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*That Thou wouldst vouchsafe
to grant peace and unity
to all Christian peoples,
we beseech Thee hear us.*

—LITANY OF THE SAINTS



CONTENTS

	Page
<i>Frontispiece</i>	5
<i>Editorials</i>	4
<i>At Fourteen</i> Joan Baumer '48	8
<i>Moon Glow</i> Mary Jane Porter '49	9
<i>The Prodigious Child</i> Jeanne Kessling '49	10
<i>If She Had Only Believed</i> Loretta Spaulding '50	13
<i>Silver Willows by the Field</i> Lois Tenbieg '48	14
<i>Education in UNESCO</i> Doris Aiken '47	15
<i>Science in Internationalism</i> Lorraine Sinz '50	17
<i>Youth Movements</i> Mary Jane Porter '49	19
<i>To His Servant</i> Barbara Hipp '50	21
<i>The Peonies</i> Lois Tenbieg '48	21
<i>Cake Shop Romance</i> Jean Mortlock '50	22
<i>Carpe Diem</i> Barbara Hipp '50	24
<i>Black Sorrow</i> Lois Mendenhall '50	25
<i>The Best Things in Life Are Free</i> Catherine Gormley '50	25
<i>Our Lady of Fatima</i> Mary Catherine Cangany '50	26
<i>Louis De Montfort</i> Mary Jo Doberty '48	28
<i>Berta Hummel</i> Sarah Page '49	30
<i>Thomas Alva Edison</i> Joan Baumer '49	32
<i>Vigil Lights</i> Loretta Spaulding '50	33
<i>Price of Sin</i> Lois Mendenhall '50	34
<i>Naval Initiation</i> Catherine Gormley '50	35
<i>Ruin</i> Marjory Gulde '48	36
<i>Stone's Throw</i> Mary Frances Punch '50	37
<i>Books</i>	
reviewed by	
"Stricken Land"	Gladys Gonzalez '48
"Woman of the Pharisees"	Lois Tenbieg '48
"Color Blind"	Mary P. McCarthy '49
A Night Prayer to the Virgin	Lois Tenbieg '48

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Frontispiece

World Brotherhood

For centuries the handclasp has been a symbol to man of friendship. In this instance, the handclasp of St. Francis is shown. After the holy saint had given his robe to a tattered beggar, he showed him this sign of friendship.

From the left comes the foot of the Blessed Virgin Mary, crushing the serpent Satan who is the sower of the seeds of race hatred and creed dissension. Above, the Morning Star glistens in the sky as a herald of the friendship among all men which must come to the war weary world.

On the right shines the sun representing amity, harmony, and good-will among all men and aiding world brotherhood by giving light to the struggle of a man. The man, who is bound by the chains of subjugation placed upon him by society, signifies all minority races and creeds. In the world of perfect brotherhood he shall rise, cast off his bonds, and take his rightful place in world society.

In the background revolves the world which is exploding, not exploding in an atomic war, but in a burst of enlightened Christianity. Ever signs of happiness, the cross and the dove of peace symbolize the new era of brotherhood coming to the world.

Sarah Page



EDITORIALS

Franciscan Fraternalism

Over seven hundred years ago a man saw the world for what it was, a world in conflict with God; a world which had sinned so often that it was thrown out of balance. Logically, he saw as the only possible means of restoration of the balance penance for men. He saw that man could not be happy until he had made reparation and found peace. St. Francis' penance was to be by means of self-sacrifice for the benefit of fellow men; in other words, by brotherhood.

The teachings of St. Francis foster in a special way a fraternal spirit. The Little Poor Man of Assisi would have men see one another as brothers, God as their common Father. Under the spiritual direction of Francis, the poor discover that all of the rich are not mercenary tyrants and the rich find beauty of soul and love of God among the poorest conditions. The spirit of St. Francis engenders kindly understanding between rich and poor.

What an ideal state of civilization could evolve from this kind of understanding and cooperation. These principles applied to individual relations produce harmony. Applying them to nations and races should logically bring about harmony of living on a whole-sale scale. The specific requirements of St. Francis' rule are not practical for all of us, but the notable precept of universal brotherhood is applicable everywhere.

The term peace is represented as the goal towards which the world should

strive; the world problem is that of finding a world peace or establishing brotherhood among nations. It is a huge task to make brothers of whole nations; it is a relatively simple one to make a brother of the fellow who lives next door to you. Suppose his skin pigmentation is different, suppose his social station is not the same, or that he lives on the other side of a political border line. He still is just the fellow who lives next door. Concentrating on the act of becoming his brother, the complicated problem of the wide world of men to become brothers with looms less frighteningly on the horizon. In fact the bigger problem is easily forgotten and absorbed into the fascinating process of making friends with the man next door. After him there is the man in the next block, and he knows a fellow on the next street you might like to meet.

An individual's connection with world peace is relative to his connection with individuals, his ability to regard individuals as brothers. St. Francis has the best way to world peace offered in any world conference. He bases his rule on the tenets of the Gospel, on the plan of God. This is the key to the success of his order. Where is God at our peace conferences? Are we, like foolish housewives, forgetting the leaven in our bread?

—LOIS TENBIEG

Forming Opinions

The man on the radio blares, "9 out of 10 housewives use—," or "reliable sources say—." And without much questioning on our part we accept such statements. It seems reasonable that nine out of ten housewives *do* use Sudsy Soap, for we've used it and found it to be a good product.

We accept statements regarding a matter of minor importance and then just as casually accept statements concerning a matter of major importance. It's a habit many of us have fallen into. In smaller things it isn't too dangerous, but after a while, when the habit has had a chance to grow, someone tells us, "The people in Europe aren't starving. My brother-in-law's cousin was over there. He says they have plenty of food." And we believe it. Then we hear on all sides, "Don't trust Jews," or "Everyone says educating the Negro is a waste of time," and we believe that, too. Why?

Why? In the first place, because it's easy to shrug off situations by bringing out our little list of "I've heard's" and "they say's." If I've heard it or they say it, then it's true the U.N. hasn't much chance of surviving and money spent on Europe's starving is money wasted. It eliminates my need of doing anything about the matter.

In the second place, I don't have to spend any time thinking about the world's problems. With such ready-made opinions, gotten of course from "reliable sources," I have more time in which to find a way to stretch my

allowance a bit and worry about a date for Friday night.

It is especially appalling for college students to fall into the habit of slipshod thinking. With specific training in methods of correct thinking there is no excuse for evading issues. No handed down opinion can equal the correct one arrived at by our own conscious effort.

If we mentally challenged the common generalizations and found out the truth, we would have a much clearer picture of the world's situation. Our age is highly mechanized. Pre-fabricated houses, electric dish-washers, even "seeing eyes" to open doors, have made many former tasks child's play. But no mechanized appliance can replace the operation of the human mind. And no one else's preconceived opinion can ever take the place of our own conclusions based on fact and research.

If you pride yourself on being well-informed these suggestions may help. Don't accept "9 out of 10" and "reliable sources say" information. Find out how nearly true a statement is. In important matters learn to add up dependable information to form your own opinion. And put all such knowledge to use. One person helping his neighbor is worth infinitely more than the announcement of a radio commentator that, "a recent poll shows that nine out of ten persons believe in the Golden Rule."

Don't *think* according to wrong opinions; *act* according to right ones.

—JOAN BAUMER

Mary, Mother of Mankind

If we seek to make this "one world," if we really want to be one family, we must look for one who will bind us together—every family must have a mother and mother love. But we need not look far; Christ gave us a Mother, and she has never stinted in giving her love.

Love has no other test so true as service. Housewives will sing as they perform dreary tasks and men gladly spend their days at hard work knowing that the results will mean happiness for a loved one. In view of service given we can see how greatly Mary loves mankind. It is easy for her to love the whole of mankind because she has first loved God. All men are the sons and daughters of God. Her Son had loved them unto death and had then entrusted them all to her.

Though Mary is in heaven, her work through the ages has been given uninterruptedly for her earthly children. From her shining example we can find evidences of love for all mankind. Never has she shown prejudices of any sort. In appearances to all nations and colors, at Lourdes, at Guadalupe, at Fatima she has shown her immense love for mankind.

Can even we who love her with a special love say that we have followed

her example faithfully in this respect? Have we looked upon all men as she has, as children of God? Perhaps we have never realized that we have a duty to combat racial prejudice. What Mary does out of love we are bound to do out of a Christian sense of duty and justice. Mary in heaven, having won her eternal reward has no obligation to be our special helper, yet we find her always at our call. And not to any one individual representative of one race or class or color but to all men.

In her miraculous visits here on earth Mary has tried to give us a message. A message of love, a special plea for good will toward all. Surely as the Mother of Mankind she is interested in each one of us. As her children we should be interested in each other, too. In the eyes of God, as each of us knows, one soul is essentially as good as the other. Our daily prayer should be to ask Mary, as Divine Mother of us all, to implant in us love of each other. May we pray that in spite of "pleasing or repellent exteriors, docile or unquiet minds, gentle or irascible tempers, we may never forget that all souls, even the coarsest, are God's beloved children" and Mary's.

—JOAN BAUMER

At Fourteen

Life can be problematic.

by JOAN BAUMER



Janie sighed. It was a long sigh, carrying all her pent-up feelings. "It's no use," she told herself, "You have to be pretty or nothing counts." At fourteen it is dire catastrophe to know you

are not pretty. And Janie's gloom was brought on by such knowledge. The fact seemed to shout at her from everywhere. Her dresser mirror jeered at her in the morning, "You aren't pretty," and the hall mirror gloated over it. Her lovely room made her feel unwanted, and her dresses hanging in the closet refused to look right on her.

Nothing could be worse than this awful trouble. Its enormity was frightening. Mother was so sweet about it all. "You'll grow out of it, Jane. You may be all arms and legs now, but that won't be for always. You *don't* look freakish, dear. Just because you're growing fast—" But mother, Janie knew, didn't understand. What if she always stayed tall and thin and one day got to be like Miss Drue? Janie shuddered. What could be worse than being such an old and spinsterish sort of person? With a long nose and a tongue feared by all, she was indeed a terrifying person. It was too awful!

Janie plopped down on her bed. Critically she examined her face in the hand-mirror. It was agonizing, she decided. Why on earth didn't mother let her pluck her eyebrows? She could make them arch. That would at least give her a look of mystery. "If I can't

be beautiful I could be mysterious." She could see herself, clad in exotic clothes. People stared after her, murmuring, "No one knows who she is or what she does. She's *so* mysterious." Janie shivered in anticipation. Why, there must be all sorts of mysterious jobs at which one could work. And if you looked the part—but it was of no use. Her eyebrows remained unplucked and her face had a decidedly honest look.

Back to despair. It really wasn't fair in the least. To be ordinary looking was horrid. Her hair just hair-color, eyes brown, complexion fair. No dimples or long eyelashes or anything in the least extraordinary. She sighed again. Would she ever be able to be

really happy? She doubted it. It was simply—

"Janie, hey Janie," someone shouted.

It was Buzz, next-door neighbor, waiting down in the yard for her to come play tennis.

"Wait till I get my racquet," she called out the window.

Minutes later the two of them, racing each other to the corner, were laughing and shouting. An elderly man, whom they passed by, shook his head.

"Wonderful to be so young. A nice little girl. Ought to be a pretty one someday. Not a care in the world." He sighed. "Yes, the young are always so happy."



MOON GLOW

I was alone as the moon
Floated down on silent beam
To enter my window.
"Come with me," he teased
And the monotony of life
Caused me answer, "Yes."
Gentle winds caressed my cheeks
And stars reached out to warm my lifeless heart.
I was wanted.
In the after-glow I sit and watch and wonder
As the moon, on silvery rays, ascends
To leave me desolate.

—MARY JANE PORTER

The Prodigious Child

by JEANNE KESSLING

The fantasy of a compound romance

May I tell you a love story? It has not been published as a best seller, nor produced as a Broadway hit or a Hollywood box-office success, but then, it was not written for these ends. The characters? They are two lovers from a world of scientific fantasy—yet a world not unknown to those of us who are radical in our search for the hidden facts governing our existence.

The story of Kay Sienna and N. H. Esofor, known to their friends as KCNO and $(\text{NH}_4)_2\text{SO}_4$, almost didn't have a beginning, for everytime that it seemed they might become acquainted, something prevented their meeting.

One lazy Sunday afternoon, however, when N. H. Esofor had been rotating indifferently around his orbit, he noticed a striking young compound. He decided that she had the customary lineaments of other female compounds, but that she also had something which gave her a distinction all her own. It was at this point in his observation that N. H. resolved to find out for himself.

There isn't the slightest doubt that N. H. was a handsome compound. Neither let it to be supposed that he was modest and unaware of this advantage; but still, he possessed a personality devoid of any suggestion of conceit. He usually knew what he wanted and he possessed an unmistakable ability to talk his way in and out of tedious situations. It was this

latter quality which enabled him to confront Miss Sienna with just the right approach.

When N. H. floated nonchalantly over to Kay, he found her quite indifferent to his presence, for Kay regarded her attractive beauty as something inherent and had become used to the second glances and attentions of previous inept suitors.

"I wouldn't go too close to the edge of that orbit if I were you."

Startled, Kay turned and glanced, at first coldly, then with amusement, at this strange young compound who was so bold, yet friendly. N. H., too, found himself scrutinizing Kay. She was even more appealing at close view.

"My name is N. H. Esofor. I just happened to notice you standing over here, and was wondering what makes you so different from others."

Kay continued to stare, also noticing a dissimilarity between them. Just when N. H. thought that she must be incapable of speech, she said,

"Yes, I can see a difference in us, though I don't know what it is."

And they were off to an analytical discussion about their ancestry. N. H.'s inorganic forebears were characterized by a devil-may-care attitude. They, above all, were not concerned with problems of individual structures and consequently did nothing to build up or strengthen themselves. N. H. didn't like it, but since it was the prevailing

habit of his compounds, he could hardly stand alone in his defiance.

Kay's narration was contrary to that of N. H. Her organic ancestors had always been meticulous about structure; in fact, their entire existence was vitally concerned with the manner in which atoms were linked together. Kay mentioned that the position of the elements around the carbon atom could make or break a compound and, upon hearing the word "carbon," N. H. snapped his fingers, muttered, "That's it," took hold of Kay, and started to bounce around in a compound's interpretation of an Indian War dance.

"Mr. Esofor, please, will you tell me what's happened to you?"

"Don't you understand, Miss, Miss—why, I don't even know your name."

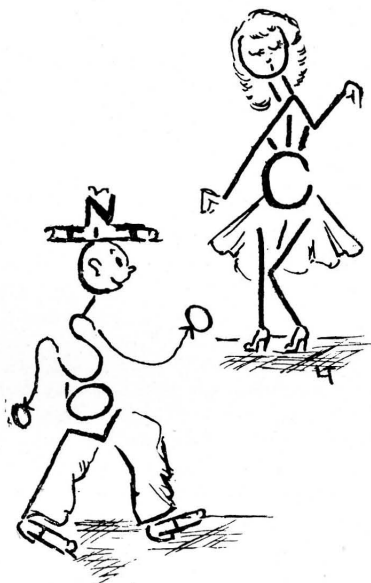
"Sienno, Kay Sienno," Kay hastily replied.

"Don't you realize, Miss Sienno, that carbon is the discriminating element between us? Your compounds are made up of carbon, while ours completely lack this element."

During this excited outburst, N. H.'s face had taken on a shining expression of triumph and expectancy. After his last words, however, the glow faded and a look of disappointment took its place.

Kay, still puzzled from N. H.'s previous outburst about carbon, an element which she thought every compound contained, found herself utterly nonplussed. N. H. lost little time in explaining to her that he had just realized the unfavorable attitude his family had towards hers. Here she was, from a strong-willed, structure-conscious group and his was almost the direct opposite.

Kay didn't see why that should cause him so much concern; after all, hadn't she just met him? Suddenly they both became aware of the time and, after an agreement to meet again



the next day, N. H. returned to his own sphere.

A not too unexpected situation resulted from the more and more frequent meetings between Kay and N. H., for love cannot be denied two people whose diversified, yet common interests, contrasting, yet harmonious personalities are brought together.

N. H. had met and favorably impressed Kay's parents, but his own parents were firm in their decision that their son should not marry into the organic family. This decision failed to coincide with N. H.'s recently made resolutions, so, upon agreement with Kay's parents, they were united on an organic orbit with only organic compounds in attendance.

* * *

Thus, the first union between an organic and an inorganic compound brought a happiness only realized by Kay and N. H. Esofor. After they returned from an indescribable honeymoon bits of gossip reached their ears.

The Prodigious Child

What kind of children would result? Certainly, they could not be normal. Would such effects cause a separation between Kay and N. H.?

Yes, they were quite aware of these and similar uncharitable remarks, but they were also completely aware of each other, of the unconquerable joy in each other's presence, only surpassed by the knowledge that this joy was soon to be increased.

* * *

The child of Kay and N. H. was not abnormal, was not a freak; but neither was it a healthy manifestation of childhood. Much to his father's distress, little Sienco (registered as NH_4CNO) possessed most of the dominant defects in character and structure of the inorganic compounds.

Kay refused to believe that their son would grow up to be unconcerned about structure and character, and her optimism was a great comfort to N. H. Their love for each other and for little Sienco grew stronger as the child grew more ionizable. In their search for a cure for his weakness, they were advised to take him to the South where the heat might help him.

N. H. was somewhat hesitant about taking this advice, for he doubted that heat could produce the desired effect. Kay, whose kindred had many times before been saved by the everfaithful heat, won his confidence and within the next week the three were enjoying the sunny southern climate.

Sienco at first refused to lie under



the sun's relentless rays, but it was Kay again who was able to encourage him, little by little, to enjoy the lazy life that the beach offered.

On a particularly sultry day, while Kay and N. H. sought relief in the ocean's liberating coolness, they happened to glance at little Sienco lying on the sand. Simultaneously they rushed to him, for he was writhing, twisting, moaning, in a cruel, pitiful agony. Kay gathered him to her, only to find that he was literally a ball of fire. N. H. started to leave in search of a doctor, but Kay stopped him.

"I have just realized what is happening to our son, N. H. The heat is bringing about a vital change which will either make him a stronger structure or will break him down completely. Please, N. H., don't leave me. All we can do now is to pray that the crisis comes soon and is in our favor."

The minutes which followed found the organic and the inorganic compounds fixedly watching a strange phenomenon. Were the Esfors justified after all in their disapproval of a union which had all the indications of disaster, of failure?

Little Sienco's movements became calmer, his childish moans less audible, until it seemed they would subside altogether, when, with a spasmodic jerk, he sat up, his entire structure rigid. N. H., afraid to touch him, looked helplessly at Kay who suddenly burst into tears.

The distraught father, now convinced that the worst had happened, tried to comfort Kay, but all at once, she started to laugh.

"Don't you understand, N. H., our child is perfectly well now. The heat has transformed him into an organic compound. He is the first organic substance formed in this way. Oh, N. H., I think I'm going to faint."

(Please turn to page 44)

If She Had Only Believed

by LORETTA SPAULDING

A ballarina grips with life

There was nothing but bleak, stark, coldness which began at her toes and crept upward to blot all the warmth of hope from her body. She knew it well, this feeling, for it had become her only feeling of late. It came from want—the penetrating want of food, the desolating want of shelter, the longing want of love. All this, within!

There was nothing but the harsh, damp, coldness which began in the heavens and sank to the very depths of the earth to blot all the warmth from the air. All this, without!

She wore but a light shabby coat which scarcely covered her thin frame. She had only a thin silken scarf on her head, a remnant of finer days. For shoes she wore a pair of ballet slippers. They once had been white, white satin, with lovely bows of baby blue. Oh, but they had been beautiful, all shiny and soft. She remembered the day she had bought them. They were the finest in the little shop and the owner didn't want to sell them to her. She had laughed gaily, flashing the crisp bills in his face. They were her last bills but she had been so sure that others would come soon that she had told him to keep the change for good luck. She was so happy then! Oh, so very happy! She was sure that even Mama would have been proud of such a purchase. Mama, with her dancing eyes and dancing feet, would have been proud of the fine gesture too, for Mama had always said—"Do good and good will come to

you." If Mama were here now there would be no want, for Mama was everything. But Mama wasn't here.

This thought dashed away the warmth of memory and left but cold loneliness again. It, too, began at the feet and rose upward until it gripped the heart. A month ago, perhaps even a week ago, this memory of Mama would have brought tears—warm tears of emotion—but now amid this despair there was no warmth, there was no emotion left. She shifted her position on the hard, wet bench and the movement brought the dull pain of coldness inside her coat to settle there. Aye, what a bitter night, and it was yet early. Was there no pity anywhere? Yet, she didn't want pity. Many had pitied of late and she had seen. Even Marzoka had pitied in his own brutal way. His pity would have stung; she knew this and had left. Left the last chance, the only chance that would ever come to her now. He had offered her a menial position in the last line. She—who should have been first. Mama had always said—"Never take last when you can be first!" Had not Mama taught her from her first step? Had not Mama been great—greater than any? Oh, yes, even at her own age. For she herself was getting old—old for a ballarina. Being alone in the world made one old.

The thought of age made her look at her uncovered hands. They were blue

(Please turn to page 44)

SILVER WILLOWS BY THE FIELD

The willows by the field are tall.
Among their silver leaves
Greying shadows deep'ning blush,
Greying into darkest tone.
Witching fingers suppliant
Are reaching, reaching ever up
To make graceful tracery,
Patterns of living shadows
On the low-lying, blue-lipped clouds.
Each silver leaf is tipped with light
A gleam of gold, a streak of brown in deeper hue.
The unseen sun is playing,
Playing with the majesty
Of silver willows by the field.

—LOIS TENBIEG

Education in UNESCO

by DORIS AIKEN

Education is in a key position today. It has assumed a role of importance in the formation of policies leading to re-establishment of world peace and security.

International leaders are keenly aware of the fact that peaceful and harmonious cooperation of all nations will be possible only in the measure that ignorance, prejudice, and erroneous thinking are eliminated from the minds of all peoples. The directors of world affairs expectantly follow the program of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, which aims "to contribute to peace and security" by a planned program whereby the youth and adults of all nations can acquire a proper understanding and appreciation of the peoples of the world.

Educators have realized, as well as political leaders, the importance of a project such as this. J. W. Studebaker, Commissioner of Education in the United States, summed up the role of education when he said that "the schools and colleges must provide the firm basis for international cooperation by an increased emphasis upon education for world understanding." UNESCO has chosen as special projects in the field of education a classroom program designed to develop international understanding at all school and college levels; a comprehensive revision of textbooks to improve teaching and teaching materials; and a study of physically and emotionally handicapped children in the war-devastated areas.

An over-all undertaking in which education must play a major part is a worldwide attack on illiteracy, with special attention to backward areas which are deprived of a means of modern living.

It must be realized that UNESCO is not empowered to set up an international system of education. It can merely suggest plans or improvements for existing educational policies of the nations. The systems vary from the dual system of the United States to the one school plan more common in Europe. France has taken the lead in reorganizations of the educational system with emphasis on a wider selection of subject matter and a careful study of individual differences of the pupils.

The goal of international understanding is to be pursued in a special way in the teaching of the social sciences in the primary and secondary levels. Special stress is to be directed to the underlying attitudes and solid understanding that are necessary to the proper functioning of a social organization.

In the area of college work student exchange serves as a medium of furthering the UNESCO aim. Although the plan is not new in the United States, the present program urges an expansion, sending more students abroad, receiving more into the colleges and universities at home.

Closely allied with any educational system is textbook revision. But revision

Education in UNESCO

is a slow and difficult process. Unbiased opinions and a complete breakdown of national prejudices are necessary for a sound world revision. Under such a program English authors might well write United States history textbooks. That task lies ahead.

Along with the textbook revision comes the desire for the improvement of teaching. Teachers have the grave responsibility of giving their pupils not only a body of knowledge, but more important, the ideals and principles for their future living. The school is expected to develop character training, ideals of citizenship, and an attachment to democratic institutions. To accomplish this teachers must themselves be spiritually strong, sincere in upholding democratic principles, and keenly alert to world problems. Teacher cooperation is the underlying appeal in the project now under way for a world seminar during the summer of 1947. Delegates from countries members of the UNESCO will meet to discuss their problems and experiences in the job of educating for peace.

Educational reconstruction may produce an alert and active youth, imbued with tolerance in matters of race, color, and creed and desirous of furthering their understanding of the problems of other nations. Nevertheless, the existence of youth is not confined to a classroom where attitudes and principles may be carefully fostered; it also extends to a society which is directed by adults.

If adult leaders are to inspire youth, then adults must acquire a firm conviction of the principles of democracy,

peaceful cooperation, and equitable world order and then put these into practice in the home, community, and nation. Granted that it is impossible to give advice if you yourself fail to believe it, the need of adult education becomes apparent. Furthermore, popular or adult education also serves as adequate preparation for the meeting of adult problems and provides guidance for leisure and recreational activities.

Adult education will be promoted by the use of the press, the radio, and the motion picture. Of these three, the most concrete progress has been made in the field of radio. An immediate plan considered by UNESCO at its first meeting in Paris, 1946, is the establishment of a series of talks on educational, scientific, and cultural topics available to any national network under the title of "World University of the Air."

The comprehensive drive for eliminating illiteracy involves a wide program of activities which include not only formal education but problems of health, economic status, citizenship, and the like. The fact that illiteracy cuts off a large segment of the world population from the rest creates in itself an obstacle to peace and security which UNESCO has resolved to overcome.

An international program of such dimensions must needs move slowly. The beginnings have been made; with proper support and cooperation there is no reason why it should not succeed. What it asks for is the same as that which Comenius desired three centuries ago, "a universal rededication of minds."

There is a future for

Science in Internationalism

by LORRAINE SINZ

The supreme issue before all people of the world today is the elimination of war. The emergence of the atomic bomb is a final and conclusive proof of the fact that there must be no more universal conflicts such as the two past World Wars which wreaked irreparable and almost universal devastation. Science has come forward to turn its great resources into the paths of peace.

Before Science can make any important contributions to international harmony it must be given freedom. By freedom in science is meant first of all, ready exchange of ideas and open discussions. It means freedom from governmental control and restrictions; freedom from red tape and pressure; freedom from fear, and finally, freedom from want. The measures taken during the war by our military agencies in restricting the free intercourse among scientists on related or identical projects have gone so far that one can foresee as a result of its continuance the total irresponsibility of individual scientific workers, and ultimately the death of the scientific spirit. Both of these are disastrous to world unity and entail grave and immediate peril for the public. Hence, the greatest service that scientists can render now is to see that, first in this country, and then in

the whole world, science be strengthened and be unhampered.

It is imperative that international collaboration in science be restored at once to set the pace for international understanding in other fields. It is necessary that both here and abroad the methods and accomplishments of science be made known to the public, so that the public may better understand how science can contribute to the welfare rather than to the destruction of mankind.

Once the restraints are lifted from science, scientists universally will be in a position to augment understanding and harmony among nations. As an integral organ of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization science promises to be a potent means of promoting internationalism. In view of the urgency of restoring and extending the means through which scientific workers may attain their new goal—that of contributing to peace and security—a proposal has been presented whereby collaboration might be possible and profitable between UNESCO and the International Council of Scientific Unions. Such a cooperation would undoubtedly strengthen the programs of both bodies in the area of their common concern.

Science in Internationalism

International collaboration in scientific matters could be a major factor in furthering congeniality. Such a merging of knowledge and efforts could be effected through various communicative media. Suggested methods include exchange fellowships, establishment of UNESCO-controlled laboratories and experimental stations throughout the world, and improvement or rehabilitation of devastated laboratories and stations. Other plans are being proposed, but the majority are still in the embryonic stage.

Exchange fellowships have a definite appeal to the public. Such a project would enable students and teachers alike to broaden their education by relations with foreigners, while furthering the constructive work of cementing foreign relations by interchange of ideas and understanding of customs.

An exchange of scientists would in future years provide great dividends by contributing to universal human knowledge. Although extensive knowledge is held by some to be responsible for a great many evils in this atomic era, it is an unquestionable fact that ignorance has laid the groundwork for the abuse of nature's beneficially-intended treasures.

Construction and rehabilitation are pleasant sounds to the ears of the educated masses of ravaged lands. The learned of every country are the influence-wielders. To aid these people in raising or maintaining their educational or cultural standards by lending material aid would be a step toward the goal. Science, as a part of UNESCO, could supplement the rehabilitation efforts of unfortunate nations by rebuilding their razed pillars of learning and by erecting bigger and better research foundations.

An agenda providing mass communications is being drawn up by the UNESCO to advance the aims of this organization. Indirectly science will be responsible for such a development. International communications by means of the radio, press, cinema, and multi-translations of significant books serve to inform the people of the world with justice and truth about each other. Such a system would insure the greatest possible freedom to the instruments of international information from censorship and other obstacles to the free movement of ideas by word and image among the peoples of the world.

The Natural Science Division of UNESCO is now initiating two notable projects which will lay the groundwork for forthcoming human welfare programs. The first entails a comprehensive study of life and natural resources in the Amazon Basin. This joint effort of scientists of the world under the national Scientific Commission will be a worthwhile contribution towards the development of similar areas around the globe. The second research program provides for the establishment of a group of nutritional science and food technology teams to study nutritional problems in India, China, and Africa.

All of these plans should lead to the increment of world security and understanding. UNESCO has gained the recognition of the majority of nations as a future savior of civilization. Archibald MacLeish has aptly compared it to a kite lying on the ground which needs a strong wind to help it rise. The scientists are ready to take the role and as strong winds from all the corners of the world to buoy up this worthy organization in its efforts for lasting peace.

Idealism and zest for action create

YOUTH MOVEMENTS

by MARY JANE PORTER

Flaming torches, lusty singing, and an indomitable spirit prefaced the parade of Young Europe as they marched through the principal streets of the continent during the middle of the nineteenth century. Russian youth were revolting against the sentimentality and romanticism of their elders. The young men of Germany banded in pursuit of idealistic mysticism. Italy's campaign for freedom saw the youths joining the seasoned leaders in the fight for a united Italy.

Such demonstrations are characteristic of youth and youth movements. From the beginnings of political controversy youth movements have played their part in molding the youth and shaping the destiny of their country. To be true youth movements spontaneity is essential, as is the matter of action inspired by youth rather than by older leaders.

The significance of youth movements is three-fold. Youth has become in the last century and a half more and more a topic for discussion and speculation. Whether it is because of the increasing assertiveness of youth or the realization by adults that youth does have some worthwhile views on prevalent affairs

matters not. In reality, the latter may and probably does depend upon the former. The fact remains that youth movements are symbolic of a dissatisfaction with existing conditions. Generally, young people are either unsure of their present status or of their possible future status. Often they merely refuse to reconcile to their own idealism conditions set forth by the older generation. This unrest is the primary reason that youth movements are at their zenith immediately following a war or some other radical economic disruption.

In the second place is the recognition by youth of the need of a change, whether it be material or spiritual, national or world-wide. This recognition is evidence of their inherent idealism and their sensitiveness to the shortcomings of the same idealism. Their awareness of the need of change leads to the prospect of trying their power in a concrete way.

In government and economics classes, in Christian doctrine, sociology, and psychology classes students learn the theoretical methods of alleviating political and social crises. It is not surprising, then, that when an upheaval occurs in political, economic, and social con-

Youth Movements

ditions, youth wants to try its hand in the healing, believing that it can do no worse than its predecessors. Under the fiery passionateness of youth movements, there lies an inexhaustible source of belief—belief in the better nature of man that will prove itself when chaos diminishes into nothingness before a dominating order. Youth has little or no conception of defeat. It must be applauded, therefore, in the intrepidity of its undertakings.

It is much to be lamented that youth movements have sometimes gone awry by reason of the interference of adults. Such was the case of the *Jugendbewegung* of Germany which began as a true youth movement but was diverted by adults who took advantage of the idealism and eagerness of young people in pursuit of that which is new. The young people were betrayed into an acceptance of false principles which they carried over into their own generation of rule. From the days of the Greek republic men have looked to the youth of a nation to carry on. The retiring generation has been generous with their time-tried counsels, but they have respected the rights of their successors, not exerting undue influence on their beliefs. Yet sometimes men have failed to observe this code of honor. Youth believes that adults should listen to their reasonings, detecting, if pres-

ent and there usually are, some shreds of truth in their deductions. Youth has proved itself right in the past; there is no reason why it is not right in the present.

Youth has joined hands again. It is not surprising that this should occur after a world war which called so completely for the cooperation of youth throughout the world. They are eager to test their theories; they have formed an International Union of Students. In America students of the colleges have expressed their desire for a national organization which will bind them together regardless of politics or creed. The first step forward in this direction was the Chicago Students Conference late in December, 1946. In animated assemblies, in heated panels, a cross section of America decided there would be a definite benefit derived from an organization consisting of every college in the United States. Here would be a clearing house for student problems, student exchange, student travel, and numerous other activities of the student world. Plans were made for a constitutional convention at which time the National Students Organization will become a reality.

Although no flaming torches or lusty songs will mark this movement, its brand will sear just as deeply.



TO HIS SERVANT

National Anthology of College Poetry, 1946-47.

I despise that Persian pomp
And linden crown, deride;
Search not, my boy, for roses rare,
Nor place where they abide.
Embellish not the myrtle plain
For 'tis no wish of mine,
When unbecoming to us both,
This gaudy, mantling vine.

—BARBARA HIPP

(translation of Horace—Porsicos Odi I, 38)



THE PEONIES

National Anthology of College Poetry, 1946-47.

The peonies are growing
Along the old brick wall.
The pinkness of their nodding heads
Is soft and feather-like.
The friendly ivy on the wall
Twines lovingly
Around its neighbors' stems
And the old dullness of the ivy
Supports the fresh, sun-seeking peony leaves.
The peonies are growing,
Pink-clad spring.

—LOIS TENBIEG



Cake Shop Romance

by JEAN MORTLOCK

In the cake-shop window Geoffrey, the gingerbread boy beamed with happiness. Now you may think it queer that this gingerbread boy's name should be Geoffrey, for you know gingerbread boys seldom have names; in fact, they are usually in some little girl's or boy's tummy before they have time to think of a name for themselves. However,

when Geoffrey popped out of the oven on Saturday, no one bought him, and since the bakery closed at noon that day, Geoffrey had the week end to live a short and happy life.

When Geoffrey saw himself, he was amazed and quite pleased with his chubby frame, the three raisin buttons on his coat, his red hot eyes, raisin

nose, and pink icing mouth that turned up at the corners in a smile. Geoffrey was surrounded by trays of other gingerbread boys, but none were as handsome as Geoffrey. While he was being pushed here and there in the back of the bakery, one of the assistants bumped him so hard that the pink icing of his smiling mouth nearly became dislocated into a sneer. Geoffrey managed to survive, however, and by ten o'clock Saturday morning was in a standing position in the bakery window. This Geoffrey enjoyed very much. He liked being the center of attraction, and scarcely noticed the other occupants of the cake-shop window.

Twelve o'clock soon came, and the bakery curtains were drawn. When Geoffrey had become accustomed to the dim lighting, he began to wish for some company. To the left near a large chocolate cake he spied a mound of white fluff mounted with a curly-headed cherub armed with a bow and arrow. Geoffrey said to himself, "There is no reason for me to be so lonely, I'll go over to that chubby little fellow with the big red heart and get acquainted." That's just what Geoffrey did, too. At first Geoffrey's legs were stiff, because he wasn't used to walking, but he didn't find it difficult to learn. Approaching the little fellow he brightly asked, "What's your name? Mine's Geoffrey."

"Don't you know me?" chuckled the merry cherub. "I thought everyone knew me. You haven't been around long have you? My name's Cupid, but you may call me Dan. Stay out of the way, Geoffrey. I'm having target practice."

"Why, will your arrows hurt me?"

"Well," answered Dan, "that depends on what you consider being hurt. There are some people who say that they actually enjoy being in love. My advice to you is to stay out of the way

of arrows, and if you ever feel a peculiar bumping sensation around the region of your first raisin button, encase your heart in ice!"

"If the arrows hurt, why do you go around shooting them?" asked Geoffrey.

"That's my job. The minute I was off the assembly line at the toy factory I was handed a bow and arrow, and a list of instructions on the method of shooting unwary victims."

"Oh," said the gingerbread boy, "thank you for your warning; and I'll remember and stay out of harm's way."

"I must go now, Geoffrey," said Dan. "My work begins about the time my boss, the moon, is high in the sky. Goodbye, and remember my advice."

"Ho, hum," yawned Geoffrey, "guess I'll take a walk, and find out who else is in this window."

The little yellow moon cakes lighted Geoffrey's path as he picked his way through the maze of pies at the front of the window. His legs were just beginning to ache, when to the right he faintly distinguished a glistening white mound which slightly resembled the house Dan occupied, but which was ten times more beautiful. Geoffrey gazed in wonder, and nearly tripped over a small chocolate chip cookie that ran across his path.

"Oops, I beg your pardon," apologized Geoffrey. "Tell me, do you know who lives there?"

"That's the china bride's cake!" called the cookie as he scampered away.

Geoffrey just sat and gazed. How beautiful! One mountain of white on top of the other, and glistening silver baubles which shone like little lamps. And at the peak was the loveliest vision that Geoffrey had ever gazed upon. She was dressed in silk and lace, and

(Please turn to page 43)

CARPE DIEM

Look up, my friend, there's much to do—
The year is yet untouched with dew
That newborn hope within thy breast
Should send thee upon the quest
Of new adventure.

What times in the past have I heard you say
"Tomorrow, tomorrow, not today
'Twill suffice for such troubling things—
Today is full and tomorrow brings
A chance for change!"

Strike now, dear friend, and gather thy day
About you, lest it turn away
Chiding the fool who let it slip by
Unused, disdained without a try
For opportunity.

Hark, then, that thy only resolution be
"Let the coming dawn bring to me
What it will; please God, I'll have the grace
To accept my fate with unflinching face
For today was seized."

—BARBARA HIPP

BLACK SORROW

Leaping flames envelope my stupefied gaze,
And beckon mind to exile, in a land of tears.
Curiosity urges consent—drowsiness overcomes!
Here hearts, fired in a kiln of sorrow,
Are hidden by the mirth of a laughing race.
These victims—so lashed by tongues of ignorance,
How they are marked for their life of disgrace!
Alas! Mind awakened by falling ashes of logs devoured
May never again be beckoned therein.
But the tears, the race mirror an existing Truth.
The land, is it ours—or is it a dream?

—LOIS MENDENHALL

The Best Things in Life Are Free

by CATHERINE GORMLEY

Walking through the downtown section of a city immediately after a heavy rain always seems to fill me with a deeper appreciation of the real beauty of the free things of life. The white-walled buildings, which, before their unsolicited bath, were gray with the dirt and smoke of the city, have now acquired that "well-scrubbed" look, recapturing the freshness of years before when they were newly-born. The rain has relieved the streets of the usual accumulation of discarded newspapers, broken glass and other articles, giving them a smooth, transparent look, similar to a thin coating of ice. Near the curbstones are the temporary streams flowing rapidly toward their destination carrying with them little unidentifiable articles which, to the excited child watching from the sidewalk,

would be little sailboats, speeding along on a great lake. The streetcar tracks up and down the center of the streets appear to have just been waxed and highly polished, their steel rails gleaming in the darkness. The department store windows have lost the distracting cover of dust, and even the mannequins within their sheltered show cases, appear to have been the recipients of nature's bath. Reflected on the sidewalks, refreshed by their shower after supporting the crowd of shoppers and workers all day, are the multi-colored lights of the hundreds of neon signs.

The overall cleanliness of the surroundings makes a person feel that he should remove his shoes so as not to leave tracks as he walks along inhaling the beauty provided gratuitously by nature.

Radio script awarded Second

Prize in National Mariology Contest, 1947.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

by MARY CATHERINE CANGANY

NARRATOR: Once again Our Divine Master has chosen to manifest His divinity in a miraculous manner, and once again Mary, Our Mother, was privileged to be the emissary, bringing to the world the words of God. This event took place in May, 1917, in a village called Fatima in Portugal. Our Blessed Mother appeared to three small children who were tending their sheep on a hillside, giving to them the marvelous words of heaven and at the same time laying the foundation for devotion to her Immaculate Heart. (*The following skit is a scene from this apparition.*)

TIME: Around noon.

PLACE: Cave de Iria in Portugal.

CHARACTERS: The beautiful Lady; Jacquinta, a small girl of five; Francisco, a boy of nine; Lucy, a girl of eleven; and voices from the crowd.

NARRATOR: We can hear the three children saying,

CHORUS: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

LUCY: There, now that our rosary is finished we can start to work on our little stone house.

FRANCIS: Have you noticed how beautiful the sky is today? Gee, it makes you feel close to heaven.

JACQUINTA: It is pretty.

LUCY: I noticed that, too.

FRANCIS: Well, let's quit the dream-

ing and get to work. Lucy, you gather more stones, and Jacquinta and I will start putting them together. There, that's right, Jacquinta.

JACQUINTA: I love doing this. Do you think we'll have it finished by dark?

FRANCIS: If we hurry.

LUCY: There, five stacks, ten stones in each stack. Is that enough?

FRANCIS: Just get a few more and then you can start helping us put it together.

JACQUINTA: Fran says if we work hard we can finish it today. (*A thundering noise is heard at a distance and then returns louder.*)

LUCY: Did you hear that? I believe it's going to storm. We had better guide the sheep toward home.

FRANCIS: Come on Jacquinta, we can finish this tomorrow.

JACQUINTA: Look! Lightning.

NARRATOR: Above the children appears a beautiful young lady who speaks:

LADY: Do not be afraid, I will not hurt you.

LUCY: Where are you from?

LADY: I come from heaven.

JACQUINTA: From the beautiful heaven above?

FRANCIS: I pray so hard every day. Tell me, beautiful Lady, will I go there when I die?

LADY: Yes, my little one, all good people go there to meet their Heavenly Father.

LUCY: Will I see my Grandma there?

JACQUINTA: And little Maria? She just died last month. We liked to play together so much.

LADY: In this beautiful place everyone is happy together. You will have all this happiness, but oh, much more.

LUCY: But why did you come back here?

LADY: I have a favor to ask you little ones, I want you to come here the thirteenth of each month at this same hour. In October I shall tell you who I am, and what I want.

LUCY: Will you be at this same spot?

JACQUINTA: Every month?

LADY: Yes, at this same spot every month. Until then you must be faithful to your rosary and say it every day.

FRANCIS: Oh, we will. We had just finished saying it when you came.

LADY: You must be fervent in your prayers so that the sufferings you will have to endure will be mere trifles on your way to the beautiful place from which I come. (*Faint strains of Tota Pulchra Es.*)

NARRATOR: Then amidst heavenly strains of melody the beautiful lady vanishes. The children stand speechless until Jacquinta, the smallest, says,

JACQUINTA: She was beautiful.

LUCY: Her robe was such a pretty blue, edged in gold. Gee!

FRANCIS: What does she mean sufferings?

LUCY: (*Wistfully*) I don't know, but her beauty is beyond words. I'm sure everything will be O.K. if we just do what the lady tells us.

FRANCIS: We must hurry to tell our mother.

JACQUINTA: When will we finish our house?

LUCY: Come, Jacquinta, we can finish it later.

NARRATOR: The three children hurry homeward filled with love and admiration for the lady they have just seen. Again in June, the same time and place, the Blessed Mother appears to them. The suffering she had mentioned came to them in the form of protest and doubt as the people refused to believe in the devotion they were beginning to love so dearly. They were scorned and their lives threatened. The devotion to the rosary had prepared them for this suffering, however, and they endured all courageously. Curiosity brought about sixty people to the scene of the second apparition and by October there were seventy thousand men and women from all parts of the world at Fatima to witness the miracle the beautiful lady had promised to work for the children.

LUCY: I know the beautiful lady will come. She would not disappoint us.

FRANCIS: Yes, and she will give us a sign as proof to all the people.

JACQUINTA: For she said she would.

FRANCIS: She is so beautiful.

NARRATOR: In the distance can be heard the sounds of people's voices, some approving, and others scorning. Then suddenly:

JACQUINTA: She is coming. See!

VOICE IN CROWD: Look, the rain has ceased, the clouds have vanished, and the sun is spinning around like a wheel of fire.

SECOND VOICE: And the rays coming from it, all of different colors!

NARRATOR: Kneeling, they say: "The lady is truly miraculous." While the crowd gazes at the splendor of the sun, the children see the beautiful lady and the series of tableaux which she presents to them. Lucy comments on the first which is the Holy Family, Our Lady with Saint Joseph carrying the child.

LUCY: She is more beautiful than before.

(Please turn to page 38)

LOUIS DE MONTFORT

by MARY JO DOHERTY

An apostle of Mary merits canonization

Lovers of Mary have alerted to the news that one more of her zealous devotees will soon be raised to the altar. The canonization of Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort has been set for July 20, 1947. Revered as the founder of two religious communities, De Montfort is best known for his *Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*.

Of the noble but impoverished family De La Bacheleraie, Louis Grignon de Montfort later adopted the name of his native city for that of his father. He was born on January 31, 1673, in Montfort-la-Canne, the oldest of eight children. Stories are told of his kindly disposition which endeared him to his friends, of his struggles against an angry temper, of his devotion to Our Lady even in boyhood days. Because the child showed talent, especially for drawing, he was sent to the Jesuit school at Rennes. But Louis, the dreamer, was not planning to draw pictures; his desire was to draw souls to God and His Mother.

The announcement of his intention to study for the priesthood came as a shock to Louis' family and his unsympathetic father opposed him harshly. The lad had heard glowing accounts of the holiness of the Sulpicians in Paris and longed to join them, but Paris was far away and he had no funds. When a kind lady promised him help he started on his two hundred mile

trip to the capital, walking in the rain, sleeping in haystacks and under bridges, begging for food. All these hardships were crowned by a severe disappointment when he found that his benefactress had arranged for him to study, not with the Sulpicians, but with a small and very poor community. Louis felt that he was only an added burden to the group, but he was given work as a means of supporting himself there. One of the tasks assigned him was that of watching the dead at night, when it was customary to have religious wake with the corpse. Macabre as this may seem to the modern, the eager theology student made a virtue of necessity; he spent part of each evening in meditation and prayer, and the rest of the time he used to study his notes.

When Louis was about ready to take Minor Orders, his Superior died and he had to transfer to another small community. Finally, however, he was admitted to the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. His dream had come true; but its realization might not have seemed happy to one less intent. The young man had acquired a number of pious habits which the new superior felt impelled to try by humiliation. His practice of rigorous penances, of trading his clothes with beggars, of dropping on his knees at any time or place to pray were condemned as fanatical and were openly ridiculed. All the efforts of the student to cooperate met with censure and reprimand.

mand, still he was not dispirited. He was allowed to complete his studies and he was ordained at the age of twenty-seven. He offered his first Holy Mass in the Lady Chapel of Saint Sulpice.

The young priest volunteered for mission work in North America, but he was refused. He was destined for greater work in his own country. The heresy of Jansenism had wiped out the faith from many French towns and Pere De Montfort spent himself in going from village to village, rousing the people by his own contagious cheerfulness to restore their poor churches and return to the practice of their religion. Bitterly opposed by the heretics, he was driven from place to place; yet his work seemed to thrive on opposition and humiliation. In these apostolic years he founded the Congregation of the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost at Saint Laurent-sur-Sevre and that of the Daughters of Wisdom. Although these gained few members during the holy founder's lifetime they, like his "True Devotion," grew substantially in later years.

The book on "True Devotion" to the Blessed Virgin was also the indirect result of his persecution. The heretics at LaRochelle had determined to be rid of him once for all, and a deadly poison was mingled with his food. The priest

wondrously survived but not without a great deal of suffering. It was during this period of convalescence that he composed his treatise. For long years the little book was unknown, but over a century after his death it was found by one of the priests of his congregation at Saint Laurent in 1842.

The "True Devotion" has enjoyed a new and vigorous following in our times. In essence it requires the formal entry into a compact with Mary, whereby one gives to her one's whole self, thoughts, deeds, and possessions, both spiritual and temporal; past, present, and future. Such a complete renunciation has caused advocates to refer to it as the "Slavery of Mary." The soul gives all to Mary that he may thereby come closer to God through Mary and be more pleasing to God. The Church has approved the practice of De Montfort's devotion by the establishment of the Confraternity of the Queen of Hearts with its special spiritual privileges to the members.

De Montfort died on April 28, 1716, at the age of forty-three, after sixteen years of priestly labor. His death date will be commemorated by the Church as the feast of a saint whose life was exemplified in the motto "To Jesus through Mary."



BERTA HUMMEL

by SARAH PAGE

Whence the Hummel figurines

Americans have capitulated again to the charm of childhood. Shoppers at a busy counter have been captivated by a hint of mischievousness peering from behind an angelic face, or by a mask of pertness cloaking an unblemished soul, or huge eyes brimming with innocence. The Hummel figurines and prints have attracted the young and the old, the sophisticated and the naive.

Although Hummel creations have taken their place with other lovely things which Americans consider their own, few know anything of the artist who identifies her work with forthright letters in the right hand corner of her sketches. Some vague news about her being a German nun stirred us to an investigation which probed and discovered a few facts.

In the little village of Massing in Lower Bavaria Adolf Hummel was a successful merchant. His wife Victoria bore him six daughters. The third of these, Berta, was born on May 21, 1909. When she was five years old Berta joined her sisters at the village school, conducted by the Poor School Sisters. Very early she manifested a talent for drawing. Her friends were amazed to discover the life-likeness of anything she chose to sketch. Frequently she was called upon by the teacher to entertain her schoolmates for a while, and at the blackboard, under her nimble fingers, grew carefree birds, swaying trees, and frisky animals. Many children stopped her in the street with a pleading com-

mand, "Berta, draw me!" And swiftly the child's own individuality and personality were caught on a scrap of paper by Berta's talent.

During the years of the first World War Adolf Hummel had to leave his family to serve in the army. Little Berta wrote him frequent letters, gaily decorated and fully illustrated in her own way. In 1921 Berta was sent to the Mallingen Volksschule of the Institute of English Frauleins at Simmbach in Inn. She continued to excel in art work and at the recommendation of her instructors her parents consented to give their daughter special training. In 1927 they took her to Munich. There she availed herself of every cultural opportunity—visiting the art galleries, frequenting the theatres, and attending concerts. In short, she was interested in everything which she thought might help her art. Her achievement at the Munich Art Academy was such that her professors had high ambitions for her future as an artist.

The fullness of her experience in art circles, however, only confirmed in Berta's mind the plan which had been becoming gradually more clear. The love of children, of innocence, of beauty were only wisps of what she was seeking. She decided that she must find her answer in religious life. Before she was twenty she was admitted to the Franciscan convent at Seissen, Wurtemberg, Germany, and she made her profession of vows August 30, 1934. Her

choice of the order is especially noteworthy because she loved nature, animals, and children, even as did St. Francis. As he had expressed his love in songs, Berta put hers into pictures. The name given her in religion, too, was surely significant. She who could so well reproduce the peculiar quality of childhood which we recognize as innocence was known as Sister Mary Innocenza.

In the convent Berta's superiors directed her to continue the work she loved. During the years of Hitler's rise the little Hummel figurines made their appearance. Placed on exhibition at the Leipzig fair the little painted statues of children attracted American buyers and thus found their way to American shops. Sister Mary Innocenza was not even a name here, but her work was seized upon with delight. Her peasant children, her lovable infants were compelling.

What is the secret of the Hummel success? It is certainly not a pre-publication publicity stunt. It is an inherent quality of the pictures and figures themselves. The artist sees her subjects, sees in them the gleam of wonder, of joy, of innocence and of love, and with the deft touch of her pencil or brush realizes the same effect on her paper, or in the clay. A few strong strokes makes a life-like expression; a well chosen pastel creates the realistic coloring. One thinks of the little picture of the baby and the bumble bee. One stroke makes the blanket under his chin, a curve sets his little head, two circles make his wondering eyes, another line makes the little nose that is cocked expectantly toward the hovering bee. And the simple composition thus created is so real that it tugs at your heart strings. Her handling of the charcoal or pastel is individual; the texture of her sketches is unmistakable. One scarcely needs to see her signature, or

the significant little bee which so often appears (Hummel means "bumble"); her technique in picture or figure is quite distinct.



Although the nun-artist confined herself to a rather narrow field of subjects, the diversity within that field is remarkable. Houses, shrines, animals, children, angels, saints. Christs and Madonnas are her favorites. All of her subjects have been drawn in their natural coloring from real life, from boys in patched pants to shy little pigtailed girls. In the illustrations for "Hanzel and Gretel" she presents the stocky-legged, chunky peasant children and a very convincing, malicious, gnarled witch, her eyes glaring with evil. In the matter of Christmas cards Berta Hum-
(Please turn to page 44)

America commemorates the centenary of

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

by JOAN BAUMER

One hundred years ago the war between the United States and Mexico came to an end. Beyond the comparatively young state of Ohio stretched vast territories awaiting settlement; Chicago could not yet be reached by railroad. An obscure young lawyer named Abraham Lincoln had just been elected to Congress. Men had not yet gotten over the wonder of Samuel Morse's new discovery, and a patent official had just resigned because there was nothing more to be invented!

Into such a land and such a time of opportunity was born in Milan, Ohio, Thomas Alva Edison.

Thomas Edison, whose name we associate with the invention of the electric light, deserves more than brief credit for a single invention. No single test can accurately reveal the greatness of a man. A list of Edison's inventions—even an imposing one that includes the stock ticker, generator, three-wire system, electric railway, and wireless telegraph—does not give a true picture. With a man of genius, estimates of his fortune, amount of work accomplished, or length of service rendered do not count. There is much more to consider. Edison's life is an inspiring one even at face value, but behind his long list of accomplishments lies a tale of daring, suffering, patience, and faith. By these qualities does he measure to the yard-stick of the truly great.

Young Tom Edison was like many another lad—idealistic, ambitious, and poor. Money today, broke tomorrow. But the world was moving swiftly and Tom kept up with it. By 1870 he had established his own factory. Soon he moved to Menlo Park, N. J., where he was to devote his life to his unusual profession—that of inventor.

In those days professional laboratories where experiments were carried on toward practical ends were a rarity. Edison was severely criticized for his bold launching of a new idea. He was regarded by scientists as a sort of intruder. In one instance Edison announced the perfection of a dynamo in which only one-tenth of the machine power was lost instead of the six-tenths previously lost from other dynamos. Some of his critics generously tried to show him by simple algebraic equations that he was wrong.

The invention of the incandescent lamp took many years. Edison was determined not to give the electric light to the public until it was cheap enough for all. He wanted to make it so cheap that only the rich could afford to burn candles. During the time spent on experiments criticism was sharp. "Faker," "imposter," and "fraud," he was called. But the appearance of the lamp caused a sensation.

The fame that came to Edison he scarcely noticed. In almost every way he

was different from the accepted standard of greatness. The public was freely admitted to roam through the laboratories at Menlo Park. If some useful information was picked up, well and good. If some tourist saw what might be helpful in an invention of his own he was welcome to what he found. Not for the Wizard of Menlo Park was the role of a recluse.

At the end of his long and active life Edison had no regrets. What if a dishonest lawyer had stolen 76 patents from him! What if jealous rivals had attempted to share his glory in the transmitter, the microphone, the phonograph! There was still much for him to do. He told a friend that in his notebook were ideas enough to keep him busy for another hundred years.

Today the world has graduated to the realm of atom bombs, television, and jet-propelled planes. Gone is the pioneer feeling of one hundred years ago. In a large measure the world can be grateful to this man named Edison. He, whose centenary we celebrate this year, did more than perhaps any other single man to advance materially the world in which he lived. Our telephone chats are possible largely through his work on the transmitter; our "Bob Hope" programs come through because of his gift of the microphone; our machine sewing is much more joy because of the motor he added. Most important of all, when we press a button to light a darkened room we make use of his greatest invention—the electric light.



Vigil Lights

by LORETTA SPAULDING

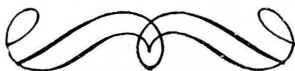
From the broad golden base their thin delicate stems branched, one to her right hand, one to her left hand as if in supplication for those who daily beg at her feet. With the warmth of love, the freshness of dawn, the humbleness of prayer, yet with the stateliness of divine purpose they spread their glow over her virginal countenance. They fushed into one harmonious voice, yet each symbolized a different path. Could it be life they pictured in its joys

and sorrows? One glowed spasmodically, struggling for each breath, as the young birch against the northern gale. The other flushed but slightly, flickering not, but swayed tall and stately as a willow in the calm breezes. Thus in this same, soft, small beauty they mingled with the muffled strains of the organ, with the sweet perfume of the incense and conveyed my prayer upward. These flames of undying love—the Vigil Lights.

PRICE OF SIN

Thy thirst is quenched by blood, O Charity!
In a glaze of pain Love's eyes grow dim—
Then linger. Above that altar of sin
Through a crimson curtain they look to Thee
Whose heart is rent by Mercy's cry!
Man's ruin doth witness his own rebirth
As Death steals the garb—Heaven's abode on earth.
Thou, Breath of Life, art smothered! 'Tis pride
That prods empty courage to kill its source.
Bold Ignorance! Dare to gaze in Humility's tears
There to partake of Eternity—Everlasting Charity!

—LOIS MENDENHALL



Naval Invitation

by CATHERINE GORMLEY

A Marian GI reminisces

It was late in the afternoon when the draft to which I had been assigned entered the "boot camp" gates of the Navy's indoctrination school for its prospective members. Those gates were closed behind us for six weeks—six weeks devoted to the transformation of an individual to a serial number, capable of taking orders without displaying the human desire to rebel. I was scared and had been ever since I had boarded (or rather been forced aboard, for I nearly changed my mind at the last minute) the train in my small home town. After being admitted to the station grounds everything began to happen so quickly that the details are not very clear to me now. In the course of what seemed an exceedingly short span of time we were issued our uniform hats and cotton hose, were taught how to make our bunks in the taut military fashion, and consumed our first rations in a mess hall. We were lectured briefly on some outstanding rules and regulations and were warned explicitly that the next morning we would be awakened by a bell at 5:00 A. M., at which time we must immediately get out of our bunks and "fall in" for roll call. The warning was proffered in a tone which necessarily demanded complete cooperation, doubly guaranteed by the fact that it had been impressed upon us numerous times that we were no longer individuals but

members of a military organization which could not permit disobedience or laxness.

I had a little trouble that night getting to sleep. I had been assigned to an upper bunk in a room occupied by twelve girls. In the first place, it took a great deal of struggling and maneuvering to hoist the lower portion of my anatomy up and into the strict horizontal position required to sleep in such a bunk. My perseverance and determination brought me through the ordeal successfully. Having acquired the position for sleeping I began to fear that my efforts had been in vain, for I spent the next hour or so trying to become adjusted to the novelty of sleeping ten feet above the floor in mid-air. When finally I was able to assure myself that the possibility of my falling out was very small, it occurred to me that it had always been very difficult for me to get up in time to get to work at home, and they had been so firm in their warning that everyone must "hit the deck" promptly at 5:00 A. M.

I finally managed to doze off but awoke many times, and each time I wondered if it was close enough to 5 o'clock to make it advisable for me to just stay awake. But each time slumber was victorious. Then suddenly I was awakened by a persistent clanging, comparable only to a raucous fire alarm. Lazily I partially opened my eyes, and,

Naval Initiation

before the heavy lids would permit me total vision, I knew that this riotous alarm meant reveille. Recalling the belligerent look of the officer's countenance when she warned us to be out of



our bunks before the alarm ceased ringing, I sleepily proceeded to comply. I threw off the covers and stepped out of bed, completely forgetting that said bed was ten feet above the floor. When I finally reached the floor it was in a maze of blackness superimposed by hundreds of white stars. My roommates, all eleven of them, rushed over to see what had happened. I wasn't certain myself until several hours later when, sitting in the dispensary awaiting my turn, I looked at my enlarged ankle, bulging over the side of my shoe. I realized then that I would have to attempt to find an easier and less literal method of "hitting the deck" each morning.



RUIN

Windswept garden
Tear-drenched plot
Reminiscent of splendor
Ages past.

Fear-filled garden
Shimm'ring hate
Reproaching the modern
Changes made.

Lift up thy head!
Take pride in thy place!
Wouldst thou have scorned
Success?

—MARJORY GULDE

*The solution of the
murder mystery was only a*

Stone's Throw

by MARY FRANCES PUNCH

I sat in the dignified waiting room of the District Attorney's office, curious as to why I had been summoned. Perhaps some new evidence had been found in the Stone case. The Stone Case! It all seemed so unreal, so shocking.

I remembered the newsboys, screaming the headlines "Jeff Stone Murdered." Jeff Stone, rising young lawyer and popular man about town; Jeff Stone, who was found stabbed to death in his apartment. And Libbie, poor Libbie, was held for his murder. I had tried to help her, but so far had been able to accomplish little.

It all happened two weeks ago. Jeff and I were to have had a dinner date that night at the Ritz-Carlton, but my editor assigned me to a night case, and I had to break our plans. I tried to get in touch with Jeff, phoning his apartment several times, but each time the phone was busy. Finally, I asked my assistant, Libbie Adams, if she would stop on her way home to explain to Jeff. The apartment was not out of her way, so she agreed and left the office at five-thirty.

At seven o'clock, I received a call from police headquarters. I went over immediately, and found that Libbie was being held for Jeff's murder! She insisted that when she reached his apartment, she had found him dead, a knife in his back. The District Attor-

ney didn't believe her story, and charged her with the murder. I argued that Libbie was incapable of such a thing, but to no avail. Seeing I was getting nowhere, I asked for more information.

They told me they had received a phone call about six o'clock from Jeff Stone's apartment. Libbie's half hysterical voice on the wire tried to tell them what was wrong. When they reached the scene, Libbie was sitting on the edge of the sofa, dry-eyed, drained of all hysteria, but on the verge of collapse. Jeff was sprawled before the fireplace, his own paper knife in his back. The cocktail glasses were broken; the pieces were sent to be checked for possible finger prints.

While the police were telling me this, several reports had arrived. The test for fingerprints proved negative, but a faint trace of lipstick was discovered on the rim of one of the broken glasses. Chemical analysis revealed this to compare identically with Libbie's own lipstick.

Her trial is coming up soon, and I still haven't been much help. The District Attorney's case sounds quite logical, if you don't know Libbie. He figures that Libbie loved and was jealous of Jeff and went to his apartment to warn him about his attentions to other women. She evidently hadn't intended

Stone's Throw

killing him, or she would have brought a weapon. They had an argument, her anger flared, she broke her cocktail glass, and in the last heated minutes, she grabbed the paper knife in a frenzy of anger, and stabbed him.

My thoughts were interrupted as the secretary announced that District Attorney Langely would see me now. As I entered the inner office, his voice came clear and curt.

"Won't you come in, Miss Stevens? Or should I call you Mrs. Stone?"

"How did you know?" I gasped.

"It wasn't difficult to find out," came his calm voice.

"But how—no one knew."

"A certain justice of the peace knew—and now we know—EVERYTHING!"

"Everything?" I felt something close inside of me, and I knew there was no use bluffing.

"I'm not sorry I killed him," I replied, "he never did a thing for me. He

spent our money on other women, and I couldn't stand being made a fool of, even by Jeff."

The District Attorney helped with my coat.

"Then my theory about the murder was right, only you were the murderess, not Libbie?" he inquired.

"Yes." The word came out a muffled sob.

He gently took me by the arm, and led me to the door.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Stone," he said; "under the circumstances, the case of the prosecution will not be changed, only the names of the defendants."

We left the room.

The curtain fell. The applause was thunderous. Backstage, I ran to my husband.

"They liked your play, our play, darling, they liked it," I cried.

"Sure, they liked it, honey. And they loved you as Mrs. Stone. Now go out and take your curtain call."



Our Lady of Fatima

(Continued from page 27)

NARRATOR: And as each tableau passed the children became more devout, but as the last one vanished, the sun, as if loosed from the heavens came toward the earth amid loud cries of terror from stricken people as they fell to the ground believing that it was the end of the world.

LUCY: Do not fear Jacquinta; Our beautiful Lady will care for us.

NARRATOR: And that she did, for suddenly the sun stops in its descent and returns to its usual place in the sky.

LUCY: This is the miracle that Lady promised us. She is heavenly and we

must spread devotion to her as she asked us.

FRANCIS: Now they will believe us. Now for sure they will say their rosary.

JACQUINTA: From now on I will say mine every day. (*Faintly are heard the strains of Ave Maria.*)

NARRATOR: And thus all the people present pledge themselves to devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, confident that their prayers will be heard. They pledge themselves to the promises revealed in these apparitions which even today have never been revoked, a sign of their validity. (*Crescendo Ave Maria.*)

BOOKS

Stricken Land

by REXFORD G. TUGWELL

A Puerto Rican

evaluates a study of her native island

Puerto Rico has been the possession of the United States since 1899, when in the Spanish American War General Miles entered the island with his army of occupation. In an eloquent speech he promised to promote Puerto Rican prosperity and to give the advantages and blessings of an enlightened civilization. But over the years the Island has become a ruinous one-crop country, and along with the economical problems social and political ones have developed. In a recent book Rexford G. Tugwell has sought to arouse the national conscience to the need of adopting an honest and sound policy toward Puerto Rico. He wants to awaken the interest and curiosity of every individual to realize how necessary it is to improve the political, social, and economical status of the Puerto Ricans.

Tugwell's book is a lengthy report of his governorship of the island. He gives emphasis to the political struggles that arose during those five years, but also discusses the British colonial policy in the Caribbean, the American strategy

in the island, and his own reactions to and experiences with the Puerto Ricans. The author tries to make the reader understand the complicated problems that the island has presented since it is under the control of the United States. According to him the root problem is that of inability to supply the overcrowded area with enough labor to meet the needs. A faulty insular economy and a not very efficient agricultural system cannot provide a means of livelihood for a decent standard of living to the majority of the population.

These problems are further complicated by the fact that Puerto Rico has no middle class. As a result the laboring class depends entirely on those who own the land and capital. All the big sugar companies are owned by continental kings who spend their money abroad, leaving none to circulate at home. Even the inclusion within the American tariff wall has given advantages only to the continental corporations and to a few thousands of the

wealthier class in the island. What we need is good, honest leaders who are willing to risk their money in the competition with the wealthy monopolies.

Tugwell presents a very dramatic and colorful story of his own program of reforms during his period as governor of Puerto Rico. He became interested in the efforts of Luis Munoz Marin, head of the Popular party, to secure the observance of the terms of the Organic Act, whereby any corporation was forbidden to own more than five hundred acres of land. So little heed had been paid to the provision that some corporations were in possession of from twenty to sixty thousand acres, with disastrous results to the small land owners of the island.

The governor had also to confront the bitter opposition of the political parties of the "Coalicion" and the privileged agents in the island. But he did not give up until a well organized program of insular legislation had been adopted. By means of this program the public ownership of public utilities was made possible and the control of the sugar industry passed to a Public Service Commission. A very important agreement was that whereby the Puerto Ricans were given the right to decide what their future relations with the United States would be. This freedom was extended to allow the islanders to

elect all of the officials of their government.

As an interested Puerto Rican, I found Tugwell's account to be a clear and accurate study of a difficult era. The book is lengthy, nearly seven hundred pages, and contains much material not dealing directly with Puerto Rico. It could have been half as long if the author had limited his discussion to Puerto Rico, yet the material presented over and above is evidence of his own broad knowledge of the Roosevelt period.

As a minor issue, I consider the title misleading. It might give the impression to those who glance at the book that Puerto Rico is a miserable island on the verge of starvation. It will make them feel sorry for us. But we do not need pity. What we need is help, a wider recognition of our problems, and a change of policy. Puerto Rico has a great future in it and it should not be neglected. The misrule of United States appointees has now been recognized, the faulty economy is obvious. The sincere efforts for reform, however, should now begin to show their effects.

I consider Mr. Tugwell's book a marvelous piece of writing. It will bring to minds and hearts a new understanding and a new interest in the problems of dependent peoples all over the world.

—GLADYS GONZALEZ

Woman of the Pharisees

by FRANCOIS MAURIAC

translated by Gerard Hopkins

Like Our Lord's "whitened sepulchre" Brigitte Pian shows to the world and to herself the pleasing appearance of a good woman, a woman exemplary of Christian charity and virtue. She is

not content to keep her goodness to herself; she feels called upon to share, or rather to direct the lives of others into the fields to which God and Brigitte have called them.

The story of Brigitte Pian's virtuous, high-minded life is told by Louis Pian, her stepson, in a skillful blending of the point of view of the boy Louis and the adult Louis' reflections on his youthful reactions as he tells the story.

There is a minimum of plot; at school Louis becomes the friend of Jean Mirbel, the school scapegoat, who is dominated by a weak, foolish mother and a brutish uncle. Jean is given over to the care of the saintly Abbe Calous and spends his summer vacation near Louis' home. Inevitably he meets Louis' sister Michele. Although they are very young, fifteen and seventeen, they fall in love with each other. The step-mother Brigitte opposes them, seeing love as a detestable human frailty. She separates Jean and Michele, with disastrous results.

Revolving around the main plot is the pathetic story of the schoolmaster Puybaraud, spiritually and materially dependent on Brigitte, who marries against her wishes. His eventual revolt adds to her burden of scruples and remorse. These episodes are representative of the repeated interference of Brigitte, whose dominant personality brooks no opposition. A final realization of the disastrous results of her interference thrusts her into the depths of despondency, but humble submission to a director brings her to the true path of virtue.

Mauriac has displayed in his study of Brigitte Pian a real psychological mastery. He produces an analysis of human motive that keeps the reader aware of the sincerity of purpose in one whose spiritual aspirations for others led her to make every effort "to drive reluctant souls on to the mountain tops," convinced that her duty was to make

clear to them what God had planned from the beginning of time. He tells us through the Abbe that "It is almost inevitable that the professionally virtuous should hold exaggerated ideas of the importance of their actions . . . that measuring themselves by the standards of those around them, they should at times be made slightly giddy by the spectacle of their own merits." Mauriac has shown with a penetrating clarity that all the spiritual efforts of the self-righteous Brigitte are sterile because her structure of virtue lacks the unifying element of love. Only at the end of her life does she realize that God does not require a meticulous account of merits, that He regards not our deserts, but our love.

Mauriac reveals humanity, even virtuous men, as sinners, caught in the web of a search for happiness. He creates his picture through the mind of youth, a synonymous term for innocence to him. To strengthen the effectiveness of this innocent point of view, the author introduces letters and excerpts from personal journals to reveal situations and personality traits that the young Louis could not have been aware of. The adult Louis, as narrator, critically analyses Louis the boy along with the other persons of the story, maintaining a dignified calmness that is characteristic of the book. At no time is there a violent outbreak of emotional strain, yet there is a certain tenseness noticeable.

The French novelist has been fortunate in his translator. Even in English the style is clear, sensitive, and restrained. The narration is smooth, the word is always the right one, the message is unmistakable.

—LOIS TENBIEG

Color Blind

by MARGARET HALSEY

Color Blind is a book capable of startling many readers by its seemingly revolutionary solutions to problems of race relationship in the United States. The author, Margaret Halsey of Yonkers, New York, viewing the negro problem in the light of her experiences as a hostess of the Stage Door Canteen is sure that segregation is not a necessary evil. Her style of writing is sincere and flowing. Throughout there is an element of realism which is always to the point. Miss Halsey employs every possible argument to put down "bogey" prejudices. Her solutions, appearing drastic at first, having been lived with for a while become convincing.

Whenever the White and Negro races make plans to intermingle, there arises the worry that "trouble" will result. What is usually meant is that race riots will follow or "black babies" will spring forth. Miss Halsey puts these aside with a mere wave of the hand as far as her canteen was concerned. A canteen was hardly the place to start a riot. Handling of the various problems which came up after the organization was set up was a job requiring ingenuity. The White serviceman who came to the "rescue" of White hostess dancing with Negro serviceman was an example. The author, by relating these experiences, is able to show to the reader the uncalled for and unfounded prejudices of our so-called white democratic peoples.

Color Blind exposes the willingness of the Caucasian to believe all sorts of tales concerning the conduct and qualities of the Negro. A Southern sailor spoke of a hospital in England having 600 Negro babies, although he had no authentic information on the subject.

Following the pattern of most bigoted people, he was convinced of the invalidity of the tale, yet he clung to his anti-negro principles.

Miss Halsey provides authentic arguments to disprove the fallacies about the Negro's distinctive odor and mental inferiority. She is effective in dispelling the fear that Negro men have a sexual attraction for White women. The actual basis for the refusal to mingle with Negroes, says the author, is the economic factor, cheap labor. Having convinced many intellectually, Miss Halsey suggests a method for conquering the emotions—get acquainted with Negroes, especially the intelligent, responsible, and mature.

This book inspires the reader to fight ever-existing prejudice. "Sickness and diseases will always exist, but that scarcely seems sufficient reason for telling our medical scientists to put on their hats, close up their laboratories and give the spirochetes, bacilli, and viruses a free hand." The task is not to do away with prejudice but to confine it to smaller quarters.

To the oft repeated question, "Would you like your daughter to marry one?" *Color Blind* comes back with, "Do Negroes want to marry White people?" Customs of the day make intermarriage unsound both from a social and economic viewpoint. The Negro is attracted to the White man not for what he is, but for what he has—freedom.

The concluding chapter outlines a plan whereby individuals may work toward the "integration of the Negro into American society." The task is one of many small contributions—"No heroes need apply."

—MARY P. MCCARTY

Cake Shop Romance

(Continued from page 23)

with her air of grace she charmed the gingerbread boy. Then it happened. Just what Dan had warned him against. Around the region of his first raisin button began a peculiar bumping feeling, and Geoffrey knew he had it. Never in his short life had he experienced love. The pink rosy glow, the light airy sensation were enough to put him in a daze. He gazed up and sighed a long sigh. Geoffrey's hopes soon collapsed. The china doll, glancing down at him, immediately turned her glance skyward.

"I just must be introduced," thought Geoffrey. "Maybe Dan knows the china bride. I'll ask him tomorrow."

The next morning Geoffrey ran as fast as he could to the Valentine cake where Dan was sharpening his arrows in preparation for the next night's work.

"Oh, hello, Geoffrey, you don't look well. What's wrong?"

"I've got it, Dan."

"Got what?"

"What you told me not to get. You know, love."

"Oh, you poor boy. That's sad. One of my friends must have shot you last night."

"Dan, do you know the china bride on top of the wedding cake?" fearfully inquired Geoffrey.

"Not very well; however, I do have a speaking acquaintance. You don't mean that you've fallen in love with the china bride? Why she wouldn't ever look at a poor gingerbread boy like you!"

"Well, couldn't you shoot her with one of your arrows?"

"Nope, she's out of range. My arrows won't go that high, but I'll tell you what you could do. I happen to know that she loves circuses. I'll in-

troduce you to her, and this afternoon you can ask her to go to the circus with you."

Geoffrey and Dan started out for the wedding cake which was called "Fluffy Mount." Dan flew up to the second tier of the cake and did his best to give Geoffrey a proper introduction. Geoffrey immediately blurted out,

"I'm very glad to meet you. Do you like circuses?"

At the mere mention of a circus the china doll's face lighted up, and she said,

"I'd be so happy if you'd take me this afternoon."

"I'd be very happy to," said Geoffrey.

The afternoon at the circus was well on the way to becoming a huge success when Geoffrey, feeling confident because of his apparent success with the china doll, made his fatal mistake. He boasted that he could make the bell ring by knocking the mallet. Geoffrey just didn't have the strength and he failed, and the idol of Geoffrey's life laughed, just laughed. Geoffrey was heartbroken, and he even took the short route through the doughnuts back to the china bride's cake. With hardly a word he took his leave.

Geoffrey wanted to end it all, and tried to drown his sorrows in the rum cake. Dan learned of Geoffrey's misfortune, and went to talk to the china bride. Rushing back to Geoffrey, Dan told him to go visit the china bride. With a faint heart Geoffrey started off. Much to his amazement the young lady said,

"Geoffrey, my dear, how could you be so clever? You just wanted to entertain me, didn't you, by pretending that you couldn't make the bell ring." Geoffrey gasped, but she went on. "You like me very much, don't you, Geoffrey?"

"Oh yes, very!" was all Geoffrey could manage.

"Well, then, maybe we could elope."

With gaping mouth the gingerbread boy was led to the altar where he

If She Had Only Believed

and stiff and she thought to rise and warm herself in walking. But there was no place to walk and there was no purpose for walking. She knew then that they would find her here on this bench in the morning. The thought brought considerable satisfaction. It would be in the papers and then he would be sorry he had not realized her talent. She was proud to die here rather than to live unknown in the last line. Mama had been proud too. Mama had died at the height of her fame—before they could take it from her. She had thrown herself into the black water one night after her greatest performance. Yes! That was it, go as Mama had gone! She laughed and the unfamiliar sound echoed back to her ears.

She struggled and rose weakly on

Berta Hummel

mel accomplished what had seemed to many the impossible. She brought back the religious motif in such a novel manner that even the most hard-hearted cynic succumbed to the innocent angels. What seems more of a wonder, she achieved this during a time when Germany under Hitler was bent on expurgating all religious influence. By the magic of her art she made a forgetting world to stretch out its arms again to the Babe of Bethlehem on His own feast.

The Prodigious Child

After the Esofors returned home and the excitement of the unbelievable change had subsided, the happiness of Kay and N. H. was made complete by a reconciliation with N. H.'s family.

married the lovely china bride. Their love carried them from the cake-shop window to a lovely land where the icing on the cake of happiness never melts.

(Continued from page 13)

her stiff legs and tottered forward. The sound of the lap-lapping of the icy waters was music to her ears and she staggered—almost ran—to their beckoning call. There, there it was, she saw the ice covered bridge with its one lone light. She stopped, looked into the inky depths, and arched her tired body for the plunge. Yet what was this—a sob, a flood of emotion, and tears! She turned with revulsion in her heart and ran blindly for her only refuge.

The steps were steep, the doors heavy, the aisle long, but at last she threw herself before the altar and felt the encircling warmth of heavenly love. She realized that tomorrow was a better day and there would always be God. Oh, poor, proud Mama—if she had only believed!

The career of Berta Hummel was a brief one. On November 6, 1946, she died at the convent in Seissen after an illness of two years. Yet who shall say that her career was cut short? Sister Mary Innocenza had been a bringer of joy, a giver of beauty in the service of Christ and His Mother. She had used the Master's direction "a little child shall lead them" to touch hearts far removed from her quiet convent or any direct religious contact. Her missionary career was as unique as the baby and the bumble bee.

(Continued from page 12)

All the friends and relatives joined in the ceremony of renaming the rejuvenated heir—they called him "Urea."



A Night Prayer to the Virgin

Mother, kiss me ere I rest
Make me of thine own love blest.
Keep me, Mother, near to thee
That if my spirit be made free
To leave this life, to upward fly,
Your love will make me glad to die.

—LOIS TENBIEG