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MESSENGER

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The MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

April *1923*

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SPRING NUMBER

Byron

The leader of the Master's troubadours,
He chose a jongleur's lute and scorned a harp.
A harlequin, he jigged on golden floors
And mocked divinity with gibings sharp.
A chosen friend of Lucifer, he fell,
From out of heaven hurled for insolence;
Perhaps he licked his lips foretasting Hell
And, proud, disdained to proffer a defense.

He lashed humanity with bitter sneers,
Then met their censure with a cold disdain.
He pulled the pundit's house about his ears
And rattled dice along his chosen fane.
He died; and as he passed, his falling laugh
Was scattered by the wind, like autumn's chaff.

William W. Vogt, '25.

Through a Glass Darkly

This is to be an Informal Essay—with a Sting in it! Guess where. Well, read it, and then try. There are two reasons for this essay: first, the editor invited me in such a pleasant way; second, I secretly wanted to see if I could come back with all that fine, free, careless rapture with which I first assailed the college magazine when my life was as callow as my pen was bold. So if you are disillusioned after reading this and feel that you might better have spent your time listening to Yammerkowsky's Melody for One Finger renedered upon one of the college pianos, from which I have fled several times into the twilight and once into a snow-storm,—I say, if you do feel that way you will know that I have failed. And if you will come and tell me that I have failed then I will know that you know that I have failed, and I may then consent to go with you to hear the Persistent Young Man render the Melody for One Finger. Meanwhile, I am sending him a Black Hand Letter to warn him that in countries just as good as ours men have died for less. . . . .

A certain magazine is offering prizes for the best essay on the topic, "What is Wrong with American Journalism?" Now, I know that by the law of chance some bold fellow will carry off first prize, and I know that it will not be I, for my boldness lies in other directions. *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, lately *The Century*, Sinclair's *The Brass Check*, *The Forum*—all widely differing in point of view and manner of approach—have done much by admonition and example to answer that question, but only the taking of a United States census or filling out a set of papers for three dollars' worth of income tax approaches in magnitude the task of one who attempts to answer so prolific a question in one round with no time out. However, such is the nature of hope in the human breast that I did entertain for some hectic hours a heightened temperature resulting in a carefully masticated penholder and cold feet. Then I ran across some old notes. Jotted down in those innocent and ambitious days—I think it was my Sophomore year—when I proudly admitted, with Francis Bacon, that I had taken all knowledge to be my province, these notes so unanswerably answered the question in a neat page's space that I released the penholder from its perilous position and put my feet to bed. I even went to sleep without telling the knots on my Coue rosary. Life was once more simple and beautiful; the world was not waiting for my essay; the truth had already been told! That night I slept almost as innocently as a child and the next morning I was so early at breakfast that remarks were passed upon the fact.

The notes were from an article by the English critic, Edward Garnett. Now when an Englishman criticises anything American it behooves us to listen, for is he not an older relation, a sort of protective uncle *sine qua non?* Well, I read the article, admired its frank and kindly British candor, was convinced of its essential truth, and dehydrated its contents to one page in my notebook. That was years ago. The simplest thing, of course, would be to send you to the original article. However, I shall not do so, for three reasons: first, because you might not go; second, because *The Messenger* is short on copy and needs the rest of this attempt; and third, American literature has actually registered a change for the better since Mr. Garnett wrote his article—and we must make the most of all our improvements. What he said, however, on the subject of general literature in this country is still true for probably five-sixths of the readers of America, while the other one-sixth—the leaven of the lump—is still somewhat retarded by the heaviness of its environment.

His general premise is, of course, an aphorism: "The peculiar vice of commercialized civilization lies in the association of what is useful and profitable materially with what is mean and ugly spiritually and aesthetically." This is one of those truths of which we need to remind ourselves constantly if we are not yet willing to follow sheep-like the taste of the wine-and-book censors and the dictates of five-and-ten-cent art. In America, he tells us, "Shibboleths and spiritual shame afflicts culture and life." Could there be any more timely illustration of both than the fact that as I write these lines Washington, D. C., which ought to stand for the dignity of Columbia, is in the righteous throes of an "Anti-Flirt Week," whose approach was heralded in our illustrated news by the portrait of a nervous looking young woman in a half-hearted (or is it modest?) attempt to wink one eye and "look-pleasant-please" at the same time. The contradictory implications are, to say the least, a trifle puzzling. We might adopt for our motto: Let us be moral at any cost!

The four great American shibboleths (these be your gods, O Israel) which Mr. Garnet saw everywhere in our literature, even among our critics, were

(1) The commercial-success shibboleth.
(2) The moral shibboleth.
(3) The idealistic or sentimental shibboleth.
(4) The optimistic shibboleth.

Against these, with the exception of the first, the commercial-success shibboleth, from which there is as yet no deliverance nor likely to be while the struggle to live is the main problem of nine-tenths of our population, the opening blow has been struck with telling effect by a group of serenely persistent writers including Hergesheimer, Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Dell, Fitzgerald, Willa Cather, Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis. Without the grim somberness of Grabbe, who in his eighteenth century poem vowed he would show life "As Truth will paint it and as bards will not," these writers are evidently as devoted to picturing life as they see it as though each had taken an oath to make that his life work. If in so doing the authors occasionally collide with a censor or two it looks as though the authors will keep right on going. Certain conscientious objectors to literature are agonizing over the danger of some recent books as though the bull were loose in *their* china shop, whereas if the consensus of literary criticism is to be trusted in such matters, the situation is just the reverse. The whole confu sion about the moral shibboleth comes from the inability of the would-be censors to distinguish between the erotic element, which is as legitimate in literature as in life, and the pornographic element, the deliberate pandering to the vicious element in human nature. The first is inseparable from the greatest literature, as it is from the greatest music, the greatest sculpture, and the greatest lives. The second is never paraded in great literature for the very good reason that great literature has always in it something that acts as a purgation to all the elements that might lead to such an effect. Shakespeare for instance, contains many passages which taken apart from their context by a reckless censor baying on the trail of an evil smell might easily be pilloried in the marketplace as examples of obscenity, but taken with their context as a part of a mosaic the whole achieves that "illusion of a higher reality" which is Goeth's test of great literature.

An answer to the idealistic or sentimental shibboleth is to be found in such straightforward persistent satires upon the smug and the deadly "village virus" that has made millions squirm in reading *Main Street.* This penetrating kind of sweetness and light is a hard dose for a public that for a generation had fed itself upon the sugar and blight of the idea that the

small town was the nub of all that is noble, where according to all the facile magazine stories all the modest maidens were only a trifle saucy, married men with a little money, just enough for standardized bungalow off Main Street, a Dodge car, and Mission Furniture, and spent the rest of their lives in voluble gratitude that they neither lived in the wicked city where husbands were constantly tempted, nor in he country "without modern conveniences" and with nothing to look at except the few things which God made. It is this facing squarely our own defects, laughing at our own folly, and pruning our own deformities which will continue to draw, let us hope, the largest following for our writers.

The best recent answer to the optimistic shibboleth is that second epic of Lewis's, "Babbitt." Here we see the booming booster at his best, his life so well organized that the act of choosing which trousers he shall wear for the day is quite the most exciting thing which may happen to him —until he begins to rebel and lead the kind of life frowned on by the Boosters' Club. It does not require many chapters to show us that it is just as easy and much cheaper to have a bad head from an overdose of optimism as from the latest importations of the rum-runners. And when Babbitt comes back from releasing his repressions he is a wiser, if a sadder, man. He has joined the fraternity of those who realize that if one keeps his eyes open, *while having them opened,* for every illusion that he loses he may gain an interesting idea. He also realizes something that appears to have gone out of the concern of many heroes of contemporary novels: he recaptures a sense of Duty toward assumed obligations, and goes back to his wife just when she is most in need of him. The most daring and worth-while question raised by *Babbitt* is whether all the organization, all the boosting, all the "comforts" of living-room, bed-room, bath and garage can compensate the modern man for what he has lost—the chance to be himself as he sometimes believes himself to be. And for George Babbitt this question was answered when he found himself alone in that northwoods which he had fancied spelled peace, only to find himself miserable, because his real self turned out to be inseparable from his habitual Booster environment. He could leave his environment, but he could not get away from the creature of that environment, himself. So back he went to his ball and chain. George Babbitt illustrates the fact that *taedium vitae* is just as possible from too much activity as from too little, when one realizes that one's activity is like that of the squirrel in the revolving cage. Again, he is an example, though only a half-hearted one, of that revolt against civilization in which alarmists see the beginning of the end. Mr. Stuart P. Sherman, one of the academic critics of note who has decisively accepted this novelist as great while he is still alive to appreciate it, says of Sinclair Lewis:

"He is one of the vital symptoms that the long decline toward stagnation and toward the sterility of American genius has reached its end. He has definitely broken the tradition of sentimentality which has so long held the larger-public of fiction readers under its destructive and cloying influence. He is the first of our new writers to appeal to the intellectuals and at the same time to the audience that can be numbered in the hundreds of thousands."

At the risk of being trite, be it said that the first step in growth is dissatisfaction with one's self. America has undoubtedly taken the first step. What next? Again Mr. Garnett comes to my aid, "A great nation justly proud of its lavish resources of material refinement and secretly uneasy of its spiritual taste and culture—might inspire a great humorist." The time is ripe. Mark Twain can write no more. Where is his successor? To your tents, O Israel!

Edward Newton Voorhees.

Huntley's Scar

We had been out after elephant, Huntley and I and the beaters, and we sat for awhile musing over our pipes before turning into our hammocks. The light of a full tropic moon hardly reached the ground through the denseness of the jungle foliage, and we sat at the edge of a black shadow, staring at the fire. The wild folk had settled down for the night and save for an occasional burst of laughter from the nearby blacks, the stillness was complete. A baboon coughed in the distance, there was a squeal and again the silence. Over everything the oppressive darkness seemed to brood.

Huntley rose with a lithe movement and standing, stared apparently at nothing. About six feet tall, his was the build of the athlete. He was lean and tanned, with broad shoulders and narrow hips. Black eyes under level brows kept his face expressive and changing. When the light flickered up I could see all the details of the man as in a study of light and shadow: the clean-cut lines of him, the thrust of his jaw along which a white scar gleamed that he had received once during a brawl we had been through in the streets of Sigapore. We had known each other for some time and had been through some tight places. Though I had been with him all during the war from the Dardanelles, it was not until that day that I had noticed a small but deep scar under his left arm-pit. In trying to evade a bull-elephant which I had wounded, a wait-a-bit thorn-bush had appropriated his shirt; and later, as he reached forward to push aside a limb, despite the heat of action, the sight of that scar in such a place had impressed itself on my memory. I asked him about it now, and he continued to stare into the fire for some moments.

"Funny thing, that," he remarked, "I was just thinking about her." I made some reply to the effect that I had not known that scars were feminine. He paid no attention, and it was some time before I got the following tale.

Geoff Huntley's father had died shortly after Geoff had been graduated from Oxford. With a tidy income and a desire to rove, he had spent the one in satisfying the other. He had "wandered around a bit" as he put it, "up and down the world and to and fro in it, like somebody I read about somewhere." From a year or more with the Royal North West Mounted he had drifted to New York; and there, for excitement, he had eventually secured a position as the guard and stay of La Salle's, jewelers *in supremis*. By reason of his ability with a gun, his resourcefulness and coolness in the face of danger, his was the task of protecting shipments of jewels and in some cases of carrying them about the country.

It was at this time that a gang of crooks, led by a man named Slant-face Regan, was in operation. Nothing was safe from the daring and finesse of this master-criminal; no theft too hazardous and no robbery too difficult for him. He seemed to be ubiquitous, his scene of action ever-shifting. His resourcefulness defied the efforts of the police not only to catch him but to find evidence to convict him. His gang was small and carefully picked: each man in it selected for some quality necessary to the perfection of the whole. Of this machine Regan was the dynamo: his the mind which regulated its movements and attended to all the planning. Naturally of him Huntley had been repeatedly warned and was in constant expectation of an encounter.

Geoff had taken a small apartment and fitted it out to suit his own peculiar tastes and purposes. His co-worker, a young woman named Hazel

Felton, was stationed on the floor below him, and a buzzer was employed to transmit their messages. The buzzer was hidden under the desk across from the door into the hall. To the left of this desk was a door leading into the bedroom and bathroom. It was here that he stayed when he was not away on business for the company, and here he worked out his plans for circumventing the efforts of such men as Mr. Regan—and here it was that he received the scar under his left arm.

A curio collector of note had intrusted his latest find to Geoff, a small bronze Buddha containing gems as varied and valuable as the world has seen in one place. These were to be listed for the jewelers' magazines by La Salle's, and a rich plum it was for the great New York company to be allowed to appraise and catalogue them for the world. The container itself, though it was but a foot high, was worth a fortune, for its delicate inlay of gold, its intricate carving and its exquisite workmanship. Naturally, Huntley was willing to go to some lengths to safeguard it, and, thanks to many a strategem, he arrived safely at his rooms with the jewels. The vaults being closed, there was nothing for it but to wait till morning and meanwhile, as he put it, to "keep the bally Buddha in his sock."

It was with a groan of disgust rather than of fear that he received notice from the buzzer that three had just entered the basement. He at once rang the bell for the hall-porter, and spent the time before his coming in arranging the shade of his desk-lamp to his liking. In a short time there came a knock at his door and a short, thick-set man entered, clothed in the dark blue uniform of the establishment.

I'm the new man here, sir," he said. "Was there something you wanted?" He stood in the doorway, one hand in the side-pocket of his coat.

"Yes," said Geoff. "Did Johnson tell you about the trouble in my bathroom? There's a leak in there and he promised to have it fixed, but it isn't."

"Lemme take a look at it. Johnson said something about it, but not enough for me to know nothing about it." He started for the inner door and Geoff accidently dropped a box of matches at the man's feet. He stooped to pick it up, and when he straightened, Huntley's gun was poking him in the ribs on the side away from the bulgy pocket whence his hand had never moved. There was not a chance of his being able to screw around and shoot before Geoff should blow a hole in him. The game was up—for him at least. His captor stepped behind him, rapped him over the head with the butt of a pistol, and, having tied him up, rolled him into the bathroom "so he could stop that leak."

"Pretty bad play," Huntley mused, "to send a man up here in a unifom like that without even knowing the real hall-porter's name. Jolly quick changing, though, to get into Dowling's clothes between the time I rang the bell and he showed up. Ho hum! Wonder who'll be next? If this is Regan's gang he'll be last."

He did not have long to wait, for the door opened suddenly and another man walked in. If his reasoning were correct, this man would be following to see if all were well. The last thing he would expect to find would be the owner of the flat still in full possession, cool and unruffled, puttering about the room.

"Good evening" said Geoff, apparently surprised at the intrusion but polite nevertheless. "You wished to see me?"

Naw," said the unexpected guest. "Got the wrong room. Thought this was where Cholly hung out at."

"Well, Cholly was here a minute ago. If you want to wait around he *may* be back," Huntley suggested.

The stranger, keeping a wary eye on his host, surveyed the room. Several times his eyes rested on the other door. Evidently a slow thinker, the other man was thinking; therefore, from the reputation of Slant-face Regan's gang, he was likely to be a fast man in action. He would be a gunman surely, a prize fighter or cracksman possibly. At all events he would not be as easily handled as the first man. He had a vague premonition for a moment that he should have kept the fictitious Cholly out of the affair altogether.

Meanwhile the visitor had concluded his survey of the room in silence. No detail had escaped him as he wandered about, never for an instant turning his back on his host. He faced the latter now, and there was a gleam in his eye which presaged action of some sort. Huntley looked up inquiringly.

"Not getting tired of waiting? Have a cigar or a peg—whisky-and-soda you'd call it." The gleam did not leave the eye of the stranger, but he admitted that he didn't care if he did take a drink, though his would be "straight." Huntley busied himself at a small closet, and his guest followed him over to watch the proceedings. Having filled a whiskey-glass for the visitor, Geoff lifted a tall tumbler in one hand and a siphon in the other, so as to measure out the proper amount of "fizz" against the light. The other man's free hand dropped carelessly into his pocket, but Huntley depressed the lever and shot a steam into his face. Sudden and unexpected as had been the action, the crook ducked like a flash, but Geoff had already dropped back a step and his foot came up in one vicious drive. There was a sickening snap as it met the man's jaw-bone, the head jerked and the half-drawn automatic slipped to the floor whither its owner slumped a second later. In a very short while there were two instead of one in the bathroom.

Again Geoff busied himself at his desk. He finally got the shade of the lamp balanced across the top of the bulb and then settled himself to wait. The Buddha was in the top draw, as he would have thought it a sign of weakness to hide it. What instinct caused him to turn his head he never knew, but he was suddenly aware that the door was open several inches and that a hand was reaching for the switch. His ears, attuned to the surroundings and acute from long years of hunting, had heard no sound. How the owner of that hand had arrived at the door and opened it so far without being detected was a marvel. Huntley sat fascinated until the light was suddenly switched off, and in the same second a man appeared against the wall, well inside. However, by simply kicking the desk, the shade of the desk-lamp tilted over and sent a strong light on that side of the room, leaving Geoff in comparative shadow. The only trouble was that he had let his hand get away from the gun in his side-pocket, and the other gun in the holster under his left arm-pit he never used except as a last resort, and when there was some hope of its being effective. I have seen him draw from that holster in the smallest fraction of a second, but, as he remarked, "You can't get your bally arsenal out in less time than it takes the other chap to pull the trigger." There he was, trying to get his hand to his gun and cursing himself for a fool because he knew it to be useless.

"Please don't bother with that pistol, Mr. Huntley," said the man by the door. "Deucedly noisy things, pistols, and dangerous, too. I know, you see, because I have one here aimed in the general direction of your heart." He was a dark chap: lean and with a long scar running from cheek-bone to chin. It had healed badly, giving his face a twist which had earned for him the name of Slant-face. Rumor had it that he was a university man, and his well-modulated voice and perfect enunciation, as well as his taste in dress and general appearance, bore out this tale.

"A really clever thought, that lighting effect, and one which I must admit I had not counted on. You will pardon me if I take liberties?" With which he strolled across the room and appropriated Geoff's gun. "A very nice taste in fire-arms" he remarked as he transferred the weapon to his own pocket. His left hand searched Huntley's waist-band. "You don't carry a knife? I always find it a convenient thing to have around." Whereupon he adjusted the desk-lamp and casually inspected the drawers. When the Buddha came to light, he seemed to be perfectly familiar with it. He inserted a thumb-nail behind the folded hands of the idol and the spring, released, sent forth a cascade of gems.

"My Lord, what beauties!" he murmered. "What stories they could tell of blood-shed, loyalty and treachery; of monarchs and their loves and hates; these diamonds like bits of glaciers, all cold fire; these rubies, pools of flame, desire of harems—but I am neglecting you. Mr. Huntley, your hands have a strange tendency to stray toward your shirt-front. That cannot mean you are hiding something from me?" Geoff's hands had reached the lapels of his coat, and he had been awaiting an opportunity to use his other gun. Everything seemed lost. As Regan reached across his body, however, he seized the other's waist and at the same time whirled him away so that his opponent's body would be between himself and that deadly thing in the far pocket. Struck by an elbow, they smashed on the floor and the two men took flying dives towards opposite sides of the room. A long ray of light from a street-lamp slanted across the floor. Somewhere on the other side of it from Huntley lay Regan. Every faculty of each man was in full play, trying to place the other: eyes and ears strained, nostrils distended to make a minimum noise in breathing, muscles taut and ready for anything. A sound from either meant death, sudden and sure. Where was he? Somewhere in that blackness, silent, wary. Geoff's hand stole out slowly, reaching to where he knew a chair should be. If by moving that he could make Regan shoot and hit the chair, the evening was over as far as that gentleman was concerned. Suddenly, across that blue ray from the street-light there was a flash, and before he could fully realize the intense pain in his left side he loosed a stream of bullets through the spot where the flash had been. Dimly he knew that it was Regan's knife which had bitten through the heavy holster under his arm-pit, and he knew that a rib was broken. Just as he was losing consciousness the lights flashed on and he saw Slant-face, streaming blood, trying to raise his gun, and Hazel rushing between them with her little automatic spitting fire.

The next thing he knew, he was lying in bed, his side bound tightly. Hazel was sitting by him her arm in a sling. She had taken the bullet intended for him and had finished off Slant-face Regan.

"That's all there was to that" said my pal, as he yawned and stretched.

"My hat!" was all I could find to say for awhile. "What happened to Hazel?" I finally asked.

"Just what I was thinking about" he replied. "I wonder—Hell, I'm getting maudlin! Let's have a peg and turn in."

Luke C. M. Andrews, '24.

Reprieved

Upon his bed,
His vacant, staring smile
At us who passed
Would bid us stay awhile,—
"I'm from the dead."

He missed the Chair
By less than half an hour.
He killed a man.
(His hands have lost their power.
'Twas waiting—there.)

It came too late.
He needed not reprieve
But sudden death.
(He'd felt his senses leave.)
He lost to Fate.

He softly said,—
(We heard it as we stood,
He killed a man;
He stabbed him, in a wood),
"I'm from the dead."

W. W. V., '25

My Discovery of St. Stephen's

Shortly after I had first made up my mind to visit Ameica, and, as I imagined, long before anyone outside of my immediate circle of friends and acquaintances knew of my plans, I received in the morning mail a letter with the postmark Annandale, New York, U. S. A. I was surprised, and a little contemptuous at first to find that those Americans had actually had the temerity to borrow for one of their towns the name of Carlyle's birthplace in Scotland. They ought at least to have inclosed it in quotation marks, I thought. My curiosity was aroused. Where was this Annandale? I opened my Handy Atlas of the World to the map of New York State. I searched diligently for Annandale, but could not find it. To my amazement, I discovered Rome, Utica, Troy, Syracuse, Athens, and Ithaca, but no Annandale. There must be a mistake somewhere, I thought; I seemed to be looking at a map of the Ancient World. Then I looked again. No, it was New York, for there was a genuine American word, Buffalo,—strange name for a city, and beside it the Niagara Falls which I was planning to visit, and which the Americans boast so much about. If they can be so utterly unscrupulous as to take to themselves for their towns the names of such venerable classic cities, thought I, they would certainly not stop at appropriating the name of the little Scotch village of Annandale, even though it were santified by the birth of an hundred Carlyles. Yet I could not find it. It was probably a new town that had sprung up since the Atlas was printed a year ago. Such, I had heard, is the speed with which those Americans do things.

I opened the letter and found it was an invitation to lecture at an American College called St. Stephen's, and was signed by the president himself, a Mr. B. I. Bell.

"We have received reliable information," it read, "that you are contemplating a lecture tour to America this coming Autumn. Can you arrange to include in your trip the historic St. Stephen's College, the Oxford of America? Although we are personally unacquainted with you, you are, I assure you, intimately known to us by your many and scholarly works on "Arboreal Man Up a Tree," and "The Last of the Tasmanians." We await your coming in eager anticipation."

I wrote that I would be delighted to visit this great institution of learning, and would include it in my lecture tour.

So that fall I came to St. Stephen's. I made it my first stopping place in America. It was but a short ride from New York, they told me; so, after docking, I took an early afterncon train at the Great Central Station in New York City, planning to arrive at Annandale in time for tea, and then run up to Buffalo and visit the Niagara Falls before my lecture in the evening. When we had travelled for about three hours I began to have misgivings, and was sure that we must have passed St. Stephen's and be well on our way to Chicago. The porter, however, reassured me, and in another hour we reached a queer little station called Barrytown, the artistic deficiency of which was more than compensated for by the really magnificent view of broad river and distant mountains.

I climbed into a waiting automobile, and started for the college. As we sped along the roads, I heard a bell tolling. Unable to imagine what it could be, I questioned the gentleman beside me. He replied that it was the bell of the college chapel. "Oh, I said, and who has died?" "Died?" he echoed. "I see you don't understand. That is the bell for evensong. They

always toll it like that to give the students time to dress for chapel." "Oh," I said again, and remained silent; but it was very curious, this tolling,—very solemn and slow. They must be a serious minded group of students, I thought, unlike the American student that I have read about. The tolling now became louder and louder, and soon my companion grasped my arm and shouted in my ear, "This is the campus."

The first thing that struck me on reaching the campus was the chapel. and I must say, it left a decided impression upon me. It was a perfect little chapel in the English Gothic style, overgrown with vines, and looking for all the world as though it had been carried overseas on a magic carpet. The tower, however, was disappointing. It did not tower. The upper part appeared to be missing. I wondered if it had been blown off in a gale, and looked around for the rest of it. Sure enough, there it was, about fifty yards away, planted upright with the bell still in position, ringing.

I was asked if I should care to attend evensong. Deciding in the affirmative, I alighted from the machine, and walked to the door of the chapel. I hestitated to enter, however, for the building appeared to be empty, and no one was on his way to attend the service. At this moment the tolling ceased, and I heard rung what I had every reason to believe was the Angelus. I uncovered my head, and proceeded to say this devotion to myself, but when I had reached the middle of it I began to wonder whether or not I had made a ridiculous mistake, for no one else followed my example. What I had thought was the Angelus appeared to be the last call, so to speak. The path leading from the dormitories was now filled with hurrying figures in Oxford gowns, all rushing pell-mell for the door of the chapel. I entered with the rest, and found myself quite at home with the service, which was chanted throughout to familiar Anglican tones.

After the service I was escorted to the dining commons,—Preston Hall, I believe they call it. There I had the pleasure of meeting the gentlemen of the faculty, and their charming wives, and I at once found myself at home in a highly satisfying intellectual atmosphere, congenial to my tastes.

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a fierce pounding upon the tables in the student's dining room, adjoining. "What in the world is that?" I managed to exclaim, "a fight?" My table companions merely smiled and assured me that nothing was wrong,—that it was merely a student wishing to make an announcement. I listened in order to catch what this announcement might be. "De Maupassant has arrived," said the speaker, and sat down. Immediately came a burst of applause, and not a few shouts. I was bewildered. Surely, thought I, they have made a great mistake. It was very embarrassing.

At the conclusion of the meal, I asked to be escorted about the institution. I was shown the dormitories, the class rooms and the laboratories. I was particularly impressed by the diversity of architectural styles exhibited on the campus. Greek, Gothic, Georgian Colonial, and English Manor styles elbowed one another on the best of terms. The choice of materials was equally impartial,—stone, brick, wood and terra-cotta afforded a pleasing variety and contrast. I could not conceive of such a group in England. We English lack imagination. I thought how appropriate was American architecture to the American character. Their courage, their idealism, their democracy all speak out in their free and untrammeled use of any and all architectural forms, as the fancy may seize them.

I was next shown the library. I knew at once that it must be the library, for its style was that of a Greek temple. Outside the library I met a young, eager-faced student with his arms piled high with books. "My

good fellow," I said, stopping him, "if all American students are as eager for knowledge as you, it is little wonder that over half the gold in the world is stored in Wall Street. Knowledge is power." He blushed, and said that he was merely taking the tomes to furnish the bookshelves over the fireplace in his new dormitory; but I was not deceived. I knew that it was only modesty that had prompted him to say this.

At about ten o'clock that evening, after I had given my lecture, and was enjoying a good cigar and a cup of coffee in the study of the dean, I was startled by a very peculair sound, a discordant wail, such as one hears in some of Wagner's operas. It was repeated several times. I was at a loss to account for it at first, but finally a light dawned upon me. "It is the famous American institution, the glee club" I affirmed. "No," they said "guess again." "Then it is the college yell," I offered. "Wrong again," they said; "it is a group of customers calling for the college store to open." Sure enough, I could distinguish the words,—"Sto-o-o-o-orr, Sto-o-o-o-orr, Sto-o-o-o-orr."

Alan H. Tongue, '24.

But now I am sick, with the fear of a stranger in hostile lands.
The hills are high, but rough with sharpened rocks,
The sun shines through dense fogs like twilight veils,
The birds are mute, and look only for carrion;
Men come to gaze at me,
But they gather their golden robes about them
And hasten quickly away to their houses,
And close the bronze doors against me,
And sit at their tables at feasts, while I hunger without.
"True," think I, "my island is fairer than this—
There I am known and loved and enriched;
I shall return to my native shore with contentment:
For I have seen the prospect, bright across the waters,
But ugly and selfish and hostile to strangers."
I go to the shore,—
The winds have seized upon my boat,
And hungry waters have swallowed it.
I can not swim in the angry torrent,
With its savage current and frenzied waves.
Now from the rocky cliff, alone, poor, and friendless,
I look to my island.
Its hills are still green,
The flowers are fresh in the valleys.
Alas for my freedom!
Now I am truly a slave in my dreamland.
I can not return!
Soul-sick am I and bruised
By the merciless hand of experience.

"Henriot."

The Dancing Diamond

A tremor ran through the Queer Folk. "Have you heard the news? Have you heard the News?" The question was passed from mouth to mouth. It sped from cave to cave; from the Ice-makers to the Fire-builders, from the Moss-men through the mighty company back to the Keeper of the Great Gems. He was moved least of all, perhaps because he had seen it happen, in the Dancing Diamond, and knew why. But he would never tell why. He knew why everything happened. And, because he was a sage, he never told.

The event made not a whit of difference to the Queer Folk, and yet they were gathered in little knots, in the gloom, to talk about it. (I suppose that is why they are called the Queer Folk. Nothing makes any difference to them and they are interested in everything.) Even the Tumble-bugs, who are aliens, and not liked, rolled out from under their toadstools, to hear the news and to listen to the awful discussions.

The brown mouse, who is their menagerie, wrinkled his nose disdainfully. That was a habit of his. The Queer Folk ruled him and he could not understand them. But even he was touched by their awe and could not help showing it, until he saw one of the Tumble-bugs looking at him.

"How did it happen? What's he doing? Do you suppose the Keeper of the Great Gems would let us look into the Dancing Diamond?"

The older Folk were unutterably shocked. Was there no limit to the audacity of these young Folk? Indeed, the Keeper of the Great Gems would never permit that! And yet, nothing like this had ever happened before. . . . .

Their startled minds returned to the great event. "The West Wind lost in a blizzard! Who ever heard of such a thing? What can he be doing?"

The excitement and the tension grew. The Folk talked so noisily that the Tumble-bugs rolled back to their toadstools to ponder the matter in their own minds.

Suddenly the noise stopped.

The Thin Elder had raised his hand for silence, that he might make a speech. The young Folk groaned and walked away. But this time they stopped. He was proposing that they ask to see the Dancing Diamond. That from an Elder!

"But we must call a council," he declared, and this they did in spite of the protests of the youngsters.

The Elders sat upon their thrones, fearfully discussing the possibility. "But we have never seen the Dancing Diamond!" they insisted. "No one has ever seen it, but the Keeper of the Great Gems." They really wanted to see the West Wind lost in the blizzard, but they had never before heard anyone suggest that they look into the Dancing Diamond.

"But the West Wind has never before been lost in a blizzard," insisted the Thin Elder quizzically.

They felt, rather than saw, his smile, and were greatly shocked.

"And it may never happen again," he added.

The First Elder rose to his feet and began to address the majestic body. "Perhaps brother Arithnel" (that was the Thin Elder), "will take upon himself the great and terrible—"

"Yes, I'll ask the keeper of the Great Gems," interrupted the Thin Elder, quietly.

"Then I propose a secret vote."

There was only one lot cast against the project. The Thin Elder had voted "No" so that each of the other Elders might hope that the Queer Folk would think he had cast the vote.

The Queer Folk heard the result with a loud cheer, and with many acclamations for the Thin Elder. They followed him in a great procession to the house of the Keeper of the Great Gems.

"Come out! Come out!" they cried, "Come out, O Keeper of the Great Gems!"

The Keeper of the Great Gems stepped from his doorway and silence fell upon the crowd. He, too, was thin; and he had a long white beard. He waited, questioningly.

"Go on, Arithnel," called one of the younger Folk. He was small and hidden by the multitude.

"Worthy Keeper of the Great Gems," began the Thin Elder, "in council this day, at the urgent request of the Queer Folk, we have decided, with only one dissenting voice—" he smiled, and the Elders looked self-conscious— "to ask that we be shown, in the Dancing Diamond, the West Wind lost in the blizzard. Am I right?" He turned to the followers.

"Yes! Yes!" yelled the youngster, who was hidden by the crowd.

The cry was taken up in a loud roar. "Let us see the West Wind! What is he doing!" The noise rolled and thundered through the caverns and the Tumble-bugs forgot that they were not liked and rolled out from under their toadstools.

"But—but—" The Keeper of the Great Gems was so old and white that he could not become paler; the Thin Elder saw his beard tremble. "—But it has never been done before. I—I—couldn't think of such a thing."

"Start it now!" yelled the noisy one, still hidden. "Let us see the West Wind!"

"Yes!" furiously shrieked the crowd. "The West Wind lost in the blizzard! Show it to us!"

"But—but—"

The Thin Elder whispered to the Keeper of the Great Gems and handed him something. The old man sagged forward and, with a trembling hand, stroked his chin.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" laughed the Thin Elder noisily, over and over again.

The Crowd was instantly silent. They had not known that a Thin Elder could laugh so joyously as that. What might it mean?

The Keeper of the Great Gems raised his hand to command the silence which had already come.

Then he lifted a small phial to his lips and drained it. So low that not even those nearest to him could hear, he muttered, "There-is-no Dancing Diamond."

The Thin Elder raised a phial to his lips and drained it.

Before the amazed eyes of the Queer Folk, the two men slowly vanished.

As the Thin Elder disappeared his happy laughter died with him, "Ha-ha-ha—"

William W. Vogt, '25.

Entertaining New Books in the Library

In the following list President Bell has included twenty volumes lately added to the College Library. Books merely technical in their appeal have not been included, since those are normally brought to the attention of the students by other members of the faculty.

Last Poems by A. E. Houseman. In this volume the author of **The Shropshire Lad** has included some of that verse the writing of which has been the avocation of a great classical scholar of the University of Cambridge. In the later volume is not quite the power and zest of youth: but the same qualities of virility, restraint and simplicity make for beauty.

How England is Governed. In this book the Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman gives a readable, interesting and accurate account of the British constitution, which differs in fundamental conception so much from our own and those of the continent that most Americans fail to appreciate it. This is not a textbook merely, nor is it a learned and tiresome piece of "original research." It is written for the information of ordinarily intelligent persons.

Anthology of Magazine Verse, 1922. Mr. Braithwaite has brought this volume together. It gives a comprehensive idea of what our American poets are doing. Much of it is extraordinarily good poetry, and all of it is interesting.

Smoke. The better known novels of Ivan Turgenev have lately been added to the library. Of them, this is probably the best, although **Fathers and Sons** and **On the Eve** run it close. After one has messed around in contemporary American realism, the Lawrences and the Brouns and the Lewis's and the Hergesheimers, it is refreshing and reassuring to read Turgenev and discover that a novel may be realistic and at the same time a work of literary and artistic competence.

The Poetic Mind is written by Frederick C. Prescott of Cornell, in an attempt to interpret poetry in terms of the Freudian psychology. It is interesting. Its value to the reader will depend a good deal upon what he thinks about Freud. It didn't seem convincing to me.

Social Work in the Light of History is by Stuart A. Queen, professor of Sociology in the University of Kansas. Not a bad book at all, but biased both by the belief that modern professional social work is really effective and also by a failure to consider the economic basis of the Reformation. Most strangely, the author thinks the English Poor Law and what has grown out of it is more "just" than medieval relief, and that therefore it is more Christian. It is more "just," but not more Christian. Christianity makes justice a virtue subservient to *caritas*.

The Altar Steps. This is the first of a series of three novels, by Compton Mackenzie, which deal with the life of a priest. This one starts with the lad's birth and carries him through his ordination to the diaconate. It is full of most interesting pictures of religious life, particularly among the Catholics in the Church of England.

Jean Jacques Rousseau. On the one hundredth anniversary of the death of this great resident of Geneva, that other very eminent Genevan,

Amiel, delivered an appreciation of the earlier man, his worth and influence, which has never been excelled. Now a translation by Van Wycks Brooks has made this estimate available for English readers. It is not long, and it reveals Rousseau admirably.

Epic and Romance. Under this title W. P. Ker, Professor of Literature in the University of London, has written a valuable introduction to medieval literature, the great treasures of which are for the most part unknown and unappreciated today. The book has its dull spots, as any attempt to deal with much literature in a short compass is bound to have; but it repays study.

Psychology and the Christian Life. T. W. Pym, head of Cambridge House, sometime fellow and chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has been lecturing in many of our American colleges, and who made such an impression upon us all when he visited St. Stephen's, shows how the new psychology renews our appreciation of the Faith. An invaluable book.

New Viewpoints in American History. The author, Professor Arthur W. Schlesinger of the University of Iowa, admits that the viewpoints are not new to historians, but only to the ordinary reader whose history is apt to be of the usual school-book sort. These essays ought to interest many people. They deal with such subjects as: "The Influence of Immigration on American History;" "The Role of Women in American History;" "Economic Aspects of the Movement toward a Constitution;" etc.

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. Miss Amy Lowell gives her estimates of Robinson, Frost, Masters, Sandberg and the Imagists.

Gigolo. Here are some deft and competent short stories by Miss Edna Ferber, entertainment for intelligent people.

Catherine de Medecis. Professor Paul Van Dyke of Princeton has prepared a fine and scholarly study for all who are interested in Renaissance France. It is a book which the average reader will wish to browse in. Some of it is dull, but the dull parts may be skipped and those portions of it which are really delightful may be relished.

The Second Empire, by Philip Guedalla, has not one dull page in it. If you wish to see Napoleon I as he was, if you enjoy seeing how a stupid man like Napoleon III can come to dominate an age, if you are human enough to enjoy seeing history made less solemn by the recognition of human nature, read this fascinating book.

Where the Blue Begins is from the facile typewriter of Mr. Christopher Morley, columnist of the Evening Post. One cannot say that it is the great classic which H. Broun *et al* have said it is. It is not nearly as competent as some of Mr. Morley's earlier books. As a matter of fact it is a good cheerful satire, written in decent English, which doesn't quite arrive. It fails of being great satire because, while it contains a good many chuckles, it is never for a moment near to tears.

Greek Genius. This book, written by our near neighbor and good friend, Mr. John Jay Chapman, is not newly published, but new to our shelves. Here is a volume of highly competent criticism, written expertly, challengingly and with life and color. The Greek tragedies, Shakespeare and Balzac are the men discussed. Enjoyable and thought-provoking, for intelligent persons. How he does go for Sir Gilbert Murray.

Modern American Plays. George P. Baker has collected several typical plays of the last few years and published them in one volume with brief introductions. It is an excellent book for those geographically cut off from the theatre. In it are: "As a Man Thinks" by Augustus Thomas; "The Return of Peter Grimm" by David Belasco; "Romance" by Edward Sheldon; "The Unchastened Woman" by Louis Anspacher; and "Plots and Playwrights" by Edward Massey.

Outspoken Essays; Second Series. Here Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, goes on with his discussions of timely topics of life, philosophy and religion. Worth buying for the "Confessio Fidei" which begins the volume, regardless of the rest of the contents. Here we have positive religious aspiration by a thoroughly modern man. One wishes that some of our half-baked pseudo-modernists would read this book and ponder on what real modernism is.

God and the Supernatural. This is a book about religion, non-argumentative, prepared by a group of learned English Roman Catholics, and edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Among the contributors are Ronald Knox, C. C. Martindale, and E. I. Watkins. All of them are University men.

EARLY SPRING TWILIGHT

The slowly waning sunset's level beams
Shine rose-pink on the snowy hill asleep.
A warming breeze caresses from the South;
I breathe its uncold self within me, deep.
The Catskill skies are clad like wistful kings.
The chapel bell is liquid as it rings.

I stand all silent in the porch of Bard.
Faint from the church unthinking voices gay
Sing praises to a God compassionate
To lonely pilgrim at the close of day.
The wind blows colder in the waning light.
High in the East the moon rides, cold and white.

B.

:

A Page of Latin Verse*

I.

Ode To The State

Fresh winds carry thee back; back to the sea, O Ship.
Haste thee! make for the port, e'er thou art lost again.
See'st thou not thy long benches bare
And vacant of oars and men?

Wounded sore are thy masts, broken by swift-flying gales.
Groaning loud are thy yards; lost are thy cables wide.
Scarce thy keel will be able long
The too-violent sea to ride.

Torn to shreds are thy sails: lost are thy gods to thee.
Weighted down with thine ills, whom may you call to save?
Although boast you of Pontic pine,
The child of a forest brave.

Vain and futile thy boast: useless thy name and fame.
Not for thy painted decks, fearful, the sailors care.
Thou, unless thou art seeking sport
And game for the winds, beware!

That which not long ago was but a care to me,
Now doth 'compass me 'round with grave anxieties.
Oh avoid thou the water mad
That swirls o'er the Cyclades!

II.

Ode to a Servant Boy.

Persian pomp is hateful to me, my servant.
Garlands wreathed on linden displease me greatly.
Cease to seek the place where the last few roses
Rest undisturbed.

Naught but simple myrtle for wreathes I care for.
Take no trouble. Neither for thee, my servant,
Nor for me is myrtle unfitted, drinking
Under my grapevine.

A. H. T.

* The metres used are those of the original Latin Odes as Horace wrote them, with but one small change which the English accent demands. The translations are an attempt to reproduce in English verse something of the same emotional effect that was attained by Horace, who carefully selected his metres to satisfy the emotional content of his themes.

Quis?

"And Gautama sat under the Ajapola tree and meditated. And when he had meditated for some days he obtained perfect enlightment, and became Buddha."

I.

Sirius sat under the hemlock tree, his legs folded beneath him, his serene gaze fixed primly on nothing. He was trying to be Buddha. That is, for several days he had been trying. At the time of which I speak his effort was slightly different,—he was attempting to discover whether or not he had become successful. Was he Buddha? He did not know.

For some hours he meditated. At the end of that period he seemed to have made no progress. Was he Buddha? The question was still unanswered. He could find no certain basis for decision. To be sure, he felt remarkably like the great Gautama. But was that enough? It was not. For a long time he had known that he had many things in common with the expounder of the Law. Meditation would naturally tend to bring out the more Buddha-like side of his character. Perhaps his present sensation was the result merely of that, and not of any real metamorphosis. It was very hard to be sure. And yet it was important—nay, necessary. He fixed his brain on the problem. What could he use as a criterion?

There crossed his mind the trivial idea that he might determine his personality by a glance at his person. He dismissed the thought bitterly: could Buddha gaze at himself? He had a great desire to anathematize himself for this thought; but he desisted, conscious that such violence would destroy the Siddharthian element within his soul. He returned to unruffled reflection. "Ah." This word, commonly an interjection, is here written without an exclamation point. The meaning is that the idea which brought forth the sound did not strike Sirius, as ideas sometimes did. His contemplation was too calm for that. The thought merely became lodged in his mind, to be recognized. After a decent interval he recognized it, and discovered that it was a means of testing his condition. It was then that he said "Ah." The idea was that he should turn his glance upward and regard the tree. After several hours of consideration, he was about to do this. "Alaska." The remark, which at first sight might seem inexplicable, is, in reality, quite easy to understand. He had said "Alas." He had said it, as had been the case with the "Ah," quite without emotional expression. But, as he emitted the second syllable, the thought came to him that the word itself, aside from the manner of its pronunciation, had a meaning, a flavor of regret. Therefore he had changed it to "Alaska," which, as an exclamation, has no meaning at all, and is thus eminently fitted for the use of Buddha.

He was not sure, of course, that he was Buddha: but he might be, and there was no use in running any risk of being inconsistent. The reason why he had said "Alaska" I have explained. I do not have to explain why he said "Alas," because he did not really say it. But he said something at this time because he had discovered that it was now night, black and impenetrable. On this account his inspection of the tree would be quite fruitless. The question which, if decided, would determine whether or not he was Buddha, would have to remain unanswered. Not until morning would he be able to discern whether or not the hemlock under which he had sat down to meditate had now become an Ajapola tree.

The hours of the night passed, neither swiftly nor slowly. In fact, so little was the element of time in evidence that I hestitate to say whether or not they passed at all. But there is no doubt that eventually morning was present. Sirius did not, however, take advantage of the increased light to inspect the tree under which he was sitting. During the time of darkness his mind had become imbued with the realization that to do this would be an act of will, of desire. He waited. If it were appointed, he would doubtless come to know whether or not he was Gautama. In the meantime investigation would be not only un-Buddhistic, but even impertinent. He resumed his meditation.

As the day advanced his thought took on a flavor of reminiscence. Perhaps through a consideration of matters that Had Been would lie the path to enlightenment. And what matters those were! Through what strange and varied careers he had passed! There was the time when he had been Napoleon; the thought caused a shudder which, except in reminisence, would have been unpardonable. The glamor, the strife, the ambition, the driving will,—how opposed all these things were to the condition his soul now desired! He had been Newton, too, and Florence Nightingale, and Da Vinci—that had been pleasant—and he had been many more besides. In all his past phases he had been great, and in all he had been happy. Yet none of them, he thought, was to be compared with the prospect of being Buddha. None had ever quite satisfied him. In each he had felt a lack, a longing, an ambition. Could he but be Gautama that unrest would end. At last he would be complete. He would have no need to hope, to. . . . .

A small object fell upon his left knee, bounced to the ground, and remained directly in front of him. Involuntarily he regarded it. Before he had had time to realize that he had performed an act which, whether he willed it or not, denoted an emotion, curiosity, the realization flashed upon his mind that his problem was solved. The object was an hemlock cone. The tree was an hemlock. He was not Buddha.

With this fact established he managed painfully to rise, and limbered his muscles, deadened by remaining four days in one position. At the same time he considered his identity. He was not Buddha. Moreover he was no longer really Sirius,—he had not been, in fact, since he had first sat down to meditate. Therefore he was, for the time being, a mere Quis, as he had often been before. This left him free to act and think as he pleased until another personality should envelope him. Accordingly, when his legs were again in condition for dependable action, he began to walk very rapidly. He experienced a great desire for food.

II.

Quis tripped lightly along the road, exceedingly joyous of heart. He whistled and sang as he went,—now an air from Schubert, now a sea chantey, now a bit of jazz. Anthems and operas mingled with songs from the harvest field and the music hall. Whenever Quis was Quis—the times had been many, but never long-enduring—he felt no need for consistency. Indeed he rather delighted in giving free rein to every conflicting whim. After his experience of nearly being Buddha it particularly delighted him to be able to give play to his fancy. He was glad his recent attempt at metamorphorsis had failed. If the source of his joy was somewhat flavored by sour grapes, it was none the less sincere. Even at that he was a little worried. This was the first time in his experience that he had been unsuccessful in the attainment of the character he desired. He solaced himself thus,—"To be Buddha is to be dead. That is why I failed—I am

not to die. Would that be life—no will, no action, no desire? Never! It is better to be Quis, on an open road, when it is spring."

He felt unusually happy and very strong, which was unusual enough; four days had passed since last he had eaten. Nevertheless he was not beyond the claims of nature. Such an appetite possessed him as in all of the lives he had known he had never dreamed could be the lot of man. The desire for food was not a mere craving of the body, but a passionate longing in which mind and soul each had their parts.

He came to a turn in the road. Before him, not an half-mile away, was a farmhouse. Even as he looked a woman came to the door, and called. Two men left their work in the fields. Quis glanced at the sun: it was high noon. Men would be eating. He quickened his step.

As he drew near the house he debated within himself, devising and rejecting many plans. At the last he decided that he would use none. A meal, after all, was not an object of strategy. He would simply ask: doubtless they would be willing to give. If they desired payment he would give it, in work or in entertainment. He knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman of friendly countenance and pleasing voice. She invited him to enter, and, as she saw that he was not on business, to eat.

He did both with a great amount of pleasure. At the table were the woman, her husband, a grown son, and a girl. On the table was such a quantity of food as might have been prepared if—they had been expecting Quis. The family made him feel at home. This, in truth, was no very difficult matter; Quis found pleasure in any company, and never had any idea that the enjoyment might not be mutual. In the present case, at least, all parties were satisfied. His new friends were eagerly curious for anything he might tell them,—and he was no disappointing teller of tales. One who has been Cromwell, Thais, and Brian Boru, is not at a loss for words. For an hour he held them delighted and amazed. By that time there was no more food in evidence, and the consciences of the men would permit no further loitering. As they rose to go, Quis was shocked by the idea that he would not miss them. For the first time he realized that it was to the girl he had been talking. Her eyes . . . her hair . . . . Nevertheless, he made ready to accompany the men. "At this time of the year an extra helper would not come amiss. True, is it not? Ah, that is good. I like you, my friends. I shall remain awhile."

Through the afternoon he labored—always cheerful, singing and talking—in spite of the difficulty of his work. But it was during the evening that he was at his best. Then, somehow, his audience dwindled to one; but this did not discourage him. Rather, he was inspired. He slept that night with a dream which, for him, was new and strange. For the first time he was simply Quis, with no longing to be any one else.

As the spring and summer passed his acquiescence to his condition changed to a positive desire and determination that it should be permanent. Each evening spent in quiet talk or aimless ramble, each day, when the activity of his tongue interfered no whit with the stability of his dream, served to confirm him in his resolution. No longer was he a changing will-o'the-whisp. He was Quis. He was a reliable constant quality, a dependable character; not a flickering elusive guest. He was Quis. And Quis was a person.

The summer was past. Quis sat on the doorstep, in the glare of the setting sun. In a moment she would be with him. He thought of the season that had passed. It was strange. Never before had he been Quis for an hour, without desiring to be someone else—and attaining his desire. And now, for a whole summer, he had not changed. More, he would not. He had found his life, his desire. Along the road, towards the east, passed

a man driving home a small flock of sheep. Quis sighed in contentment. The spectacle seemed an embodiment of what his life was now to be. No more change and unrest. Love and work and peace. His eyes followed the sheep as they disappeared over the hill. One lagged behind the rest. He stood for a moment, a silhouette against the sky. The level rays of the sun touched him. His fleece was no longer white, but golden.

The staring man rose to his feet. From within the house a soft voice called to him,—"Quis?" He did not hear. The golden sheep followed the others out of sight. The rim of the sun disappeared. Towards the glow, through the dust that hung over the road, walked—Jason.

Louis McC. Myers, '25.

The Tallyho

One of the earliest of my childhood memories dates from the summer of my third year, and is connected with practically the only business transaction of my entire life in which I have ever gained my point. I was compelled to spend every golden afternoon flat upon my back in an iron crib covered with enamel of an unpleasant flavor, and never once was I known to sleep. The whisper and hum of life out-of-doors called to me with an irresistable summons, and I spent the supposedly quiet hours in vain gnawings at the bars of my tiny prison. Each afternoon at exactly five o'clock there would come a crash of hooves and a bugle-blast from the highroad without, as Carmichael's tallyho drove past, and then I would be free to rise. Now I had never seen Carmichael's tallyho, although the imagination of my mother had often been stretched to the utmost in her attempts to answer my questions about it; come what might, I could see that turn-out, and my naps were spent in the formulation of schemes. Finally I was able to strike a bargain: if I would refrain for a whole week from eating the enamel, I would be allowed to rise an half-hour earlier than usual.

It proved to be hard work—almost comparable to giving up smoking in these later days—but I succeeded. One Friday afternoon, all starched and combed and pathetically clean, I clung to the pickets of the front gate and swung to and fro in anticipation. Around the bend of the road came the four horses,—the leaders white, the pole-team chestnut. Steel shoes flashed in the sun like silver, as the big hackneys swung their forefeet nearly to their chins. The drag was bright yellow, with vermillion wheels. Carmichael himself was driving,—an huge Irishman, he, with a red-and-white plaid cap, and pendulous red cheeks. He flicked the lash of his whip at me, and the liveried flunkey up behind pulled the burnished trumpet from its boot and sounded a blast for my benefit. A flash of prismatic colors through the pickets, a flutter of flowing veils and brandished parasols, and I was left in the midst of a cloud of bright dust, to swing to and for upon the gate and dream over my great adventure.

G., '24.

FEBRUARY MORNING.

(At S. S. C.)

Whence came this tapestry of rare device—
Flowers of frost and daggers of ice;
A sky of Athens, of turquoise mist,
Around and above this temple, kissed
By the same bright god who in ages gone
Caressed the face of the Parthenon.

Who mantled these tree-tops with coral dust
And burnished with crystal the hill-top's rust?
Who stilled the wind while the Artist plied
His hand and his brush, and his soul beside?
Whence came the first primeval sigh
That flung these mountains against the sky?
Answer, ye gods of the white and blue—
Gods of the infinite, old and new!

E. N. V.

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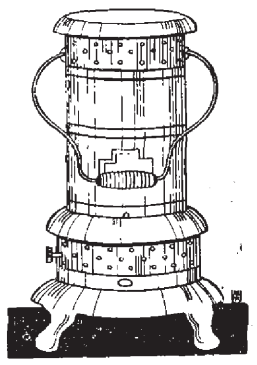

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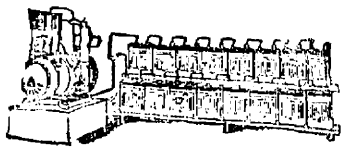

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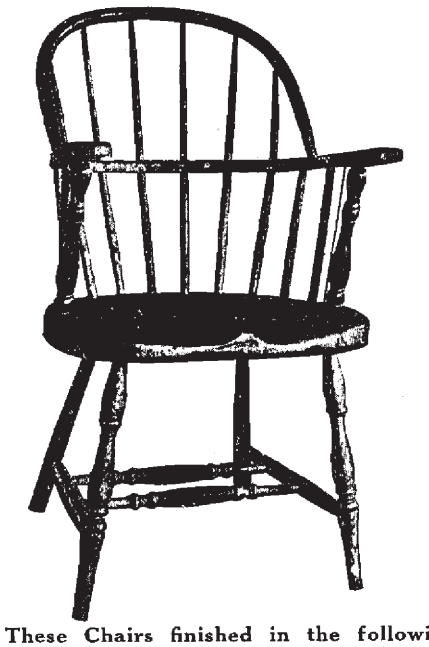

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