

In all the time that women remained slaves and were treated as property, there was only one short period when it seemed that men had realized and would stop, the horrors of warfare. Two thousand years ago the angels' song at Bethlehem promised "peace on earth." Jesus came to teach brotherhood, and the representatives of professional militarism, the Roman soldiers, nailed Him to the cross. The men who professed to be His followers fled away, and only the women who loved Him remained at His side. When love for their leader finally overcame His disciples' fear, and they started to preach His gospel, the women rejoiced, and dared to hope for peace. Before, it had seemed unattainable, but now, though womanhood was as powerless as before, the men themselves had seen Christ's vision of universal brotherhood. Surely they would bring peace!

Vain hope! The apostles preached the law and the Prophets well, but they forgot the Message of the Star. The peace on earth Jesus died to bring, they threw away. War has been carried on just as whole-heartedly since He lived as before. Battles have been fought for the same noble principles, not one of which has ever been acted upon. The very name of Christ, who died for love has been used to inflame hearts of so-called "Christians" to greater fury. Think of the crimes committed in that name during the Crusades. And since then hypocritical followers of the Man of Galilee have tortured and killed each other in more devilish ways than the worst "heathen." Is it any wonder that intelligent pagans refuse to be converted to a religion whose followers cry "Love your enemies" and "To Hell with Somebody" in the same breath?

Each generation of men seems to demand a war. The last war had no excuse. It grew out of nothing. The craze for fighting was as contagious as

(Continued from page 10)

The Introduction is of the "general" type, and of sufficient length. The first sentence is brief, pointed and a universally accepted statement. Excellent. The Conclusion is altogether too brief. Only the last line contains a direct appeal. Sequence, Coherence and Transition command our approval.

Clearness is a very important element in oral composition. There can be no substitute for clearness. Note the ambiguous construction in, "Wise men are admitting it, *all over the world*," "to work for all men, *like Pasteur*, instead of *their own* selfish ends, like Napoleon." Pronoun incorrect in last sentence. With few exceptions simplicity and definiteness were well observed.

We should have preferred more "concreteness"—figures of speech—especially metaphores and similes. However, note the force of "tied for life to pieces of men," "ground in the mill of war for common fodder," "watch their mother's heart shrivel in a constant flame of anxiety," and especially, "Women traded their beloved ones, and husbands, and lovers for service stars, blue and even gold, etc."

There is force in the direct discourse in the story of the British soldier. This also marks the climax. So many orators do not appreciate the value of climaxes. Note the strength of such phrases as "economic shackles," "Women found that they had given priceless human beings in exchange for lifeless bits of cloth and enamel."

In order that elegance may not be violated all words and phrases of an oration must be kept on a high plane. Hence such phrases as "go to smash," and "We humans" should be avoided. Also omit conjunction of sibilant sounds "Angels' song," and the use of the possessive in "Jesus' doctrine."

We close as we began: An oration must be heard to be appreciated. In my humble opinion this is a mighty good oration, but if everybody thought so it would stand condemned. "Woe unto you if all men speak well of you." Neither do I expect everyone to agree with my criticism: I do not want them to, so "lay on MacDuff and . . ."

the influenza. Men all over the world went mad for a chance to get into battle. And by a master-stroke the leaders won the approval of the women. They said, "This war will make the world safe for democracy, and thus end war forever." Women hoped so sincerely for the end of all war that they were deceived into believing this promise would be kept. They determined to help win the war.

In the last few decades, women have been slowly ridding themselves of their economic shackles. The war freed them altogether. As men went away to fight, women left their homes, and did the men's work. This was not a condition peculiar to America. In every country the women made themselves so vital a part of the war machinery that both sides refused to consider women non-combatants any longer. Hereafter, as at the end of the World War, women will be treated as active fighters, and as such will be fought by air raids, starvation blockades, and poison gases.

It would not have been possible for the Allies to win the war had they not had the cooperation of their womanhood. Women traded their beloved sons and husbands and lovers for service stars, blue and even gold—stars whose only value lay in the high ideal they symbolized. Those women believed that the price they paid for those stars was not too heavy to make real their dream of lasting peace. As long as men seemed truly to be striving to make that war end all war, the service stars were a glory to their wearers,—a sign of a spiritual victory. But when the women discovered that this war to end all war was to end it only until the profiteers and munitions-makers could manufacture another, the beauty of the service stars vanished. Women found that they had given priceless human beings in exchange for lifeless bits of cloth and enamel.

But, if women learned that men will never stop war until they have destroyed civilization, if they are allowed to murder each other unhindered, they also learned that womanhood has the power to force men to stop fighting. Woman has been a slave, but now she is free. And hers is not only the power, but hers is the responsibility, to do this thing. She owes it to the unborn children of the race that they shall inherit an earth full of human brotherhood, instead of beastly hate and fear.

Let no woman say, "Men make war. Women cannot make peace." That was true, but it is true no longer. Wise men are admitting it, all over the world. If women decide that war shall stop, then war is doomed. The way is clear. Let women refuse to help keep an army supplied with food and clothing and devilish weapons, and that army will never take the field. The solution sounds simple. It is simple. But every woman must have the courage to practice Jesus' doctrines, while men profess His name, but follow Mars.

If brave, far-seeing women will but lead the way, surely we can have the united action of all the mothers who have seen their sons wrecked, mentally, morally, and physically, in the hall of war; of all the wives, deserted for an "Honor" that never existed; of all the young girls who became war brides in the mad excitement, and then either found themselves tied for life to pieces of men, or had their hopes of dear husbands and beautiful children buried in foreign trenches. Those women had the courage to send their loved ones to die for an ideal; surely they have the lesser courage, themselves, to live for it. When they do so, peace will be secured for this generation. Then there still remains the problem of the new.

That too can be solved. For we young girls, who are the mothers of tomorrow, can shape future events. It is for us to teach our children to really worship Jesus, instead of Caesar, to work for all men, like Pasteur, instead of for their own selfish ends, like Napoleon; to add to the sum of human wisdom, like Newton and Edison, rather than to destroy it, like Attila the Hun. We must teach them that no man is truly great until he somehow advances human happiness, and that no criminal is so evil as he who tears

COMMENTS ON "THE MODERN GIRL"

CHARLES H. WOOLBERT, Professor of Public Speaking
University of Illinois

I like the tone of this composition for its simplicity, sanity, and tolerance. While in a measure it is necessarily an *ex parte* plea, still it avoids excesses of partisanship. I am sure this composition, delivered by a person who looked the part of the modern girl, would get and hold the attention of a good many types of audience. So on the basis of point of view and general attitude toward her subject, I would rate this young woman's composition high.

In addition there is much to commend in the concreteness of the discussion. Most college youngsters are all for the abstract; generalization piled upon generalization, abstraction upon abstraction, until the listener becomes dizzy or dull in the attempt to find something to tie to in the maze of impalpable generalities. This subject lends itself to concreteness, and is above the average on that count. The absence of strain for verbal effect and of fine writing suggests that when delivered by the right person it would be easy to listen to.

One or two adverse comments come to mind. It seems to me that there is something of a contradiction in the two pictures of the modern girl; in one she is beautiful in her willingness to carry responsibility, and in another case she is a lazy loafer. I can see how these two pictures may be in a way con-

(Continued on page 16)

down the good work of other men. And above all we must teach our children that though they must never slay each other like brute beasts, life still means war—war against poverty, war against disease. When they have learned this lesson, Christianity will no longer be a desired dream, but a beautiful truth.

All the disillusion of the past is expressed in this letter from a British soldier to the mother of a German aviator he had killed.

"It's your son. I know you can't forgive me, for I killed him. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, though I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy, though I don't feel so at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a small boy, but I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! How I wish it were over. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty."

All the hope of the world for the future lies in the spirit that prompted that German mother when she answered the boy's letter by writing:

"There is nothing to forgive. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women, brotherhood is a reality, for all men are our sons. That makes war a monster, that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children as our children—and now my heart aches with repentance. When this war is over, come to me. I am waiting for you."

These letters embody the spirit of peace in their agony of disillusion with war.

For ages, Peace has been represented as a woman. Surely this is prophetic, for women never before had the power to make actual the peace for which they longed. Now we have the power, let us, by the help of God, fulfill the prophecy.

THE MODERN GIRL

Winner of Third Place in the ΠΚΔ Women's National Oratorical Contest

EDITHA TODD, Colorado Alpha

Colorado Agricultural College

As a representative of a class of people who, in the past few years have been much criticized and condemned, altho little understood, I wish to plead with you the cause of the Modern Girl.

Watch her as she jams her rolled felt hat down over her bobbed hair, grabs a roll of books, a tennis racket, or a bag of golf clubs, and swings off, free as a young boy in her flat heeled oxfords and short fringed skirt. Her brilliant wooly sweater makes a bright splotch in the morning sunshine and her eyes meet the new day with jaunty frankness.

In every office you will find her. She answers the telephone, keeps the books and files the reports. Nine-tenths of the letters of the business world are typed by her fingers. She has become so indispensable to her employer, that without her, his business would stop.

In the restaurant and store she waits on you, slangy, painted, dressed in cheap imitation, oftentimes, of her luckier sisters, who wear real jewels, real furs, and real marcelles in their hair. In her eyes there is wisdom, cynicism, a knowledge of the world and its hypocrisies.

Over our country's highways she rides, motors, and hikes, scarcely distinguishable from her masculine companions in her tweed trousers, and often their equal when it comes to climbing a mountain, handling a plunging horse, or tramping the long trail.

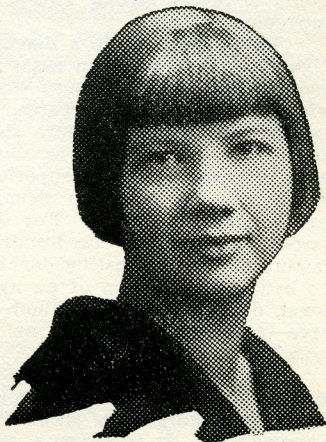
In the dance hall she is legion. Perhaps the cheap tawdriness of her ballroom finery disgusts you—a pitiful effort towards beauty. Perhaps its rash extravagance shocks you. Her rouged cheeks, flashing eyes, and reckless laughter fill you with dismay.

She is a highly imperfect creature. Our newspapers have censored her in glaring headlines. She swaggers thru our magazines with a flask in one hand and a cigarette in the other. The watching world condemns her immodesty, trembles at her daring, and blushes at her frankness. I need not repeat some of the more startling criticisms launched against her. They have been heralded abroad in the daily press.

And yet this girl represents the womanhood of the next generation. Is it any wonder that thinking people shudder when they realize how much they are about to entrust into the hands of these irresponsible, exotic creatures? Can these laughing, shocking, Modern Girls hold inviolate the sacred heritage of womanhood that is being left them?

When one compares this girl with the fine womanhood of a generation ago, there is the feeling that she can not possibly meet her responsibilities as a woman. How can she? She is too different! But consider the world in which she lives. It too has changed.

In 1825 the girl left her home only for the short time spent in the grammar school. That home was her college and her mother gave her an extensive course in gardening, pickling, preserving, packing meat, making butter, cheese, and soap. Before she left her teens she was married to



(Continued from page 14)

sistent, yet their consistency is left to the reader and is not made clear by the writer. Then, there is a palpable defect in the paragraphing. I count twenty-four indentations as for paragraphing. This presumes to represent, if our theories of paragraphing are correct, twenty-four topics or major observations. This is altogether too many for a composition of this length, especially if it is to deliver well. Eight would be plenty. What is more eight would make the composition speak better. Ideally every paragraph should have a rise and fall, something of a climax. Twenty-four climaxes is going it pretty strong, except that very few of these paragraphs have any movement at all.

This brings me to a discussion of the most vital issue on a composition like this: Is it only an essay; or can it be made into a speech? My judgment is that this is more essay than speech, especially from the point of view of paragraph structures. Let this young woman read Wendell Phillips' public addresses and there she will find what I mean by paragraphs that begin, move, and come to something. One cannot help delivering Phillips' type of paragraph with superior speaking effect. Let her not consult Burke; Burke put the house to sleep, while Webster needed the Websterian front and manner and voice. For the effect of simplicity conjoined with power a paragraph of from one hundred fifty to two hundred words, with an easy beginning, an interesting development, and a strong finish, is best calculated to hold the attention of an audience. It can thus begin on their emotional level, develop by any method—narrative, descriptive, expository, argumentative—and can finish with an effect which leaves the speaker's purport impossible to escape.

I suspect if I heard this composition delivered by the writer, I should find fault with the speech as such. We all understand, I assume, that there is no such thing as "a speech" on paper. Such can be, and is, only a written composition. It is never a speech until the human voice and body project it to an audience. This composition turned into a speech might easily lack some of the fundamental necessities of good public address. For so much would depend upon the bodily freedom, vocal flexibility, and interpretive sensibility of the speaker.

Yet with this composition a person skilled in speaking, especially in interpretation, could hold interest throughout. That type of speaker or interpreter, however, who tends to talk for fifteen minutes with the same level of force and without the necessary changes in resonance and vocal quality, would give the audience some dull moments toward the end, if not most of the way. Also the speaker who tends to plant both feet flat on the platform, lock the arms at the side or behind the back, stiffen the joints in the neck, shoulders, hips, and knees—such a person would find great difficulty in getting the maximum of attention to this composition unless he or she had remarkably fine command of voice. If voice and body were both inflexible, the speech might be pretty uninteresting indeed. I have seen all kinds of students who could utterly kill all the meaning and dry up all juice in the very best oratorical compositions ever written by being inert of body and dull of voice.

So by way of summary let me say that this composition is well conceived for temper and fairness, with touches of concreteness to brighten it; it commends the writer for breadth of mind and clearness of vision. If the writer, as speaker, is skilled in speaking and knows the dangers involved in her lack of paragraph structure, I have no doubt that the type of audience usually found at a speaking contest would find this very pleasing.

enter her own home and there take up the life job for which her mother had trained her.

But machinery was invented. Mills and factories were built that took over the multitude of tasks which had formerly been the housewife's duties. And women followed their work out of the home into the industrial world. A voice of protest has arisen against feminine invasion of industry. But women have always worked. The fact that our cloth is no longer made on the antique spinning wheel but is woven by intricate machinery in vast mills—that fact does not relieve woman of her share of the world's work.

This great change has resulted in many new and puzzling conditions. The complaint is made that the girl entering the industrial world, deserts her home and no longer cares for home life. There is a general lament over the fact that she is so different from her grandmother. She is not gentle, feminine, and modest, but is becoming mercenary, aggressive, is taking on masculine attributes in place of her discarded feminine virtues. Worst of all, her contact with the business world is lowering her moral standards.

In many cases, these accusations may be true. But are they fair? Do not forget that we have left our homes because an industrial revolution has forced us to do so. You would not have us remain at home idle. Nor would you permit us to return to the old way of doing things. If contact with industry, with man's sphere of activity, lowers our moral standards is it a healthy place for man? Since we cannot stay out of the economic world, is it not about time that place were made fit for both men and women?

As for the comparison with her grandmother to which the modern girl is continually being subjected, surely it is unjust to expect the girls produced by modern conditions to be like the girls of a century ago. Indeed, it is not a question of whether she is like the girl of yesterday. The vital thing is, will she be able to meet the problems of the girl of today?

Many things are impeding the girl's development towards the high ideal that you hold for her.

Homes are becoming less and less attractive. There is a great deal of difference between the little ivy covered cottage, with its rose garden, and all the romance that clings to it, and the three room apartment, 6th floor back in the city. To-day over half our population is urban. As a result, homes are being crowded back and up, until little of privacy or true family life remains, while outside amusements are daily being made more attractive.

Education is increasing in importance and yet many of our girls have no opportunity for that training and preparation for life that they need. With child labor still legalized in some states, thousands of girls are working long hours under unsanitary conditions at less than living wages. What sort of homes will they build? Can they be successful mothers? How can these girls be expected to reach the high standard set for American women?

The very attitude of the world towards the girl is a stumbling block in her development towards a finer womanhood. For example, the connoisseur of feminine beauty judges a woman as one would a fine horse. He considers her a source of amusement and pleasure, a mere plaything.

But the hostile attitude of a condemning world is the most difficult for the girl to meet. There is an intolerance that comes from misunderstanding, lack of confidence expressed in skeptical remarks without sympathy or kindness. Such intolerance is driving the girl down. When she must face that in her own home it saps her ambition, her desire to please her folks, and makes her foolish in her headstrong independence of all restraint. But when a girl has the sympathy and interest of her parents and friends she earnestly endeavors to reach whatever ideal they may hold for her.

In spite of these many difficulties, the girl has made some advances that are worthy of commendation. It is hard to realize that but a few short centuries ago women were chattels, men's property to be bartered and sold as men saw fit. Even today this condition exists in some of the more back-

ward countries. But in America, we have won our freedom, we have established our independence. In education we have broken down all the old barriers erected against our sex and have invaded every known profession, from that of the civil engineer, to the writer of free verse. But a few years ago our political equality with men was recognized. Economically, too, we have proven our independence and ability to do our share of the world's work. Even tho you do call us tomboys because of our athletic sports, we have, in the last twenty years, increased our stature by one inch and lengthened the span of our lives by several years. This shows that we are developing our heart and lungs and muscles, until today we are better fit for life, physically, than women have ever been before. In the same period, infant mortality has been cut in half. This decrease in the death rate of children is due to the fact that girls have thrown off their old reticence and are insisting upon exact scientific knowledge of all matters concerning the bearing and rearing of children and so are better prepared to care for them when they come.

Why do you of the past generation criticise us so severely? We are your only hope for the future and if we fail, will not you be partially to blame? Why are we so often held up for public condemnation, when surely we are not such a great deal worse than the young men of our generation? We are all bound up together. What we accomplish will be built on the foundation that you have laid. What progress this old world makes will be thru the joint efforts of old and young, men and women. The world can go no further than its womanhood.

We Modern Girls recognize this vital fact and this is our pledge to you. We shall not fail to pass on undimmed the torch of feminine purity and sacred idealism that our mothers have given to us. As American girls our opportunities as well as our responsibilities are great. We shall teach those who come after, those future citizens of the United States, the ideals of honor, unselfishness, and service that are the very foundation of our country. We shall teach them that war is wrong, and cruel, and monstrous, thus making sure that peace for which so many of our brothers gave their lives. And we shall hold aloft the ideals of liberty and democracy, charity and brotherhood, that are the true greatness of America. This shall be our service to our race.

And you, if you have misunderstood us and condemned us, will you not help us now with your sympathy and advice? See to it that every girl gets an opportunity for the training that she needs, both for her place in the industrial world, and for her future status as a woman of tomorrow. Stamp out in your community the licentious amusements that are increasing their hold upon the youth of our nation. See to it that every child has a fit and proper place for clean sports and amusements. Drive out the bootlegger, for he would as soon sell his deadly concoctions to your sister or your daughter as to a confined drunkard. Insist upon a clean press and better moving pictures. Above all, see to it that every class of womanhood is respected for we can never have true reverence for women as long as one class of women is honored and another licensed. In short, be to the Modern Girl, the friend, the counsellor, the companion that she needs.

We are not asking you to lower the standard for the Modern Girl. Raise the goal as high as you like, for her goal will be the destiny of the world. If it is lowered, she suffers first of all, but if it is raised, if, with your help, she goes on to a finer, nobler conception of womanhood, then the whole world moves forward with her. Unless she goes on, the race must turn back.

This, then, is the final plea of the Modern Girl:

"Be just, be kind, be fair,
To every girl, every where."

CRITICISM OF "OUR UNCROWNED KINGS"

HERBERT C. LIBBY, Maine Alpha

Colby College

I am asked by President Westfall to criticise briefly the winning oration in the National Pi Kappa Delta oratorical contest held in April last at Peoria, Ill. I hesitate somewhat to do so in the fear that I may discourage the young orators in their praiseworthy efforts to produce orations that are models of good reasoning and eloquence.

I was unfortunate enough not to be present at the last national convention. It would have pleased me much to have heard Mr. Simon Heemstra deliver this particular oration that I have been asked to criticise. I never read an oration that seemed to offer more stumbling blocks in the way of proper delivery. How in the world he could get through it and still hold the interest of his audience is quite beyond my powers of comprehension.

In thought the oration is pretty trite. I can find in it nothing whatever that is new. Again the speaker asks well toward the beginning of the address, "What special mission have we as a people to perform in the present state of affairs? Well, let us see. Shall we examine conditions for a few moments as they exist today?" He then proceeds to neglect entirely any discussion of the "special mission" until he arrives at next to the last page of his manuscript, devoting all the rest of the address to an examination of the conditions. I do not call such an address well arranged in respect to thought. I hoped that he would discuss fully the "special mission." The discussion of the "special mission" is contained in the last three paragraphs in which he says, "but of what use merely to propose a solution? The revival must be inaugurated by us, fellow students." Just what revival he has in mind I do not quite grasp, and yet this is his "special mission." That the writer could successfully answer so large a question in two paragraphs, plus a rather old quotation from Holland, is the great defect of the oration.

Another criticism is the numerous short sentences. This style is what we call in journalism the Bing-Bing-Bing style. It destroys all sustained thinking, and a reading of this oration is simply a reading of topic sentences. I wonder again how the young orator ever found physical strength enough and breath enough to see himself comfortably over these hurdles.

There is one other serious criticism of this oration, and that is that it does not read like the effort of an undergraduate. I do not mean by this that older heads may have assisted, or that it may have been gathered from unending sources, but it sounds too mature altogether; it does not sparkle with the spirit of youth but has every characteristic of old age. An undergraduate, at least here in the East, would not think of saying, "Our philosophy is pragmatism"; neither would an undergraduate say, "We are living in an age of unparalleled manifestations;" neither would an undergraduate be likely to say, "The world is a congeries of different philosophies, of different passions and of different desires;" neither would an undergraduate say, "Hence, when nations should be united in a common brotherhood striving to promote the highest welfare of civilization, there is to be found on every hand naught but unmeasured pride, cupidity, revenge, and fatuity,—all of them links in the devilish chain dragging Europe to her ruin."

I also offer the criticism that the writer assumes altogether too much when he says in the midst of his oration, "My friends, we are divided. There is no united American front on the vital issues of the day." This is easily said but with greater difficulty proved. In debate assertion is of little consequence, and I should say in this oration the author has asserted altogether too much. We may be going about the solution of our problems here in America in different ways but I am not ready to say that we are

divided to the extent that there is any imminent danger such as the young orator would seem to suggest.

It would be possible for me to write a brief word highly commending this oration and have Mr. Heemstra feel that he had reached the height of his oratorical ability. In offering the criticism that I do I am trying to be of the greatest possible help to Mr. Heemstra. Any young man who is able to deliver an oration at a Pi Kappa Delta convention and win first prize is the type of young man who is able to take honest criticism and profit immensely by it. The criticism I offer is genuine.

* * *

SOLIDIFIED DEBATING, F. O. B. CEMETERY CITY

Dear Editor of the Stylus:

The institution of inter-collegiate has the death rattle in its throat. To-day a debate is like a page torn from Dunn and Bradstreet's. An arithmetic book of figures is read, a section of "Who's Who" is quoted and the audience is no better off than before. No flashes of wit and humor, no personal opinions by the debaters, no emotions to water the dusty facts.

Circumstantial evidence is unreliable. If you were to go into a building where six men are tyrannizing over twenty-five restless hearers, and had witnesses with you, you can prove it is an inter-collegiate debate, but if you merely take the aspect of the speakers you will swear that six boys are calling prices on the stock market curb.

This is why forty persons last year heard the Wisconsin-Illinois debate, while next door a pacifist was telling 5,000 people about war. In one building a "safe," dead subject was marching to the funeral strains of columns of "Who's Who" authorities; in the other, a thinker was discussing a pertinent issue, not from a cemetery of authorities, but from the gray matter in his own head. Can you blame the 5,000?

The abuse Mr. Coolidge receives is awful. The Affirmative quote him with much gusto. The Negative claim is staunchly Negative. He is also firmly Affirmative. That much is clear.

Those splendid Oxford men, including ex-Premier MacDonald's son have revealed to us our shortcomings. They were not bitterly determined to win the decision; they did not spout like adding machines. No but they discussed their subject from the ethical and moral and aesthetic sides, and cheerfully invited their audiences to draw up chairs about the pleasant hearth-fire of their conversation. They smiled.

My observations are not gathered from Park's campus. Our club debaters, I am convinced, are equal to the varsity teams in many state universities. But debating is on the decline and the fault lies with those debaters who are slaves to outworn traditions, who offer to ever-hopeful audiences not their own reflections and moral and ethical faces of the question couched in conversational style, but facts and figures piled mountain high and as dusty as Death valley.

Very truly yours,

KENFORD NELSON.

—*The Park Stylus.*

* * *

"Civilization or War?" delivered by Earl Hoover of Ohio Epsilon, Otterbein, was awarded second place in the state contest. E. E. Voelkel of Wooster won first place. Third place went to W. R. Dayton of Wittenberg on the oration, "Within the Shadow."—*The Tan and Cardinal of Otterbein.*

OUR UNCROWNED KINGS

Winner of I K A Men's National Oratorical Contest

SIMON HEEMSTRA, Michigan Gamma

Hope College

(Mr. Heemstra's picture appeared in the Forensic of May, 1924.)

We are glad to be here today. It is a joy to meet in the spirit of fraternity. And men should meet in this spirit, especially those who in the future are to guide the course of human activity. Conventions of this kind, I believe, are particularly important. We listen to speakers, we discuss plans, we are informed and guided by authority; and, after it is all over, we return to our colleges with new enthusiasm to direct forensic activities. We represent that part of society, it seems to me, which lives above the average level, and are therefore responsible for maintaining and raising the standards of that level.

We Americans are a busy people. Our philosophy is pragmatism. We are intensely practical, absorbed in the spirit of doing things. We are a zealous and an industrious people. And under our system every individual has the right to work for himself, to do those things he is most interested in and best fitted for doing. We have liberty and independence in our action and thinking. And yet, characteristic as all this may be, we are guided on every hand by managers, administrators, leaders, and statesmen.

As a nation our prestige in international affairs is great. Constantly other countries seek our opinion and advice. American statesmen are being intrusted with some of the greatest responsibilities of international life. And why are they? What is so peculiar to our leadership? What is so significant in the unique American frame of mind? What special mission have we as a people to perform in the present state of affairs? Well, let us see. Shall we examine conditions for a few minutes as they exist today?

We are living in an age of unparalleled manifestations. In one field the promoters of peace, of law, and of justice, are striving to assert their ideals; while in another the instigators of hate, of fear, and of war, are displaying even greater efforts. The world is a congeries of different philosophies, of different passions, and of different desires.

Only yesterday, it seems, we emerged from the bloodiest war of all history. Every nation was deeply disgusted with the crime and brutality of it. War became recognized as the greatest menace to modern civilization. The idealism of universal peace and common brotherhood prevailed. Then came the Peace Convention, so-called, and alas! suddenly the noble objective namely, making the world safe for democracy, vanished. The ingenuity which had guided world progress for centuries likewise defaulted, giving place to passions and jealousies. In a moment the victory of battle was translated into terms of defeat.

The desire to settle disputes of war on a basis of reason and justice and in a spirit of friendliness was totally wanting at the Paris Conference, nor has it become manifest even today. We hope the work of the Dawes Commission is a step in advance toward stabilization. But there are many obstacles to overcome. The old animosities are still keenly alive. Unwillingness in Germany to break or bend is a big obstruction in the way to reach a good understanding. On the other hand, the French objective of crippling Germany's economic power, and even destroying it, is equally hazardous to complete restoration. One nation has deflated its money to make reparation payment impossible, while the other has overburdened its people with taxation insisting on reparations by a policy of forceful aggression. At a time, therefore, when nations should feel, by virtue of their excessive sacrifices in the war, that a fair and reasonable settlement is imperative, they continue to grab each other by the throat, struggling, as it were, for final mastery.

Nor that only, but disagreements and quarrels between the Allied Powers themselves lead to further complications. The Poincare-Baldwin communications a few months ago demonstrated the antagonistic attitudes of governments which should be cooperating in policies of reconstruction and re-establishment of harmonious relations between peoples. Hence, when nations should be united in a common brotherhood striving to promote the highest welfare of civilization, there is to be found on every hand naught but unmeasured pride, cupidity, revenge and fatuity,—all of them links in the devilish chain dragging Europe to her ruin.

This malady, however, is not only deeply rooted in Europe, but is gripping all western civilization. Of course, we of America are differently constituted from the European peoples. Our motives and our life are manifestly distinct. We are devoted to principles and ideals. We believe in liberty under law with equal opportunity for all. We stand for government based on character and service. We cherish Christianity as the true philosophy of life. Our thinking has always been high and noble, obsessed with a will and passion to do the right, to make reason, justice, and the will of God prevail. And because of these virtues, we, indeed, hold a lofty position of influence and usefulness in the world.

On the contrary, there is at present a trend in our life endangering our highest motives. The menace of lawlessness is constantly being referred to. Incidents such as the Williamson County episodes horrify us. Disregard for law and order has become manifest in every section of the country. Again, we are informed through recent revelations made by Secretary Hughes that there are Red elements in America precipitating, if possible, a revolution. Then we hear of religious dissension and race and class hatred. Corrupt politics have been conspicuous for some time. Men are buying their places in the legislatures. Radicals champion progressivism and then proceed to block all practical legislation. During the last five years Congress has been a harbor of different blocs and factions, each opposed to the other. We thought the late President Harding could unite these diverse elements, but he failed at the sacrifice of his life. My friends, we are divided. There is no united American front on the vital issues of the day. We seek selfish ends. Everywhere there is an unsettled state of mind. Deception, suspicion, and cynicism stalk through the land. We are alarmed to think what tomorrow may bring forth.

Observation of these facts leads to inquiry as to the causes of present conditions. Have men degenerated? Have they become careless and indifferent? Are we failing to live up to our ideals? Why is it that fraud, selfishness, dishonesty, and hypocrisy are creeping into the political philosophies of every nation? Why do so many statesmen, men in whom people place their greatest confidence for hope of the future, pursue policies disregarding all public welfare and regarding only, it seems, the idea of retaining their office and their positions? Why do people continue to be greedy, to envy, to hate? Here, it seems to me, is the reasonable answer: The minds of men have been directed toward the wrong goal. Our thinking has been crooked. Such activities as we view with alarm are the outcome of vicious motives, wicked ideas, evil passions, and wrong beliefs. The mechanisms of learning, of industry, and of government are for the most part sound. The difficulty lies not in our institutions and systems; it is in the men behind them—in their thinking and doing.

What the world needs today is a great revival, a renewal of spirit, something which will re-awaken our emotions, kindle our conscience, and direct our passions. We must fall in love with other things than those we now love. There must be renewed obedience to law, respect for righteousness, and devotion to the American constitution. There must be a revival of ideals, of enthusiasm for humanity, of confidence in our fellowmen, and of the spirit of co-operation among the world's workers. Men must live as brothers. What

the world needs most today is brotherly love. The lamented President Harding, in his last address, his valedictory, said, "I tell you, my countrymen, the world needs more of the Christ; the world needs the spirit of the Man of Nazareth, and if we could bring into the relationship of humanity among ourselves and among the nations of the world the brotherhood that was taught by the Christ, we could have a restored world; we would have little or none of war, and we would have a new hope for humanity throughout the earth."

These words of our martyred President, my fellow-citizens, are a testimony that only a thorough revival will re-establish good-will among men and will insure honesty, sincerity, and justice in our dealings with one another. By it men will see the futility of their present policies, the fallacy of their present philosophies. It is the only way to restore faith in mankind, belief in the power of truth, confidence in the laws of righteousness, and the conviction that all men are truly brothers and that no individual, state, or nation can hope to prosper if its own welfare is gained at the expense of the misery or destruction of another. A spiritual renaissance is the only solution of the present day problems.

But of what use merely to propose a solution? The revival must be inaugurated by us, fellow-students. It is our bounden duty. It is our present business, because we are the leaders of tomorrow and as Americans are we not peculiarly fitted for this undertaking? We have a noble heritage of character, we have a great vision of what is to be and what should be. Shall we accept the challenge of leadership in restoring the world to more noble living? Are we willing to dedicate ourselves to the purpose of vindicating the principles of truth, of justice, and of love?

Some time ago a prominent New York attorney and a Presbyterian minister met at a convention in Buffalo. During the course of their discussion concerning current events the attorney made this remark: "What we need in our life today is more Christian character and personality." The supreme demand of the hour is for noble, courageous, and virtuous leadership.

The poet Holland, in his poem, entitled, "Men Wanted," says:

"God give us men! The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while they rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!
Can you say, "Take down your sign, I'm your man?"

This is the challenge. You are Our Uncrowned Kings. You wear the purple. We look to you for kingly conduct. We look to you for leadership.

CRITICISM OF "GRAPPLING WITH THE IRON MAN"

E. R. NICHOLS, National Historian
California Alpha, University of Redlands

This oration is very good of its kind, but is lacking in originality. The same thing has been done too many times before for it to attract any particular attention. The writer states his problem well, but fails to state his solution equally well. He skimps the space given to the solution and talks in general terms and platitudes, whereas he was quite specific in stating the problem. That is to say merely that he is unable to go beyond the "material" he has read on the subject.

He assumes an eight-hour day. May it not be true that sooner or later science—industrial science—may shorten the working day—and that the daily grind will not be so great a tax on human endurance? Again, does not the brain worker become just as tired of his job, just as fatigued and as mentally and physically undone as the factory laborer? Has he hit upon a problem of life, then, rather than a mere detail of organized industry? Is it not true that we all need education for leisure? Perhaps it is a fault of our industrial age that we take too little time for leisure, possibly not. Again can we not trust the average man to find recreation and pastime—in fact to live—as he pleases?

The mental defectives seemed to me to be dragged into the argument to strengthen the indictment, but it is an altogether different problem. It is social, not industrial and the effect of industrial conditions upon it is slight provided we solve the problem of child labor which is again a different problem. The propagation of defectives is a matter of birth control and sterilization—a social reform quite apart from the subject under discussion—yet it is hinted at in the oration as a grave danger—but no solution is advanced except "education for leisure" which means nothing to a moron.

The oration raises too many unanswered problems and then deals with them inadequately. The ideal plan for the problem oration is to take the first half for the statement of the problem, and the second half for a solution. The introduction leads into the statement of the problem and the peroration pleads for the adoption of the solution. The writer has attempted to follow this plan but has weakened in the solution and in the peroration. For that reason his work lacks real appeal at the end where it should be strongest.

* * *

Morningside College has just completed an extensive series of inter-society debates for both men and women. Debating squads have been picked. The women are Lenore Benedict, Margaret Spencer, Alice Robins, Marguerite Held, Carol Moen, Muriel Hughes, Bernice Trindle, Luella Smeby, and Marion Leslie. The men are Max Kopstein, Henry Te Paske, Lester Bentz, Harold Larson, Charles Emerson, Frank Leamer, Jack Rogers, Donald Hartzell, Jot Ott, Earl Josten, Henry Wright, Henry Kitchen, Lester Leitch, Paul Coombs, and Odes Hilton.—*The Collegian Reporter*.

* * *

Iowa Gamma, Des Moines University, is planning a very ambitious debating program. The women expect to travel thru the South, debating Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri Wesleyan, Drury, University of the South, Emory, Elon, Bridgewater, and Davis and Elkins. The men will travel towards the Pacific, debating Huron, Cotner, Nebraska Wesleyan, Hastings, Brigham Young, Westminster, Colorado College, Washburn, Ottawa, Kansas City University, and William Jewell.—*Des Moines Highlander*.

"GRAPPLING WITH THE IRON MAN"

Winner of Second Place in the Π K Δ Men's National Oratorical Contest

ROBERT MORTVEDT, Minnesota Beta

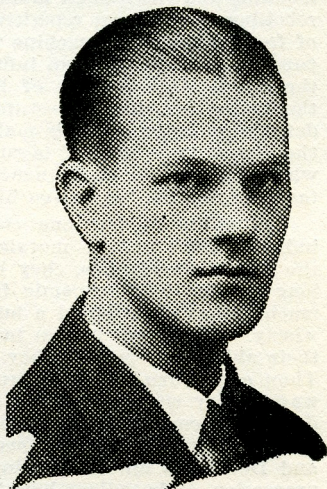
St. Olaf College

"First, the man and the beast; then, the man and the hand-tool; now, the man and the machine tool." Pastoral, agricultural, industrial—such has been the evolution of human toil. The contemplative civilization of the East has been dominated by agriculture and the handicrafts. But Western civilization, a product of energy rather than contemplation, has swept beyond agriculture and the handicrafts, has harnessed natural forces, and invented machines that have multiplied manpower. Its peoples have wedded science to toil, system to acquisitiveness, and education to production. To them no obstacle has been insurmountable; with gain as the cardinal index to success, they have forged on to the industrial leadership of the world.

When we compare Western civilization, founded upon the machines, with the civilization of the Orient, built upon the backs of infinite slaves, we exult that we are the sons of a generous fortune. But our exultation arises from blindness. Hitherto, we have regarded our machines with indulgence; we have tended them as faithfully as David herded his flocks of old, for in them we have seen, not only our means of existence, but our instrument for conquering the world. Nevertheless, a study of the current consequences of the machine inevitably results in a revelation of its menace. We are beginning to realize that with its benefits there are concomitant evils, which, unless counteracted, will render the machine a curse.

The cry of industrialism has been for automatization, the incorporation into a machine of a function that previously belonged to the operator. The twentieth century witnesses the consummate product. So perfect is the automatic machine that it inspires awe. There is beauty in its construction, fascination in its complexity. The intricacy, exactness, and scope of its work are marvelous—an inanimate structure of steel surpassing man in speed, precision, and endurance—the Iron Man of our century.

Through the automatic machine, industry has become an infinite subdivision of manufacturing processes. In the making of an upper of a shoe, for example, four hundred fifty operations are performed—each by a different man. Likewise, the worker's function has become almost negligible. The machine is contrived to oust mind from the operator's task: a man stands all day moving metal rings across a six-inch platform, each movement requiring the use of the same muscles; his only task is to see that the rings enter the machine in the proper position. So monotonously simple is the work that he needs little strength, almost no intelligence. The benefit to the manufacturer is increased production and standardization of product. But the consequence to the worker is his being robbed of the necessity for intelligence and craftsmanship. He is constantly tortured by the suppression of his individuality. There is never an opportunity of improving or varying the product; never an imparting of his soul; his personality might well have



been checked at the factory door. The subjugation of the operator is almost complete; he is being rendered a mere automaton, a bondsman to industry. The infinite sub-division of industrial processes and the humanization of the tool have reduced his job to a ceaseless, nerve-wracking grind!

This monotonous use of the same muscles, and ruthless invasion of personality are productive, in turn, of even more far-reaching consequences. Psychiatrists inform us that the overtaking of certain muscles and association areas produces toxic poisons resulting in a pathological fatigue which causes violent reactions. It is certain that this is the source of much of our industrial and social unrest. A conflict is raging between the automatic machine and the human mind, and every hour sees millions of minds silently rebelling at the "vast repetitive processes" of industry. The listless monotony of feeding the same machine with the same quantity of material, at the same pace, so as to produce an infinite number of identical articles, is lethargizing the mind. One student of industrial conditions declares, "We are putting the brand of industry—stupidity—upon the brows of our workers." The definite tendency towards making man an automaton is weakening his mind; the law of "use or lose" is running its course. When Henry Ford was asked what might be the consequences of a man's working for years at a specialized task, he replied, "It drives him crazy."

Stupidity is but one consequence of the reign of the machine. Its indirect effect on the morals of our youth becomes equally clear. Before the age of twenty-five, they have attained the height of their earnings, and long before that, economic independence of their parents. The automatic machine has contributed a buying-power far in excess of their ability to use wisely. They have not an intellectual and moral ballast commensurate with their ability to spend. They have money to go where they please; they go. They can spurn authority and age; they do. They have leisure to use or waste; they waste it. Their uncontrolled economic power, augmented by the desire for emancipation from their slavery to the machine, causes them to fling themselves into riotous living. "My court," said a Detroit judge—and Detroit is an outstanding center of automatization—"is the scene of a procession of beardless boys." With unwavering insistence, a study of the causes of our youthful delinquency brings forth an indictment of the Iron Man.

Less obvious than either of the foregoing evils, but more insidious in its consequences, is the use the automatic machine makes of the mental defective. When adjusted to his environment, the defective is an asset to the employer because of his immunity to many evils that torment the intelligent worker. He is less worn by monotony and clatter; less subject to labor-strain. He does not rebel at the invasion of his personality. His obedience to supervision obviates factory-troubles and labor disputes. Our automatic system places a premium on mental deficiency! The late C. H. Parker, while visiting the Chicago stockyards, had his attention called to a woman whose hands made one simple movement each second, thirty-six hundred times an hour. The hands were swift, precise, intelligent; her face was vacant, stolid, expressionless. And while he watched, the superintendent commented, "She is one of the best workers we have. It took a long time to pound the idea into her head, but when this grade of woman absorbs an idea, she holds it. She is too stupid to vary. She is as sure as a machine. For much of our work this woman is the kind we want."—The unambitious worker, too ignorant to question the factory system is the ideal!

Besides tending to drive intelligence out of industry, automatization engenders a more ominous evil. When intelligence was a vital factor, a salutary check was placed upon the marriage and reproduction of defectives. Today the barrier of intelligence is removed. A demand for unintelligent workers, and high wages, has made marriage and reproduction of defectives possible. The result is that America is producing a proletariat "whose contri-