesus.

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Equally different is the part which the Logos plays. The Logos of Philo is an intermediary between creature and creator. The Logos is neither beginning, as God is, nor begotten, as man is, but lies between these two extremes. The Logos of St. John is not an intermediary, but a Mediator; He is not the intermediate between God and man, but He unites them in His person; the Logos is the incarnate word.

The Christian Apologists developed the Logos conception particularly because they desired to state their faith in a way familiar to their readers. Hellenic thought was widespread and offered an introduction to Gentile peoples. The Alexandrian theologians were also deeply interested in the Logos doctrine. For both Clement and Origen, the Word is eternal like the Father. However, Clement made a slip and gave in to Greek speculation; for, in his order of religious knowledge and prayer, the Word is an intermediary (instead of a mediator) between God and man.

Many conflicts in the history of Christian theology have come out of the rival concepts of Philo and St. John. Practically all Christians agreed in making the Logos a personal power; the Incarnation definitely settled that point, but some (e. g. Clement of Alexandria) were at times moved to consider the Logos as an intermediary between God and man. This point involved a question of value, and was the basis of the Arian heresy. Nevertheless, throughout the speculations of Apologists and Alexandrian theologians, the Christian church has maintained her strict dogmatic teaching concerning the Word of God.

RACE

Peter Jones arrived in Harlem with a manner distinctly swagging. The colored man had reason to strut, for, in the eyes of his own race, he was well dressed and he could feel pressing against his breast a fat purse. These things made him look toward the future with a certain confidence and more than overbalanced whatever cause he might have had to worry. He stepped from the kiosk of the subway station at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue and glanced about him. Of course, his first need would be for lodgings and then for food. So he went, carrying his large, black patent leather grip with its tan straps and trimmings, up the broad avenue, until he came to the spot above which he had seen flashing the words "Hotel Lexington." This, it seemed, would be the place for him to stop.

Surprise covered the face of Peter when a trim bell-hop stepped briskly forward and relieved him, half forcibly, of the burden of his suitcase. Obviously, this was the first time such a thing had happened to Peter, and when he began to comprehend the fact that the bell-hop was his servant, he experienced a keen sense of pleasure. Here, he thought, was the true democracy of which he had heard from the race agitators in the South. Often, in times past, he had laughed at the harranguing of these discontented cousins of his. But, after all, they might have been right. Peter strode into the hotel and glanced uncertainly about the lobby. He was a little puzzled as to the next step to be taken, but the bell-hop relieved him of his impending embarassment by forging ahead and leading the way up to the desk. Peter grasped the pen presented to him by the clerk and awkwardly scrawld his name across the page of the book which was turned toward him. To all the questions addressed to him by the clerk concerning the kind of room he wished or the duration of his residence, Peter replied that he did not know or that he did not care. At length the clerk handed a key over to the bell-hop. After Peter had been conducted to his room, the bell-hop fidgeted about, testing the bed, examining the ash-trays to be sure they were clean, and inquiring if everything suited the taste of Mister Jones. For a while Peter enjoyed all this attention to his physical comfort. When he tired of the attention, he tossed a half-dollar to the boy and watched him vanish from the room.

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After a dinner in the hotel dining room—a dinner in which Peter enjoyed the service of waiters for more than the food which he consumed—he went to seek some amusement and to see something of this vast city. On the street he met great crowds; he saw and liked the noise and bustle of everything. Most of all he appreciated walking on the same sidewalk with a white man.

The glare of the lights of the Apollo Burlesque attracted Peter from a distance, and when he drew closer and examined the placards advertising nearly nude high-yellow and white women, he resolved that this was the amusement for which he was seeking. Black men were mingling freely with white women, and not even attracting notice: in Birmingham, such conduct would have put the men in peril of lynching. How glad Peter was that he had broken away from the ancient chains which bound him his race in the south! Now he was free, truly free; the equal of the white man.

Peter returned to his hotel, thoroughly happy and cherishing a feeling of hope for even greater happiness in the future, when he would discover more and more examples of this new-found democracy. Thus he went to bed, contented in this new and strange world, and conscious of the great gulf which stretched between it and the one from which he had fled not many days before.

Peter found himself back on the great cotton plantation just a few miles from Birmingham. He had been happy there, with a kind boss, enough money for his simple needs, and a good home with his mother. It was Saturday, and soon the boss would bring him his week's wages. He would go to town tonight and spend a little, just to break up the monotony of plantation life. Most of his money would be necessary to sustain the household expenses, but there would be a little left. When Peter arrived home, he explained to his mother his intention to go to town, not because he had to account to her for his actions, but beacuse he still felt a certain sense of duty.

In town, Peter found everything as he had expected. He did not want to go to any of the theatres, so he strolled about the negro section of the town. In his aimless wanderings, he came upon a billiard parlor and soft drink emporium. He ordered a bottle of pop and stood, sucking on a straw and watching one of the games while he awaited his turn to play.

Standing thus, he was approached by one of the few high-yellow men one finds in a southern city. These high-yellows were a poor lot, thought Peter. They were universally despised, both among the white and the black population. The stranger opened a conversation casually enough, remarking upon a mistake one of the pool players had made. But soon his conversation turned abruptly upon the various races found in Birmingham.

Soon a considerable crowd had gathered about the mulatto, and his speech flowed more and more easily. In his spreading of the spirit of rebellion, he stopped at nothing. Especially irritating to him, it happened, were the marriage laws and conventions which restricted the black men. The crowd, however, did not respond very actively to the agitation of the mulatto, and one by one they drifted away from him to resume their play at the tables. Peter too, tired of the discourse and unsympathetic with its ideas, left the room and walked slowly toward the outskirts of the town.

While there was something to look at, he would take his time and see it. But when he came to the strictly residential district, he increased his gait. It was very late when he reached the limits of the city and passed on the clay road which led to the plantation. If he walked rapidly he would be home in an hour.

Just ahead, on the side of the road, a car was parked. As Peter approached it, he recognized it as that of his employer, the owner of the plantation on which he worked. As he drew alongside the car, he saw a girl, undoubtedly the daughter of the boss, fumbling under the seat of the car.

"Evening, Miss," said Peter.

The girl looked startled, and then recognized Peter. "Oh! Hello. I'm having a little trouble with this tire, Peter. Won't you help?"

Of course he would. He changed the tire, and then,

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having put away the tools, he hesitated.

"Well——," he began. He was about to say that he would be on his way.

"Come, Peter," interrupted the girl, "you're going to ride home with me. Perhaps we'll have another blow-out," she laughed.

Peter climbed in the seat beside her. "Thank you, miss," he said. She started the car with a lurch. Peter knew that she had just learned to drive, but he felt far better sitting there beside her than he would have felt had he been trudging those long miles home. All the girl's thoughts were on her driving, and Peter could not open a conversation, for it might have distracted her attention. So he sat and watched the road, now and again glancing at the girl. She was pretty, thought Peter. He had not noticed it before. And now, uncontrollably, irrisistably, there flashed into Peter's mind all that the mulatto had said, and all that he himself had thought, of races, and of equality, and of freedom. All the passions of the black man were aroused. He turned toward the girl, clasped her savagely in his arms.

The girl was still clasped in his arms when Peter to his senses, but now her body was limp where it had been tense. What had he done? Yes, now he remembered, and with the return of memory came panicky fear. Flight was all that was left to him. He had some money, but he would need more. Hastily he searched. The girl had a purse, and jewels, and money. He took everything, squirmed from beneath the wreckage, and fled. Into the city would be safest, he thought, and thence to New York. New York was free. In that city he would not be found out; if he were found out he would not be so severely censured by public opinion.

Peter awoke with the cold sweat pouring off him. Yes, he was free; they would not catch him. But himself, could he stand to battle against his own mind? Yes, in this town there would be enough diversion. Here he would live, and perhaps, some day, his sub-conscious mind would forget.

Finis

John M. Nobis, '29

VOX POPICOCK

Vox populi, vox Dei. This fatuous assumption would seem to be at the base of current American thought. Really free thinkers are few and far between among us, and a great many of those we have do a type of free-thinking which may be ascribed only to a mind so broad that it never fastens on anything which goes through it; it is a type of mind that works much like a radio. Whatever most of us feel impelled to profess either as a faith, a code of morals, a philosophy, or a conviction, must, we almost instinctively feel, be in strict accordance with the dictates of the group. From the other angle, we, as part of the group, feel that the person who utters opinions which differ from those of our own is some one whom we must dislike—nay, even some one whom we will not tolerate. We cannot separate one part of a man's thinking from the whole of his thinking. Once we become prejudiced against anyone, our whole attitude toward him is so colored by our prejudice that even that in him which may be praiseworthy to others, we overlook or else distort into something which we feel justified in condemning.

People instinctively fear, and even come to hate a person who thinks clearly and straightforwardly, and who does not have much compunction about being truthful. Of course, it must be remembered that there are many who talk a great deal about calling a spade a spade without having first found out definitely whether they are talking about a spade or a door-knob. These latter folk need not concern us here. The man who really knows what he is going to say and says it, makes us not a little uncomfortable at times. And it is equally true that he himself will be made to feel quite uncomfortable if what he says does not meet with popular approval.

In spite of all the pother about democracy, it is still too true that most people do not wish to think, they do not wish to govern themselves, they do not wish to be disturbed. What they want is bread and circuses just as much now as they ever did, and as long as they have bread and circuses, and are not disturbed, they will be quiet. This is true with people in general, and it is true

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with people in separate groups—even in college groups.

On the other hand, it is just as true that there will always be people (we hope more and more of them as the time goes on) who can and will think; who can separate good qualities from bad ones in the same person or thing instead of wholly condemning him. There will always be those also who are not afraid to change their minds when they are convinced that they should do so, even at the peril of unpopularity. As for those who constitute the herd, they will always be that way—the kind of a herd before which it is foolish to cast pearls.

Edwin T. Hague, '29.

LOVE

Love is a spark that flames in all breasts,
Flickering here, blazing there:
But in my heart love flames up crests,
Scorching the sky with its flare.

F. St. M. Caldiero, '31.

BALLADE

Damn Prohibtion, ugly thing,
Sans use, and harmful to all men;
At those who once went frolicking
It drove its darts. All foulness then
Came sneaking from its dingy den
To take from man his pleasant cheer.
Poor outcast Brew, be born again:
O Congress, give us back our beer:

Foot on the rail, a man was king,
His heart and soul were free; and when
A ballad through the house would ring:
The roof would rise at its Amen.
For beer was meant to slake thirst then;
By rich man loved, to poor man dear.
The mug refill, again, again:
O Congress, give us back our beer:

Good ale alone can good cheer bring:
This is a fact that all may ken.
Stone Volstead, and forth from him wring
Consent, his foulness to unpen.
Will life be more like heaven when
Restraint is shunted to the rear?
Aye, fonts of bliss again would spring.
O Congress, give us back our beer:

O Hoover, let men have their fling;
Hear thou our plea; be not severe:
We'll then thy praise be echoing.
O Congress, give us back our beer:

John Milton (Nobis)

THE MESSENGER

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