

added that there was no need of much time for consideration of the plan. She, herself, had voted affirmatively after considering it for a comparatively short time. Of a student body of 185, 170 voted; 164 of these affirmatively, 6 negatively.

If college women,—America's "intellegentsia"—can be persuaded to vote so on such an immense proposition, what can we expect of the one-newspaper-reading public? If deans can speak so to students, what can we hope to demand from politicians?

"The Bok Plan,—Is it education or propaganda?"

HARRIET J. GOLDBERG.

The Freeman and the American Mercury

SIR: I note with interest the birth and death notices in your latest number, the American Mercury and the Freeman starring. I must admit, however, that the welcome you gave the former sounds strangely like the death knell you tolled for the latter. I tried hard several times to be one of the 30 per 100,000 to support the Freeman. But because of its self-satisfied certainty that the world is made up of omniscient angels and natural fools, the former being limited to its editors and contributors and the latter embracing the rest of the known world, I finally gave up.

Conviction is to be set above vacillation, naturally. But one can be honest and occasionally admit that one who disagrees might just possibly be neither fool nor demon. The American Mercury, I judge, cannot go that far. I frequently tremble for fear the New Republic will not!

Cincinnati.

WILLIAM CLARK TROW.

Undisciplined Mothers

SIR: I agree with the editors that the "ex-mother" as I might call her would connote as teacher a more real education than that which is so often confused with mere discipline. But what I want to know is why Alice Wholey thinks the decisions of a mother "can hang fire" or that "there is time to wait for the carrying out of commands?"

I know of no position that demands such rapid-fire decisions as motherhood! Many many times each day a mother must make quick decisions, some of them of immense importance, others that while seeming of less significance at the moment, nevertheless all go to make that environment, 'background, atmosphere—call it what you will—that ultimately becomes character. A mother who fails in wisdom, in human understanding, in sympathetic insight, in a sense of humor at the point of the pistol, fails in her job.

Moreover, a disciplined child, one it appears to me of even good breeding, is not one who "feels there is time for the carrying out of commands." Death itself has been known to lurk in a postponed obedience! The mother who has gained the confidence of her children, who has ruled always by justice and insight, need not fear to be regarded as a tyrant. A child is marvellously just, and receptive and appreciative of a "square deal."

I do so hate to see the tremendous, the transforming, the winged responsibilities of motherhood belittled. An unwise, an undisciplined teacher is after all of so much less moment than an unwise, undisciplined mother.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

English as the Universal Language

SIR: In your January 9 number, you speak of the impetus that the radio is giving to the movement for an international language. I feel the necessity for that more and more since the World Peace Conference at Geneva—when the statesmen could not understand each other.

My solution is, let every country have its own language and English, that being the most universally used around the world. Such a development would lead, eventually, to the one language, one people, one Nation.

Altadena, California.

KATE CRANE-GARTZ.

The Bandwagon

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

So deeply did the Standard impress itself upon the Chinese life and mind that the native phrase for it, *Mei Fooy*, became a household word. Every street urchin knows it. Nor is it without magic.

When Miss Lucy Aldrich, the sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was captured by Chinese bandits in the spring of 1923 she began to call out "*Mei Fooy*," the only Chinese phrase she knew. She was the first of the prisoners to be released.

—Isaac F. Marcossin in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

PASSING THE BUCK

Twenty Negroes arrested in a raid on a pool-room at Johnstown on Dec. 24 were fined \$50 and ordered to leave the city by Mayor Joseph Cauffiel. "Go back south and don't show your face again above the Mason-Dixon line," the Mayor ordered in disposing of the cases.

American Civil Liberties Bulletin.

GRIM REALISM

Films often show life as it is, but never with vice triumphant.—*Will H. Hays.*

When something goes wrong at a party and a man is ungently enough to shoot some one or commit suicide—then we girls are blamed.—*Hope Hampton.*

THE MINIMUM WAGES OF SIN

A girl from the West Virginia Mountains begins serving 34 years in prison for moonshining. The sentence was seven years and \$6000 fine and costs. Unable to pay the fine, she faces the prospect of working it out at sixty cents a day.—*Norfolk Post.*

SAVED FROM DEMOCRACY

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Jan. 28.—Mayor Daniel L. Hart today supported the action of members of the American Legion in breaking up a meeting called yesterday to honor the name and memory of Nicolai Lenin. To members of the Workers Party of America, who protested that their right of free speech had been abrogated, he declared that in the future the city will not issue a license for any public meeting unless such a meeting is approved by the American Legion.—*New York Times.*

THE NO'S HAVE IT

Would it be a good thing for the Chinese to become more like us? To this question, most of us would answer "Yes"; most Chinese would answer "No."—*Our World.*

JOSHUA COMMANDS SONS TO STAND STILL

The world is sick and nightfall hovers over civilization; it will only be as you boys develop into sturdy Americans, clear-thinking Americans, that the evil conditions produced by the war will disappear.

The cure lies not in new-fangled notions, but in going back to first principles. Let me plead with you to be as old-fashioned as possible. Old-fashioned in your ideas, old-fashioned in your morality, and old-fashioned in your costume. Do not be afraid to wear old clothes.

—Tax Commissioner G. H. Payne, *New York.*

The Old Woman Remembers

An old woman is sitting in an almost dark room. She has placed seven candlesticks on the table. At the end of the first verse she lights a candle and puts it in a candlestick and after that lights each one from the candle last lighted. She sits by the table and speaks as to herself:

Seven hundred and a half of years
Are gone since Strongbow took the sway,
Put Ireland under grief and tears,
A ball struck here and there at play.
When the white cities turned to flames
Who lived to hear the Masses said?
Now on the beads I'll tell out names,
And light a candle for the dead.

When John mocked in his jibing youth
Men had big names e'er he was born;
Laid on hard burdens, breaking truth,
Donall O'Brien blew the horn.
It's Munster held the flail that day;
The scattered scoffers ran for life;
They found that no great year for play,
Eleven hundred eighty-five.

(She lights a candle.)

Rebel and King, a Connacht lad
Stood in the gap at Athenry;
Phelim O'Connor, proud and glad
To shout the Connacht battle cry;
But in the losing fight he went
The hard high way that rebels go;
And so his score of years was spent
Five and six hundred years ago.

(She lights the second candle.)

When Art MacMurrough joined the rout
And faced the King of England's sword
The cards were shuffled and showed out
The trumps upon the Leinster board;
For Richard's credit ran to naught,
His fortune's fatness turned to lean;
But Art MacMurrough reigned and fought
Till fourteen hundred seventeen.

(She lights the third candle.)

O'Neill took Ulster in his hand
In fifteen hundred fifty one;
He'd have no meddlers on his land
He kept their armies on the run;
Beat Sussex on the open plain—
It's little but the Gael were free—
It was no man that put down Shane
But Scottish treachery and the sea.

(She lights the fourth candle.)

Five hundred blessings on your head
And blessings on the earth you trod,
It's well you earned the prayers are said,
Sarsfield, that was a man with God.

When King and broken Treaty lied
You brought your Wild Geese through the sea,
And out in foreign, conquering, died
In sixteen hundred ninety-three.

(She lights the fifth candle.)

With five and five score years gone by
Tone and Lord Edward struck the ball—
My grief such hurlers had to die
And leave the goal to the Gall!
So each new age breaks each new hope,
And so in eighteen-hundred-three,
Another twisting of the rope
Set Robert Emmet's spirit free.

(She lights the sixth candle.)

In Easter week the wisp was lit
Waked Dublin from her drowsy years;
I moan the battle-anger, yet
What did we ever win by tears?
The ballad singers long have cried
The shining names of far-away;
Now let them rhyme out those that died
With the three colors, yesterday.

Aye and today. That quick quenched flame,*
Thin rushlight in the dipper's hand,
Burnt out before his fulness came,
His name a Saint's, with Saints to stand.
Or him† the skillet and the mould
Had rounded right to Nature's plan;
Terence, who waned, while moons grown old
Thrice gazed on an unconquered man.

(She lights the seventh candle.)

(Having lighted the seventh candle she stands up:)

This is our rosary of praise
For some whose names are sung or said
Through seven hundred years of days
The silver beads upon the thread. . . .

(She goes to the window as if startled and listens for a moment then comes back and stands beside the table:)

My grief if ever they have heard
The keen on every countryside
In our dark winter, or got word
How brother by his brother died!

But who forgives shall be forgiven.
It's likely in the Shining Land
Before that company in Heaven
From Cathal's hand and Michael's hand
The barren shadow-weapons fall,
The bitter battle-angers cease;
And so God give to them and all
The blessing of his lasting peace!

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

* Hevin Barry.

† Terence McSwiney.