

so far as to create an undergraduate institution, Clark College, with a separate head. (The college and the university were combined recently.) In spite of obstacles, Hall developed a really admirable postgraduate school with all its emphasis on research. It was not "well balanced," his own subject of psychology coming in for the lion's share, but it did fine work in research, and developed several brilliant "one man" departments where teaching was done with socratic simplicity and effectiveness. Above all, it cherished the tradition that a university is a place where the winds of freedom blow, that the mind which must be sheltered from dangerous doctrine is not worth saving, that security lies in fearlessly probing for the truth, however deep it lies.

With the advent of Atwood as Hall's successor two years ago, a change in emphasis was immediately noticeable, according to competent testimony. Dr. Atwood, a geographer, very naturally wished to forward the interests of that science. Dr. Atwood is, moreover, far closer to the typical college president than his predecessor. He spoke to me almost pathetically of his desire for new buildings, a new campus, a bigger, better Clark—with an emphasis, which may have been accidental, on the first of these adjectives. University endowments, like kisses, go by favor; and the people with the money are usually the ones who look with distrust, if not actual apprehension, on "radical ideas." Many persons in Worcester believe that Dr. Atwood is motivated in his desire to curb the discussion of dangerous doctrines by his realization that such things hinder his program for making a Clark which will be not only bigger and better, but more like the conventional American university, with a "well-rounded" group of departments and activities.

But this does not necessarily imply that freedom of speech will be curtailed in the future at Clark. The Nearing affair was an accident—an angry man taking on impulse a position the implications of which he had by no means thought out. That the student body should have exploded at once into a frenzy of protest seems to me one of the most refreshing and encouraging signs in a long time that American youth, even in these post-war years, has lost none of its resiliency. I shall never forget a perfect day at Clark, during which I met dozens of young men who were filled with the spirit of Patrick Henry, and were having a beautiful time at it, even though in the midst of an impassioned avowal that they would shed all their blood for Clark's freedom, they might pause for earnest consultation on practice hours for the spring baseball squad.

After all, the fact which college presidents find it hardest to remember is at the same time the most important fact of all: an incident like the suppression of Nearing does more to create a spirit of revolt among the students than a hundred unhampered Nearings could do in ten years. I think Dr. Atwood missed that point, though he may have learned it since. "Nearing tells the students that colleges suppress free speech in the interest of the capitalist class," he observed. "I suppress Nearing's meeting; whereupon the students accuse me of doing it in the interest of the capitalists. Doesn't that prove that Nearing's arguments have made an impression on the boys?"

Not a bit of it, Dr. Atwood; it only shows that you played into his hands in a manner ludicrously pat. I don't believe the students at Clark need to be wrapped in cotton wool; but even if they did, the events of the past fortnight are sufficient proof that the effort to do so only results in their taking a solemn vow that they will have no more to do with cotton wool for the rest of their lives.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Elegy

on a Dead Mermaid Washed Ashore at Plymouth Rock

Pallidly sleeping, the Ocean's mysterious daughter
Lies in the lee of the boulder that shattered her charms;
Dawn rushes over the level horizon of water
And touches to flickering crimson her face and her arms,
While every scale in that marvelous tail
Quivers with colour like sun on a Mediterranean sail.

Could you not keep to the ocean that lulls the Equator,
Soulless, immortal, and fatally fair to the gaze,
Or were you called to the North by an ecstasy greater
Than any you knew in those ancient and terrible days
When all your delight was to flash on the sight
Of the wondering sailor and lure him to death in the
watery night?

Was there, perhaps, on the deck of some faraway vessel
A lad from New England whose fancy you failed to en-
snare?

Who, born of this virtuous rock, and accustomed to
wrestle

With beauty in all of its forms, became your despair,
And awoke in your breast a mortal unrest
That dragged you away from the South to your death in
the cold Northwest?

Pallidly sleeping, your body is shorn of its magic,
But Death gives a soul to whatever is lovely and dies.
Now the Ocean reclaims you again, lest a marvel so tragic
Remain to be mocked by our earthly and virtuous eyes,
And reason redeems already what seems
Only a fable like all of our strange and beautiful dreams.

ROBERT HILLYER.

Picuro: A Post-Mortem Red

AT a few minutes after six o'clock on the evening of Monday, March 13th, the newspaper offices of New York were informed by what is known as a "slip" or a "flash" from Police Headquarters that a bomb had exploded in the house at 355 East 76th Street, killing one or two persons.

The City News Association and all the morning newspapers rushed reporters and photographers to the scene. Police officers in charge of the case, especially Jerry Murphy and George Terminello, Bomb Squad detectives conducting the investigation, were exceptionally decent to the newspaper men. Not a question was asked of them that they were not willing to answer. No information in their possession when they had completed the examination of the premises at nine o'clock was denied the reporters. As matters stood at that hour, they may be summarized as follows:

Peter Picuro, twenty-six years old, who learned the plumbing trade but had not worked at it or at anything else in several years, was evidently jamming or screwing a cap on a bomb, manufactured with a seven inch length of one and one-half inch galvanized pipe and a number of chemicals which, when mixed, make an explosive. From a cause undetermined the bomb exploded in the young man's hands. In two hours he died. The tenement flat was shattered. Picuro was well known to the police. He had been arrested at least four times, once for an alleged automobile theft, once for alleged participation in a hold up, once for peddling cocaine, once on a charge preferred by an unmarried mother. He was never convicted however.

In brief, Picuro was of that type of young Italian whom the police checked up when there was need to locate the perpetrator of an ordinary, every day, professional crime. And that is what was in their minds throughout their investigation, although neither they nor the reporters discarded as impossible the thought that the dead man might have been a radical, however much every available fact concerning Picuro and all of the circumstances surrounding his death precluded the suspicion.

Murphy and Terminello left the place for Headquarters, carrying a small cardboard box containing fragments of the bomb and all of the letters, pictures, notes, books, and so forth, found in the flat. They had not examined the letters, they told the reporters, but would do so at Headquarters, where their discoveries would be made known. Examination revealed nothing to assist the police in solving the mystery of Picuro's purpose in mak-

ing the bomb. There were some personal letters, a subpoena to appear in court in one of the cases against him, some cheap photographs, a notebook that obviously did not belong to him and which contained, among other things, some simple problems in geometry.

The next morning, March 14th, the New York Times published on its front page a long story beginning:

Pietro Picuro, who had been regarded by the police as a 'mild and harmless radical' was mortally injured yesterday by the explosion of a bomb he was making in his tenement house room. The room, at 355 East 76th Street, was wrecked by the blast that scattered iron slugs, reminiscent of those that dealt death and destruction in the Wall Street explosion.

Before Pietro, who lingered two hours, had died in Bellevue Hospital, Red experts of the Bomb Squad were sequestering for careful scrutiny at Police Headquarters today, armfuls of radical literature carried from the flat.

Regarded as an important find was a book of mysterious geometric figures taken from the place, which the police believe may be a code that will yield the key to hitherto undecipherable Red documents.

The New York Tribune of the same date and on the front page said, in its second paragraph:

Certain only that the victim of the explosion had been hoist by his own petard, members of the bomb squad worked far into the night among the wreckage of the East Side home, seeking evidence that would link the amateur chemist with some radical organization. A quantity of radical literature was found in Picuro's effects.

In the Herald's account of the explosion it was said that:

Detectives Murphy and Terminello of the Bomb Squad searched the apartment and took a bundle of papers to Headquarters. They said they found many radical newspapers, books, magazines and pamphlets but nothing to indicate that Picuro was engaged in any plot. They said also that the man was not known to the police as an active radical. The detectives learned that many young men were accustomed to visit him.

According to the New York American:

Picuro, the police say, had been arrested several times on suspicion of being an extremist, but never was convicted. He is known to have associated with men of that type.

The New York World reported:

The police have no notion as to the intended objective of Peter's bomb. They have some letters under scrutiny.