

## An Explanation

**T**HE publishing in the *Cincinnati* of the material that was to have appeared in the *Cynic* is not an attempt to revive old prejudices. We felt that there was much good material in the forms that would be wasted, and with approval of President Schneider, and the assistance of Fred Thomas and Ranald West, we have gleaned what we thought was the best and published it here. We sincerely hope that our efforts will not be construed otherwise.



### THE WORLD WAS WAITING—

It was dark with that Stygian black that comes just before the night gives way to the gray mist of the oncoming dawn. Practically all of those weird, little disturbances so evident throughout the night had ceased. There was an eager yet death-like quality to the overwhelming stillness, which seemed to be anticipating some great event. The wind, which had, but a few moments previous, been whistling with a querulous sound as it rounded the corners of the farm-house and which had been sighing thru the firs with the ecstatic sighs of one who has loved and not in vain, had calmed, first, into a gentle rippling of the evergreen branches, and finally, it, too, had ceased altogether its drone. The stars, too, were waiting and instead of their usual twinkling, they gave a pale, soft light. The moon, which was on the wane, gave but a tired, weak glow. Once, a cock in some distant farmyard broke the silence with an inane "Cock'e-doodle-doo" of greeting to whosoever cared to listen, but the sharp bark of a dog reprimanded him and he grew quiet. The watchful waiting was again resumed. Suddenly, in my tiny room, a hand reached out, and grasping my covers, jerked them from my shivering body. My father's hard voice sounded, "Get up, you bum, and go to work."

Alas! Now I knew the why and wherefore of that silent, eager waiting. The World Was Waiting For The Son Rise!