

and its training, the HAVERFORDIAN can achieve more good—or at least be of more service—by continuing publication.

The present crisis has brought one important thing to our minds: that we have been neglecting our mission as the organ of Haverford opinion and expression in our over-zealousness to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates. The former aim was the reason for which we were founded; the latter a development due to our growth. In the future we shall try to combine the two elements, publishing not only purely literary articles but also articles relating to College policy. We hope to continue giving as many Alumni notes as we have done in the past; last month we published ten and a half pages, a greater number than has appeared in the magazine since it was founded.

#### AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE

As we go to press we take pleasure in announcing the election to the Editorial Board of Mr. Charles Hartshorne, Mr. Russell N. Miller, Mr. John W. Alexander and Mr. Harold W. Brecht.

### The National Emergency

*By L. K. Keay*

"Though love repine and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply,  
'Tis man's perdition to be safe.  
When for the truth he ought to die."

**I**N the the present national emergency every man, unless he be an utter coward or of a type with whom thinking is an extremely distasteful form of mental exercise, feels himself duty-bound to fit himself in some way for the better performance of service to his country. That the men of Haverford are far from impervious to a keen sense of that duty is attested to by the large enlistment and the signs of whole-hearted participation in the admirable plan for training in that respect that the college has so fortunately adopted. While the plan constitutes a compromise between the two elements who entertain conflicting opinions regarding their obligations in the present exigency, nevertheless its wisdom lies in its ability to meet the requirements of both the factions and thus maintain in the college a unity of action that is remarkable under the circumstances. The formulators of the plan are indeed

worthy of praise. While it can in no way compromise the conscience of these religiously opposed to war, it offers superb training for those whose ultimate intention it is to fight actually the battle of democracy and liberty side by side with their fellow men along the frontier line of civilization in Europe, if fortune so favors them.

For it is truly a privilege to die for the truth. And we deem it safe to say that never before in the annals of time has a war been more justly undertaken than the one on which America felt herself compelled to embark the fourth of April 1917. Pessimists see in the world cataclysm the decline of civilization and the degradation of humanity, but it is inconceivable that civilization will not advance when well-nigh the whole world takes up arms in its defense. Civilization uttered the cry of distress and every enlightened people on the globe has rallied to the standard. And though America, in the minds of some had delayed her entrance into the arena too long she at last took up arms at a time when no doubt could possibly exist as to her motives. No desire to impose her institutions upon other peoples, no wanton lust for world power induced her to take the step, but it was in defense of her most sacred rights, in service to justice, in the championship of man's freedom, that she decided to join the concert of nations arrayed against German Autocracy.

A beneficent outcome of the struggle is inevitable, and when the history of these dark days comes to be written by men of clearer understanding than ours can be, we hope they can say, as Victor Hugo said of the French Revolution, "The war had its reasons; and its wrath will be absolved by the future; a caress for the human race issues from its most terrible blows." Righteous wars are the brutalities of progress, but when they are ended this fact is recognized, the human race has been chastised but it has moved onward.

### Aftermath

I cannot find it in my heart to sing,  
My songs are vain—and lifeless as the fire  
That in my heart has burned to ashes—Spring  
Brings with it but dead dreams and dead desire.