

# SHADOWS

## CREIGHTON

CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY

APR 16 '26

*Spring Number*  
**1926**

**W**hen it's a rainy  
 night—and with three crafty  
 bridge players your luck  
 is running wild  
 —have a Camel!



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# SHADOWS

## CREIGHTON

VOL. XVII—NO. 2

APRIL, 1926

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## Love's Mute Language

Love has a language more rich in its silence  
Than the stammering accents of tongue,  
And the eyes of a lover sweeter lyrics can fashion  
Than troubadours ever have sung.

Give me two lovers, I'll give you two poets,  
True artists in spite of their art;  
And ask me to find you the home of our music,  
I'll lead to the love-smitten heart.

The clinging tremor of arms interlacing,  
Coy curls astray from their place,  
Means more to the sensitive souls of the loving  
Than all the books of the rae.

Ah, ravishing dear to the ears of your lover,  
The music that's mute in a kiss!  
And the lingering pressure of hands at their parting,  
What a poem of rapture and bliss!

Oh, would that I spoke love's soundless language,  
Ah, would that I knew that art;  
I'd tell of a love too great for the telling,  
I'd sing to you, sweet, of my heart!



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## The World Court

By HUGH F. GILLESPIE

ALMOST without warning, a few weeks ago, the American people awoke to the fact that the United States had acquired a membership in the Permanent Court of International Justice. On the heels of this discovery they were assailed with charges of betrayal on the part of the Senate. Some, even a few of the disgruntled senators themselves, painted glaring pictures of foreign domination in the United States, of entangling foreign alliances, or wars thrust upon the people by a supposed man to promote peace. And the American people are in a fair way towards being influenced by these agitators. That is, unless they bestir themselves and learn just what this World Court is, and just how far it differs from their own ideas of what a World Court should be, and just how their action of the Senate will compel us to modify our traditional policy toward our own international differences. All of which is an interesting story in itself, and one which cannot fail

a draft plan for a court to the General Peace Convention held at Paris. In brief, this plan limited the court's jurisdiction to the foreign relations of nations and to the differences arising between nations. It provided expressly that under no circumstances should it extend to domestic regulations or institutions and should not be used as a method of intervention. At a later meeting of the same conference, held at Frankfort, a similar resolution was adopted on the motion of Elihu Burritt, an ardent supporter of the proposal, who pointed out that there had been a strong movement in the United States for a Court ever since 1815, and that in 1844 the Legislature of Massachusetts had adopted a resolution urging the Federal government to make every effort to induce the other Christian nations of the world to establish a high International Tribunal.



HUGH F. GILLESPIE, A. M., L. L. M.  
Professor of Law at the Creighton School  
of Law

be of value to every American citizen, whether he favors the World Court as it now exists, or not. As early as 1849, an American, Walker by name, submitted

the President of the United States to prepare a plan for the organization of a permanent International Court. The court was to have nine judges, one designated by

each of nine specified nations, chosen by the Supreme Court of each nation from the judges of that court, with due regard for their qualities as men of letters and as jurists, their aptitudes and their personal intergrity.

**A** NORTH American Conference association, called the Lake Mohonk Society, because its meetings were held there, was organized in 1895 for one purpose only—to carry on propaganda for the principle of arbitration and for a court through which it could be applied. Another society formed exclusively for the discussion of this question was organized in the United States in 1910, called the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. It owed its origin to Dr. James Brown Scott, who is one of the outstanding international jurists of the United States and at present our representative on the bench of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Other societies, too numerous to mention, included the World Court among their activities.

Of course, these more or less spectacular and transcendental associations and peace conferences had no responsibility and were without the connections necessary for carrying out their resolutions. But they served their purpose. They interested all classes of professional men in the question, and developed a sound public opinion in regard to this innovation in international intercourse, and thus paved the way for official action on the part of our Government in interesting other nations in the proposal.

The opportunity for an official stand on a World Court came to the United States through its participation in the Hague Conferences, the greatest international conferences the world has ever known. The first of these was held in 1899. Called ostensibly for the purpose of considering the reduction of armaments in Europe, it finally took up the question of the rules and principles of law, and an institution which could enforce them. The delegation representing the United States proposed a court composed of persons of authority and high moral consideration, chosen from each nation by a majority of the judges of the highest court in that country. The court was to be permanent and open to all nations, whether they had ratified the convention or not. Nothing was said of compulsory submission to the court, nor of the method of enforcing its decrees, yet the conference refused to go even that far, and did not more than agree that such an institution would do much to extend the empire of law and to strengthen the appreciation of international justice.

**I**N the second Hague Peace Conference of 1907, more was accomplished. Mr. Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, in giving instructions to our delegates, called

attention to the fact that the question involved two considerations,—one providing for obligatory arbitration as broad in scope as then seemed practicable; and the other increasing the effectiveness of the system so that nations would be more ready to have recourse to it voluntarily. The delegates were instructed to try to bring about the erection of a court composed of judges who were judicial officers and nothing else, chosen under some plan which would secure such dignity, consideration and rank that the whole world would have absolute confidence in its judgments. The proposal for compulsory arbitration lost, but not because the American delegation did not support it. It is a significant fact that not only in the Second Conference, but also in the first, the German Empire was the principal enemy of compulsory arbitration. It had modified its position somewhat, however, and now though not opposed to this relative form of international justice, it opposed its establishment by means of a joint treaty.

These two conferences, although they made no immediate and apparent progress toward a World Court, showed a manifest desire to transform optional arbitration into compulsory arbitration in as many classes of disputes as possible, and to endow the world with an institution that would always be ready to investigate and adjust international differences, but neither of these desires were realized. It is well to remember, in this connection, that the Hague Conference did establish a Permanent Court of Arbitration. This court consisted of a group of individuals, four nominated by each of the contracting powers, who were disposed to accept the duties of an arbitrator. The object was to facilitate an immediate recourse to arbitration for international differences which it had not been possible to settle by diplomacy. The contracting parties agreed to select arbitrators from this list when need arose. This organization is of interest not because of its similarity to a World Court but because the judges of the present court are nominated by the national groups who signed the convention establishing the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The Court still exists as an entirely independent body.

**I**T is significant to note that even at this time, strong opposition developed in the United States against our participation in any European Institution. When the Conventions establishing the Permanent Court of Arbitration were signed, our delegation reserved that “nothing contained in this convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in, the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign State; nor shall anything contained in the

# The Life of

## Thomas Jefferson

By J. E. NERO

Submitted December 16, 1925, by J. E. Nero.

**W**E study man as a social being; that is, as influencing or being influenced by the actions of others. The study of history has proved the logic of this statement. Down through the ages, we have taken interest in the unusual activities that concern the development of countries and nations, with respect to the organization of their respective governments and policies. We have studied the ancient, the medieval, the modern; now, let us recall the history of our country, complete and interesting even to the smallest detail. At once, the lives and activities of great men come to our minds. Let us consider just one of these: the activities of a man beloved by his people, whose interests were those of his country; a man whose honesty was above reproach; a man whose policy of righteousness placed him high in the esteem of the peoples of the world. This man, a great statesman and leader of people, lived in the person of the third president of the United States.

**T**HOMAS JEFFERSON, the eldest son of Peter Jefferson, was born in April, 1743, at Shadwell, Albermarle County, Virginia. His father was a well known and fairly well-to-do wheat and tobacco grower, who owned some fifteen hundred acres of fertile land in Albermarle County. Peter Jefferson, a man of ideal physique, typified the pioneer of the day, inasmuch as he was at all times ready to take advantages of conditions that would redound to his benefit. He did not limit his activities to farming alone, however, for as a mathematician and surveyor he acquired no little fame in those parts, and so became important in the community.

His mother was the daughter of William Randolph, the Virginia colonist, and was a woman of great beauty and charm.

Thomas Jefferson inherited the good qualities of both, and we have in him a combination of manly strength,

powerful physique, and plenty of pioneer spirit to do his bold, free, and unadulterated thinking, the legacy of his father; his magnetic personality, graceful manners, and pleasing disposition, the softer character traits, were bestowed upon him by his mother.

His early education was under the direct supervision of his father. A preparatory schooling supplemented the intensive training outlined by Peter Jefferson, and thus he acquired at an early age the profound desire for long and arduous study—a study which developed a mind that was in later years taxed to the utmost by the difficult problems of the day. The classics were stressed to such an extent that they formed the basis of his schooling throughout his youth and early manhood. His physical education was also insisted upon, and it can be said that his long and active life is due largely to this training. Clean living maintained the perfect specimen already developed. In 1762, Jefferson was graduated from Williams and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Virginia. He then took up the study of law under George Wythe, a most capable and prudent practitioner, if not the best in the country. His long apprenticeship is explained by his passion for thoroughness. The able Patrick Henry studied six weeks under the same tutor, whereas Thomas Jefferson studied for four years before attempting the bar examination.

**H**IS admittance to the bar in 1767 was the beginning of his public career, for it was in this stage of his life that he began to attract the attention of the people by his success as a lawyer. He practiced law for eight years, during which time he became familiar with the management of political affairs, and the needs of the government which was then in force. He took great interest in the welfare and the doings of his country, which interest was enlivened by the approach of the Revolution. Jefferson was greatly impressed with the importance of the revolt of the colonies, and he, for one, worked, body and soul, for the ultimate freedom of the oppressed colonists. He at once ac-

\*Editor's Note—This essay was awarded first place in the University annual essay contest.

quainted himself with the more serious oppressions, seeking information from all sources relative to the impending crisis that was fast nearing a climax in order that he might be able to make a decision as to which way to turn when the time came. These civil and national affairs had their effects in shaping the future political plans of one who found participation interesting.

His interest in the development of the nation's natural resources, as well as his interest in politics, gave foundation to his philosophy of making such resources the backbone of the country. He was of the belief that the future prosperity of the country depended upon the success of the farmer. A great part of his time was spent in studying the conditions relative to the great mass of husbandry, that he might be of service in suggesting some improvement in their methods. Through his personal efforts the cultivation of olive trees and rice were introduced in the southern part of the country, and today the importance of such a wise move cannot be underestimated. Jefferson's purpose was manifested in his remark, "The greatest service which can be rendered to any country is, to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain; next in value to bread is oil."

**H**UMAN life is not complete without its trials and joys of love, and Jefferson's was no exception. Human nature has run true to form throughout the ages, and it did not deviate from its course when it traveled through the period in which Jefferson lived. He had an affair or two of small consequence, as young people sometimes do, but a certain young widow, Martha Skelton by name, captivated his heart; and they were married on January 1, 1772.

The union was of the ideal type: he, with his sound judgment, managerial ability, and goodness of heart; she, with her feminine beauty, grace of manners, and loveliness of disposition. Five children were born to them, but only two lived past infancy. They were a source of much contentment to him during his life, and his love for them knew no bounds. Jefferson always found time to think of the welfare of his family, no matter how busy or pressing worldly problems became.

He was a great lover of literature, especially the classics. The thorough study of them gave him wonderful powers of expression, which are evidenced in his writings and documents. He acquired a natural grace and style of expression; his well-constructed and well-worded phrases are full of thought and meaning, a result of careful preparation. Jefferson shunned fiction in literature, but nevertheless he developed an imaginative mind, and this trait shows itself in later years. This advantage sometimes became a disadvantage, especially when decisions were important, a time when

he let the idealist personality overrun his better judgment.

**F**ROM the discourse just read, the reader has been made familiar with the personal and social character of Jefferson. We have seen how, as a man, he approached the ideal. As a father, he took great pride in his family, holding a deep love for his wife and children; as a Virginian planter, he had the esteem of all who knew him, and the hospitality of Monticello was known far and wide; as a scholar, he impressed the most learned men of his day, men of high rank and influence in the country; as a citizen, interested in all civil and national affairs. Let us look into the political side of his life, the side that meant so much to his country, during and after the time he served it so faithfully, without prejudice or malice towards any, always striving for harmony and peace for the peoples of the New World.

This phase of his life cannot be underestimated because it is the manner in which he performed his duties in the important positions he filled during his time in public office that leave the best impression of his greatness. We shall see how many of his progressive principles and theories became the foundation of the government of the greatest country of today, overshadowing the more narrow and confined reasoning of his opponents. His was a reasoning of progression and betterment of all classes of people.

In 1769, he was elected to a seat in the House of Burgesses, then the law-making body of early Virginia. His presence was soon felt by everyone, as he began to express his views without hesitation, combining this with an earnestness of action. Social life brought out his amiable traits, particularly those that come of a man of gentle nature, with a softness of speech and thought, and loveliness towards all; his political life brought out the man of stern resolution, a man who had views, and after expressing them, stood ready to back them up, though at times they bordered on radicalism. A bold and free thinker was he, never hesitating to expound his theories and principles, never shirking under criticism, yet always, forging ahead, showing his less active fellow-men the way to freedom and democratic rule. His capacity for logic and his ability to express his views with his pen enabled him to assume a leadership that others would have shirked.

**W**HILE serving his first term in the law-making body of Virginia, he pursued a plan of action that made him the aggressor in all important questions coming before that body. The Crown government of England had previously planned a series of taxations that were to be applied to the thirteen colonies, and

(Continued on Page 35)

# Even Your Best

## Friend 'll Tell You

By PAUL SHAUGHNESSY

**Y**OU!— the editor says— you, I mean, get outa here! Move! You're fired, canned, no longer in the employ of this paper! If I never see you again I've seen you too much! You must be twins at least,—no one guy could possibly be as dumb as you are! Here I send you out to Inglewood for a feature on the place, and look—what—you—bring—me. My lord! look what you bring me. You oughta be out there yourself. OUT!

Me thinkin' gosh maybe he does mean it, and takin' the hint and leavin' the News-Times. So that's the main reason yours truly, i. e. Elmer McElmer is at present in the army of the unemployed and open to suggestions or what have you.

**S**EE I finishes my education up at the State this last spring and I been doin' quite a lot of journalism work, you know what I mean. Everything from reporter to proof-reader, even getting out an edition or two. So I know the newspaper game forwards and backwards and viceverse. Good night I oughta, I sure spent enough time workin' on the ole Clarion to know it. I wrote the feature story on the new Stadiumb they built up there last spring and the fellas all said it was a wow, mighty keen, sure 'nuff good story. I guess it was pretty good at that. Anyhow I didn't have no trouble a-tall about landin' a job on the News-Times when I came down here but I had to leave without a recommend and I'm scared it's gonna be kinda tough landin' the next one.

Y'know some editors is funny that way.

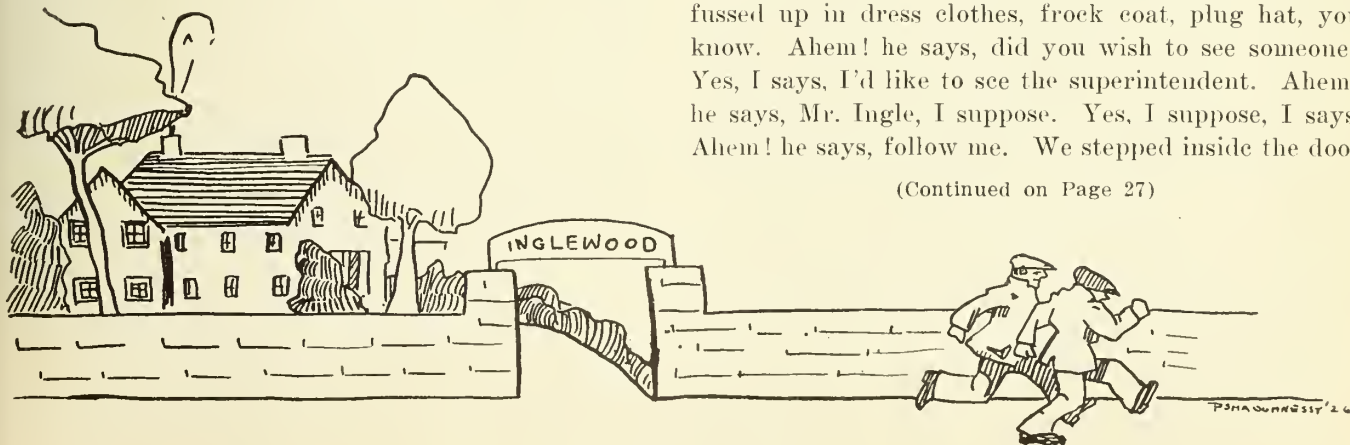
See I told old Arden on the News-Times I'd had a lot of experience on feature stuff and he says sure I'll give you a feature to do right away. This bein' Wednesday, he says, you go out to Inglewood Hospital and get me a fifteen hundred word story on the place. Tomorrow afternoon at four is the deadline. I gotta have it then.

**W**ELL I know the town here a bit and then a university man never has much trouble findin' his way about. 'Course I was down here a few times when I was up at State U. Know a girl here I knew at State, too. 'Ats one of the reasons I took the News-Times instead of hitting for Chi and the Trib or the Herald Examiner. So when old Arden says Inglewood Hospital, my mental processes says,—Inglewood Hospital—West Sherman—nuts—feature story—me. I got that in ole Crebby's psychology class, mighty good stuff. Crebby sure did know his psych—knew how to put it out too.

So I gets my notebook and goes out to Inglewood, which is a private hospital for the harmless incurable insane, out at the end of the stub line on West Sherman. I couldn't imagine why Arden wanted me to get a story out there but I figgered he knew where he was sendin' me. So I got my story, wrote it up and gave it to him, and you know the rest—except the story.

**S**EE I got out to Inglewood about one thirty, walks up the drive and at the door I meets a guy all fussed up in dress clothes, frock coat, plug hat, you know. Ahem! he says, did you wish to see someone? Yes, I says, I'd like to see the superintendent. Ahem! he says, Mr. Ingle, I suppose. Yes, I suppose, I says. Ahem! he says, follow me. We stepped inside the door

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TWO NUTS ON A BOLT

# A Sub-Lease of the Fourth Estate

*And the Tenants are Ring Lardner, "Bugs" Baer, Will Rogers,  
O. O. McIntyre and Art Brisbane*

By HARRY WELCH

**W**HAT would you think if five of America's foremost writers and humorists offered to discuss the different departments of your university and submit their views to the college magazine. You probably would attempt to conceal a broad smile, or those of you who have taken public speaking would, from the "pit of your diaphragm," heartily laugh the idea off as an impossibility.

Yet Shadows has the opportunity of announcing just such a stimulus for an expression of mirth and therefore takes great pleasure in presenting for your kind approval or disapproval the views of—Arthur Brisbane, Ring Lardner, Will Rogers, O. O. McIntyre, and "Bugs" Baer.

Possibly it is improbable, but if the following excerpts are not the works of these authors, who will deny they are not the "Shadows" of them?

Mr. Brisbane will give us his misconception of the Arts College. To those of you who are unacquainted with the gentleman we will say in introduction that he is the world's highest paid editorial writer, a confirmed advocate of the world court and a radical denouncer of the aeroplane as a means of national defense. (In the same way Col. Mitchell is.)

**T**ODAY—Students prepare for a future war. As I gaze out the window in the Arts College, I see cadets in the court below drilling in perfect cadence learning the essentials of an effective combatant. A wasted energy, they will be defenseless automatons in our next war, as helpless as sheep trotting to the slaughter pen. The real work is going on in the chemical laboratory, where men labor zealously concocting formulæ for solutions, a few drops of which when properly released would annihilate the entire R. O. T. C.; may they R. I. P. Enemy planes flying from a hidden base in the Pyrennes could swarm over this nation dropping these chemicals in bombs the size of an oyster cracker and destroy the entire population in a shorter time than it takes an infantryman to come to port arms. Of what use are soldiers in such a contingency? What we need (here he shouts with large type) is more planes of any and every caliber. or shape.

(the rabble yells back, give him his planes—be they carpenters' planes or chilblains).

Next is the law school as it would be disgusted by hizzoner Ring Lardner, B. T. F. (Been to Florida):

"Owing to the furious demands of the student body, I half been unanimously requested by the ed. to come fourth with a little thesis as regards the mute court, etc. Will state that in the 1st place this is a misnomer as same is anything but mute unless they refers to the flock of damsels in the rear pews. Perhaps originally it was hoot court and some practical jokster anticipating these remarks mixed the names sometime backin' the ante-stadium period.

"And the model house, I staggered in expecting to find a natty little bungalow fitted in some simple antique period furniture with draperies even more lavish than is in our own Great Nick cottage, but low and behold its the same old pandemonium plus another misnomer. It aint right to fool these here innocent students like that. Something should be done before one of the boys in a fit of disappointment gives hisself up to a life of study. Which reminds me of the feller they found in the law library the other day, he had been dead for five days and as nobody ever goes in there any more they probably never would half found him only an unsuspecting freshman looking in and seeing the long tables thought it was the billiard room in the gym and stepped in and discovered the corpse."

**N**OW, Will Rogers, swinging a ligature lasso and masticating a wad of temporary fillings, remarks thus of the Dental School:

"All I know is what I read in the Creightonian, but it seems to me that if 'Ma' Ferguson was made head of the Dental school they could boast of a whole lot more graduates for if she would give out diplomas like she does pardons to convicted criminals, the dents would soon have more alumni than a correspondence school.

"I don't see why dentists wouldn't make good lobbyists in Congress because it seems like anyone with a pull can get whatever they want in Washington.

"I believe a dentist is at the bottom of all this Coolidge silenee. I heard once that one wrecked the

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# Hindu Philosophy

By PAUL J. BRUCKNER

**T**HE earliest efforts of thought in India are found in the Vedic hymns of an invading Aryan race. While in the period of wandering little had been added, but after settling in the fertile valleys of upper India, many songs of praise to the deities were composed. This is not peculiar since man is essentially a religious animal, and the first forms of thought have always been expressed in poetry and song. About 1000 or 800 B. C. nearly 1,000 hymns were compiled into the Rig Veda, since known as the "Hymn Wisdom of India." The Brahmans, or those who composed hymns, were the hereditary custodians of the hymns and added commentaries—especially those dealing with the ritual of worship.

In the Vedic hymns the gods were merely personifications of the forces of nature. There were storm gods, sun gods, water gods and gods of disease and nature. These hymns also contain numerous speculations concerning the origin of the universe. Not only did the ancient Vedic metaphysicians endeavor to grasp the meaning of a beginning and a primal cause, but later sought a principle of Unity underlying all the gods. The deities were grouped into those belonging to heaven and earth. They also speculated a Creator, calling him by the term, "Golden Germ."

In a later period, the time of which is not certain, the ancient hymns of the Indo-Aryans were collected into the verses of the Rig Veda, which contained sacred hymns; the Sama-Veda, used as chants during the sacrifices, and the Yajur-Veda, containing the ritual for sacrifice. The fourth book, or Atharva, contained many verses of the older Rig Veda, mingled with ancient spells and charms and incantations of witchcraft. In the latter the Vedic sacrifice was the only mode of winning the favor of the gods, the priests being the mediums between the people and their deities. Those who gave liberally to the priests were praised. Those who abstained from the sacrifice were cursed.

In the Vedas, Vishnu and Shiva, the two chief gods of modern Hinduism, find their origin. Vishnu is a solar deity, and one who protects the race, while Shiva is called the Destroyer of the Universe. The Brahmans, mentioned before as the composers and guardians of the hymns, now became the mediums between the peo-

ple and their gods; they were highly respected and even today the power of Brahmanism has not been broken by British supremacy.

**D**URING the period of Brahman thought, when they were accepted as the mediums, two principles came to light. First, the idea of a Brahma, or creating power, pervading the Universe—and that of an Atman, or soul. The view on the soul brings with it the idea of the Transmigration of souls after death. In the Brahmans, is found a peculiar tradition of the creation of the world, which was supposed to have come from a Golden egg. It is thought that this view came from a primitive idea that—as the heavens are rounded like an egg—there must have been an egg in the beginning, which burst asunder. The upper part formed the heavens, the lower the earth. This Golden Egg was broken open by the lord of Creation, Prajapati, after he had evolved the power of reproduction. The story is also given in the Brahmans how Vishnu was associated with the sun as a personified solar deity. Vishnu, the story goes, loved glory so much that the rest of the gods had his head cut off, and this head falling from heaven became the sun.

Perhaps the most important system of Hindu philosophy is that of the Vedanta, the lesser systems either magnifying the claims of the Vedanta or modifying it. In India definite philosophical systems were not worked out by any single individual. They were the outcome of discussions and arguments carried on from generation to generation by ascetic sages learned in one or another school of Vedic tradition. These lines of thought have been handed down from teacher to pupil, and although strong opposition was sometimes encountered, they have been formulated into a system of philosophic thought. The leading disciples of a system assembled and systemized the teachings into a text book. Just when the Vedanta was formulated is not known. The Vedanta philosophy is based upon the Vedas and consists mainly of the interpretation made of the Vedas by prominent sages. Hinduism of today rests upon these interpretations. The most prominent of the interpreters was Samkara, living about 900 A. D.

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Contributions to the Poet's Corner will always be welcomed by the Poetry Editor. The Shadows' Sanctum is in the old R. O. T. C. Office.



We aim to make this column representative of the University rather than of a few writers. May we list you among our contributors?

### IMMORTALITY

A meteor's light—a flash and dust,  
A firefly of the sky,  
A flicker in God's firmament,  
Even as you and I.  
Our flesh with the dust of the stars must stay  
To serve again as the Moulder's clay;  
But our souls, released at the fall of night,  
Ontshine the stars in an endless night.

—A. A.



### THE DESERT

Vast wastes of wind-swept, barren, sterile rocks and  
sands,  
The desert stretches, most bitter of all misanthropic  
lands,  
Sinister, twisted dunes crawl snake-like from rim to  
rim,  
Masters of all and everything within.

Relentless, pitiless, her breasts sucked dry of love,  
She crushes, stifles in her torrid hate.  
Accountable to none save to the Lord above,  
The shifting sands all man-made works obliterate.

Yet the magic wand of beauty  
Has deftly painted the sun-scorched sands  
With fairy castles and golden strands  
To lure the lonely wanderer into the desert's strang-  
ling, crushing hands.

—Lute Fisk.

### MORRO CASTLE

Morro Castle is old and spent  
And her bloody days are o'er,  
Yet Romance still clings to her mouldering walls  
As it did in the days of yore.

On jagged rocks near the salt sea's shore,  
She frowns o'er the angry waves;  
But the men who fought 'mid the cannon's roar  
Lie asleep in unknown graves.

Mosses and vines in crannies cling  
Caressing her piteous scars;  
But no more do the voices of warriors ring,  
For Morro's asleep 'neath the stars.

—Lute Fisk.



### DISILLUSION

On a crust of mem'ry, the wine in a look  
Love can feast like a king,  
Lilting a song from dusk till dawn,  
Blithe as a bird on the wing.

But oh, when the wine has changed to gall,  
And the crust is—merely a crust,  
His heart wells over with April tears  
And then, turns dry as dust.

—P. J. B.



# A Man's Attitude

## Toward His College

by SAM ZACHARIA

A GREAT deal has been written about college spirit, about college athletics, about college administrations, and about numerous other kindred subjects that concern college activities and college "life," but very little has really been written about a subject which should concern every individual

who attends college, and that is:

What should a man's attitude be

towards the college he is attending;

and for from this feeling springs

that we more commonly term as

college spirit, the eager desire to

make one's college first and foremost

in educational, social and

physical activities. The question

that naturally presents itself

then is: How shall we judge

what a man's attitude should be?

This question can more easily

be answered by finding out why

certain individual is going

to college and how he expects to

spend his time there. If a man enters

college with the intention of getting

the most possible good out of his

college course his attitude will no

doubt be commendable; but if he

enters for the purpose of wasting

several years just to satisfy "Dad,"

or just to get out of work

from the office, he should be

turned out, for his attitude

just by its very nature be detrimental

to the name and honor of the college

he may be attending. The latter

tries to make the college and its

great purpose, the promulgation

of knowledge and truth, play second

fiddle to his fancies and whims.

"A MAN'S attitude, then, depends wholly upon what he makes of the opportunities offered by the college he is attending. It offers him a possibility for intellectual advancement, for culture, for an intelligent understanding of the beauty of thought, of literature, and of the arts, and for a wide range of enjoyment."

only will profit personally but also will be working to build up the reputation of his college.

A man's attitude, then, depends wholly upon what advantage he makes of the opportunities offered by the college he is attending. It offers him a possibility for

intellectual advancement, for culture, for an intelligent understanding of the beauty

of thought, of literature, and of the arts, and for a wide range of enjoyment. If a man has taken

a full advantage of these opportunities he can never be indifferent concerning the policies or

fortune of his college; he will always want it to be the best "old" school that was ever

founded in these United States. If his attitude be one of indifference, the man cannot be

classed as an asset to his university. He can never add to its glory or prestige by either thought or

deed. Woe betides the college that has men such as these within its gates, for they are nothing but "knoekers."

THE real attitude is one of constructive criticism. We should criticize the college for the best of all

reasons—because we love it; not a sentimental sort of love, but a love that one has for his dearest friend, a

love that comes as a result of a jealousy of its condition, of our desire to see it be a good thing, and of

our hope that it will keep from falling short of its best. Too much of our college "life" is given over to

athletics or other campus activities, and less to the real thing—studies. Too many of the students have the

attitude that amusements and social preoccupations, such as clubs, fraternities, parties, and politics, make up the "life" of the college while study is the disagreeable hindrance to that "life." This obstruction to our having a good time takes the form of "stiff"

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# That Game

By RICHARD O. PFAFF

**G**EORGE AMOS was one of the ranking tennis players of the day. Nine times in nine years he had reached the finals in the Davis Tournament, and nine times he failed because of an unforeseen stroke of fate. This year his final year of competition had seen him passive, training to the utmost in order to bring fame to his house and to realize the one ambition that was left.

His only daughter, Claire, adored him and idolized him. For five years, ever since the death of her mother, the two had been inseparable. He called her "Pal" and he meant all that the word implied. The two practiced daily in Mr. Amos' private courts and after the practice he would put his arm around her and say: "Well, Pal, my game has improved considerably, and with my experience and knowledge we ought to win that tournament."

Claire nodded to him, but she never said a word. Her thoughts were elsewhere. The stumbling block in the path was one Paul Mahoney. Paul was only twenty-three years of age, clean cut, handsome, and a real tennis player. This was his first year of competition and from his past performances the critics predicted that before long he would be one of the best tennis players in the country.

Four weeks before the tournament, Paul was warming up on one of the courts near Mr. Amos' residence. A few people were standing on the side lines and after serving an ace, Paul glanced about and his eyes fell upon the dashing, young maiden Claire, who had been watching him intently. Paul's eyes seem to pop out of his head as he allowed his gaze to follow Claire. Never before had he seen such a beautiful girl.

Just at that moment Mr. Amos came up and said to Paul:

"Well, Paul, I see that you are getting into shape for the tournament."

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It has been my ambition for quite a while to win such a tournament, and I tell you now that I am going to do my best."

"Let the best man win, Paul. By the way, allow me to present my daughter, Claire. She, too, is quite a tennis fan."

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Amos," answered Paul, as he gazed intently into her eyes.

"Won't you dine with us this evening?" asked Mr. Amos, a little while later.

"Oh, yes," replied Paul, looking at Claire. "I'll be glad to come."

"See you at seven, then?"

"Yes, sir."

**A**T seven o'clock Paul rang the door bell and was admitted by Claire, whose light blue eyes from then on played havoc with Paul for the entire evening. At eleven o'clock, it was a happy Paul who bid good-night to his friends. As he walked home, thoughts of Claire ran through his mind, and he tried to recall some of the conversation that had passed between them at the supper table. That night he dreamed of winning the tournament and of Claire.

For two weeks Paul practiced faithfully in the mornings and in the afternoons he hung around Claire as if she were the goldfish and he the bowl. They went rowing together, danced together, dined together, and the ultimate result was that Paul proposed.

"But Paul, you will have to ask father first," she said later on.

"I'll go up and ask him now."

At that moment Paul thought that he would rather change places with Daniel in the lions' den. How and what would he ask Mr. Amos? A few minutes later it was a trembling young man that was admitted into Mr. Amos' presence.

"Well, Paul, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Amos, pleasantly.

"Mr. Amos," Paul began, "I—a—I—a—I would like to have your permission to marry your daughter." At last it was out.

"Paul, I like you, and I wouldn't mind having you for a son-in-law. But I am not going to give you my answer yet. Come around after the tournament has been played and I will give you my answer. But, Paul, you know that I have my heart set upon winning that, just as you have yours upon winning Claire, and as

his is my last year of competition my desire is greater than ever. That is all."

**P**AUL left. He was surprised. What did he mean? He was thinking of this when he came up to Claire, and he repeated to her all that her father had said.

"It is Daddy's greatest ambition to win, and just think that the tournament begins next week."

At last the tournament began. Mr. Amos was by far the favorite. Paul and Mr. Amos went into the semi-finals and both were successful. They would face each other on the morrow and play a game that would mean much to each. That night Paul met Claire and she congratulated him.

"Paul, you played wonderfully well today, and just think of it, you play Dad tomorrow."

"Yes," replied Paul. "Such luck. You remember what he told me when I asked his permission? Well, today we met in the locker room, and he spoke just one sentence to me: 'Remember what tomorrow means both for you and me.' What does he mean, Claire?"

"I wish I knew, Paul; but you know how he wants to win, how I have prayed for him to win. Ah, I don't know what to think. I want you to win and I want Dad to win."

"Yes," replied Paul, "if I lose we both win, I win you and he wins the title. But I know I can win that game if I try hard enough and play as I did today, but the question is, could I get his permission to marry you if I did beat him? You know how stubborn he is sometimes."

"Oh, let's forget about it tonight, Paul, and instead of asking questions that we can't answer, let us sit down over there and discuss something more pleasant."

**P**AUL complied with her wishes and when he left her a few hours later he was quite happy. But as he was walking home he thought again of Mr. Amos. At last he reached home and went to bed. Question after question he asked himself. Would Mr. Amos allow him to marry Claire if he won? Perhaps he wouldn't. Suppose he allowed him to win, what then would be the answer? Would Mr. Amos give his permission then? But what a price! He loved Claire, he wanted her above all. Would it be worth while to throw the game? Would it be worth while to stain his honor? Would he remain the same in her eyes if he did throw the game? What would he do? Thus the night passed and the questions remained unanswered.

At last the day of the great game arrived. Not a better day could be wished. It was ideal for tennis. An hour before the game all the available seats were taken by the masses who were waiting, expecting. Just before going to warm up, Paul met Claire. She looked

at him with her large blue eyes which took in the form and the strength that lay beneath his quivering muscles. She came up to him, and said:

"Paul, I have thought it all over and I want you to do your best. Win if you can. Win for me."

"I have decided to do my best now, Claire. You may tell your father that he will have to work, to play like he never played before, to beat me today."

"Paul!" was all she said and she threw her arms about him and kissed him and then ran off.

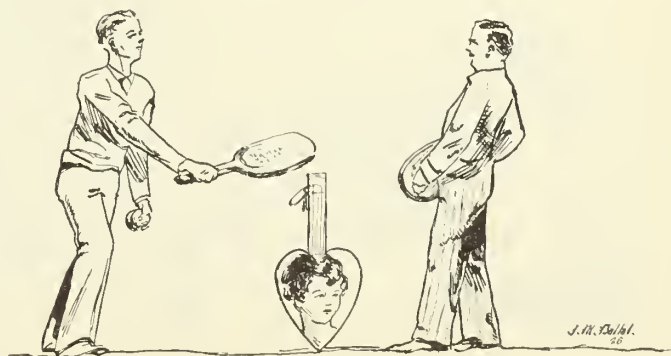
A few minutes later Paul went out to the court. The crowd applauded him loudly. Later Mr. Amos came, dressed in white trousers, white shirt and a white handkerchief about his neck. The crowd cheered him. He was the favorite.

As the two players went to their respective places, the crowd settled down, to wait—to watch an old master and a young, sensational player. It might be a struggle between old age and youth. But not one in that vast crowd, except one, realized what that game meant to each contestant.

Mr. Amos won the toss and decided to serve. His first drive, a cannonball, perfectly placed, showed that he exercised complete control and that he was fit to play the game of his life. He scored an ace. He served again, and Paul using a backstroke made Mr. Amos play the back court. It was dangerous. Mr. Amos was noted for his back court playing. He hit it, and the ball traveled across the net to land in Paul's rear court. He played and won.

**F**OR two hours the two struggled, executing marvelous strokes, backhands, slices, cuts, serves. So far Mr. Amos was in the lead. Each had won two sets and the fifth was standing 12-11. Paul won the next on his own serve. His only chance was to tire Mr. Amos. His own endurance he never questioned. Mr. Amos failed in his stride for a few moments and lost the next game on his own serve. The score was 13-12. It was Paul's serve. He scored an ace on the first. Lost the second. Served another ace. His fast serve was bothering Mr. Amos. Mr. Amos, by a wonderful effort, managed to connect with the next serve and to tie the score. Again

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*A junior medical student relates impressions and experiences of*

# The Medical Clinic

By E. W. NORRIS

*Illustrations by J. M. Dallal*

**T**HE experiences which a medical student enjoys or suffers during his sojourn in the clinic are invaluable; primarily, of course, as a source of learning, but incidentally as a source of much amusement. Here it is that he learns, through personal observation and by practical application, the truth of what was as so much theory to him in his first two years in the medical college. Here also he is enabled to study and to learn much of human nature, psychology, and the power of suggestion. As for the amusement which is afforded him, this he enjoys only after the actual happening, for as a rule the humor of the situation rarely occurs to him at the time. To him it is serious business—as it should be.

The clinic is a haven for those unfortunates whose circumstances prohibit their enjoying the care of a private physician and whose conditions usually warrant the necessity of medical attention. Here they are given free treatment, and medications are supplied at cost, or, if their finances are so meager that they cannot afford to buy the medications prescribed, these are also furnished free of charge. They not only receive the services and advice of the student doctors but each case is observed and the diagnosis is confirmed or made by experienced practicing physicians who give one or two hours of their time each day to act as consultants and advisors to the students.

**T**HOUSANDS of patients are treated in the clinic each year. It is open every day of the year except Sundays and legal holidays. The patients are registered, each one receiving a number, and a complete record is kept of the individual cases. The patients are then sent through the general or medical clinic where they receive a complete physical examination, a history of their condition is taken, and their affliction is diagnosed. If they are suffering from specific diseases for which there are special clinics, they are referred to these; for example, diseases of the skin are referred to Dermatology, diseases of the throat to Otolaryngology, and so on. In the various special clinics they receive the services of specialists in these lines.

When a patient's condition is serious and warrants hospitalization, he is immediately sent to St. Joseph's Hospital, where his malady is cared for. Whether it be a major operation, pneumonia, or what not, he is given the attention of staff doctors and is nursed back to health.

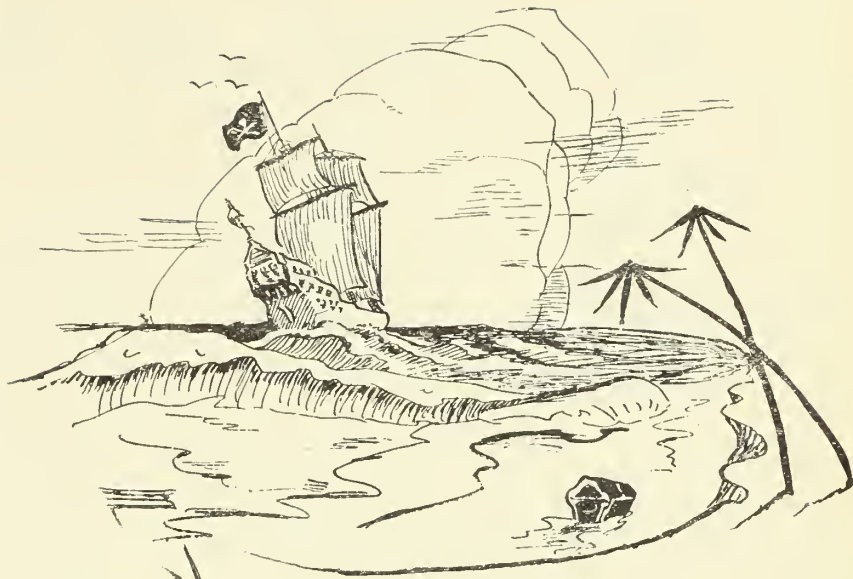
**L**ET us now consider the clinic from the standpoint of the student who is just launching, if we may call it that, upon his career in the practice of medicine. Practice it is, for goodness knows the first few patients have a tendency to revolutionize all of the ideas on

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# From a Sailor's Diary

By M. E. ERICKSON



**T**HE day had been terribly oppressive. One of those sultry, tepid days that one meets with so frequently near the equator. The thermometer had ranged from 95 to 110 degrees. In the fore-castle, hemmed in on all sides by five-eighths inch steel, the mercury hung around 98 or 100 degrees. Sleep was impossible on my watch below so I sweated away the time until the bosum called the watch.

I was standing watch with the first mate. I went up on the poop and read the log, going from there up to the bridge to take the wheel. Our old tramp was making her full twelve knots, but she couldn't kick up the faintest sign of a breeze. The Porto Rican at the helm turned it over to me. "The course is east-south-east," he grunted. "East-southeast," I repeated as I grasped the spokes and put the ship back on her course. Those Porto Ricans are slovenly steersmen.

The pilot house was like an oven. Every time the ship pitched forward, the heat from the funnel, which was right abaft the wheelhouse, scorched my back. Perspiration oozed from every pore. A sickening sweet odor of raw sugar drifted up to me from the forward hatches. I wanted to vomit, but I thought that I would be worse off than ever if I did, so I gritted my teeth and fought down the temptation. The chronometer seemed to stand still. It seemed an age before I struck one bell. The second half hour passed a little more swiftly as I had become somewhat accustomed to the stifling heat. The lookout relieved me at the wheel. I was so impatient to leave the pilot house that I forgot to sound off the ship's course to my successor. The captain soon called my attention to that fact, however. Our skipper didn't stand for any monkey business.

The sun was beginning to descend when I reached the after well-deck. I plunged into the messroom, grabbed

a cup of hot tea and gulped it down hurriedly. There is nothing like hot tea in blistering weather, especially if you squeeze a couple of spoonfuls of lime juice into it. Most of the crew had finished chow. I ate in silence, too hot and uncomfortable to talk. After I had finished eating, I went to our fore-castle for a little chat before going back to the bridge. The Russians were at it again. It was impossible to keep peace amongst them, but they were interesting, and good sailors, too. My time was up so I had to go back to deck.

**A** FAINT breeze had sprung up from the south. The smoke curled lazily back from the funnel. I was thankful for that breeze, and glad that we left behind us the Irishman's hurricane which had hung so close to us for so many days.

When I reached the starboard companion ladder, I stopped and leaned out over the rail to inhale a few welcome puffs of air. Far to the south I made out a sail. It proved to be a three-masted schooner. She was running before the wind with every inch of her canvas spread. Great clouds of fleecy white belled out by the breeze made her look like a phantom. Indeed, I almost mistook her for an apparition. Never have I seen so impressive a sight. All the romance, all the mystery, all the magic of the sea was symbolized in her. My heart went out to that little fairy schooner as she glided through the sea, so silently, so smoothly. The glamour and glory that she typified! How sad that the day of sail is past. I longed to be aboard her, pacing the deck like an emperor, a stiff wind fanning my face.

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# His Last Scoop

By H. M.

“**S**AY, Barnes, come here and make it snappy.” It was the city editor of the Times speaking, with his usual brevity and hurry. As Barnes slouched up to the city editor’s desk, situated just inside a scarred old railing, his eye roamed over the office. It was a typical newspaper office. Typewriters were rattling faster than the elevated was scurrying by outside the windows. Numberless sheets of copy paper were scattered over the dirty floor, for it was rush hour, just before the “bull-dog” edition was due out. Copy boys were running to and fro as if their lives depended upon it, and many a cub reporter’s face was creased in a strained expression as he hurried to turn out his bit of copy.

Barnes slowed up as he swung inside the battered old swinging gate and stood before his chief with a “hang-dog” expression on his face.

“Listen, Barnes,” said the city editor, or Cully, as he was called by his men, “you were given that assignment for the Frenwick case because of your good work in the past. Now, tell me why you didn’t get the dope? The case is nearly over and all you fellows go out and come back empty-handed as if it was impossible to get the pictures . . .”

“Wait a minute, chief,” Barnes tried to say.

“Wait nothing. Here I have been working out assignments on that story and you birds go out and either ruin everything that I have done or else you come back with empty hands. You fellows must think that you are on the payroll for your health. Barnes, this story has been hanging fire for three weeks and of all the reporters that I have assigned to the case not a one has gotten a thing. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll bet you a box of cigars that I can go out and get that story inside of two hours. Do you want to bet me?”

“It’s a bet, Chief,” said Barnes, as he straightened up. “Here’s where I win a box of cigars for nothing.”

“Don’t be too sure. Watch me,” said Cully, with his usual snappy reply.

**C**ULLY was one of those individuals that you either loved or hated at first sight. There was not a reporter, even a cub reporter, that would not have

given him his last dime. Some people called him a machine. Cully worked on an average of sixteen hours a day, and the work of a city editor is far from easy. As long as Cully had held the reins there had never been a slip-up in the machine of the Times.

Barnes rushed out of the little square known as the chief’s sanctum, and swung down the lane of clattering machines towards his friend, Eddie Rosenthal, a feature man.

“Did you hear that, Eddie?”

“No. What happened now?” asked Rosenthal of his friend.

“Cully is going to take on the Frenwick story and he made a bet with me that he would bring the story back in two hours. I guess that is picking the grapes, isn’t it?”

“Your grapes are very likely to sour when Cully comes back with the story. Don’t think for a minute that you can put anything over on the chief. He has been in this game too long to be fooled. If I were you I would buy the cigars and say nothing.”

“But listen, Rosie,” Barnes cried jerkily. “I’ve been trying to get that story and pictures of the girl for the last week. I tell you it can’t be done. We’ve tried everything from manslaughter to robbery. During the last week I’ve committed more crimes than the average crook. Her father has the whole police force sitting on the front steps. If he gets that picture he has done something which the best newshounds in the city have tried to do and failed. But I’m not worrying about that box of cigars.”

“Never you mind, old dear,” answered Rosenthal. “He’ll come back with the dope and don’t you forget it. Although he is getting old, he hasn’t forgotten anything. But listen, Barnes, all fooling aside, do you think that he will hold the job any longer?”

Barnes’ usually nervous face acquired a long, sober look. Both men were silent and each seemed to be thinking over the problem in his own mind.

**T**HERE is an old adage in the newspaper game that a man can not hold his job after he is fifty years old. The usual case is that the editors took compassion on the men and give them small jobs

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# Diners I Have Seen

By LEO J. BERGER

THE art of dining is an accomplishment that is fast becoming extinct. In the ordinary sense we consider the dinner when we speak of dining, and for this reason I am concerned with its consummation. A DINNER is a portion of food served to guests in courses. As to their kinds there are many from the simple to the very elaborate of nine and ten courses. It is not especially the latter that I refer to, but the mediocre, with which I am concerned.

The serving of a five or six-course dinner is in itself a thing of beauty and elegance. We naturally assume



at a party of this kind that formal attire is worn in conjunction with the kind of dinner being served. The guests of the evening have arrived at the home of the host. Everyone seems jolly and free, and the women are just a bit anxious to catch a glimpse of the beau-

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## The Wise Guy

By HAROLD RODDEWIG

THE wise guy is found everywhere. Like a great many other pests, he seems to thrive in all climates. He, however, craves company, and unless he has that necessary adjunct he cannot exist. For it is obvious that he must have listeners upon whom to unburden his wisdom, and if these listeners are not present he will at once move to where they can be found. It follows then, that the only way to get rid of him is to ignore him, to refuse to listen to his spoutings, something which if done would release mankind from one of its greatest curses.

As said before, he is to be found everywhere. Wherever people congregate he is among those present. He takes his stand upon the street corner and passes comment upon divers things. He is very evident in restaurants, where he spouts in a voice that can be heard by all. Hotel lobbies claim their share of him, where, with thirty cents in his pocket he talks in terms of millions. Every class room has its wise guy, who, upon

every slightest pretext, comes forward with some wise cracks.

Our Spanish class is cursed with one of the worst of these know-it-alls. He runs at the mouth continually. He is a modern seer who "knows all, sees all, tells all." He knows more about Spain than the professor who was born there. Spanish to him is simpler than English. He merely goes to class to explain knotty problems to the professor and to set an example of learning to the class.

NOW, I have a profound respect for learning. I believe that the person who satisfactorily proves the theory of evolution will live longer in the minds of the people than Red Grange. I believe that Thomas Edison has done more for humanity than Jack Dempsey. But enough is enough. I sit immediately behind this Spanish wise-acre. I am the proud possessor of a long ivory-handled penknife. But I am afraid that some day my temper will get the better of my sense of right and wrong. I am afraid that some time while this pest is spouting off I shall draw it from my pocket and with the point held at the small of his back, escort him from the classroom.

## *The New Dawn*

Grotesque, hushed night, palled mystery, despair.  
Down forty centuries of stairs I groped,  
Feeling malicious Death's triumphant stare,  
And then—the crimson Light! I wondered, hoped,  
And felt the kiss of apple-blossomed breeze.  
A thrush fled in the red in careless play,  
Echoing the laughter of new-born trees;  
While throbbing Spring sang a thanksgiving lay:  
"Christ's risen, Alleluja! 'tis day."

—E. Bourbeau.



## *Night at Sea*

Night cloaks the sea with fantasy,  
When I dream 'neath the limpid moon,  
And I see weird shapes away to the lee,  
Where the fairy winds whisper and croon.

The tawdry, common form of day  
Shift into magic shapes at night;  
For the dusky night wind gives life to the clay,  
Infused with the sea wind's might.

When the blod-red waters quench the sun,  
Night brings the seaman rest;  
On the frothy waves that ne'er have done,  
She cuddles him close to her breast.

—Lute Fisk.



**I**T was with pride that we read the Exchange in the recent issue of The Ambrosian. We smiled as we mused over the first paragraph. The difficulties alluded to have been the discussion in our office since 1923, the inception of "Shadows," when another magazine, "The Creighton Chronicle," was superseded. Permit us to quote The Ambrosian:

"Someone asked us the other day which we considered the best magazine on our exchange list. But we sensed a question bound to involve us in difficulties and disagreements, even if we felt capable of answering it. So we immediately began an inconclusive discussion of the relative merits of a half dozen which are undoubtedly the best. He is a wise man if he knows what we think.

"A few days later someone was looking for a magazine with which to while away a spare hour. Without hesitation we gave him "Shadows." We knew he would enjoy it. We did. While we would never say it is the best of our exchanges, even if we thought so, we will say that we really enjoyed the reading of it more than of any magazine we have received this year. It is indeed regrettable that some unfortunate circumstance prevented the publication of the first issues of the year.

"We take this opportunity to congratulate the editor, Martin McCarthy, on his premier production.

"Our interest in reading Shadows extended over everything from the interview with Senator Hitchcock, the first article, in which the Senator contrasts the youth of 1860 and 1925, to the Editor's common sense view of the much discussed question of college students and war.

"If you want to enjoy a half hour, light your pipe, repose comfortably in a Morris chair, place your feet on top of a convenient mantle, and browse through Shadows."

**T**HE humor of life is drawn from watching shadows. But a shadow may represent a true picture. Or again, a shadow may be a caricature. Some night, as the reader approaches a street lamp, we hope that instead of leaning against it or fondling it, he will pass it by, observing the while his own shadow. The distortions which that dusky image will undergo as he in turn approaches, passes, and draws away from the light, will amaze him as fully as when, at the fair, he stepped into a room of mirrors—some convex, others concave—making him appear now squatty and pudgy, now thin and elongated. The nature of a shadow depends on the angle from which the light is thrown. It is by casting gleams from many angles on current phases of university activity that we aim to develop, in successive months—SHADOWS.

## THE WORLD COURT

(Continued from Page 8)

said Convention be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions." At no time has it ever been necessary for the United States to refer to this reservation in its many dealings with the Court.

On the practical side, the United States has always been willing to adjust its own differences in a manner consistent with its ideals. One of the greatest successes ever obtained by arbitration—the Alabama affair—is a part of the History of the New World. There we had two traditional enemies, the United States and the mother country from whom they had won independence by a bloody war, involved in a controversy which concerned not treaty rights but the rights of sovereignty. At that age, undoubtedly a similiar situation between European powers would have resulted in an immediate declaration of war. But the United States was willing to submit it to judicial determination, and the world witnessed for the first time an amicable settlement of a major question involving the sovereign rights of an independent nation. The controversy concerning the rights of American fishermen along the coasts of Laborador and Newfoundland is another example involving the same parties. This question came into existence with the treaty of peace in 1783, and persistently recurred at inopportune times. A special treaty in 1818 settled matters, until in 1854 new complications demanded another agreement. Ill-feeling which came with the Civil War caused denunciation of this treaty in 1866 and a return to the terms of 1818. In the new treaty of 1871, the Americans were given greater privileges, but as we gained more than Canada, a money payment, determined by a commission, was fixed at five and one-half million dollars. The Americans thought this sum too large and this treaty was scrapped. A year-to-year agreement followed until 1908 when we agreed to submit the question to The Hague Tribunal. In 1910 this body handed down its decision and on many of the essential points American contentions were lost.

In the Alaskan fisheries case the result was similiar. Our claim of jurisdiction over the waters adjacent to Alaska was resisted by England on the part of Canada. After a long period of diplomatic maneuvering, the question was submitted to a court of arbitration which denied all the American contentions.

**M**ANY other cases might be mentioned, but they could not establish more definitely the fact that, irrespective of the matter involved or the parties concerned, the United States has always been willing to submit controversies to a disinterested body, and have

always, whether the decision has been for them or against them, been willing to accept the decree.

Without raising here the many controversial questions heard on all sides concerning the present form of the Permanent Court of International Justice, let us see how far it is consistent with our own proposals. The Statute, drawn up by a Committee appointed by the League of Nations, which was accepted by the Assembly of the League on December 13, 1920, outlines the formation and purpose of the Court. It is to consist of fifteen members, eleven judges and four deputy judges, chosen regardless of their nationality from among persons of high moral character, who possess the qualifications required in their respective countries for appointment to the highest judicial offices, or are juriconsults of recognized competence in international law. These are to be nominated by members of the League and by other national groups which are members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, which last clause includes the United States, irrespective of its relation to the League. The statute recommends each national group "to consult its Highest Court of Justice, its Legal Faculties and Schools of Law, and its National Academies and National section of International Academies devoted to the study of Law." The Assembly and the Council then elect the members from this list of nominees and by a reservation appended to the United States' ratification of the Court, it is provided that the United States shall participate in the election on the same footing as any other nation. When Elihu Root, as Secretary of State, instructed our delegates to the Second Hague Conference, he urged them to bring about "the erection of a court composed of judges who were judicial officers and nothing else, chosen under some plan which would secure such dignity, consideration and rank that the whole world would have absolute confidence in its judgments." It is hard to conceive why the present plan would not produce the result which he desired.

**I**N regard to jurisdiction the present Court falls far short of our demands before The Hague Conferences. There we supported compulsory submission. Here the Statute provides that "the Members . . . either when signing or ratifying the protocol to which the present Statute is adjoined, or at a later moment, may declare that they recognize as compulsory, ipso facto, and without special agreement, in relation to any other Member or State accepting the same obligation, the jurisdiction of the Court." Then it outlines the special cases wherein the Court may act, which includes only the interpretation of treaties, questions of international law and similiar allied matters. Our own arbitration treaties, entered into with some thirty na-

(Continued on Page 27)



### Rondabout

I have taken my fun where I found it,  
 So quoth the young simpleton gay.  
 But if ever you do wash the dishes  
 Be sure and pick flowers in May.

### ENVOY:

Um ta la, um tra la,  
 Yea! Team!

### “To a Rattlesnake”

Strong steps upon the stair and oft,  
 Well, we’re here, boys, here.  
 If ever t he day is over, Yes.  
 Books upon books on the floor.  
 The carbon paper—wrinkled blots,  
 Programs, pictures, cigarettes.  
 Fat men running all around.  
 The eandy—O, Lord what wrecks.  
 Well, the pemants are still there.  
 IN FLEW A DEAD DUCK!

He picked his way through the violets and daisies and came out upon the long winding road with his arms full of eornstalks.

“Goody, goody!” he shrieked, as he sank three feet in the mud, “tomorrow I am to be king of the Prom and I must hasten away.”

It had stopped snowing by the time he had reached the tree some seventy-five miles away, and he reached for a leaf with which to fan himself a large white elephant came running coyly down the trunk.

“Egad,” thought our hero, “that reminds me. I almost forgot my date with Fatema.”

So saying, he kissed the giraffe silently on the cheek. The giraffe promptly passed out. That’s the insidious

thing about it—well, Lionel (for so was he called) jumped lightly into the air and vanished.

That night the monkies bedtime lullaby was: “I wonder what’s become of ‘Hally?’”

### TODAY

By Art Risrane

The fish in Lake Erie are fast dying out. Nothing is being done about it. And yet Congress voted \$145,000,000 for new battleships. Absolutely nothing for the fish. The condition will become a great national scandal. Remember the buffalo! We see them only on niekels, now.

Up in Canada 111,100,000 trees were cut down last month. The next time you use a tooth-pick think of this great number of trees cut down so that you can have tooth picks.

Over in Nevada a little Italian girl can speak nothing but German, rather complicating for her parents who know nothing but Italian. A delegation of famous scientists visited the little girl the other day and declared her normal. Something wrong elsewhere.

Dad: Son?

Son: Well, Dad?

Dad: Did you pick out that suit of your own accoord, or is it part of the hazing you have to go through with?

Last week a young woman killed another over an argument as to whether horses had mustaches or not. At first our impulse is to exclaim: “What a foolish thing.” And yet, remember “Wars” are fought over small things.

The Apricot Crop failed in California this past winter—2,000,000 men will be out of work. Help these men out. Eat Prunes.

**"In Pantorium"**

The bell had tolled (O, what that bell told) and the night was on. What a night. Rain—snow—howling wind—Cecil B. DeMille. Alonsius ran out into the street and slipping on a piece of gum dove head first into the water (righto, 'twas Venice). After walking several inches he calmly flew back down and with an uproar mighty enough to drown the ripples of yon simpering ocean, he thrust his rams against the canvas and tore a large gash in the rock with his hang nail.

He looked.

"My God," he groaned, and turning yelled frantically for his horse to win. Down, down, low down the stretch they stretched. The crowd yawned and went home. A joyful yell broke on his lips.

"My horse has won one," and turning swiftly he killed himself. He had forgotten to bet.

When the wedding was over the bridesmaids were told to keep their bouquets.

**Playing the Game**

Locke: So you are giving your boys a college education?

Sayers: Yes. I want to play fair. I want my boys to start out in life with the same handicap that other boys have.

**Singing the Old Songs**

"Ah, for the old days," sighed the old fashioned young man. "The girls of today are not at all like our mothers used to be. Why, I'll bet you don't know what needles are for," he concluded, glancing with admiration at the modern young thing.

"I do, too," she flashed. "They are for phonographs!"

A street car inspector was watching the work of the green Irish conductor. "Here, Foley, how is this?" he said. "You have ten passengers and only nine fares rung up!"

"Is that so?" said Foley. Then turning to the passengers, he shouted: "There's wan too many av yez on this car. Get out o' here, van av yez!"

Dr. Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing Mrs. Gassoway, when she stopped in the doorway, exclaiming, "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated!"

"I know it isn't," said the doctor, wearily. "You never find grass on a race track."

**Everybody Worked But Willie**

Teacher: Willie, did your father write this essay?

Willie: No, ma'am. He started it, but mother had to do it all over again.—Life.

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of negroes to the cities. One of them applied for a job at a large employment agency.

"There's a job at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said finally. "Ah sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fac' is, I ain't never washed a eagle."

Isabell Ball: My goodness, a dog in our neighborhood bit five people.

Sara Schlottman: Was the dog mad?

Isabel: No; but the five people were.

Johnnie: Pa, won't you please buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic?

Papa: What good will a microbe do you?

Johnnie: I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly.

**His Alibi**

Onlooker: Surely, Mose, you don't expect to catch fish in that stream?

Mose: No, sah; I don't expect to. I'se just showing my old woman I had no time to turn de wringer.—Good Hardware.

**His Excuse**

Headlines in an Illinois paper:

FORMER REPRESENTATIVE

DIES AT EVANSVILLE

Only Reason He Gives Is That He Likes  
Excitement

**Corns Still Busy**

The following letter was received recently by a company which manufactures corn sirup:

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your corn sirup, my feet are no better now than when I started."—The Open Road.

**A Public Benefactor**

Valet: What shall I do with this old clothing, sir?

Philanthropist: Give it to the Near East Relief.

Valet: And these old books and magazines?

Philanthropist: The Salvation Army.

Valet: And shall I throw away these old pen points?

Philanthropist: No. Give 'em to the Postoffice Department.—Life.

## THE WORLD COURT

(Continued from Page 24)

tions just before our entrance to the World War, comprise a much more comprehensive list of possible controversies.

There is but one other point in relation to the Court which might be the subject of objection, and that is the enforcing of the decrees of the Court. President Wilson insisted that the public opinion of the world would be sufficient. But the other diplomats thought that something else more definite should be proposed. Therefore, in the Covenant of the League of Nations there were inserted provisions covering the enforcement of international obligations between members of the League, with war as the last arbitrament. The decisions of the Permanent Court can well be included with the other international obligations of members of the League. But this measure is no more operative against us as subscribing to the World Court, than if we had held aloof. As we are not a member of the League, it cannot dictate what measures we may adopt to secure the benefit of any judgment rendered in our favor by the Court. If we fail to comply with any judgments against us, and our antagonist should be a member of the League, its activities will be regulated by the League in the same manner, as though the controversy had not been presented before the Court for judgment.

**W**E, as American citizens, should look with favor upon the World Court. It is the realization of our ideals and an approval of our form of action, adopted by the leading nations of the world. True, there may be some details which must be worked out before the institution can meet the approval of all. But we should not shirk our duty, as a member of the family of nations, of aiding the world in settling these difficulties. During the World War, all nations looked to the United States for aid, and we should not now abandon our leadership and permit others to accomplish a disagreeable task, if we expect to hold high our head, and enjoy the benefits after the task is completed.

## EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND'LL TELL YOU

(Continued from Page 11)

and right into the soop's office. Mr. Ingle, this guy says, this is Mr.—Mr.—Mr.— Mr. Elmer McElmer, I says. Now, General, the soop says, please don't introduce me to anyone else today as Mr. Ingle. And you'd better go down to the parlor if you don't want to be late for your conference with President Coolidge. Yes! yes! the guy says excited like, and he tears out down the hall.

I beg your pardon Mr. McElmer, the soop says, but the General always insists that I'm Mr. Ingle. My name is Robinson—what can I do for you?. I tells him what I wanted and the like. He was mighty decent to me. Offered me a guide and all the other help I needed.

See I had a theory on these feature stories I wanted to work out so I says, No Mr. Robinson, if you don't mind I think I'll just walk about the place alone and pick up my story that way. See I had an idea I'd pick up with one of the patients, get his story and then with some description on the hospital I'd have a real feature for Arden.

**W**ELL I goes down one of the walks wondering what kind of a wild tale I'd get from the first fellow I met, when a youngish man comes up to me with his hand out. Hello, he says, you're new aren't you, I just saw you come in a little while ago didn't I? My name is Dowell, Mr.—Mr.— McElmer, I says, I'm very glad to know you Mr. Dowell. Yes! Yes! he says, I like to make the newcomers feel quite at home. I've just been talking to a Mr. Kirk, another new man, just came yesterday. Mr. Kirk and I are both almost positive that we've seen each other before but we can't seem to recollect where or under what circumstances. We were about to swap stories when I saw you and we decided that perhaps you might like to join us. I certainly would, I says, thinkin' what a windfall I was havin', fallin' into two stories like this.

Mr. Kirk, Dowell says, this is Mr. McElmer another new man. You're from—from— Town, I says, how do you do Mr. Kirk. And Dowell goes on, You were saying Mr. Kirk, that you were at Erlington, I was there myself for a time, then I came here to rest up before I go home. Maybe that's where we saw each other. No, Kirk says, it couldn't have been there,—they had me locked up tight until about a month ago. I don't know what was the matter exactly—they said I was crazy, but Lord knows I'm just as sane as you are or as Mr. McElmer here. Anyhow they had me locked up and I'm sure glad to be out of there.

**Y**OUR story sounds interesting, I says, let me suggest that you tell it and then Mr. Dowell tell his and then I'll tell mine. I didn't know what kind of a line I'd hand out when my turn came, but I needn't have worried—I didn't get the chance.

Kirk was rarin' to tell his tale, and that's just what I wanted. Dowell settles back to listen and Kirk starts in. You see gentlemen, I have been in my time what you might call a dramatician, a director and producer of plays, y'know. In high school and in college I did considerable dramatic work—interested in it very much—so much so that I decided to make it my pro-

fession. Well I played in stock in Lexington for a while and later in Zanesville. Then I decided that my future was not in acting but rather in directing plays and so I began a serious study of it. I helped the director on a few plays, then he got sick and I took over his place.

I was doing well, you know and I wanted to make a name for myself. I did in a way, we played all winter in Zanesville and then one of the big New York producers, needing an assistant, heard about me. After some correspondence he decided to stop at Zanesville on his way to the coast to see my play. That week we were to play 'The Seven Keys to Baldpate'—one of George M. Cohen's efforts, and I hoped to make a good impression with it.

**Y**OU see, the action of the play takes place in the lobby of a summer hotel, 'way up in the Adirondacks and the story is concerned for a large part with a big roll of bills which has been placed in the hotel safe by an old hermit. We arranged to throw the bolt in the safe with the door open and thus the combination knob could be turned with no effect on the bolt and no danger of locking the safe accidentally.

In dress rehearsal the play went off beautifully, too well in fact, I knew something was going to happen—and it surely did. My New York producer was in the audience that first night and I did want to impress him. Everything went smoothly, not a hitch, not a bobble, everything perfect until the hermit came in with his roll of bills and went to the safe—somebody had fussed with it and struck the combination because when he closed it the thing locked. Ye gods! He'd locked the money and the guns in there and nobody knew the combination. We couldn't fake the action then, we had to have them and it was too late to go—

**W**ELL they said, I guess I did too, that I cursed everybody in the cast particularly the hermit for spoiling all my chances. God forgive me, I raved for hours at him, poor fellow. I see now that it wasn't his fault, but they took me to Erlington, clear gone I guess—so that's all—you know the rest. I—

"Aha!" Dowell says, "now I know."

"Know what?" says Kirk.

"Know where we've met before—can't you remember?"

"No," says Kirk, "I don't seem to be able to do it."

"Then you don't recognize me?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Well, you ought to," Dowell says, "I'm the gny that closed the safe."

## A SUB-LEASE ON THE FOURTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 12)

President's front teeth and ever since then he has been afraid to open his mouth in public.

"It is rumored that Doheny once took dentistry because of the commendable manner in which he extracted oil leases from under Congress' nose. It was so painless that even Senator Wheeler didn't know about it until it was all over."

**A**ND now comes the Floridanized Mr. McIntyre of "Day by Day in New York" fame. He is referred to by his colleagues as a prolific writer and seasoned traveler. Twenty years ago people would have called him a blow-horn and a gad-about. Of the Medical College he has this to say:

"To my stint only to be interrupted by the boisterous arrival of Suzanne Lenglen, John Barrymore, the Prince of Wales and Sandy Griswold and we sat to a little rouge-et-noir.

"Someone suggested we go slumming, the madame mentioned the Friars club but we compromised on the Medical college. So piled in Sandy's new Wheelbaro six and were whisked away. All in a most curious mood and we nosed quizzically among the flotsam and jetsom of the clinic. The story of one old man seemed to bear the ring of truthfulness despite its coat of drug-adiet braggadacio. He was an outcast of what we must, with sardonic euphronism, refer to as exclusive society. Not two months ago he was Wall street's reigning king of finance, a mutlimillionaire with a corps of motors at his beck, a manor on the isles and a villa at Dauville, not to mention his mansions at Palm Beach, Newport and the Bronx, with a fleet of yachts for the pleasure of his friends and family. He spoke dispassionately of his downfall, his hurricane plunge into moral perdition and his loss of all possessions and personal fortunes.

"All caused by one seemingly insignificant weakness (here bitter tears of remorse 'steamed' down his face).

"Steamed is the word, for the rolling tears coming in contact with the burning desire for his admitted weakness caused a curl of steam to arise which could easily have been mistaken for halitosis.

"We wondered later what foolish habit could in so short a time tumble a man from such a lofty position, when I remembered—that insatiable manner in which he devoured salty peanuts all the time we were talking to him."

**A**ND last but not leased is Duchesne. Here is what "Bugs" Baer says about our western co-eds:

"It is whispered that this is the spawning place of the vanishing sliker. Nobody knows just what this sliker is as none have been seen at close range. The hunters say it is a migratory bird seen only during the

rainy season. The queerest part of this cookie is its plumage. Some are green and some are yellow. Both are distinguished by the non-descript lettering and drawings on the backs which might lead one to believe they were first worn by first-class sandwich men or union pickets parading in front of a neighborhood movie warning the patrons that it was not run by a union operator.

"This is also the stamping ground of the animal with similar peculiarities—The Zipper. The Zipper is the female of the gouloush species. The pilot boys—you know the ones I mean—those who pilot all in one stack—refer to it as the over shoe. This thing is also a habitue of the damp seasons feeding exclusively on slush and raw weather.

"So you will recognize one when you are out with your trusty .22—it is described as an under-slung beast that looks like a pair of bedroom slippers with Ford fenders attached.

The Zipper has about as much place in the flapper's daily life as a pig has in a synagogue. When they do become useful they're all wet. They look big enough for the old lady's shoe in a Mother Goose rhyme. The darn nuisances lace like a tobacco pouch and when those wings begin to flap an innocent spectators is lucky to escape with pneumonia from the breeze.

"AND THAT'S OFFICIAL! ! ! ! !"

### HINDU PHILOSOPHY

(Continued from Page 13)

Briefly, the Vedanta philosophy is Pantheistic, Idealistic and Mystical.

**T**HE first characteristic, Pantheism, identifies everything with a divinity, and this divinity is Brahman. The Vedanta teaches the same as the Upanishads concerning the identity of all being in Brahman, or Atman—the self, which is identical with Brahman. As quoted by Frazer: "Brahman is the self within all things, and like the ether, is omnipresent and eternal, and the self of all the universe is Brahman, so that Brahman is present everywhere, within everything, the self of everything. The soul is in itself Brahman and abides as Brahman."

Next after the Pantheistic tendency comes that of Idealism—or the theory that matter does not exist and the idea or knowledge is the only existing thing. This is based on the Vedistic concept of reality, explained, or rather speculated, in the verse: "Brahman is true, the world is false, the soul is Brahman and nothing else." Matter is but illusion or Maya. The knowledge of matter is only nescience or inborn human nature, and when expelled the mind perceives Brahman as the only reality. All phenomena are real, however, as they are Brahman; only the multiplicity and distinction of

phenomena are illusion. True knowledge is but that of Brahman.

The immortality of the soul is a truism to the Hindus. The Atman, or soul, is a part of Brahman. So long as the world of illusion is viewed as real, the soul remains enclosed in a subtle ghost body, surrounded by a world of phenomena, and therefore partakes in actions and liable to transmigrations. True knowledge can alone free the soul from its surrounding bondage of the subtle body, and to recognize the whole world as an illusion. Not only men, but the gods, not only animals, but plants possess souls—for into their bodies the transmigrating soul of man may pass so long as its subtle body clings to it. On death, the soul which has performed good deeds, and gained some knowledge of Brahman, passes from the body with its surrounding subtle body—it is said—through the one hundred and firstartery, which is in the head—to Brahman, either as Indra, Varuna, or Prajapati. Here the soul abides in majesty for all time, learning more knowledge of Brahman and completing the annihilation of individuality. These souls which do not gain this lower knowledge, but have performed good deeds, go to the moon, but later return with their subtle bodies through the wind, smoke, mist, ether, etc., into plants and then into a man. Those who gain no knowledge and do not good deeds descent into one of the seven hells of death to suffer torment, but later are transmigrated into a new human body in some unexplainable way.

All the trickery and magical powers which are supposed to be attributed to the Hindus is mostly practiced to show and prove that matter is Maya—or illusion. Perhaps the Hindus were and are greater metaphysicians than we; thus the belief that the only reality is the soul, the idea, etc., is reasonable if interpreted correctly. However, they did exaggerate.

**T**HE mystical side of Hindu Vedantism lies in attaining an end by mystical practices and this end is the deliverance from illusion. Deliverance from the illusion comes only from knowledge which tells the soul that it is identical with Brahman. This act of deliverance is carried out as follows: Penance and sacrifice, get rid of the illusion, by knowledge, and concentrate on the self, or Brahman.

The most practical side of Hindu philosophy lies in the second step: attainment of knowledge. It is never attained except by discipline. The strongest form of discipline is called Yoga philosophy or oecticism. Yoga is defined as the suspension of the principle of consciousness. These practices can only be learned from a teacher for many of the mysteries cannot be found in text books. India today is thronged with followers of the Yoga, who are looked upon as having supernatural powers. Many of them are sincere, others mere charle-

tans, and a large number demented. The lower Yoga is practiced by filling eight rules, some of them being: Repeating the mystical syllable Om—assuming definite postures—by abstraction and meditation. Some of the practices seem impossible, others indescribable. Some of the mild ones are: To sit with the heels placed on the stomach, the chin fixed on the breast, and the eyes fixed on the spot between the eyebrows, for a period of twelve years. Thus contemplating the soul many magical powers are gained. To become free from old age and death, the membrane of the tongue should daily be gradually cut until it is severed and can be turned upwards. To purify the mind, a piece of cloth about four inches wide and four feet long should be swallowed and then drawn out again.

**T**HESSE practices are, however, only the preliminary tests. Such tortures have been practiced before the time of Alexander the Great. Frazer gives an account of one Yogi who sat, without clothing, in the hot weather, with the sun beating down on him, and four fires burning constantly around him. His fingernails had pierced the palm of the hand from constant clenching. His bed was studded with sharp iron spikes. In the cold weather water was continually poured on his head. He sometimes buried himself in the ground for days with only his head above the surface. He had looked at the sun until his vision was gone. Yet he was supposed to have the power of working miracles. Others suspend the arms above the head until all flesh disappears and they become fixed in that position until death.

**T**HE social and religious life of Hindu India traces itself back to Aryan culture and Vedic times. Shiva and Vishnu still remain. It was feared in India that the old religious beliefs would crumble before the influx of modern thought. But the spiritual view of life, her idealism which makes her view the real as relatively of minor importance, and her sacred belief in Vedic revelation, causes India today to still worship in its temples early saints and sages.

The masses of the people do not practice either the Yoga religion or believe the Vedanta philosophy. Brahmanism is not as popular as in earlier times, and only a few temples devoted to Brahman are left. The highest caste, that of the Brahmans—(or those who were originally the mediums between the people and their gods)—receives no longer the superstitious respect of the educated. For a vague ideal of a brotherhood of mankind has crept in with the coming of modern western thought and religion, to finally culminate in a feeling of nationalism. There is a new spirit of toleration being developed which transcends all sects. The ideal which is evidently involved inspires an increasing pride

in past traditions and in the literary record of the past ages.

A prominent Protestant Bible Worker claims that "the Hindu has no fanatical opposition to Christianity. So long as he is not asked to abandon his own religion, he is quite ready to appreciate what is good in Christianity and to listen to the teachings of the missionaries." Perhaps it is true—and perhaps not. The lower class Hindu is, like all orientals, intensely superstitious. He has different gods to pray to for every fear he imagines. And the more magical and mystical a religion is the more it appeals to him.

**A**CCORDING to Frazer (prominent English lecturer and student of India) universities are being built, and there is a movement to foster the teaching of Hinduistic theology and philosophy. But Frazer, being English, forgets that—although the benevolent English imperialism is supposed to have removed many of the barbaric practices, in justice to India it might be remarked that Great Britain as yet appears to be more anxious to promote her own economic interests than to educate the native population. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that of the total population of the great Indian Empire more than 94 per cent can neither read nor write. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why India still remains immersed in religious practices, and a stern caste system based on religion, that show no improvement upon the thought and religion of one of the still strangely oriental nations of the East.

Yet, Hindu philosophy—though speculative and not rational, has had some effect on modern thought. Although their speculations may seem strange to the modern material-minded person, there is much to be grateful to them for in the field of philosophy. For the Hindus gave themselves to the search, for the answer to the questions: "Whence are we come?" "Whereby do we live?" "Whither do we go?" What more can you ask in Philosophy?

#### **A MAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD HIS COLLEGE**

(Continued from Page 15)

assignments made by the faculty. Therefore, it is concluded, this evil should be eradicated, and then the colleges of the country will become more popular.

The attitude of the man who really sees the value of the college to himself, and how much the faculty makes up the very warp and woof of the college, has a feeling of respect and admiration for these men who are teaching him, who are contributing to his knowledge of life, and who are a seat of wisdom and of learning.

**I**T is the man who has a constructive criticism to offer and never "knocks" just to be ridiculing everyone and everything, the man who has the good

of his college at heart and is not indifferent to its fortune and policies, the man who is willing to co-operate with his faculty and school officials in order to get the most out of his college career, the man who has a feeling of respect and admiration for those professors who are worthy of it, and the man who gives his best to the college because he knows that his reward will be the best that the college can give him in return.

That is the type of man that Creighton University must have if it is to prosper and grow. Then, those who are so willing to pick out every flaw in our make-up will be given the opportunity to say: "That college lacks every vestige of college spirit." Let's show them!

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### THAT GAME

(Continued from Page 17)

Paul used his cannonball and scored another ace, making it 40-40. It was plainly seen that Mr. Amos was tiring fast, youth was a little too much for him. But again his court-generalship won him the next point. Tied again. Would that game never end? Paul put all his strength in his next serve and scored again. His advantage. Again he served, the ball fairly whistled across the net, propelled by the last bit of strength in Paul's arm. It went true, struck the corner of the court and then bounced out. It was an ace, and the game was over. Paul had won!

MR. AMOS came up to the net to congratulate the victor. Both were covered with sweat and dust. Both plainly were all in. But as Paul went up to the net he saw something in Mr. Amos' eyes that he could not explain.

"Congratulations, Paul. You played a wonderful game and you deserved to win. Come up to supper tonight, will you?"

"Thank you. I will be glad to come," replied Paul.

Twenty minutes later he met Claire and she congratulated him in a true lover's fashion, and then both went to see Mr. Amos, who was seated in the library when the couple entered. He arose and put his arm about Paul and smiled.

"Paul, I know why you are here. You have my permission to marry Claire. I want to congratulate you on the decision that you made before entering the court today. It was the decision that won Claire. So, now—"

But Paul and Claire had left. They were happy. Why not?

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### THE MEDICAL CLINIC

(Continued from Page 18)

medicine which the student has acquired, to make him doubt the feasibility of following medicine as his life's

work, and to generally demoralize his determination to lend assistance to suffering humanity. Of course, there may be exceptions to this, and the patient may present a typical text book example of his disease, but such cases are rare, for the beginner at any rate.

The average student, no matter with how much brains he is naturally endowed, is just a little abashed when called upon to treat his first patient. He is much like the little boy who is to recite his piece at the graduation exercises. The piece has been religiously memorized and practiced, now when it really counts, "will it come out all right?" Oh, how nervous the little boy is. Nevertheless, the student musters up his courage, smiles graciously, and leads his patient (or victim) into one of the examining rooms. Here he puts on a bold front with more or less of a bored air and begins, employing meanwhile a little of that universal commodity called "bunk," with which medical students are, as a rule, abundantly blessed. He politely offers the patient a chair and explains to him that he must answer a few questions which will aid in the diagnosis of the case. To this there are varied and sundry reactions. One patient may calmly and resignedly reply, "All right, Doctor," at which the student, forgetting for the moment his station in life, looks about the room to see who the third party is. It is the first time that he has been addressed by that appellation, seriously at least. Another patient, whose exposure to the elements and the hard knocks of life has produced such a tough individual that he combs his hair with a enrry-comb, may gruffly growl, "I know what's the matter with me, all I want's a dose of salts." Such a patient is generally easily disposed of by complying with his wishes and assuring him that everything will be all right.

THEN there are patients who come into the clinic entertaining the idea that the practice of medicine is a hoax and that their part in the game consists of throwing up barriers for the doctor to tear down in the process of determining the nature of their ailments.

It is a natural question for the student to ask, "Well, Mr. Jones, what's the trouble?" To which he often receives the retort: "That's for you to find out, Doc."—as if the students were there to answer riddles, work out puzzles or the like. However, some cases are indeed puzzling considering the symptoms that are outlined by the patient.

Some individuals come in complaining of every pain, ailment, distress and defect known to the medical science. Which, if everything was true, would have effected their resignation from this vale of tears, trials and tribulations long ago. So the problem is to cull out from this chaotic mass of symptoms those which are the true index of the patient's condition. By observations, physical examination, and cross-examina-

tion (it would do well for doctors to have had a course in law in some instances), a diagnosis is reached. After considering what treatment and medications will be most beneficial for the particular case, a prescription is given to the patient with instructions regarding its use. He is asked to report in a few days.

**W**HEN the patient reappears several days later, the student can tell at a glance how his prescription has worked. He is either greeted with a smile of gratitude or with one of derision. If by the former, his self-confidence is greatly increased, and he feels amply rewarded for his efforts. If by the latter he gives himself the benefit of the doubt and suspects that his instructions have not been carried out thoroughly. At any rate, he is happy to think that the patient has come back to give him another chance.

As time goes on the novice doctor loses his nervousness and assumes his duties in a serious and intelligent light. He now begins to understand and to appreciate the power of medicine in combating physical ailments and the indispensable assistance which it renders nature in the restoration of health. He begins to realize also what a marked influence suggestion has upon the reaction of the patient to his treatment.

The most valuable asset to a doctor is the power to gain the confidence of his client. Once this is established, sound, intelligent treatment will invariably meet with certain and favorable response. This confidence is gained through patient and sympathetic attention to the patient's story. Sincere interest must be shown in his condition. An occasional bit of banter serves to dispel the gloom and despair from his heart. And (last but not least) the doctor must furnish relief to the patient from his sufferings.

**T**HE clinic, therefore is of utmost importance in the course of a student's education. Besides the fundamentals of medicine which he is obliged to learn in order to attain any success as a practicing physician, he develops an understanding of human nature; human nature in the rough, shorn of all the accoutrements of hypocrisy. He learns the true meaning of misery and suffering and above all he learns to appreciate his good fortune in having sound health when he sees so vividly the afflictions to which mankind is subjected. He is bound to be a better and greater man for his experiences.

### HIS LAST SCOOP

(Continued from Page 20)

around the plant, or else they are fired. The news paper game knows no mercy and after the long grind burns the heart out of its followers and discards them. It is a simple case of the survival of the fittest. Cully

was past fifty and on his last legs, but was trying to fight on when the gray in his hair pointed towards the park bench or the poor house. Like the rest of his kind, he could not save money. Cully's vacations were few. It had been rumored around the office that he was backing certain wildcat stocks and these stocks at present were selling on the curb for practically nothing. His favorite pastime when not engaged in playing the stocks was to take the bum or the floater and give him a good meal and a bed.

**B**ARNES was the first to break the silence. "Rosie," he said, "it's by me. You know what it means to get old in this game. It means, so far as Cully is concerned, his death warrant."

"It may be so in other cases," said Rosie, "but I'm backing the old man to come through and deliver the goods. He will pull out of the hole with his colors flying, wait and see. He is far from young now, and I've been expecting the break for a long time, but so far it has not come. He has it in him."

"Yes, Rosie, Cully is a real sport, and I, for one, hope he wins out."

Barnes turned slowly and walked down the aisle to his desk near the door. As soon as he sat down, life seemed to spring into his veins once more, and soon his typewriter was clicking like a machine gun as he began a story for the Sunday edition which followed the "bull-dog" edition.

The time passed quickly by, as it always does to the normal reporter. The average reporter is like an aviator speeding against Time to break a record. Father Time, his big enemy, is always just one jump ahead of him.

The door swung open sharply and Cully hurried into the room with a short stride of nervous activity. Barnes kissed his cigars goodbye as he saw a faint bulge inside of the faded topcoat. He looked up to meet the stare of his chief.

"Barnes—see you inside in a few minutes," and Cully had passed into his little office.

**B**ARNES finished the story he had been working on and took it up to the copy desk. The story which he had written was soon winging its way down a steel carrier to the set-up room. Barnes turned around and made his way to the chief's office.

"Come in," greeted his knock, and he entered and stood before the desk of his chief.

"Well, Barnes, I smoke El Paxos. Here are those pictures. Simple, eh?" The city editor was not in the habit of wasting time in cordialities.

"I'll tell you how I got it. After reaching the Frenwick house and seeing the private dicks hanging around the premises I thought I was up a tree, just as you have

been. However, I differed from you in one respect. I used my head. You didn't. I went up the walk and told the dicks that I was Frenwick's private secretary and you know they aren't allowed in the house, to see anyone. Well, they were as nice as you please and I found myself inside talking to the butler. The butler informed me that Miss Frenwick would be down presently. When she came down I told her who I was and told her about needing her picture for a story. I also mentioned that you fellows had tried to get the pictures and couldn't. She told me that since I had been the first to ask for the pictures I might have them. She also said that you fellows had tried to steal them and that was why you didn't get them. Not so hard as it seemed. Eh, Barnes?"

"No-o, sir," Barnes replied, dumbfounded. "I never thought of that. No, sir. It's funny I never thought of that."

"Well, Barnes, the old man isn't so bad after all. But listen, you take the story and spread it over the front page. The scoop is yours if you keep still about it. Understand?"

Barnes jerked violently, but straightened up. Taking the story and the pictures he hurried out of the office.

Saying thanks to Cully was a waste of time.

**I**T was the Monday after the publication of the scoop about the Frenwick scandal. The girl had known nothing of the scandal and had foolishly given away the pictures, which were the key to the whole story. Barnes and Rosenthal were taking it easy, Barnes occupying a seat on Rosenthal's desk. Monday was always a slack day in the office and especially just after the noon edition had come out.

"Well, Rosie, what do you think of the scoop I pulled yesterday?"

"Say, Barney," Rosenthal answered, "how in the name of mud did you get that story? I was wise to the fact that the chief called you into the office and I'll bet that he got it. Barney, the smile gives you away. How does he like the cigars?"

Barnes was in a happy mood for one who has paid a bet. "Cully got it all right and was good enough to hand it to me—it is the same as a raise in salary. But say, Rosie, the old man has something new up his sleeve. He had a private conference with me this morning. Do you want to know what it is?"

Rosenthal could not restrain his eagerness. "What is it?"

"He is going to write up a special story about some big murder or suicide which he has the inside dope on. The only thing he would tell me was that he wants a headline and a three column space held for his story

which is to come out tomorrow as an extra. I wonder what it is?"

"You started out as if you knew something," said Rosie, who had his nose cooked in the air as if trying to figure out some difficult problem. He was known for his shrewdness, but this was beyond him. Why should the old man want half the front page for a story? It must be a big one.

Late that night, Barnes and Rosenthal were still on duty, waiting for the big story of the chief's to be brought to them. Barnes was to look over the story and Rosenthal was to do the feature work.

**M**IDNIGHT was drawing near and still no word had come from the usually hurrying Cully. Barnes was smoking cigaret after cigaret and his face was twitching with impatience and nervousness. Rosie was as imperturbable as ever, napping when Barnes was not bothering him. The only answer he would give to Barnes' many questions was: "Don't worry. The chief will come out all right."

Cully had gone out earlier in the evening "to get more dope," as he said. He had promised to have the story in the office by ten o'clock.

"Barnes, remember to play this up big. It will probably be the last story that I'll ever write."

There seemed to be a tinge of sadness in his voice as he threw these words over his shoulder on his way out of the plant. But Barnes noticed that the same old gleam of determination was still sparkling in his eyes, and the quick stride had no lessening.

It was just two hours before the morning edition went to press. Barnes by this time had worked himself into frenzy, while his friend was calmly sleeping.

"Barnes! Barnes! Call for Barnes!"

A copy boy entered the room waving a mass of copy above his head.

"Here, kid; hurry it up," cried Barnes, with a sense of relief stealing over him.

**H**E tore open the copy and read the headlines. His nerveless fingers dropped the crumpled sheets and he slumped back in his chair. A chalky look stole over his face and the nervous twitching was replaced by a gloomy calm. He picked up the story again and read it slowly and with difficulty. The chief was a terrible scribbler. Seeing that Rosenthal was still asleep, he decided not to bother him for a while. The noisy clatter of a typewriter filled the silence for about half an hour. Barnes finished and rising stiffly, walked over to Rosenthal's desk.

"Wake up, Rosie. Come to life. The story is in and we've only got an hour."

Rosenthal slowly came to life and sleepily stared up at the man who was shaking him violently. He shiv-

ered, rubbed his eyes, and stretched to his full height of five feet, three.

"Oh, hullo, Barnes." Rosie was once more alert. "Why all the hurry? You say the story is in? I told you the chief would come through. Leave it to him. I'll bet it is a knockout."

Barnes shook his head and laying the finished story on the desk, turned silently and left the office.

Rosenthal picked up the neat manuscript and plunged into the story. The same change as had taken place in Barnes came over him—only greater.

"My God," he muttered, "the stuff's all off."

He began to assemble his tools to prepare the lay-out of the story.

**T**HE next morning the Times came out with the biggest story in years. Clear across the front page was spread the banner headline:

CITY EDITOR OF THE TIMES WRITES STORY  
OF HIS OWN SUICIDE

"CULLY" FIELD KILLS HIMSELF IN A DOWNTOWN HOTEL

After Writing the Story of His Suicide, Cully Field, City Editor of The Times, Killed Himself With a .32 Caliber Automatic, in the Rome Hotel, on West 50th Street, at 11 O'clock Last Night.

**T**HEN followed a detailed story of how the chief had planned the scheme, because he was broke and expected to be fired in the near future.

Rosie Rosenthal had done himself proud in making the lay-out—one of the best in years. Barnes, by some unknown means, had acquired the style of a master writer, and the story was the best the Times had ever recorded.

"Cully" Fields had made his last "Scoop."

**DINERS I HAVE SEEN**

(Continued from Page 21)

tiful table. A certain amount of curiosity is aroused in every woman as she wonders just how the table is set, and who her partner for the evening will be. To a woman this is the most important thing of the evening. It is not a case of caring for this or that particular dish, but whether or not her partner has an interesting personality and does not carry his business to the dinner table. At a time like this we can pick the educated from the uneducated, and the cultured from the ordinary. Dinner is announced and after the usual delay everyone is seated and the dinner is ready to be served. At this very time we have the opportunity to study character, poise and personality,

for this might be termed the breaking point. A casual glance will reveal so much to the experienced hostess and in the first few courses you are branded either a success or a failure.

**T**HE hostess at the end of the table is in her glory. The party is moving along nicely with no cause for worry in the least. In addition to this she is a clever conversationalist and never at a loss for either topic or words. She has the inbred satisfaction that comes only from association and environment. Taking a turn to the guests we discover a great many things. The third man over on the left wishes the dinner were over when there is still four courses to be served. The expression on his face tells you he would give a great deal to be away from it all. His wife, just across and over two, is the center of attention. We might say she vies with the hostess for the honors of the evening. A personality that is magnetic, and a style and grace in her eating that is a pleasure to watch. Looking around the table we see others who are the ordinary guests, that is, those who do not attract your attention. At every dinner party we have one or two guests who stand out apart from the rest of them, and it will do well to watch them.

As the last course is served, here and there a man has allowed his shirt front to suffer just a bit. Sometimes the women have a slip between the cup and the lip, but very seldom. As we study each guest we say to ourselves: How many times and where has he dined before? Would you care to know him just a bit better or has he been marked with the brand of the impossible? These questions and answers stare you in the face, but to the experienced diner they are answered in a moment's reflection.

**D**INING in America is something that must be cultivated instead of being forgotten. We are cutting out the worth-while things for the sake of getting back to the office to catch a few more dollars. No wonder a business man is bored to death when he is asked to spend a couple of hours at a dinner party when he has been used to taking a possible half an hour.

**FROM A SAILOR'S DIARY**

(Continued from Page 19)

**I**FELL into a reverie as I watched her fade away with the sun, until, in the dying light, she became a speck on the horizon, finally sinking into the waves like a nymph. The last of a once mighty fleet. No more will she grace the seven seas as in days gone by for men have grown avaricious and gold is more precious than beauty. Wealth has usurped the position of godliness.

I turned from the rail and made my way to the bridge. I took the wheel once more. Again the sickening stench of raw sugar greeted me. From the realm of fancy back again to the sordidness of reality. The sun was blood red. I could almost hear the hiss as it sank into the sea. In a minute or two it would be dusk. Then tropical night, Stygian in its blackness. I was glad of that, for I wanted to carry my dream with me into the night, there to dream it again.

### THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

(Continued from Page 10)

they chose this time to put them into effect. Every colony was up in arms, denouncing the King and his policies, and gathering followers as matters grew worse. Virginia was affected, as well as the others, and this was the bone of contention in the House of Burgesses during Jefferson's first term. Jefferson was asked to frame a reply to such outrages. The assembly approved the context, so heartily that the work was printed in pamphlet form and distributed among the people. It was not long in reaching England, where it found eager readers, besides causing no little stir in the governing bodies of that country. The antagonism between the two countries was becoming more defined each day, yet the leaders of the colonists did not relinquish their efforts to make the breach more pronounced. Events were rapidly bringing matters to a crisis, but Jefferson continued to maintain his initiative throughout, always striving for a more unified and concentrated action on the part of the colonists.

Jefferson took his place among the most able men of his day as a writer of documents, stating in so many concise and exact terms, the real purpose of the people. His reputation as a writer preceded him to his seat in the Continental Congress, which fact enabled him to assume a prominent place in that body of men, picked by an oppressed people. Jefferson did not regard his position lightly; he understood the responsibilities connected with it and acted accordingly. Events were rapidly stirring the people to definite action. They realized that it was now or never. They had gone too far to turn back. This sentiment manifested itself in the newly assembled Congress. Delegates from some colonies were instructed to declare "the United Colonies free and independent States."

THE ensuing debate brought out the fact that some were not yet ready, or had not received the necessary instructions authorizing them to take such action. Discussion was postponed that those in doubt might have time to get favorable instructions. Congress, ever trying to keep the interest of the people at a high pitch, appointed a committee to draft a declaration of independence, whereby all colonies would declare them-



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*A T A L L D E A L E R S*

selves free and independent. The major portion of the important work fell upon Jefferson who was well-fitted for the task. It later became known that it was he who actually wrote the paper, except for an addition here or a deduction there by one or two of the committeemen.

It left no doubt in the minds of the people or in the mind of the King as to just what the colonists intended to do. The time was ripe for definite action and the colonists chose this means of proclaiming themselves, but not until all were satisfied with the content of the paper. The usual hard-fought debates preceded the acceptance of the declaration, which was solemnized by the signing of the document on July 4, 1776.

It is indeed a great work; a masterpiece of one so richly endowed. Jefferson's personality and ideals are ideally portrayed, as are also his gentleness, his firmness, his fascinating style of expression, combined with his idea of a free and democratic government, and his desire of unhindered liberty for an oppressed nation.

The people appreciated his efforts, and proved this when they elected him for a second term, which he chose to decline. Instead, he turned his activities to establishing a stronger and better government in his own Commonwealth. He was deeply interested in the projects that were undertaken.

**H**IS acceptance of the seat in the House of Burgesses for the second time once more placed him in the limelight of politics. Jefferson showed the greater initiative of one who understood his purpose and was willing to put forth every effort to accomplish what he had in mind. His capacity as a free-thinker, unhesitating with regards as to the stir that he might cause, showed itself in its entirety. He was directly responsible for the many reforms and changes that took place in the Commonwealth of Virginia, all due to his untiring effort and ardent desire to see an equality among people. His firmness bespoke the success which he attained in the passage of all but one bill. Some of the reforms he brought about are: abolishment of the system of entail; the principle of primogeniture; and the establishment of the freedom of worship. It does not seem possible that one man could effect so many reforms in so short a time, but perhaps this will be clarified if the extent of his powers were known. He was the voice of the multitude, and their actions indicated that the time was ripe for such a revision of customs. He failed in only one reform, the one in which he took the most interest; namely, the emancipation of the slaves. Debates, many and long, preceded the defeat of the bill; yet he did not give up, but hoped that the time was not far away when the people would realize the value of such a move. However, he did not

live to see it. Jefferson's wisdom and foresight had brought him in the foreground of state government reform.

**A**S the "war" governor of Virginia, Jefferson did not fare so well. He was enthusiastic in the duties of his office, but there were times when this enthusiasm often carried him too far, yet he always managed to keep safely within the limits of sensible reasoning. He lacked the rare judgment of the military man, not because he did not have the mental powers, but because his mind was not trained for such emergencies. The condition of affairs had much to do with the decisions he did make, but in spite of all, his efforts to prevent the devastation of property were of no avail. The enemy entered the state and did much as they pleased, while an adequate force was being mustered to prevent further destruction. After much unnecessary effort, this was accomplished, but not until the damage had been done. Results might have been different had the decision been made more quickly, but, as I have pointed out, the unmilitary mind cannot make military decisions.

The criticisms developing from this inability inflicted a wound upon the governor that was not easily healed. He withdrew from active public life, stating that his estates demanded attention and that he was desirous of leaving politics to those better suited to absorb the rasping criticisms of the public.

His retirement was short-lived, for he was called into active duty as the country's representative to France, an experience that showed his true worth as a statesman. From his position in a foreign country he saw the necessity of a closer union of the States for the purpose of foreign relationships, which, if the States were to succeed as a nation, afforded an avenue for the development of the industrial and commercial as well as the agricultural pursuits of the country. Jefferson learned the value of sound government and the complete co-operation on the part of the new nation, after countries in Europe hesitated in making commercial alliances, inferring that too many weaknesses existed. Keen observation stored a reserve of material to be used in later years in dealings with countries across the waters. He noted their customs, their manner of business, their parliamentary procedure, in fact nothing of importance escaped his watchful eye. The French respected his ability as a statesman by asking him at various times to assist in the framing of a constitution for their new-born republic, but he declined the offer on the plea that it was beyond his power to do such a thing.

**J**EFFERSON returned to his home December 23, 1789, presumably for a short visit, because he intended to return to France to watch the progress of the French

Revolution. His ambitions and desires were short-lived. Washington prevailed upon him to accept the position of Secretary of State. He wanted to decline, knowing that the acceptance meant the abandonment of his foreign trips, yet he accepted to gratify the President's wishes.

The new duties were of a much more and difficult nature than anything he had attempted before. Everything was not so lovely in the cabinet, due mainly to political differences of its members. This led to a breach between Hamilton and Jefferson. Jefferson had been duped by Hamilton in a transaction, the success of which greatly helped Hamilton to increase his power in politics, and at the same time proved to be a temporary hindrance to Jefferson. Jefferson appreciated the value of truth in politics and was quite taken aback at the boldness and calmness with which some of the members of the cabinet disregarded the fundamental law of trust. This caused the breach between the two great statesmen to widen, creating a furor in the administrative affairs of the government, which widening was the beginning of two political parties that have existed up to the present day. Events and criticisms, one after another, tended to maintain the division that had been made, for it was beyond either of the combatants to affect a reconciliation where there would be no similar party feeling.

**H**AMILTON had been a very influential figure in the early day government, but his principles were tearing down the power he had enjoyed at this time. His ever-ready willingness to expose the faults of the government and his infringement upon the duties of the cabinet officers produced no good opinion in the minds of the newly-freed people. Such a dissenter did not belong in the high and powerful office that he held.

Jefferson was much more diplomatic in his assertions and criticisms of his opponent than his adversary tried to be. Though he knew as much about the weaknesses of the government as did Hamilton, he hesitated to publish the facts, lest what had already been created would be in danger of collapse. He let his criticisms out to those who were responsible for the betterment and advancement of such a worthy government, hoping that, as an outside critic, his remarks would not be taken too lightly.

The differences of opinion of the two men in politics were also reflected in their interpretation of the constitution. Hamilton was of the opinion that only those of the higher and better educated classes should have the "say" in the law-making of the country. In other words, the aristocrats were to be the choice for such an important work, to rule as they saw fit. His foreign policy had not the essence of equality, since he continually instigated trouble with one country while try-

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ing to establish peaceful relations with its rival. The old adage that equality for all promotes harmony among people and nations did not enter into the policies of his office and party; his was, let there be a leader and his word the law.

**J**EFFERSON practiced and promoted equality among all classes of people, preaching and writing that without such an equality the nation could not hope to exist. This conviction he maintained throughout life, despite the opposition and criticism of opposing factions. The constitution meant to him the foundation of a country made free by struggle and strife, whose people had fought and died for the things they now cherished: liberty and equality. Why should a country be overly willing to accept the friendship of one country and throw down that of another? Such a policy has been the contention of nations throughout the past ages, but Jefferson's views and beliefs were not altogether consistent with such practices. This was the spirit of a democratic people to whom peace and harmony were the joy of living.

Such a difference in the make-up of the two leaders of opposed parties was reflected in the antagonism displayed in the questions of the day, which questions were of a great importance to this country. Let us keep in mind the reaction of this country with reference to the foreign world. The Genet incident fully illustrates the differences of opinion that ranged in the country. The new French republic had declared war on England for a reason known only to themselves. This struggle was of vital interest to the people of this country, for it was of such a nature as to cause us to state our neutrality. The difficulty was aggravated by the arrival of the new French Minister, Genet, a man of such unscrupulous energy as bordered on reclusiveness. His activities in this country soon proved to be his downfall, making it necessary for our president to ask for his recall, but not before he had stirred the people into frenzy by his speeches and letters. Everyone capable of discussions entered into the verbal conflict with heart and soul, with the result that when hostilities ceased, two distinct party lines had developed. They were the outgrowth of the differences of the followers of Hamilton and Jefferson, but on a gross scale embodying the whole nation.

**D**URING this period of excitement, Jefferson served as a counter-balance to the proposals and demands of his opponents, who wanted Genet expelled bodily. Speech after speech by him incensed Hamilton, whom Genet had used as a target for his sarcasm, for which Hamilton did everything in his power to have such a radical deported. The case was carried to the president, who was wholly in sympathy with

Hamilton's requests. Washington hesitated with his decision when the arguments of both men were heard. The affair was to be handled in a different way than the one suggested by Hamilton. It was to be taken care of in a manner most expeditious and pleasing to the whole country, after a suggestion by Jefferson, whose statesmanship and tact took the place of a more or less deliberate plan of action. Our foreign policy was not disturbed, thought it might have been had the other means been resorted to.

Jefferson longed for the quiet life of his estate where he would enjoy rest among his own. The past years in public life had put no little strain upon him, which was occasioned by his readiness at all times to put forth his entire effort that the nation and its people might be benefited by his services. The call was too great and he returned to Monticello, amidst the rejoicings of his household, to take life easier.

Jefferson returned to his estate in body only, because his mind, heart, and soul were too vitally interested in his country's affairs for him to drop out so suddenly. His interest is manifested by the letters he wrote to the leading men of the government and to the mainstays of the party, expressing his views upon the questions of the day as he saw them from his position as a farmer. Gentle criticisms and suggestions such as only one who views the game from the outside can give found their way to those engaged in political work.

**T**HE presidential election of 1796 brought out the fact that the Federalists were rapidly losing their power, while Jefferson's party was gaining strength and followers through sound political principles advocated. The ruling powers of the government were divided; primarily, because the Federalists were at war among themselves and split at the election; secondly, because the Republicans were a solid body and remained so in the balloting. As a result, Adams was elected president, with Jefferson, vice-president. The administration saw the diminishing of Hamilton's powers as a ruler over a united party, which fact served to show the greatness of Jefferson in keeping his party intact. The people demanded a safe and sound policy in governmental affairs, a mark of good judgment on their part and serving to show the active interest developed by the formation of the two parties. The one of sound principles found itself growing in leadership and power, which rise was justified.

The animosity of the parties did not subside to any great extent. In fact, it increased. Adams, combative in nature, did nothing to promote harmony among the officials of the administration, which only served to make the party differences more pronounced. Jefferson carried out the work of his office in commendable fashion, always working for the interest of his country,

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the welfare of which he held dear to his heart. We have instance of this in the X. Y. Z. affair.

**T**HE Federalists were quick to grasp this as an opportunity for war, which would have been a certainty had they been allowed to overlook the formality of inquiring as to the details of the insult. Such a move was not in sympathy with the majority of the people, who strongly supported the Republicans in their more conservative stand. There had been a miscarriage of trust, but why make matters worse by throwing the country into needless war just to satisfy the whim of an irate president? Jefferson prevented, by his influence, such action on the part of Adams and his followers, which, needless to say, establishes in our minds the conservative policy Jefferson adopted in important questions during the infancy of self-government. The new French republic showed the folly of quick and unsound reasoning by its war with England, and its consequences. Jefferson profited by the experience of others.

The election of the president in 1800 was a repetition of the preceding affair, though made more prominent by its intensive debates and assuming at times the proposition of personal grudge. The wrangling ended abruptly by the majority choosing Jefferson as their next president.

Simplicity marked Jefferson's first term as the nation's chief executive. The inauguration exercises compared favorably with his principles of simplicity, for they were held without the show of the inaugurals of the presidents before him. With the ruling party in force, against which there was little or no opposition, save meager criticisms by opponents, the country was hopeful of a prosperous period. They were not to be disappointed, inasmuch that Jefferson lived up to his party principles, deviating slightly if at all from them. He was a man of his word and honor.

**E**VERYONE anticipated a wholesale clean-up of governmental positions, especially those held by the Federalists. But party principles were no hindrance in the governmental policies of Jefferson, and hence one may imagine the surprise and chagrin of his opponents when he retained those already in office. Such enmity as they held for him was dismissed by him as a consequence of the vision of defeat that the opposing party leaders were experiencing. His was a policy of keeping the best men in the office provided they showed the necessary qualifications and exercised the proper judgment in the execution of their duties.

(To be concluded in Graduation Number.)