In Memoriam 25 67

THE HOUSEHOLD ON THE HILL

By Witter Bynner

ALONG Mount Tamalpais twilight climbs From a gate of sea to a summit cut in flame, And, resting round the reaches of the bay, Shadow is lighted with ten thousand petals.

Day passes like the beauty of a stranger, And I am sitting with three friends again, And we are guarded by two faithful cedars Whose intermingling branches are our thoughts.


HIC AMOR HAEC PATRIA EST

SPECIMEN N o.. 3.

STUDENTS' PROJET from THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1923.

DESIGNED BY THEODORE G. BIXLER.

COMPOSITION BY T. G. B.

PRINTED BY T. G. B. AND THEODORE MISCH.
ART, O TREMENDOUS ART

Translated by Frederick Mortimer Clapp from the “Poema Paradisiaco” of Gabriele D'Annunzio.

ART, O tremendous Art, not yet hast thou unveiled thyself to us. Thee we have loved in vain.

Glory, thou goest and to brows not ours is given now thy kiss. We have been thine in vain.

O thou beloved and still unknown, how young, ah too young, art thou dead. For thee we have watched in vain.

And where are you, O strange new flowers, O new strange perfumes where are you? You we have sought in vain.

No tortured spirit in all the world has ever word of ours consoled. With him we have wept in vain.

Of all who are oppressed not one in all the world have we avenged. We have rebelled in vain.

And we have had no grief so fierce it overwhelmed the Mystery. We have endured in vain.

Behind us a dead furrow lies crooked and faintly scratched along. Life? We have lived in vain.

Before our faces in the dark, a Death whose hands are torchless waits. Glory!—We shall die in vain.

SPECIMEN N o.. 4.

STUDENTS’ PROJET FROM THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, NOVEMBER 4, 1923.

DESIGNED BY LELAND M. HIRSCH.

LETTERING AND INITIAL BY L. M. H.

COMPOSITION BY L. M. H.

PRINTED BY L. M. H. AND THEODORE G. BIXLER.

TYPE: GOUDY ANTIQUE.
CVLTVRE

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

FOR if conduct is necessary (and there is nothing so necessary) culture is necessary.

And the poor require it as much as the rich; and at present their education, even when they get education, gives them hardly anything of it. Yet hardly less of it, perhaps, than the education of the rich gives to the rich. For when we say that culture is: TO KNOW THE BEST THAT HAS BEEN THOUGHT AND SAID IN THE WORLD, we imply that, for culture, a system directly tending to this end is necessary in our reading. Now there is no such system yet present to guide the reading of the rich, any more than of the poor. Such a system is hardly even thought of; a man who wants it must make it for himself. And our reading being so without purpose as it is, nothing can be truer than what Butler says, that really, in general, no part of our time is more idly spent than the time spent in reading.

Still culture is indispensably necessary, and culture is reading; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service to be rendered to education. And the plea that this or that man has no time for culture, will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously our present use of our time. It has often been said, and cannot be said too often: Give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices (when he has them), but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture.

“Die Zeit ist unendlich lang,” says Goethe; and so it really is. Some of us waste all of it, most of us waste much; but all of us waste some.

SPECIMENS N o.. 5.

STUDENTS' PROJET FROM THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, DECEMBER 5, 1923.

DESIGNED BY RAY B. KELLER.
TWO POEMS BY WANG WEI

[A.D. 699–759]


ANSWERING VICE-PREFECT CHANG

As the years go by, give me but peace, Freedom from ten thousand matters. I ask myself and always answer, What can be better than coming home? A wind from the pine-tree blows my sash, And my lute is bright with the mountain-morn. You ask me about good and evil?... Hark, on the lake there's a fisherman singing!

A PARTING

Friend, I have watched you down the mountain Till now in the dark I close my thatch door.... Grasses return again green in the spring, But, O Wang Sun, will you return?

THE CREATION OF WOMAN

BY Francis William Bain

PITTSBURGH THE LABORATORY PRESS

1923

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*The Creation of Woman* [????] ONE DAY, as they rested at noon beneath the thick shade of a *Kadamba* tree, (1) the King gazed for a long time at the portrait of his mistress. And suddenly he broke silence and said: Rasakósha, this is a woman. Now, a woman is the one thing about which I know nothing. Tell me, what is the nature of women? Then Rasakósha smiled and said: King, you should certainly
keep this question to ask the Princess; for it is a hard question. A very terrible creature indeed is a woman, and one formed of strange elements. Apropos, I will tell you a story. Listen:

1. A tree with orange-coloured fragrant blossoms.

In the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows: He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of rows and bees,(2) and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the koklia, and the hypocrisy of The Creation of Woman [???] the crane, and the fidelity of the Chakrawaka; (3) and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man. But after one week, man came to him, and said: Lord, this creature that you have given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly, and teases me beyond endurance, never leaving me alone; and she requires incessant attention, and takes all my time up, and cries about nothing and is always idle; and so I have come to give her back again, as I cannot live with her. So Twashtri said: Very well, and he took her back. Then after another week, man came again to him, and said: Lord, I find that my life is very lonely since I gave you back that creature. I remember how she used to dance and sing to me, and look at me out of the corner of her eye, and play with me, and cling to me; and her laughter was music, and she was beautiful to look at, and soft to touch: so give her back to me again. So Twashtri said: Very well: and gave her back again. Then after only three days, man came back to him again, and said: Lord, I know not how it is; but after all, I have come to the conclusion that she is more of a trouble than a pleasure to me: so please take her back again. But Twashtri said: Out on you! Be off! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can. Then man said: But I cannot live with her. And Twashtri replied: Neither could you live without her.

2. Hindoo poets see a resemblance between rows of bees and eye-glances.

3. The Indian cuckoo. The crane is a by-word for inward villainy and sanctimonious exterior. The Chakrawaka, or Brahmany drake, is fabled to pass the night sorrowing for the absence of his mate and she for him.

The Creation of Woman

And he turned his back on man, and went on with his work. Then man said: What is to be done? for I cannot live either with or without her.

And Rasakósha ceased, and looked at the King. But the King remained silent, gazing intently at the portrait of the Princess.
LUCIDITY IS ONE OF THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF SANITY. A SANE MAN OUGHT NOT TO BE UNINTELLIGIBLE. LUCIDITY IS GOOD EVERYWHERE, FOR ALL THINGS, IN A LETTER, IN A SPEECH, IN A BOOK, IN A POEM. LUCIDITY IS NOT SIMPLICITY. A LUCID POEM IS NOT NECESSARILY AN EASY ONE. A GREAT POET MAY TAX OUR BRAINS, BUT HE OUGHT NOT TO PUZZLE OUR WITS. WE MAY OFTEN ASK, IN HUMILITY, WHAT DOES HE MEAN? BUT NOT, IN DESPAIR, WHAT CAN HE MEAN? Augustine Birrel: Obiter Dicta.

SPECIMEN N o.. 8.

STUDENTS’ PROJET FROM THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania., U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, DECEMBER 8, 1923.

DESIGNED BY THEODORE G. BIXLER.

INITIALS BY P. G.

COMPOSITION BY T. G. B.

PRINTED BY T. G. B. AND THEODORE MISCH.

TYPE: GARAMOND, BY THE AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS COMPANY.

PAPER: CROWN AND SCEPTRE.

YOUR AFTERSELF A MESSAGE TO YOUNG MEN, BY DAVID STARR JORDAN, CHANCELLOR EMERITUS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY

OUR FIRST DUTY IN LIFE is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be —may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him?
Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system as true as a dial in its response to the truth around you? Will you, boy, let him come as a man among men in his time?

Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil-grass we call wild-oats?

Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendship, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own? Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wantonlike, that the man you might have been shall never be? This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to yourself than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem to-day, and every day, and the hour of your decision is the crisis of your destiny.

SPECIMEN N o.. 9.

STUDENTS' PROJET FROM THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, DECEMBER 11, 1923.

DESIGNED BY EINAR RYGG.

COMPOSITION BY E. R.

PRINTED BY THEODORE MISCH AND THEODORE G. BIXLER.

TYPE: GARAMOND, BY THE AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS COMPANY.

PAPER: TUSCANY.

ON THE BEAUTIFUL. AN EXTRACT FROM THE SIXTH TREATISE OF THE FIRST ENNEAD OF PLOTINUS.

FROM THE TRANSLATION OF STEPHEN MacKENNA.

WHAT DO YOU FEEL IN PRESENCE OF WHAT ARE CALLED BEAUTIFUL PURSUITS, BEFORE THE BEAUTY OF CONDUCT, OF SOUNDLY DISCIPLINED MORALS, OF ALL THE WORKS AND CONSEQUENCES OF VIRTUE, BEFORE THE BEAUTY OF SOULS? AND WHEN YOU PERCEIVE THAT YOU YOURSELVES ARE
BEAUTIFUL WITHIN, WHAT DO YOU FEEL? WHAT IS THIS DIONYSIAC EXULTATION THAT POSSESSES YOU, THIS STRAINING UPWARDS OF ALL YOUR BEING, THIS LONGING TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE BODY AND LIVE SELF-GATHERED IN THE VERY SELF? THESE ARE NO OTHER THAN THE EMOTIONS OF THOSE FILLED WITH A VERITABLE LOVE. AND WHAT IS IT FOR WHICH SUCH LOVERS SPEND ALL THIS PASSION? IT IS NOT FOR SHAPE OR FOR COLOUR OR FOR PROPORTION; IT IS FOR A SOUL—SOMETHING NOT KNOWN BY SHAPE OR BY COLOUR—that possesses saving-thought and all the other splendour of the virtues, invisible they too as the soul. It is that you find in yourselves, or enjoy in another, loftiness of spirit and righteousness of life and the purity of saving-thoughtfulness, and courage of the majestic face, and gravity and modesty that goes fearless and tranquil and passionless, with, shining down over all, the light of godlike intelligence.

SPECIMEN NO.. 11.

STUDENTS’ PROJET FROM THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, APRIL 2, 1924.

COMPOSITION BY FRANK P. MAHONEY AND RAY B. KELLER.

INITIAL BY P. G.

PRINTED BY R. B. K. AND EDWIN U. SOWERS, 2d.

TYPE: GARAMOND, BY THE AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS COMPANY.

PAPER: ICHI BAN.

I AM A SHADOW

STANDING like a ghost in the smiling mysteries of the moon-garden,

“Whose is this shadow, is it mine? This shadow, like an ashy, leafless twig,” I said.

“Pardon, comrade, away!” And my knocking voice broke the birds' slumber.

“Away!” I said again, “Away from me, O shadow!”
I stepped aside, wishing to be free from the shadow, wishing to be alone on the ever-listening night-earth. “Oh, how wouldst thou follow me?”

Alas, death! alas, death! O giant tree, in whose shadow my body-shadow and soul-shadow lose themselves.

Resting now under the redwood-tree, that droops its boughs to stir the dreamy Earth, I saw my own shadow was gone.

Leaving me to the silent monologue, “I am a shadow, I am a shadow, but nothing else, my friend!”

From “Seen and Unseen or Monologues of a Homeless Snail,” by Yone Noguchi.

“O DU LIEBER GOTT, FRIENDS!”

I THINK now, this 5th or 6th day of April, 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year; a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the
brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognize that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey; not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

_O dass mein leben Nach diesem ziel ewig wandeln sei!_

**Desiderata:**

I. Good health.

II. £200 or £300 a year.

III. O du lieber Gott, _friends!_

Amen.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

_No man ever gained truer friends through the practice of an art; and to these, the art in all its perfectness was but as a country, rich, various—where they might walk and know him—the story running an accompaniment, like a singing brook by the path, or pounding like a tempestuous sea on the shoulders of the cliff, where they lay, sheltered and by the fire._

_He made a broad appeal; seven men in one and of a radiant heart, his sympathy, his breadth of judgment, and his love of men gave him that noble comprehension of life that makes the Christmas Sermon a new gospel._

_Brave friend! young men and unspoiled women are thy lovers and the earth is sweet with thy memory._

Bruce Porter.

_Reprinted from_ The Lark, _Number 2, June, 1895._

SPECIMEN N o.. 13.

STUDENTS' PROJET from THE LABORATORY PRESS, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

APPROVED FOR PRINTING, MAY 21, 1924.

COMPOSITION BY W. KENDALL JEFFREY, Jr.
I CAN NOT take your point of view about the relation of humanity and art. I see art so much less than humanity. The greater and more permanent it is—so, at least, it seems to me—the less it can appeal to the average man. Not because it is wilfully exclusive, but because, by being what he is, he excludes himself. He can only hear a message—the message of liberation that he so constantly has waited for—and forms a myth about the art that overshadows him. I suppose it all comes from the fact that I like so few people—so few seem to me to have any glint of insight in them. I am unsaved by your tenderness of heart, to replace which I have only a poor compassion of the mind, that hates to touch the “unglinting” and spoil their roots, and hates to leave them on their manure, and admires and deplores their barnyard at the same moment. They suffer, but they suffer unawakened, without the full horror and glare of suffering's implications thrust upon them. There is something elemental in the direction of one's thoughts about these things—as far as one can think. And we shall never reach a true nakedness of mind about them because they are themselves part of our mind. One should have to make such long calculations to arrive at the perfect nudity that would not abash. I don't know meantime where I am rambling to. The world of ideas is a dense, black thicket, whose phosphorescence has been licked up by the staring star-rocket of the war.
THE MAN TO WATCH, by Rudyard Kipling

SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL SEE SOME MAN TO WHOM THE IDEA OF WEALTH AS MERE WEALTH DOES NOT APPEAL, WHOM THE METHODS OF AMASSING THAT WEALTH DO NOT INTEREST, AND WHO WILL NOT ACCEPT MONEY IF YOU OFFER IT TO HIM AT A CERTAIN PRICE.

AT FIRST YOU WILL BE INCLINED TO LAUGH AT THIS MAN, AND THINK THAT HE IS NOT SMART IN HIS IDEAS. I SUGGEST THAT YOU WATCH HIM CLOSELY, FOR HE WILL PRESENTLY DEMONSTRATE TO YOU THAT MONEY DOMINATES EVERYBODY EXCEPT THE MAN WHO DOES NOT WANT MONEY. YOU MAY MEET THE MAN ON YOUR FARM, IN YOUR VILLAGE, OR IN YOUR LEGISLATURE. BUT BE SURE THAT, WHENEVER OR WHEREVER YOU MEET HIM, AS SOON AS IT COMES TO A DIRECT ISSUE BETWEEN YOU, HIS LITTLE FINGER WILL BE THICKER THAN YOUR LOINS. YOU WILL GO IN FEAR OF HIM; HE WILL NOT GO IN FEAR OF YOU. YOU WILL DO WHAT HE WANTS; HE WILL NOT DO WHAT YOU WANT. YOU WILL FIND THAT YOU HAVE NO WEAPON IN YOUR ARMOURY WITH WHICH YOU CAN ATTACK HIM; NO ARGUMENT WITH WHICH YOU CAN APPEAL TO HIM. WHATEVER YOU GAIN HE WILL GAIN MORE. I WOULD LIKE YOU TO STUDY THAT MAN. I WOULD LIKE YOU BETTER TO BE THAT MAN, BECAUSE FROM THE LOWER POINT OF VIEW IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE OBSESSED BY THE DESIRE OF WEALTH FOR WEALTH'S SAKE. IF MORE WEALTH IS NECESSARY TO YOU, FOR PURPOSES NOT YOUR OWN, USE YOUR LEFT HAND TO ACQUIRE IT, BUT KEEP YOUR RIGHT FOR YOUR PROPER WORK IN LIFE. IF YOU EMPLOY BOTH ARMS IN THAT GAME, YOU WILL BE IN DANGER OF STOOPING; IN DANGER ALSO OF LOSING YOUR SOUL.