

the more livable aspects of our social and economic democracy, are inconceivable to him.

Education, or the development of culture, since even before the Indian philosophy of "Upanishads," has comprised the efforts of man to live more fully, to appreciate more readily the wonders of the universe and to evaluate accurately each in its respective relation to him. Perhaps the experiences encountered during the war effect a definite bearing upon the veteran's ideals, or what he wants to be. Whether this be relevant or not, the facts are obvious. The veteran of this war is not content with the meagre fruits borne of an uneducated existence.

The educated individual not only anticipates life to the utmost, he is prepared to live and become an integrated part of society. The extent to which man may participate in the democratic practices of the world today are limited only by the extent of his education. Limitless opportunities constantly present themselves, in each and every phase of our complex modern civilization. The educated man is prepared to grasp each individually, exploit it, utilize it, bend it to his will and, supplementing it with previously acquired opportunities, continue to advance in life, secure in the knowledge that through education he is LIVING.

Night In A Manufacturing District

JOHN M. SATTER

Night in a manufacturing district offers impressions quite different from those one gets in the same location during the day. Darkness hides much of the detail of the surrounding buildings, and softens their sharp lines so that they melt into great mounds of blackness. Occasionally there is a patch of brightness to show that a night-shift is working, or perhaps there is a line of gasoline flares marking the edge of an excavation. Farther along, a cluster of red lanterns outlines a pile of materials for a factory which is under construction. If one should look up, perhaps he should see a few stars hidden now

and then by clouds of steam from power house exhausts, or by smoke from the tall chimneys. The roar of the day has diminished almost to complete silence, and a number of small, isolated sounds can be heard. The quiet hum of a motor, the muffled rumble of some heavy machinery, and the steps of a night-watchman making his round all are greatly amplified. In the distance one hears the blare of an auto horn and the clatter of a street car as it crosses intersecting tracks. In the daytime these sights are changed, the sounds blend into a great background of noise, and each goes unnoticed.