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A Halloween Experience

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student body as a unit unhesitatingly stamp an "O. K." upon the new Dean.

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The Middlers Elect Officers

On Friday, October 10, the Middlers convened for the first time in this scholastic year. Each member seemed desirous to make this year more beneficial in every way than last year.

Several new faces were present, but it was not long before their possessors had imbibed, by contact, the spirit of the class and became as enthusiastic as if they had been members of the class from the beginning.

The object of this meeting, as is the object of the first meeting in every year, was to elect officers for the first semester.

The following list of names is the result of the election: N. Cannon Brooks, President; Miss Gladys Whitmier, Vice President; Miss Irene B. Lee, Secretary; Miss Grace L. Evans, Assistant Secretary; D. L. Woods, Treasurer; D. D. Mattocks, Chaplain; J. Robinson Jones, Journalist; W. S. Hayling, Critic; Miss Beatrice Jones, Custodian; G. B. Russell, Sergeant-at-Arms.

A Hallow'een Experience

We had often heard mother say, "Boys, don't go over into Claysville after dark;" but it was not because she was superstitious, for, indeed, she would hear nothing of superstitious talk. Claysville was a suburb of Salem, N. J. Between the two towns flowed the Christiana River, over which was a long covered bridge. Approaching the bridge on either side, like a platoon of soldiers, were willow shade trees, which presented no pleasing aspect to the belated, twilight traveller, as the whip-like branches swayed to and fro in the breeze.

One day, disregarding our mother's advice, my brother and I rode our motorcycle through this avenue of willows, past Claysville, to Woodbury, where there was a circus.

Here our motors hummed with delight as we reeled off mile after mile until I noticed that it was fast getting dark. James, my brother, suggested that we return, remarking that, as we had left our searchlights at home, Carney, the motor cop, might fine us. So we turned back.

The moon came up and shone on the circuitous pike, making it a long, silver thread winding, ever winding, as it approached the Claysville bridge. We passed over this and through the bridge safely, but on the Salem side of the bridge James' motor stopped. While re-

pairing it, we heard a weird cry, and, looking back, we saw a long, lithe form enter the darkness of the covered bridge. Simultaneously we said: "It is Hallowe'en night, brother." Our hair stood on end as we heard the most unearthly cry of our lives in the darkness of the old long bridge. Throwing in the clutch, my machine shot forth like a rocket. My brother, perched behind me, urged me to "put on more gas, turn the air valve wider."

If you were frightened and started to run, you would do your best, would you not? Well, our Indian motorcycle seemed to know our wishes, and we made that avenue of willows one long indistinct blurr. When we reached home, no one had to coax us to go to bed nor did any one have to suggest covering our heads when there.

Next day Carney fined us on two charges—riding without lights and exceeding the speed limit. The morning paper in the "Lost and Found" column advertised an Indian motorcycle, and the front page had an account of a sensational panther hunt the night before. James and I decided that, although we might have nerve, Mother had wisdom.

When Peace Shall Come

One hears people speculating on every hand as to when war will be succeeded by peace. A more dif-

ficult question could hardly be propounded, and it is futile to attempt to answer it. We may be sure, however, that the sword will not be sheathed until there is no longer a possibility of the German Emperor or any of his descendants possessing the power to bathe peaceful nations in a sea of blood. This is the task to which civilization has addressed itself and this is the task which it must accomplish, no matter what the sacrifice. There will perhaps be other wars in centuries to come, but they will occur only when the counterpart of the inhuman monster responsible for the present strife with threatening aspect stalks the earth. The Allies will dwell in concord for many a year after the strife has passed. Future monarchs, inclined to participate in a war of conquest, will have the fate of the Kaiser to warn them.

It will take many a weary year to repair the damage already done, and there is much of the damage which cannot be repaired, for no power can awaken from their enduring sleep those whose lives have been the price of this attempted substitution of militarism for civilization. Beautiful works of art and noble structures ages old which were a delight to all Christendom have been destroyed by the ruthless German hordes, who in their ravages have exceeded the Huns of Attila. Yet, while much of the damage can never be repaired, the face of nature will again blossom, and there