**WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:**

"Is this fact important to You?"

**VALUE!** "Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher, "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"

**MILDNESS!** "I smoke Camels because they are mild — pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.

**HEALTHY NERVES!** "I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.

**FLAVOR!** "It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."

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Last month we crowned color supreme; this month Eliot caps the Kampus King; next month we're through writing fashion articles for a while. All of which encourages us to unburden on our grateful public a little in the way of spring and advance summer style comment.

Spring having just been officially ushered in, whereas the night is positively sweltering, we are having a difficult time deciding just what will be most apropos when this thing is printed and under your critical eyes, gentlemen.

Three styles are dominant in sports jackets for spring—the shirred back model with a yolk, tucks beneath the yoke and above a belt, a center vent, and patch pockets; the gusset sleeve jacket which represents a significant step in the movement toward plain backs; and the plain back, three button, two to button, sack coat with side vents. Practically all of the double-breasted models will have long wide lapels rolling to the last button.

Gabardine slacks loom as an important style, according to Men's Wear. Light weight gabardines have been so much improved that they are now considered ideal for wear with odd jackets. Tan, walnut brown, grayish green, silver grey, and blue are the best colors.

The dark brown, fairly narrow snap brim hat, with very slightly tapering crown, continues to be the university man's hat. However the Tyrolean influence is spreading—we have seen some of them on this campus. The local stores are concentrating on the less extreme versions of this style and apparently will be successful. A silk cord that replaces the ribbon and a colorful "mount" (feather to you) are among the distinguishing features of this vogue.

The wide-spaced collar, both attached and unattached, is now toeing the line of accepted collar styles. Its popularity is calling for a change in neckwear to heavier silks cut in wider shapes, because a wider tie knot is necessary.

Dark colored shirts will be seen in great numbers this spring and particularly this summer. This trend is enhanced by the fact that light colored jackets will again be worn with contrasting, darker slacks. Navy blue, deep grays with darker stripes, steel, wine, and browns are some of the latest shirting shades. Basket weave and mesh shirts of all kinds will be popular.

The correct color for brown shoes is the dark reddish shade which can only be attained through the use of a polish in that tone. White buck shoes are once more scheduled to lead the summer shoe field, although brown suede and brown and white combinations are equally correct.

The latest in men's hosiery consists of varied tweed and string effects, and horizontal stripes in all degrees of boldness of stripe and color. "Donegal" tweeds is the name of the Irish homespun effect produced in this hosiery.

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Maybe you've graduated before this and are one of the large number on the campus who know the flare of style and individuality in Losse Custom Made Clothes.

You can get that new spring suit in time for Easter if you'll come in and make a selection of the material you prefer. And speaking of the material you prefer. And speaking of materials we have a beautiful range of patterns and fabrics that appeal to any man's fancy.
**Washington University • ELIOT •**

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Cover by Charles Craver

Vol. 2  
APRIL, 1935  
No. 6

Price $1.00 a year; 15c a copy  
The Eliot is published monthly except in February, June, July, and August.
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN — TODAY I'M GOING TO SHARE WITH YOU A LITTLE ARTICLE I'VE DASHED OFF, ENTITLED 'THE EVIDENCE FOR DATING THE EDDIC POEMS — SO WHAT.' THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH TO TAKE.

I QUOTE— 'DESPITE THE CRITICAL TRIUMPHS THAT MODERN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HAS MADE, THERE ARE A LOT OF PROBLEMS WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE ABOUT THESE ICELANDIC POEMS — STARS FELL ON ICELAND — HALPA!

MAY I LEAVE THIS THOUGHT WITH YOU, THAT MANY FACTORS MUST BE DISENTANGLED BEFORE WE DARE TO REACH FINAL CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THE RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS —

— WONDER WHY, GO IN WART, WHO WAS ED ANYWAY!

MUST DATE UP MARJORIE — GOOD OLD MARGE

CAN I BE MARRIED!

GET ABOARD PRINCE ALBERT!

MILDEN!
BURNS LONGER!
CRIMP CUT
SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES ALL "BITE"
AMERICA'S FAVORITE PIPE TOBACCO!

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Island Orphans

The National Student League has war and peace to worry about, and Student Life has Hatchet to worry about, and Hatchet has Student Life to worry about, but the Eliot, up to a week ago, had nothing to worry about. And we felt sort of guilty about it. We couldn’t worry about war, because, for one thing, the NSL was worrying about that already, and, for another thing, we’ve always had our own personal conviction that we’d rather languish in jail than decompose on a battlefield; and that was that. Then too we felt that Student Life and Hatchet had enough worrying to do without our butting in, so we had to find something for ourselves.

We asked a hundred members of the faculty to answer this question: “If you were to spend the rest of your life alone on an island and could take with you but five books, what books would you choose?” Out of the hundred asked, fifty-seven answered.

Many were just too busy to take time off and think about it. Others thought it was too stupid to bother about. Some said they knew too much, others too little, to narrow a selection down to five. Colonel Boorstin said he’d commit suicide if he took one book. Mr. Buchan said he’d commit suicide anyway. Dr. Usher didn’t want to have anything to do with the Eliot, and Dr. Gribble said the questionnaire was insane. Dr. Thomas said it was a crazy supposition. But fifty-seven of them thought it wasn’t too insane and crazy, so they made a list.

A great many of those who did answer cheated just a little bit. Six, for instance, chose the Encyclopedia Britannica as one book. Mr. King chose Balzac’s Comédie Humaine, comprising about 100 novels, novelettes, and short stories. That isn’t cricket, Mr. King. Not many worried much about taking the complete works of anybody and counting it as one book—Shakespeare, Goethe, Sophocles, Ibsen, Plato, Milton, Irving, among others. Dr. Heller, on the other hand, was determined to be scrupulously honest. He chose “The Book of Job” as one selection. When we told him he could have the whole Bible if he wanted it, he reminded us that properly speaking the Bible is a group of books, not one book.

Pre-announcement bets gave big odds that the Bible would win more votes than Shakespeare, but the Avon Nightingale turned out to be a dark horse and beat the Bible 38 to 34. Plato finished third with fifteen votes. Goethe with eight and Homer with seven were next. Then came the Great Prophet of Today, Mr. H. G. Wells, with six; Dickens and Plutarch with five; and Don Quixote with four. Milton and Mark Twain gathered three votes each to place tenth and eleventh; and Kant, Horace, Boswell, Frazer, Dante, Sandburg, Darwin, Hugo, Defoe and Hervey Allen finished with two votes each. The other authors mentioned in the selections received only one vote.

Among collections, rather than individual authors, encyclopedias won with fifteen votes (Encyclopedia Britannica—six votes); anthologies of literature received thirteen votes; and dictionaries, eleven.

Classified according to type, the dramatists chosen are Shakespeare, Goethe, Sophocles, Euripides, Ibsen, and Schiller, gathering forty-nine votes in all. The philosophers were Plato, Boethius, Bacon, Montaigne, Rousseau, Schopenhauer, Kant, Carlyle, Bergson, and Dewey, totaling twenty-five votes. Poets: Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Chaucer, Milton, Heine, Wordsworth, Burns, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Sandburg and Das Nibelungenlied; total: twenty-three votes. The novelists chosen are Dickens, Hardy, Hudson, Defoe, Cather, France, Wallace, Balzac, Cervantes, Tolstoi, Fielding, Thackeray, Hugo, Allan, Wyss, and Bunyan for twenty-one votes.

Other results: biography—17; history—14; history of philosophy and thought—7; history and criticism of art—4; sciences: general—6, astronomy—3, botany—3, mathematics—3, social—3, biology—1, medicine—1, perspective—1, geology—1; economics—1; carpentry—3; and magazines: Saturday Evening Post—1; Time—1; National Geographic—1.

If you find all the figures given above totally unintelligible, you will have to take the lists given below and make your own tabulations:

**Barry, Wallace G. (Purchasing Agent)**:  
Plato: Republic.  
W. H. Hudson: Green Mansions.  
Henri Bergson: Creative Evolution.  
Boy Scout Handbook.

**Bennett, Orval (Associate Professor of Economics)**:  
Plutarch: Lives or Shakespeare.  
Rogers: History of Philosophy.  
Channing: History of the United States.  
Any complete work on Lincoln.

**Bernard, Luther L. (Professor of Sociology)**:  
Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.  
Ciclopedia Espasa-Calpe.  
Encyclopedia Britannica.  
Encyclopedia Americana.  

*Don’t show this list to my pastor.*
Bodenhafer, Walter B. (Professor of Sociology):
Bible.
Gibbon: Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Dickens: Pickwick Papers.
Merz: History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century.
Rhodes: History of the United States.

Brown, J. Hart (Associate Professor of French):
The Old Testament.
The Odyssey.
Blackstone: Commentaries.
Montaigne: Essays.
Le Genie du Christianisme.

Bruno, Frank J. (Professor of Applied Sociology):
Shakespeare.
Defoe: Robinson Crusoe.
Cather: Death Comes to the Archbishop.

Buchan, Alexander M. (Assistant Professor of English):
Bible, Authorized Version.
Shakespeare: Sonnets.
Plato: Republic (in translation!)
Wordsworth: Prelude.
A Manual of Carpentry.

Bunch, Marion E. (Assistant Professor of Psychology):
Most comprehensive single volume on general science.
Best single volume encyclopedia.
Man as a Biological Organism.
History of Civilization.
Second encyclopedia.

Burke, William W. (Associate Professor of Sociology):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Plato's Dialogues.
Carl Sandburg: Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years.
Sidney and Beatrice Webb: The Last Hundred Years.

Cable, J. Ray (Associate Professor of Finance and Banking):
Bible.
Anatole France: Penguin Island.
Mark Twain: Works.
William Graham Sumner: Folkways.
T. B. Veblen: Instinct of Workmanship.

Chambers, Lawson P. (Associate Professor of Philosophy):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Plato: Dialogues; Greek and English.
Carlyle: Works.
Snyder and Martin: Book of English Literature.

Conzelman, James D. (Instructor in Physical Education):
Dictionary.
Dickens: Our Mutual Friend.
History of England.
Wells: Outline of History.
Milton: Poems.

Cory, Charles E. (Professor of Philosophy):
Shakespeare.
Plato: Republic.
Goethe: Faust.
Kant: Critique of Pure Reason.

Davies, Dorothy R. (Instructor in Physical Education):
Saturday Evening Post.
Time Magazine.
David Copperfield.
A couple of others.

Debatin, Frank M. (Dean of the University College):
Bible.
Plato: Republic.
Browning: Poetry.
David Copperfield.
Huckleberry Finn.

Duffy, James (Instructor in Latin and Greek):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Plato.
Homer.
Goethe: Faust.

Duncan, Thomas S. (Professor of Greek and Latin):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Homer: Iliad.
Euripides: Tragedies.
Goethe: Faust.

Eoff, Sherman H. (Assistant Professor of Spanish):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Don Quixote.
Plato: Republic.
An anthology of English Poetry.

Ernest, John H. (University Accountant):
The Holy Bible.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Ben Hur.
Shakespeare.
Webster's Dictionary.

(Continued on page 10)
GUINEA PIG

by GORDON SAGER

I cannot look upon the incident as a crime of revenge or even a crime any more than I can look upon myself as one who would perform a criminal act. Rather I was merely the means for an inevitable end. When Jonathan Lang started the class and when he began his "experiment" he was setting in motion wheels which would make a complete revolution, whether he willed them to or not, and one of those wheels somewhere sometime, when it had completed its revolution, would bring with it destruction. The fact that mine was the wheel that brought destruction is unimportant; what is important is the inevitability of the incident—it could not have happened otherwise and it did not happen otherwise.

I realized a year or so after I had left the class what Jonathan Lang had attempted to do and what he had succeeded in doing, but I was content then to accept it as part of the inconveniences of adolescence. I looked upon the things he had done as injuries, true, but it was not until he had added to them insults that my mind began to dwell upon his downfall. Had I been older, and a match for him, when I first met him, I would not have felt either injured then or insulted later. But I was not; I was fifteen when I entered his class, he was twice my age. He looked, on the first morning the class met at Sunday School, extremely tall and powerfully built. His eyes were bright and rather startling beneath his heavy brows. Often they were warm and vibrant, and just as often cold and hard. They fascinated me and they made me afraid. They were eyes into which I could see deeper than I wanted to, and yet, strangely, not nearly so deep as I would like.

"This," said Jonathan Lang on the first day, "is not going to be a class. It's going to be a place where you can come and talk about anything you want to. The only entrance requirement is a little bit more than average intelligence, and the determination to give something to the rest of us. If you can't, or won't, do that, we don't want you. At all events, none of you is going to sit in the back of the room and whisper, for the simple reason that there's not going to be any back—we're going to sit in a circle. If you'll pull your chairs around now—"

Nobody moved. We had all been staring so intently at Jonathan Lang during this startling introduction that we weren't able now even to arrange the chairs, which would have been a good opportunity to talk. Imagine a Sunday School teacher saying, "We don't want you." It was, to say the least, unheard of.

"Come on. Put your chairs in a circle around the room."

Someone jumped up, then another; finally we were all moving around. But the only sound in the room was the scraping of chairs; there was no laughing, no giggling, no hurried consultations—no fleeting exchange of opinion as to the new teacher. We sat down eventually in some sort of queer looking circle.

Jonathan Lang seemed to smile as he glanced at these faces, every eye glued to his. And yet he did not really—perhaps there was the shadow of a suggestion of amusement. "How do you want to plan these meetings? Just talk about anything that strikes our fancy or have one of you prepare a short talk about something for each meeting?" No one said anything, so Jonathan Lang went on. "I think we'd better try the latter."

Someone, braver than the rest of us, interrupted. "What are we going to talk about?"

"That's for you to decide," Jonathan Lang said. "Me?"

"The class."

Silence.

"What would you like to talk about?" Again silence.

"Suppose we talk about ancient gods at first. Someone can trace the beginning of the word 'Yahweh' and we can watch the development of God as omnipotent. It is interesting to note the change from Yahweh, the tribal god, to Jehovah, the Lord. Did you know that the ancient Jews did not pronounce the name of the Lord because they thought it was too sacred? Do you know what tetragrammamon means? We ought to have enough to talk about; but if we get bored by it we can change. You—what's your name?"

"Arthur Wilson."

"Well, Arthur, you read up on Yahweh and Jehovah and tribal gods, and all the rest of you do the same, and Arthur will lead the discussion next week. Now, are there any questions?"

There were of course no questions; the manner and the words of Jonathan Lang brooked no questions. They dared the class to be inquisitive, but we did not take the dare.

The tone of the first meeting prevailed for three or four weeks until the time Jonathan Lang told us to call him by his first name and to quit raising our hands when we wanted to talk. In those first few weeks we discussed—or, more correctly, Jonathan Lang discussed and we absorbed—religion and God, among other things. One morning Jonathan asked what one had to do to be godly.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," said someone.

"Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," said another.

(Continued on Page 20)
Old Mr. Tassman had finally died, after eight years of preparation. Taft University, after eight years of waiting, received all his books, with the sole exception of a cook book which he bequeathed to his housekeeper.

Robert Sheets, head librarian of the University, and I were cataloguing them in the old man's study before they were taken to the various libraries of the University. The books were in complete disorder: this was the third evening we had spent on the work.

Sheets suddenly cried out. "Bud, look here—an unknown manuscript of Terrius."

I went over to him. "It can't be," I said; "how would Tassmann have any unknown manuscripts of Terrius? His histories are as well known as Plutarch's."

"It's authentic," Sheets answered. "There's no doubt about that. Isn't it just like Tassman to get hold of a manuscript like that—the Lord knows how—and not say a thing about it, leave it buried among a lot of high school grammars?"

"Translate some of it—let's see what it's like."

Sheets settled himself in a comfortable chair near the fire; I sat down near him.

"You know," he said, looking over it, "it's about the Etruscans—we're going to get some light on them at last."

And there occurred about nineteen hundred years ago (this was written during the reign of Caesar, Sheets said) in the city of Carans, which was inhabited by the Etruscans, a crime of a most heinous nature. The infant son of Aerolius, of Carans, had been spirited away while it slept—by a band of pirates, it was believed by the citizens. Shortly after this occurrence there was conveyed to Aerolius a demand for ten thousand pieces of gold for the return of his infant son. Sattara, an aged friend of Aerolius, undertook to mediate with the senders of the letter of demand, who were, from the handwriting of the note, barbarians.

Ten thousand pieces of gold were delivered into the hands of Sattara by the griefstricken Aerolius. Sattara in turn left these for the stealers of the child, and these men took them; but Aerolius and Sattara waited in vain for the safe return of the infant son. Some short while after, a man servant of Aerolius found on the estate of the general the mutilated body of a child. The body he carried to Aerolius, who recognized in the dead child his son.

Immediately thereafter a group of friends of Aerolius set out in pursuit of the pirates, as it was then thought, but they searched in vain; no trace could they find of the murderers. And so they returned to Carans, empty-handed and sad, having enlisted in their aid all of the neighboring allies of Timotheus, king of Carans.

Many moons waned and there was no word of the abductors of the child, but Aerolius had appointed one of his soldiers to search continually for the men; and this loyal soldier after much searching found a man who possessed many pieces of gold which were identified as those which Aerolius had given to Sattara, who in turn had left them for the murderer.

Timotheus, king of Carans, caused this man to be arrested and brought before him. Timotheus caused him also to be tortured in the most exquisite manner but the culprit would not admit the crime. Timotheus called his counselors to him and asked of them what should be done. Many of them counselled immediate execution in the amphitheater, but this plan Timotheus rejected, because he was a just king and would suffer no innocent man to be killed.

At length one venerable counselor arose and, addressing the king, said, "I suggest that we choose at random from among the citizens twelve who will hear what this man has to say and who shall decide his fate."

The other counselors arose as in a body and clamored against the plan. Timotheus thought for a while and then, with a smile, he said, "I think I shall try your plan, O Aged One. Let twelve citizens of Carans judge the fate of this man."

Meanwhile word had spread throughout the neighboring allies of Carans of the capture of the accused. For many parasangs came curious men and women to view the man, for Aerolius was well known and well loved. These curious folk crowded the city until it resembled a feast day. The market place, where Taras, the accused, was kept was so filled with foreigners that the merchants were unable to sell their wares. Men, and women too, would stand for hours in the market place waiting for a glimpse of Taras. When he appeared he was greeted with loud cries of disapprobation and menace although his guilt had not been proven.

From among the citizens eight men had been chosen by lot to act as judges; four women also were chosen. Timotheus had had these women chosen against the
advice of all his counselors; for Timotheus was not devoid of humor.

The day of the trial arrived. Timotheus sat in the middle seat in the first row of the east end of the colossal amphitheater at Carans, and on one side of him sat the eight citizens (and the four women) and on the other stood Taras, the accused. There was in the amphitheater places sufficient for twenty thousand people, and the benches on all sides of the arena were filled. The mob clamored against Taras and were hostile toward him.

For some time Timotheus spoke and questioned Taras, and all others who had discovered facts against Taras spoke against him, and then Taras was given an opportunity to speak in his own behalf. At the beginning of his plea the mob threatened to become dangerous to Timotheus as well as to Taras, and therefore Timotheus ordered the heralds to announce that any man who made noise would be ejected from the amphitheater. And Taras continued, and there was a hostile silence.

When he had finished, the eight citizens (and the four women) retired to deliberate the fate of Taras. Long time were they gone, and many conflicting rumors were circulated. They returned at length, stating that they thought Taras guilty of the crime, whereupon a great cheer arose from the mob, and there was much clapping of hands and stamping of feet. After the noise had subsided, Timotheus caused it to be announced that Taras would be thrown unto three hungry lions in the same arena after nine days.

When he had gone and Taras had been taken away, the friends of the eight men and the four women crowded about them and congratulated them on their decision. And many thousands of these uncivilized people stood in a line longer than the eye could reach so that they might sit in the chair of Timotheus and in the chairs of the judges and stand where Taras had stood, to the end that they might tell their friends about it when they returned to their native city. And there was all this while great cheering among the citizens and the visitors, and everyone spoke of the day of the execution of Taras with eagerness and smacking of lips.

Also enormous signal fires had been erected, and these were lighted as soon as it grew dark so that all the neighboring towns might know of the conviction. And there was great rejoicing in the entire country of the Etruscans because a man had been condemned to death.

And there occurred also at this time...

"The manuscript is torn from here on," Sheets said.

"The fire had burned down, and there were vague shadows on the floor. Sheets shuddered. "Terrible, wasn't it? At least it's pleasant to realize that such things can't happen now."

I nodded. "It is," I said.

TO PROFESSOR—

Keats' anguish rare in lines immortal etched,
Or Byron's stormy wit, or Shelley's sighs,
Or Kubla Khan or other scene bewitched—
These keep, I pray, from unappraising eyes.
The credit-seeking vandals talk and stare
Because they paid: such incongruities
Pay homage poor to Souls which sought to bare
Life's "interlaced ambiguities."

Yea, even learned critics are accursed
When they, with tired tongues and many words,
Explain how Poets' dreams took form: well-versed
Or not—their pens I'd take—and give them swords
And I'm a vandal, too—I cannot lie—
I'll take your quiz—but only to get by!

—Igor Geffen.

WINTER SONG

Close clasped within the bosom of the cold
And ice-thralled depths of winter, rest sad notes
Whose melodies in minor flow from throats,
Half muted by the snow's frostfingered hold.
More silent music filters through the gold
That slopes from sinking suns, each shaft in notes
Spells sharps and flats; yet still the silence caoes
The mingled measures lest their tale be told.
A brilliant cardinal in flight will wrest
Frozen clutch, his flaming scarlet breast,
And consolation pour from tiny bill,
To shatter solitude so lately still;
He streaks away, but that sweet soaring breath
Reclaims the buried world from lonely death.

—Winifred Duncan.
A DAGGER, OR TWO  
by ED MEAD

The first thing I have to make clear is that Professor Swark is not my Aunt Biddy. That incident in botany class was all just a bad mistake. I said "Aunt Biddy" entirely without thinking, and then it came over me. I might have known she hadn't said "Pass the muffins" when she asked me, "What is Lecithin?" but it took me back to the time when she used to have tea with Aunt Jane when I was a little kid. So when I said, "There aren't any muffins, Aunt Biddy," I admit it did sound out of place, but I used to call her Aunt Biddy all the time.

All this is fundamentally the reason I had to pay the piano tuner three dollars. Professor Swark is really Mary Anne Swithey's Aunt Biddy, and I didn't even know it. But when I first saw Mary Anne with her very definite mouth and her big round brown-black eyes and her thick mane of brown-black hair, I said "There's a forceful woman," and right away I wanted to meet her.

So I found out she was living with Professor Swark in her apartment, and one day I was hanging around outside to see what would happen. That's when the piano tuner asked me if Professor Swark lived there.

"Well, yes and no," I said. "Right now she is out to laboratory."

"You don't think she'd mind if I sat there with the piano unchaperoned, do you?"

Something clicked in me right then, and pretty soon I paid him the three dollars. "It's not very hard to tune a piano, is it?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said, "you just have to tighten it up." "Just loose, eh?" I said.

Mary Anne met me herself. She didn't know me, so she asked, "Are you the new piano tuner? It needs it pretty badly."

"Oh," I said, "you mean it's just a little loose."

"Well," she said, "roughly speaking, that about covers it."

I started in. There's nothing very hard about tuning a piano. Essentially it's the same thing as tightening the spokes on a bicycle. You take a little wrench and twist up the little square knobs that hold the wires. That makes it higher. Then you go on to the next one.

Well, by the time I got through, I had that piano a whole lot higher and I only broke one string, and that was in the middle, so I made five or six all around it the same so you never missed it.

"All tightened up," I said in a half hour or so.

"Good," she called, coming in with a dagger in her hand. "I'm almost through practicing."

"Oh—practicing."

"Yes, throwing daggers. It's great fun." It was the first glimpse I had of the real Mary Anne.

I tried to keep on the way I had worked it out.

"You'll play, won't you?" I asked, looking into those big round eyes. "I've always liked Kiss Me Again."

It was a rather significant moment, the two of us and all.

"I'd rather have something sinister," she said, "like the Danse Macabre."

She sat down and began. She only played a few bars. The effect was amazing.

"Go on!" I said, "I've never heard anything like that before."

"Neither have I," she said, and her face was a beautiful black storm cloud. "It sounds like Piccolo Pete."

Before that I had a fancy for Mary Anne, but then I loved her. All the while she was kicking me down from the third floor to the second floor, I was explaining the thing to her.

"I did it all for you," I said.

On the second floor landing, I said, "You're so beautiful when you're angry." So she kicked me down the rest of the way.

The next time I saw her on the campus I ran. She's very impulsive, I found out. She ran after me, right in front of everybody, and swung her arms around me. I composed myself to die right there.

"Darling!" she said, "I hope I didn't hurt you too badly. Did you really mean all those lovely things?"

"Every single word." And right there our romance began. There are many good points to Mary Anne. When you've got her in your arms dancing, for one
One evening she was looking into a detective magazine with pictures of bodies, all cut up. "Isn't that a beauty?" she asked me. "It hasn't even any head. Oh, I wish you'd do things. I don't believe you have any ambition at all."

"Well, I'm going to be chief proof reader on the News, like as not."

"Oh, commas!" she said. "Haven't you ever imagined yourself holding up a bank? Just a little one would do."

"Would just stopping one be all right?" I asked.

"It's immaterial," she said, "but I should think it would be a great deal more fun starting one."

I guess it's a lot easier, too. I wanted around the First National a whole morning and nothing happened.

"When was the last time this place was held up?" I asked a man.

"Oh, about 1916."

I told that to Mary Anne. "I'd say it's about due," she said.

So I waited another morning, and then I gave the same cashier my phone number and said, "I guess you'd better call me, in case you have one."

"One what?"

"A holdup," I told him. "I stop them."

It wasn't any use. For two days I just moped, and then, like a flash I decided to kidnap Aunt Biddy. I was just sitting there in class, and BING!—she opened her mouth to say angiosperm and there I had it. That afternoon I built the ladder. You keep them for emergencies. Then I wrote the ransom note to Mary Anne.

"Dear Miss Swithey," it said,

"We have your aunt at our den and you must bring $10,000 to the mailbox at Oak and Charter Roads by 12 midnight tomorrow. For every hour after that we will cut off one of her toes and after that we will start on the fingers, and if you tell the police, off goes her head.

Yours truly,

The Rippers."

Then I kidnaped Aunt Biddy. To see her walking down the street you have to think of a baked potatoe. There's even something of a baked potatoe smell about Aunt Biddy, that's maybe old black clothes that hang a long time in closets. Then there's the way she's sort of round, and wrinkly, and brownish, except for a pile of white hair that stands up like a Chinese pagoda.

I just followed her home from the laboratory in the dark and when she passed my car I grabbed her and put on the gag. Mary Anne had told me all about that a week ago. "You just put one handkerchief in his mouth and wrap the other one around. Then you use the piano wire."

"On his mouth?" I asked her.

"No, you truss up his arms and legs."

I thought that was silly, so I just tied her wrists with another handkerchief to the footrest. I had a lot of cushions in there, and the groceries on the seat. "That comfortable?" I asked her. She made a noise like a sea lion in four feet of water.

Then I went to Mary Anne's apartment and dropped the note in the downstairs letter-box. After that we
Consuming 30,000 pies in one day is not one of the records set at Lee Hall Cafeteria.

The spectacle of seductive South Sea Island beauties wearing only a smile is not one of the features of the Quad Club show (although you may wish it were.)

These were two—and only two—of the remarkable sights at the St. Louis World’s Fair of 1904, when people from all the world crossed the campus of the Alma Mater, and exhibits of everything under the sun were strewn from Brookings Hall to Jefferson Memorial. For in 1904 Washington moved its student body out of its ancient stronghold in downtown St. Louis, to a place ‘way out in the country, to a distant hilltop west of the city, at the end of a road called the Pikeway.’ And there the Hilltop made its bow to the world—and Washington University won the unique distinction of being the world’s only university ever to have had both a World’s Fair and the Olympic Games on its campus.

Song and story have made thoroughly familiar the history of what took place in the Fair itself; but a new angle is revealed in an account of the things which Washington students themselves did during the exposition. This account is necessarily incomplete, both because of the lack of time for research, and the fact that the students of that day were not eager to put in writing all of the things which they did under the stimulation of South Sea Islanders and 30,000 pies.

“Washington’s students have certainly made themselves known to the Fair guests,” comments a paper of October, 1904; and the Student Life of that date enters the spirit of the thing by saying, “Why not make the last night that the Pike is open a historic date? All four departments ought to turn out. Five hundred students ought to give the Pike the most exciting time of its existence.”

Washingtonians were among the 30,000 spectators who lined up along the Pikeway on April 30, 1904, to see the two-mile procession which officially opened the World’s Fair. But it was in the line, off sports that the future Hilltoppers made their greatest contribution to the entertainment of the world that crossed the campus. Intercollegiate athletics in those days were confined largely to the Eastern schools of Harvard, Yale and Princeton; and except for the traditional “football match” with Missouri, the Red and Green had little to offer in this line. However, there did exist in St. Louis an amateur ice hockey league, in which Washington was represented. Organized at the turn of the century, the collegians were for several years at a disadvantage because of the fact that they had to play teams made up of Canadians, who were literally at home on the ice. However, after tying for third and second place in the league in 1902 and 1903, the prehistoric Bears skated into the spotlight at the psychological moments and won the ice hockey championship of 1904, as thousands cheered.

Intercollegiate track, which had enjoyed popularity for nearly 20 seasons at Washington, flowered into its greatest triumph during the exposition days, when Francis Field, the first concrete athletic stadium in America, was erected especially to bring the Olympiad to the Western Hemisphere. The events opened May 12, on a track which experts 30 years later still aver is the best of its kind.

When the excitement of the Fair died out in November, Washington sophomores, still breathless from it, gathered together to form a club which would carry on the social tradition at Washington: it was to inaugurate the first “new deal” in trivial things ‘way out on the Pikeway. This club was Lock and Chain, still familiar to modern Hilltoppers by reason of its 30-years’ sponsoring of dances.

The World Fair tradition persisted long at Washington, literally in concrete form; for the British Pavilion Building, located where Birby Hall now is, served to house the College of Fine Arts. A picture of this building, together with the sunken gardens with which it was decorated during the exposition days, may be seen on the cover of the Student Life for February 15, 1912.

Pralma was formed in 1906. “We want no slackers at Washington U.” is the statement of the founders.
Therefore we have organized a club which will by its very nature tend to prevent this. The purpose of this club shall be (1) to reward deserving seniors, and (2) to assist the U. in every way connected with student welfare.

In 1906, too, appeared the first advocation on the part of the student body for an honor system on the Hilltop. "Leland Stanford, Princeton, and Harvard have such systems—why can't we?" the Student Life of that date wants to know. Continuous propaganda had its ultimate effect; and in 1911 the Honor System was inaugurated, the faculty signing over to the undergraduates the power to deal with all cases of unethical conduct. A special board of students was appointed to deal with alleged cases, and was given the power to suspend from the university any students whom it found guilty. The Student Life naively adds, "Should the suspended student refuse to leave school upon the command of the committee, the latter shall have the power to appeal to the chancellor for assistance in enforcing the edict."

Perhaps for this reason—the lack of enforcing power—the Honor System was doomed to failure; at any rate it eventually was repealed, and even unto today the student body finds itself advocating its installation, as in 1906.

Much contemporary student comment pro and con has arisen over the modern-day "single tax" or student activities fee. It is interesting to note that the second year on the Hilltop found students in 1906 doing much the same thing. "The student fee covers only athletic contests," complained the Pikers. As a matter of fact, this was correct; for aside from the expenses of the Hatchet ($2), the annual "Gymie" (see below) and various other functions for which today Hilltoppers are admitted at a special price on presentation of a student activity receipt, the 1906 collegian paid $11.25 for the following:

- 8 football games...........................................$4.25
- 10 basketball games......................................2.50
- Track meet..................................................50
- 9 baseball games..........................................3.00
- W. U. A. A. membership..................................1.00
- $11.25

The annual dance at the "Gymmie" mentioned above was a Junior affair—it is not certain that this was the Junior Prom—very popular about 1911, and given in the gymnasium at McMillan Hall. The name "Gymmie" appears as early as 1907, but its exact derivation has so far escaped philologists. The prevailing view is that it is a "sissy" diminutive of gymnasium. At any rate, it was quite well known to the Hilltoppers of that day and age, and was attended by the Junior class in a body—everyone else, apparently, being excluded.

Not the least important of the effects of the World Fair on Washington institution was the change in the character of Student Life. Heretofore an innocuous monthly of size 8½x12 inches, after 1904 it blossomed forth as a weekly journal, resplendent in a colored cover and illustrations throughout its 12 pages. It still remained a vehicle for more or less ponderous student literary effort, featuring such stories as "The Skirt Dancer" and "How Gertie Queered the Scandal Club" (not a frame-up of Rickey, or Halter Hinchell or the Man in Black.) But there was something even worse than this: for (horrors) Student Life in 1911 was running a column of "advice to the lovelorn"—in all seriousness. A sample of the clientele of "Miss Phoebe's Column" is given below:

"Dear Miss Phoebe:
At the last freshman meeting a boy asked me to the Lock and Chain dance. He said that he had another engagement, but that if I would go with him, he would break it.

Now, this boy is very stout and I am sure that I could not dance with him. Besides, I don't think it right for him to break a previous engagement. The boys and girls all think I am very fascinating.

Do you think I did right?"

As Mark Twain has put it, "over this scene let us draw the curtain of pity."

What was the annual Numeral Battle of 1904-14? If you read the first installment of this history (and you should have, you know) you will remember how the freshman-sophomore fight arose out of the attempt of the freshmen to erect their class numerals on the wall of the gymnasium during an interclass handball meet. Ensuing years seem to have reversed the formula, for when the Numeral Battle came into being, it was the sopho-
MR. SMITH WATCHES CONGRESS
by ELIZABETH TUTTLE

The actions of the legislature are steadily attracting more attention. Formerly, Mr. John Smith would read about the latest government action only after he had thoroughly absorbed all the rest of the paper. Now it is a different story. Mr. Smith investigates the progress of the bills in Congress before he even reads the weather report. Why is this? Can it be that the present legislation is affecting Mr. Smith’s business and, consequently, his pocket book? It is a well known fact that whatever affects a man’s pocketbook attracts his interest and the present legislation is, undoubtedly, making a marked impression on his business. The N. R. A. alone has decidedly interfered with his activities and Mr. Smith, like every other small capitalist, is interested in anything that will help or hinder his business.

The thing that, probably, attracts his attention first is the new work relief bill. $4,880,000,000, is a lot of money no matter what it is for and Mr. Smith finds himself wondering just how much of that money will eventually come out of his pocket. He is, also, rather fearful of the government, under the broad powers which the legislature has given it, starting various kinds of relief work projects which will be competitive to his business. He is rather relieved to see the opposition which the bill is meeting in the senate.

Another thing which demands attention is the security bill. Mr. Smith is, of course, interested in the possibility of an assured income in case he suddenly finds himself out of a job. He is especially interested in what benefits he would, eventually, derive from the old age pension. But he realizes that he has never yet received anything without paying for it and that he probably never will. A tax on salaries, to be federally administered, would undoubtedly result in a high cost of labor. Mr. Smith hesitates to think what will happen to the market when the government invests the large sums of money which it will collect.

The possibility that the government will enforce new tax legislation has entered the head of more than one man. The President is stretching his budget and the Congress have completely forgotten that they have one. Their recent action of restoring fully the pay cut of government employees has added an additional $16,000,000 to the federal expenses. At present it looks as though some kind of soldier’s bonus will be enacted, which, if it is passed, will not help the situation any. All of the government reports indicate clearly that it is spending more money than it has or, at present, has any means of obtaining. What form the inevitable tax will take, Mr. Smith does not know. He has just made out his income tax report, however, and he feels certain that he would not appreciate having any more added to it.

All of the legislation, however, is not to Mr. Smith’s disadvantage. The new bill extending the loaning power of the Home Owner’s Loan Corporation is, probably, the bill most important to the business man that is now being discussed. The government has enabled the farmer to build a new pig pen and the home owner to redecorate the kitchen. But what about the business man? He would, occasionally, like a new pencil sharpener or a new handle for the adding machine. In fact, he would like a whole new adding machine. The Housing Administration, in close cooperation with the R. F. C. has promised to correct this by extending the credit limitations for obtaining loans. Formerly, the security had to be such that no one without money could even hope to secure a loan and, of course, the ones with money did not need a loan. Now, however, it is only necessary for the R. F. C. board to feel “reasonably assured” that the loan will be repaid.

The new bank bill may also prove to be beneficial to Mr. Smith. It increases the power of the Federal Reserve but it allows the member banks to obtain loans more easily. This may liquidate some of the money which the banks are now holding. It should be noticed, however, that in one clause the bill states, “In selecting members of the Federal Reserve System, the President shall choose persons well qualified by education or experience or both to participate in the formulation of national economic and monetary policies.” Does not this suggest future “braintrust” control?

Mr. Smith reads and rages and hopes. He is consoled by the fact that Congress may object to administrative interference and not accomplish as much as it is expected to. He is in doubt about how much advice Congress will accept from the White House. He can only wait and hope that Congress will not progress as far as it threatens to. Mr. Smith is one of those old fashioned men who believe that business is best run by business men. (Material for this theme was obtained from the current newspapers, the Business Week and System for March.)

I KNEW YOU IN A DREAM
I knew you in a dream
Of singing flame;
Exquisite brilliancy about me,
Delight fantastical.
Intangible charms you had,
Love you got and gave . . . .
Awakened with a start of actuality,
Aching pain arose
Where lived glory;
Gnawing void mounted
Where once I dwelt in resplendence.

—Kathren McKinney
It always has stopped raining

Life begins at sixty

They Satisfy

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Dear Gordon:

Here I am, all bubbling over with the nice warm weather, and feeling so nice I’ve nearly decided to tell you who I am. I hear the Pi Phis were all so frightened after those ugly rumors about me that they all came to school in orange dresses for a week and haven’t worn brown since. It’s all safe now, because every spring I turn a beautiful gold and wear nothing but knee breeches.

Here is what I made up after I pulled up my socks and heard the first robin sing:

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,
The Doctor, the Mueller, the Weaver,
Though I haven’t heard Weaver say, “Mueller, you take her,”
I hear that the Mueller can’t leave her.

What I mean is that Billie Docter, late (very late) of the Jack Weaver Billie Docters, wore George Mueller’s K A pin for exactly twelve days, and then handed it back, not wishing to stay out of circulation. But a pin means nothing at all, as they are still closer than the two dots in a colon.

If it’s complications you want, here is one of the scramblest of the scrambles. Fletcher, not Carson, has put a fifteen diamond Sigma Nu pin on the small-brown Georgia, the Flying Flynn of the Quad shows. It was bought especially for her, I hear. To keep the top spinning, Carson, not Fletcher, appeared at the Sigma Nu formal with Miss Flynn, while Fletcher dragged the Queen Bee, otherwise known as the Flitting Ferring. The Sigma Nu’s were completely “Oh, my!” about it, and for the Sigma Chi’s, Now You see Me—Now You Don’t Flynn would have been a wall flower. Bob, for reasons of his own, left the dance early with Busy Bee and went to the Coronado. Carson absolutely refuses to recognize the fifteen (15) diamond pin, and is making a strong comeback. If he regains the throne he is going to squelch all opposition without mercy. Ferring, the girl with the sting, I might add, has nothing to do with it at all, as What Price Reed takes her places (though I hear she wishes it were Oscar (George) Reichardt.)

By the by, Elmo (Small Time) Joseph seems to be on the blacklist, so to speak, with the Pi Phis, who are telling the Torrid Teke to keep his distance when on dates. The story goes clear back, I’m told, to his antics with Adele Helmkamp at the Freshman Mixer. Well, I don’t know just what his technique is, but two people are bound to be thrown together a good deal on a motorcycle. And while we’re about it, Gordon, Ed Mead was telling me that Jack Hewitt was threatening death and destruction if I ran some of my inside stuff on his Don Juan cut-ups in the hallways. It’s the first I’ve heard of it, Jack, but I won’t say a word.

Bert Lynch seems to be taken for a ride around.

Louise Krause being not sincere at all, and with the Connett sister leaving town, it’s all too cruel. Have you noticed that barrier between Luky Keeler and him? Why should he send roses to her the day after he had been at her home with Louise Krause, and why should Lukie laugh in his face for so doing? (The recent Beta dance is the first Keeler has missed since her debut on the red campus.)

I have finally found out the suppressed desire of Laura-mae Pippin, the girl with the many vitamins. It is that football hero, Bob Hudgens. And no wonder this flame is just coming to life, with John Buettner in the same fraternity. There are doubts if Frances Peil is being true to her “Donnie.” As she has been seen with one of the Viviano boys and also with Bill Rhinefoldt. “Donnie” is much too trustful. That was Leslie Ware who was parked in “Lovers’ Lane” in Forest Park at 12:30 in the morning. And the fair one with him, you can bet a burned match, was Marion Guenther.

Tay Smith, the erstwhile Westminster flash, has plugged into the Delirious Menges circuit with much success, while Joe Limb, though casting glances at the Mad Hatter, still thinks Joan Stealey is tops. Ruth Bender, the girl in a million, likes to be called “brat,” because, and I quote, “the boy I love calls me that.” He might be a lawyer.

Billy Evans has switched to an off-campus eyefull . . . John Dunning is Casha Bull’s current . . . June (Icicle) Pentland had a Phi Delt stag line all to herself at the Beta dance . . . Janet Vogt, recently from De Paw University, should check here . . . Myra Kerwin at places without Kane . . . Eleanor Phipps has returned the Delta Upsilon pin from Mizzou, and now it is Art Langheenig . . . Fred Pitts and Edith Tidrow; Bob Pegram and Grace Weigel; Edith Garton and Ace Efthihis are all making eyes . . . it’s George Gibson on Muriel Lovejoy’s doorstep . . . Eleanor Ernies had come in between Bill Newman and Gene Penney . . . Rudy Schlatter has outside competition in Harry Vanderghit for Virginia Rossen . . . Mary Ellen Chivvis got herself a Phi Delt pin . . . “Shorty” Widen should leave garage tools in garages . . . Winona Gunn refuses to disclose the swain’s name that is causing her to walk on air . . . Bill Moors enjoys playing “Stage Door Johnnie” for Keeler . . . though Honey Boy Hendrie of the Tekes drives around Dorothy Scott’s car, she causes him to lose no sleep . . . Harry White has had six dates in eight days with Gunn, and he might be the lucky swain . . . pawnshop song: since . . .

I close and remain,

Your bouncing boll-weevil,

RICKY
rode out to my uncle’s hunting shack which he only uses in duck season. I took off the gag.

“You can yell now,” I told her. She yelled. You have to remember that Aunt Biddy talks in a sort of high-toned squak, like a klaxon horn in falsetto. When she yells it’s terrific.

“Ohhhhhh,” she said, when you could understand her. “You—Wilbur. Why, I—I can have you thrown out of school. I can even have you put in jail, or in the penitentiary.”

“That’s nothing,” I said, “I can kill you. But first I’m going to pull out your tongue and cut off your ears. Waaaaah!” And I rolled my eyes and ran up and down screaming like a baboon. I was about to go into my Frankenstein number, but she was pretty white, so I just said,

“Mary had a little lamb,
It’s fleece was white as snow.
Let that be a lesson to you.”

“I know the rest of it,” she said smiling.

“’And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.’”

So we clapped our hands and went dancing around the room. “After dinner,” she said, “let’s play hide-and-go-seek outside.”

“Oh, no,” I said, “we’re going to play ‘Murders in the Rue Morgue.’ I tie you up and we each go to bed, and if you try to get away I cut off your knee caps.”

So we cooked some lamb chops and things and I tied her up and in the morning she was still there. I beat on a dishpan and sang The Star Spangled Banner to get her up. The handkerchiefs were already off her ankles; her funny old black dress was all scraggly, all her long hair was falling down over her, and her face was mottled-like and pouchy, so all in all she looked like an old piece of driftwood with seaweed on it.

“We’re going to play ‘Kangaroo’ out doors to get an appetite for breakfast,” I said.

She smiled a droopy smile. “I’m just a little rusty on ‘Kangaroo,’” she said.

“Oh, it’s very easy. You just bounce.”

I couldn’t remember what kind of sounds kangaroos made, so I had to make my barnyard noises do. Aunt Biddy was just getting into the spirit of the thing when I ran her in to breakfast. After that I climbed up on the mantelpiece and sat like Buddha.

“You won’t mind,” I said, “worshipping me for a few minutes, will you, before I go to school?”

“Let’s both go,” she said, “and we’ll play ‘Roman Chariot’ all the way.”

“Oh, no,” I told her, “I’m almost late for my botany class now. You’re hardly worshipping me at all. I’ll have to give you the Curse of Buddha.”

I had the pair of handcuffs I borrowed from Mary Anne for the bank robbers, so I hooked her ankle to part of the corner seat and gave her my botany book to read.

Then I drove to school and spotted Mary Anne on the little walk from the biology building to the gym that she always takes at 9:30. I sneaked up to her and said, “BOO!” She almost collapsed right there.

“Oh, Wilbur,” she said, “where were you last night? The most awful thing has happened. Aunt Biddy has been kidnaped and they’re cutting off her toes.”

“No,” I said, “that doesn’t start till tonight. Of course I couldn’t resist just a couple.”

“Wilbur—” she started. The red was coming back fast to her cheeks.

“T’m almost late for class. Be at the observatory at one and I’ll pick you up. And don’t talk to anyone.” For the first time in her life Mary Anne was speechless.

Between classes I got a gunny sack and took it to the slaughter house to get blood all over it.

When I met Mary Anne at one o’clock she looked very angry, as though she were about to start something. “Will you look in the trunk for the seat pads while I see if we have enough oil?” I asked her.

She opened it and screamed. “Oh,” I said, “I meant to take that old sack out. See, the piano wire sort of mushed up her neck and I had to put her in there to keep
her from bleeding all over the car. I never could handle piano wire."

Except for whimpering a little, she was quiet all the way out.

When we opened the door we could see Aunt Biddy sitting there drumming her foot on the floor, with her hair piled up, hit-or-miss, as though she'd dressed in the dark. Mary Anne looked at her for a second and then just threw her arms around me. Oh, you dear Wilbur," she said. "You didn't use the piano wire after all."

"Here," I told her, "you take the key to your Aunt Biddy and I'll leave you two to talk things over."

So I went out. I figured maybe the most diplomatic thing to do would be to pick a bunch of flowers, Aunt Biddy liking botany and all. I had a whole bunch of little white ones and one big yellow one when I came back in.

"I'm ready to take my medicine," I said. "What will it be, the penitentiary?"

"I've been talking things over with Mary Anne," said Aunt Biddy. "Oh—what a wonderful flower!" She was looking at my big yellow one. "Where did you get it?"

"That's a secret."

"I've been trying to locate that for years. What is the price of your secret."

I drew myself up. "My innocence!" I said. "You could tell people that you went on a sudden biological expedition. Will you give me that much?"

Aunt Biddy looked impatient. "Even more than that," she said.

I'm not one to slight a bargain. "Well I can't think of anything else," I told her, "except that I wish you'd let me marry Mary Anne, if Mary Anne wants to." I sort of figured she did, by the way she put her arms around me before, and the way she did it this time cinched it with me.

"I hate to lose her," said Aunt Biddy. "The house would be so peaceful, I mean dreary, without her. And besides, can you support her? I don't think you could even keep her in daggers."

"There won't be any more daggers," said Mary Anne, nobly.

"My uncle takes care of things," I said.

"It's such a wonderful flower," said Aunt Biddy.

That's one thing I never could understand about this whole business—that flower. I got an idea I could make a lot of money out of it, selling them to biology collections and all. So I took one around to the botany laboratory assistant.

"That's thunbergia americana," he said.

"That's pretty rare, isn't it?"

"Oh, my yes."

"Well, I guess I'm rich, then. How much do you think I can get for about two acres of them?"

"Oh, at least a dollar and a quarter. I told you last week that thunbergia americana were black-eyed susans."

OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from Page 5)

Georgi, Carl G. (Instructor in German):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Goethe.
Schiller.
Kant.

Grave, Caswell (Professor of Zoology):
Bible (King James Version.)
Shakespeare.
Plutarch: "Lives."
William Cullen Bryant: "A Library of Poetry and Song."
H. G. Wells: "History of the World."

Heller, Otto (Dean of the School of Graduate Studies):
Goethe: "Faust."
Heine: "Das Buch der Lieder."
The Book of Job (preferably the whole Bible.)
"Das Nibelungenlied."
Schopenhauer: "Parerga and Paralipomena."

Hofacker, Erich P. (Assistant Professor of German):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Goethe: "Faust."
Rittelmeyer: "Das Heilige Jahr."
Anthology of German Verse.

Holm, Victor S. (Instructor in Modelling):
Shakespeare.
Plato.
Rabelais.
Brandes: "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."
A volume of the best Detective Stories."
"This choice would not be uninfluenced by the life-
sentence to insular confinement."
"Maybe another time I would make a different selec-
tion."

(Continued on Page 21)

"Confound it, Smith, either you give up that muscle building course or I get a new secretary."

—Owen Heitmeyer and COLUMNS
It was hard on Hebe! In her job as cup bearer to the gods, she was handing around the nectar. She stumbled a bit and the gods deposed her!

But think what it might have been! Supposing Hebe had tripped with Schlitz Beer instead of nectar! Quite rightly the gods would never have stopped at deposing.

For Schlitz Beer is different. . . . delicious, from its creamy white "collar," cool and firm, to the very bottom of the glass. A brisk beer that's mellow, too, and gives just the right stimulation without worry about bad after-effects. And Vitamins make it still better for you!

Ask for Schlitz—The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous—on draught or in brown bottles. Its flavor is always delicious, because it is brewed under precise Enzyme Control, a Schlitz secret. No "stumbling" in brewing Schlitz.
“Go to services,” said a third.
It was on this that Jonathan Lang pounced. “Who said, ‘Go to services?’ Oh, you. How does going to service make you godly?”
“I don’t know. It just does.”
“Napoleon went to services. And yet he killed thousands of men, and the Bible says, ‘Thou shalt not kill.’”
“Yes, but—”
“But what?”
No answer.
Jonathan Lang went on, harking back to Sophistic arguments centuries old—arguments which his hearers had never heard before. “Do you know why you do unto others as you would have them do unto you? Because you’re afraid that if you don’t they’ll get the better of you. You don’t cheat a man out of a hundred dollars because you’re afraid he’ll cheat you out of two hundred. You’ve never thought that way about the golden rule, have you? You’ve all accepted it almost uncritically.”
“How about ‘Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?’ That is certainly godliness,” said Louise Allington.
“Would you say that in God we should find all the attributes of godliness?” asked Jonathan Lang.
“Certainly,” said Louise.
“Do you remember this quotation: ‘For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation’?”
“Yes.”
“Would you say that is mercy? or even justice?” Louise did not answer
“But God does not have to be just or merciful. He doesn’t have to because he’s God,” I said.
“But can that God be a God who does not do the things we must do to be like him?” Jonathan asked.
“I think so.”
Jonathan Lang, I feel now looking back, was impatient with my answer; he was impatient because he could not answer it; and so he tried one of his favorite tricks—the drowning of an issue in a torrent of almost meaningless words. “And then this jealous God, requiring justice although unjust, mercy although unmerciful, he you would say, is the creator of the universe, the motivating force behind all phenomena and noumena, the being other than which there is no reality?”
“I’m afraid I don’t understand you,” I said.
Jonathan Lang made a gesture of impatience. I know now that I had come near to calling his bluff, but he continued. “Let’s take a concrete example. You and I are establishing a state, and we incorporate in the constitution the axiom that all citizens must be just, humble, and merciful. Now I consent to be president of the state. There is no humility in governing others, is there? Let us say also that whenever I see anyone who does not obey the laws I have made, whether they are good or bad, I put him in jail, and I put his children in jail, and if they should have children I put them in jail also, and so on. Now would you say that I was either just or merciful, or deserving of respect, much less worship?”
“No,” I replied.
“Well then,” said Jonathan. “So far we have found nothing that constitutes godliness. Are there any other suggestions?” Jonathan Lang had conquered in an avalanche of irrelevant words.
Here Jonathan left the subject of God, but he knew he had paved the way for a later discussion as to the very existence of God. At this later meeting he said that those who were not doubting now would soon begin to. “Leslie has already been drawn into the vortex,” he said. I looked up, surprised. How could Jonathan know? I had not mentioned it to anybody. It did not occur to me then—or did it until much later—that Jonathan Lang was very shrewd. I turned around and looked out of the window; I was vaguely conscious of a certain dissatisfaction with life and with my life in particular. It was the first time I had ever felt clearly what later was to grasp me with tentacles so strong that it seemed there could be no escape. I was miserable for days, after Jonathan Lang made that passing remark. I felt a wave of contempt for my mother and my father at dinner that day. I did not answer when they asked me what had happened in the morning; I could not answer. For nothing had happened really. and everything had happened. Jonathan Lang had ignited with that remark fires which burned away part of me, leaving what lay beneath exposed so that I might see more clearly within.
On another day Jonathan Lang spoke to the class of “intellectual integrity.”
“You must,” he said, “cultivate intolerance—intolerance of only one thing, however. Outside of that, tolerance of almost everything is the attitude of the thinking individual. But you must be intolerant of unintelligence, you must be impatient with people who do not think.
“Without doubt you will be frequently thrown in with such people, and so you will in time come to develop a shell into which you may retreat and where no one else may follow you.” And more of the same sort.
This line of thought served likewise to disturb me; it plunged me deeper into myself—into a shell which Jonathan Lang had told us we would form—and made me more introspective. It alienated me from the majority of my friends—from all my friends, really—and left me without a confidant. Those whom I thought inferior to me in intelligence I ignored, as they soon did me. Those in the class whom I would admit as equals I talked to, discussed momentous problems with, formed momentous answers—but all this with only half my mind—the other half was asking what I had in common with these people, why I was talking to them. At the age of fifteen, I suddenly found myself friendless, plunged into a quagmire from which I could see no escape. I could see myself

(Continued on Page 21)
OFF THE RECORD
(Continued from Page 18)
Howes, Raymond F. (Assistant Professor of English):
Shakespeare.
Plato: Dialogues.
Darwin: Origin of Species.
The Swiss Family Robinson.
Jones, Richard F. (Professor of English):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Plato.
Homer.
Bacon.
King, Paul C. (Instructor in Romance Languages):
Bible.
Horace: Odes.
Plutarch: Lives.
Dante: Divine Comedy.
Balzac: Comedie Humaine.
Langsdorf, Alexander S. (Dean of the School of Engineering and Architecture):
Shakespeare.
Descriptive Astronomy.
Botany and Agriculture.
Bishop Barnes: Science and Religion.
Boat Building to get away.
Lien, Arnold J. (Professor of Political Science):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
H. G. Wells: The Outline of History.
Henrik Ibsen: Plays.
J. Arthur Thomson: The Outline of Science.4
'As an exile’s last request, I would ask for a pocket edition of The Light of Asia, by Sir Edwin Arnold.

(Continued from page 24)

THOSE DAYS OF YOUTH
(Continued from Page 13)
mores who did the erecting, and the frosh who tried to tear down. At any rate, the rules of fight—elaborately formulated by the entire student body beforehand—stipulated that the sophomores on a given day were to try to erect their class numerals on a pole or eminence within sight of the campus; and if the frosh were unable to tear them down before a stated hour, the upperclassmen were declared winners by the board of student judges. Needless to say, school was suspended for the day so that everyone except the participants could gather on the Hilltop and scan the horizon of woods to the north and south (where University City now is) for the appearance of the numerals, and the ensuing battle—literally a battle, too; if one can credit the 9-column accounts given of it by Student Life.

Above is given the story of how Washington University from the eminence of its Hilltop presented itself and its tradition to the world. In the years from 1904 to 1917 it coasted along on prestige that it gained from that first contact with the world; but in the latter year it once more returned to universal prominence as the Great War broke. On March 26, 1917, 200 of the 280 men enrolled in the university appeared at Francis Field for their first drill. Lock and Chain gave a “patriotic dance,” McMillian Dormitory organized an ambulance corps, and 16 men enrolled in the aviation service. Special trains were chartered for the Washington University division by the Department of War when it was ready to go overseas, and the whole world knew that the Hilltop had returned to public affairs. With renewed enthusiasm, Hilltop alumni sang to their departing students the Alma Mater written by William Schuyler, ’74:

Wash—ing—ton Un—i—ver—si—ty;
She’s the mother of us all, long may she glorious be.

Wash—ing—ton Un—i—ver—si—ty;
May her fame forever spread o’er all this great countree.

GUINEA PIG
(Continued from page 20)
sinking deeper and yet deeper; this was the future I lived in.

Jonathan Lang suggested one day that we work on some project—it does not matter what it was—outside of class. Like fish starving in barren waters, we snatched at the morsel of food he hung before us and found attached—the inevitable hook, by which we were hauled in and placed in the basket for further reference. We decided to have a “meeting” one evening every week to work on the “project.” Of course we did not do any work at these meetings. Jonathan Lang had known we would not, but he wanted us to become as intimate as possible, and we did.

It was at these “meetings” that we contracted the very unpleasant pastime of sitting around on the floor in a fairly dark room and telling one another what we thought of each other. I think nobody was truly honest except me. I had to be: I was releasing then part of what I had stored up during the days preceding; I had no other outlet for thoughts that were stronger than I, for thought that overpowered me. I told one that she was a moron; another that she had no grace, charm of intelligence; a third that he was tied so tightly to his mother’s apron strings that unless he broke away immediately he would be despicable for the rest of his life and that his mother already was; another that her incessant running after men was rather disgusting. I was thoroughly unpleasant and probably obnoxious. I did not know the virtue of silence or the meaning of tact. I knew only that I had to talk, talk—to say part of what was in me, but only part, for the core of it all I could not speak out, for the core of it all was Jonathan Lang and what Jonathan Lang had said.
When I met Jonathan Lang for the first time, I was not ready for what he had to give me, but that made no difference. Jonathan Lang watched me absorb what he said and he watched me squirm. For squirm I must: I was being awakened by having cold water poured over me, electric charges shot through my body, the loudest gong imaginable being struck near my ears at a time when sleep and half-sleep were what I needed.

Gradually however I began, inevitably, to be less and less susceptible to Jonathan Lang. I realized what Jonathan Lang had done; I grew less unbalanced, less miserable.

About this time also the group began to break up and I dropped out. It had become larger, more heterogeneous, and had lost what meaning it had had for me. The meetings with Jonathan Lang stopped also; I was not sorry. The class was begun again under someone else. This time I refused to go.

Of course I still saw Jonathan Lang around town—in theatre lobbies and at the symphony, but I merely nodded at him: I preferred not to talk to him. Talking about him, however, I could not escape; whenever I met someone who had gone to those meetings, our conversation would almost invariably include Jonathan Lang.

"Have you heard? Jonathan's gone to California for the summer."

"Has he?" I would reply.

"Wasn't he funny though?"

"Terribly."

"Awfully interesting."

"Yes."

"And so intelligent."

"Yes."

"You used to like him, didn't you?"

"I?"

"Yes."

"No. Not I. God damned hypocrite, that's what he was."

"You didn't always used to think that."

"Yes I did."

"Why, you used to talk about him all the time. You even tried to imitate him."

"I was just making fun of him..."

One day I was visiting a friend of mine. The friend's sister came into the room, and I was introduced to her. She recognized my name.

"Do you know Jonathan Lang?" she asked.

"Slightly."

"I thought he mentioned your name."

"He did? What did he say?"

"He was telling me about the class he had."

"What about it?"

"He just said that he had so much fun with you kids."

Fun? That had not occurred to me before—so Jonathan Lang had laughed at us.

"Is that all he said?"

"That's all. Oh, he said he tried an experiment with the bunch of you, and that it was successful."

I laughed. "He didn't try any experiment with me."

"Oh, yes, he did. He said you were one of the few he had fun watching."

We changed the subject, but I did not forget what she said. I told Anne Mitchell about it. "Jonathan tells the same thing to everybody," she answered.

"He's a damn fool."

"What's the difference? If he thinks he was such an influence in our lives, let him think so."

"But the way he acted—and then to laugh about it. Why, all we were was a bunch of guinea pigs."

Anne Mitchell laughed.

"So what?" she said.

The analogy of the guinea pigs remained with me. I thought of myself in a cage, to be taken out every week and given some sort of injection. I thought of the laboratory assistant—I would not call him scientist—laughing behind the mask he wore so as not to catch the di-

"Next time you won't belch at the captain's table."

—Martyl Schweig and FROTH
A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE Both MILDNESS and FLAVOR

MILDNESS in a pipe tobacco is important, to be sure. But mildness alone is not enough. A good pipe tobacco must have both MILDNESS and FLAVOR. Then it’s a comforting smoke.

In Edgeworth you get the blandest blend you can pack in your pipe, because it is made from the tenderest leaves of “the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.” And then you get that rich full-bodied flavor that has won thousands to Edgeworth over the last thirty years.

Economical, too. On account of the way Edgeworth is prepared for your pipe you will get more hours of pipe smoking than many cheaper tobaccos provide. It’s not the first cost—it’s what it costs to keep your pipe going that counts.

Try Edgeworth and get higher pleasure at lowest cost per hour.

Marsh, George B. (Assistant Professor of Spanish and Italian):
Bible.
King Lear.
Don Quijote.
Alice in Wonderland.
Some anthology of English Verse.

Marsh, Samuel A. (Associate Professor of Accounting):
Dante.
Hugo: Les Miserables.
Allen: Anthony Adverse.
Defoe: Robinson Crusoe.
Arabian Nights.

McFayden, Donald (Professor of History):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Encyclopedia Brittanica.
Thucydides.

McMaster, Leroy (Professor of Chemistry):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Darwin: Origin of Species.
Dampier-Whetham: History of Science.
Collected Set National Geographic Magazine.

Nafe, John P. (Professor of Psychology):
Shakespeare.
Plutarch: Lives.
An Unabridged Dictionary.
The Largest Encyclopedia in One Volume.
The World Almanac.

Queen, Stewart A. (Professor of Sociology):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
H. G. Wells: The Outline of History.
John Dewey: Experience and Nature.
George H. Mead: Mind, Self and Society.

Ray, John A. (Professor Spanish and Italian):
Bible.
An English Dictionary.
Don Quijote.
The Decameron.
Martial's Epigrams.

Ringgenburg, G. Calvin (Lecturer on Music):
Bible.
Leading English Poets.
Music and Musician.
Carl Sandburg: Abraham Lincoln.
Basil King: The Conquest of Fear.

Roach, Mary J. (Assistant in English):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
Platonic Dialogues.
Goethe: Faust.
Tolstoi: War and Peace.
"Hard to do, to say the least.

Ryan, George J. (Instructor in Latin and Greek):
Shakespeare.
Homer: Iliad and Odyssey.
Plato.
Boethius: De Consolatione Philosophiae.
Encyclopedia Brittanica.

Schmitt, Francis O. (Assistant Professor of Zoology):
Bible.
Shakespeare.
H. G. Wells compendium.
Principles of Mechanics and Mathematics.

Schmitz, R. Morrel (Instructor in English):
Frazer: Golden Bough.
A Mathematics Text.
Book on Perspective.
Astronomy Text.
Botany Text (not Gray's).

Schriver, Alice C. (Assistant Professor of Physical Education):
Shakespeare.
Wells: The Science of Life.
Best Dictionary available.
Baugh: Century Types of English Literature.
Vinal: Nature Guiding.

SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME

You needn't change your brand.
Just follow every cigarette
with a minty, mouth-cooling
Life Saver and you'll fall in love
with the old brand all over again.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE ... IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER
Shipley, Frederick W. (Dean of the College of Liberal Arts):
- Bible.
- Plato’s Republic.
- Huckleberry Finn.
- Horace.
- Palgrave: Golden Treasury.

Shipley, Washburne D. (Associate Professor of Geology):
- Bible.
- Webster’s Dictionary.
- A good text book of geology.
- Book—poems Tennyson, etc.
- Book—philosophy.

Smith, John H. (Assistant Professor of English):
- Bible.
- Shakespeare.
- Chaucer’s Complete Works.
- Tom Jones.
- The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists ed Neilson.

Stevenson, Philo (Alumni Representative):
- Shakespeare.
- Plutarch: Lives.
- Robert Burns.
- Percy B. Shelley.

Stout, George D. (Assistant Professor of English):
- Shakespeare.
- Milton: Complete Poetical Works.
- Keats: Complete Works.
- Boswell: Life of Johnson.
- Thackeray: Vanity Fair.

Tavenner, Eugene (Professor of Latin and Greek):
- Shakespeare.
- Homer: Odyssey.
- Virgil: Works.
- Sophocles: Tragedies.
- Frazer: Golden Bough.

Thoma, Henry (Instructor of English):
- Shakespeare.
- Dictionary—Webster’s Unabridged.
- Encyclopedia Britannica.
- “Comprehensive” History of Philosophy.

Thomas, Lewis F. (Associate Professor of Geography):
- Bible.
- Most recent Standard Unabridged Dictionary.
- Will Durant: The Story of Philosophy.
- History of General Literature.
- History of Art.

Throop, George R. (Chancellor):
- Bible.
- Shakespeare.
- Les Misérables.
- Homer: Iliad.
- Don Quixote.

Webster, Frank M. (Associate Professor of English):
- Webster’s Dictionary—Unabridged.
- The most Comprehensive text in Mathematics available.
- The Most Comprehensive text in Astronomy available.
- The Dialogues of Plato—Greek-English parallel texts.
- The Well Tempered Clavier by Bach or Comprehensive Harmony.

Willier, Robert A. (Instructor in Journalism):
- Shakespeare.
- Science of Life.
- History of Philosophy.
- Webster’s Dictionary.
- World History.

Wright, Frank L. (Professor of Education):
- Bible.
- Shakespeare.
- India paper encyclopedia (as inclusive as possible).
- A volume which contains the most inclusive list of short stories printed.
- Anthony Adverse so I could finish it at leisure.

Wuerpel, Edmund H. (Director of the School of Fine Arts):
- Bible.
- Shakespeare.
- Encyclopedia Britannica.
- Dickens: Oliver Twist.
- Goethe: Faust.

Zumbalen, Joseph H. (Treasurer):
- Shakespeare.
- Encyclopedia Britannica.
- Milton: Poetical Works.
- Boswell: Samuel Johnson.
- Hardy: Under the Greenwood Tree.

It would depend on the island. I would not take any to some islands. It is a crazy supposition! N. B. This list does not indicate my favorite readings but what I would like to have to continue my reading habits.

A typewriter and tons of paper.

Or if the island had plants and animals as I think, I should select as a residence for the remainder of my life I would substitute a Complete Plant and Animal Manual.

Not for a religious reason.
GUINEA PIG
(Continued from page 22)

tases with which he infected us. I imagined my thoughts in a test tube in a rack, labelled, numbered, put on a slide for microscopic inspection. I saw Jonathan Lang call some of his friends over. "Come see this interesting specimen. You ought to see it jump when I put picric acid on the slide." I saw myself as a gigantic white rat, a monster, grown all out of proportion. Terrible, but ludicrous. I saw guinea pig, and test tube, and rat swimming before my eyes; I saw Jonathan Lang, and his equipment, and the other rats, caged up like me, swirling in all directions. I heard the sound of glass breaking, of the rats squealing, of terrific explosions—and above it all I heard laughter—the voice of Jonathan Lang laughing.

"I tried to dispel these thoughts, but I could not. I tried to think that Jonathan Lang had merely helped me over a bad period and inspired me to think, but I could not. I tried to laugh about it and its insignificance, but I could not do that. I could think of myself only as laboratory material for Jonathan Lang, whom I had by now grown to hate. I could forgive the injury but not the insult of being talked and laughed about. Squealing, as of imprisoned animals, and the laughter of Jonathan Lang haunted me for weeks.

One night I called Jonathan Lang up and told him I would like to talk to him. "Come on over this evening," he said.

When I arrived at the newly built house, Jonathan Lang welcomed me after his fashion. "Come in, pupil, and salute the master." The house, he said, was not quite finished and I would have to excuse its appearance. We talked about general things for a while—how I had been getting along at school, old Doctor Bradford, professor of English at the university, how Jonathan Lang had been getting along, his job with The Journal as feature writer, and so on.

"I hear you've been bragging about how you experimented with our class in the dim, dark past," I said.

He laughed. "Yes. That was very interesting."

"We must have looked like a bunch of grinning idiots."

"Not grinning," he said. "You yourself didn't laugh once that I can remember."

"At least I can appreciate it now," I said, smiling. "But don't you think it's a little cheap to be talking about us now to everyone you know?"

"Have you just found that out?" he asked. "You've been one of my constant and most amusing sources of conversation for a long time."

I made no reply, and Jonathan Lang went on to ask about the rest of "his children." I told him about them but I was not thinking of what I said. I saw before me only that grinning face which was not there, and heard that mocking laugh which only I could hear.

"Would you like to look around and see the new house?" Jonathan Lang asked.

We got up. We went from room to room. The house was very big, very luxurious. First floor, second floor, third floor. Jonathan's study on the third floor.

"It's the first time I've ever had a room off to myself like this. It's going to be wonderful," he said.

"I hope you enjoy it for a long time," I said. "How about the observatory I've heard so much about?"

"It isn't finished yet," he said.

"Can't we go up there anyway?"

"Come on."

We reached it, after climbing I don't know how many stairs, for the house had been built with some sort of storeroom between the third floor and the roof. It was a large platform on one side of the roof. We stood gingerly on the edge, for no railing had been built around it yet. I looked up and saw more stars, I think, than I had ever seen in the sky before. I looked down and saw the pavement—it seemed like miles below.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" he said.

I could not answer. Before a sky that was marvelous with the beauty of the countless stars, I could not answer. I could see before me still the expression on that face; I could hear the sound of that laughter. I was no longer sane. I knew only that that face was near me; that that voice was ringing in my ears. I saw before me again in rapid succession all those horrible pictures I had seen so often before—the laboratory, the cages, the microscopes and testing apparatus, the awful confusion of some sort of accident there with the running, shrieking rats and guinea pigs, the breaking glass, the laughter. My body became taut and my mind filled with a hate that I hope I shall never know again. I could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing—but the sound of the voice, the expression of the face. I knew only that I had a debt to pay, and that debt I must pay if I were ever to have peace on earth again. The muscles in my legs stiffened. My hands shot out blindly. As hard as I could I grasped Jonathan Lang by the arms—and pushed him from that platform. I watched, fascinated, as his body hurtled through the air until it disappeared in the darkness. I shouted, and then I must have fallen unconscious to the floor.

I do not know how long I lay there, but when I awoke there was a doctor bending over me. I was still up there on the platform.

"All right?" he asked.

"What is it? What's the matter?" And suddenly I remembered. My mind went blank for a moment, and then I realized the necessity of caution. "He fell?" I asked.

The doctor nodded his head.

"Is he—"?

"Yes," the doctor said. "He died instantaneously."

I raised my eyes. The sky was like a vision that one is content to see, and then see nothing more again.

I got up with the doctor's help and walked slowly to the steps.
Shown above are the Kampus King, the three Maids of Honor, and Beowulf, during the coronation ceremony in a cozy corner of the Field House. The potentate, one Christian Kenney, is snapped making advances toward the First Maid, and flashing PERSONALITY out into the void. The maiden cringing under his grasp is Georgia (Boops) Mueller. A little to the northeast, giving a behind-the-ear wig-wag, is Miss Wallie (Whooo-hooo) Lorch, and above that a certain Jacqueline Hewitt, or Wheeee. The picture of Browulf, crouched on the table, better known as Newmark, is by courtesy of Dog World.

According to the tabulation of ballots, here is the ranking of the various Kampus King Kiddies:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chris Kenney</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beowulf Newmark</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Mueller</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Hewitt</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Lorch</td>
<td>40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Wendt</td>
<td>17</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tim Christopher</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colonel Boorstin</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colonel Beerstein</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Moors</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Victor Manser</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Johnson</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutt Martin</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Hardaway</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roy Epstein</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ted MacDonald</td>
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<td>Harry White</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tau Tau of Sigma Chi</td>
<td>1</td>
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</tbody>
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LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
-THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.

They Taste Better