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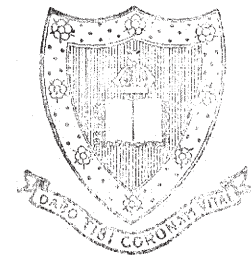
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1950

The MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

March



1924

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VOL. XXX No. 2

NUANCES

i

I like to think that further to the west
 Than e'er Magellan or di Gama sailed,
 There lies an island that they never hailed,
 That offers to the far explorer, rest.
 And there is always summer, and a breeze
 And strange blue flowers scattered through the grass;
 And in the sky young, wistful clouds, that pass
 Unmenacing, o'er the Hesperides.

And lotus-fruit has made the dwellers wise
 To heed the healing counsel of the stream,
 The laugh of ripples, and the timeless sound
 Of waterfalls: but ever on my dream
 There breaks the old pursuing voice that cries,
 With scornful mocking, that the world is round.

ii

The hoofprints lead to the verge of the sea,
 Down by the swirl of the midnight foam;
 I feel the buffet of fabled wings,
 And a startled breath on the brow of me.
 One bright quill drifts through the wine-sweet air
 And falls at the wave-edge, ready to hand;
 Pearled with the dew of the Outermost Isles,
 Tipped with a flame of pale despair.
 The waters mock as they scatter and flee;
 I clutch but a handful of empty shells:
 Deep in the swirl of the midnight foam,
 The hoofprints fade from the verge of the sea.

Four Georgians

Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne; those names are known to every reader of English prose. Mention any one of them to the young professor who is about to write the Great American Novel, or to some member of the Neo-Mencken school, and he will at once become inarticulate with praise. "Epic," "gigantic," "a breath of salt air;" these and many other phrases will be flung at you: you may then be sure that the speaker has never read Tom Jones, nor looked inside the covers of Roderick Random. Why should he? Any literary peptone has at least two pages devoted to each of the great Georgians, and a complete estimate of the worth of a three-volume novel may be swallowed at a moment's notice. Let us be frank; we have never read a whole chapter of Fielding, nor had a volume of Richardson in our hands. In all probability you never have either. But while we have not the time to digest eight hundred double-column pages of Clarissa Harlow's moral correspondence, we ought at least to refresh our memories by spending an half-hour talking over what the Best Minds have to say on the subject. It has been rumored that the Best Minds themselves have never read all of the works in question; but they are Ph. D's., and can discourse with authority about anything or nothing.

Fools rush in where angels have been for a long time; come, and bear us company. Is that Gabriel over there? No, you underestimate; it is an Oxford graduate. Let us take him for our guide.

A number of forces acted to make Richardson appear, when he was no longer a young man, as the first of the Georgian novelists. The strongest of these forces was the desire, which had long been shaping itself in the minds of writers, to obtrude themselves in person before their readers. They thought it necessary to drive home the moral of their writing by means of homiletic footnotes and interpolated sermons. To such an ambition the limitations of the stage were fatal; nor could narrative poetry be used, for it was still bound up in classicism. Before Richardson's day Bunyan had tried to solve the problem by writing strings of connected prose lyrics, though neither in Pilgrim's Progress nor in The Holy War did he produce a novel. Next in line after Bunyan came Addison and Steele, the first of whom explored psychologically into the moral side of ordinary life, while the second invented a truly novel hero in the person of Sir Roger de Coverley. From the three men mentioned above Defoe drew inspiration, and redeemed his persistent moralizing by weaving in with it an element of graphic realism. But his chief value lay in the fact that he showed how to construct a rudimentary novel, in which the action—though strictly confined to the series of events through which the hero passed—came at length to a plausible termination. It was under the influence of the four men whom we have been discussing that the first of our Georgians began to write.

Samuel Richardson was born in Devonshire in 1689, but he soon moved to London, where most of his life was spent. His father was a well-to-do joiner, who hoped to see his son rise in the social scale by entering the Church. The infant Samuel, after the general practice of candidates for orders whose vocation is first detected by the ears of others, was always possessed of a strong desire to preach. Another of his favorite indoor sports was the writing of love letters for bashful girls of his acquaintance. Richardson's call to the ministry died with his father, and until middle age he led a life of colorless respectability; he made two unhappy marriages,

and prospered in the printing industry. When he was fifty-three two friends of his, publishers like himself, suggested that he write a little book of letters to serve as examples of composition for country persons of small education. This appealed to Richardson's love of preaching, of writing letters for girls, and of delivering judgments upon moral conduct to persons in or below the middle class in which he had always lived. The project was also in accord with the growing puritanic trend of the times, which was beginning to find its expression in Methodism. *Pamela: or Virtue Rewarded*, came out in 1740. The 'little book' had grown into an epistolary novel, which filled two thick volumes, and won immediate recognition for its author.

Pamela was a virtuous servant girl who was tempted by her employer, a Mr. B.; she resisted him, and he crowned her triumph by leading her to the altar. Richardson had no definite plot in his mind when he began to write; he simply made *Pamela* send off letter after letter to her family, a method of composition which allowed every new thought on the author's part to appear as an unforeseen development in the girl's dilemma. As a guide to conduct the novel is on a par with that modern best-seller which promises to explain, in two volumes sent under plain cover, what is wrong with the picture. However, *Pamela* taught a lesson of more vital importance than mere socially chaste behavior; the outward counselings caught the public attention, while the undertone of sincere bourgeois morality left a lasting impression. The success of his first effort led Richardson to bring out the sequel. This work may be compared with the books which we are at present urged to buy when we see a picture of two young men in smoking-jackets and slippers, over the caption *Which of These Two Has Learned the Secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?* We are shown *Pamela's* struggles to rise in the social scale. She masters the technique of life in the upper middle-class, and plans for her children an education which will enable them to look down upon their mother.

Richardson's next work was *Clarissa Harlowe*. He pads out his usual epistolary style with moralizing footnotes. *Clarissa* is developed with all the skill that the author's female perceptions put at his command. The story deals with a young girl who has been the unwilling object of attentions from a young man of the world, named *Lovelace*. She writes to him in order to keep him from pushing a quarrel with her brother. Her family mistake her intentions and, to put her out of danger, try to interest her in an impossible boor named *Solmes*. *Clarissa* enlists the aid of *Lovelace* to help her flee from persecution, but he betrays her; she is left to weep out her few remaining days over the composition of some letters for posthumous publication. In a number of mortuary footnotes Richardson deals out appropriate deaths to all the guilty. As *Bret Harte* puts it,—

"He piled the stiff's outside the door;
There must have been a score or more."

Clarissa Harlowe produced a furor not only in England, but even upon the continent. After the first volume had appeared letters began to pour in upon Richardson, imploring him to save the girl before it was too late; and when the heartless moralist had completed the tragedy, many a tear was shed by tender young things—and by many others neither tender nor young—whose puritan learnings had been fostered by the tone of the novel.

Richardson's last great work was *Sir Charles Grandison*. The old author had by this time retired from all contact with the world, and was under the dictatorship of a circle of female advisers. They urged him to

show how a virtuous man, who was also a gentleman, might adapt himself to life in a middle class environment. *Sir Charles* was at bottom a protest against the vulgar 'modernism' of *Tom Jones*, which had just been published, and to whose author we now turn.

Henry Fielding was the son of a soldier of some repute, and the grandson of a peer. He was born in 1707, went through Eton, and later studied law at Leyden. When he returned to London he began to make his living by writing for the stage. It was at this time that he wrote his *Don Quixote* in England, made *The Miser* out of *Moliere's L'Avare*, and composed the *Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*. In 1737 restrictions were put upon the stage, and *Fielding* turned to the novel. He first wrote *Joseph Andrews*, which started out to be a parody of *Pamela*, to the faults of which *Fielding*—as a member of an higher social class than *Richardson*—was keenly susceptible. He began by turning the plot of *Pamela* backwards; he made the poor but honest hero to be tempted by the heroine *Lady Booby* who, according to *Fielding*, was the sister of *Richardson's* Mr. B. The virtuous *Andrews* resisted, and was rewarded in a realistic manner by being turned out of doors. The greater portion of the book was taken up with the story of his subsequent adventures, in the narration of which the author became absorbed in his work, and produced some caricatures of true merit.

In 1749 appeared *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*. It is a loose, epic sort of tale, which derives unity from the fact that its chief concern is with the persistence of the hero in overcoming all opposition. This is the one book we really have read, and consequently we do not feel compelled to refresh our memory with a summary of the action. It is sufficient to say that it ends with a wedding worthy of the late Mr. *Horatio Alger*. Many of the separate figures are well drawn, but the canvas as a whole is too spread-out to suit modern tastes. One trick of composition *Fielding* did introduce here which found favor with all subsequent English novelists,—the practice of breaking in upon his narrative to insert brief sermons. The ability to detect such a lay-preachment at its very outset, and to skip accurately to its close, should be fostered by special gymnastic exercises lasting through the first few weeks of every college course in English Literature.

Fielding wrote one more novel, *Amelia*, all about a wife who persists in remaining faithful to her worthless scamp of a husband, *Captain Booth*. Why it is that, in novelism, only the wives of virtuous husbands ever go astray? We inserted that question in an effort to throw our illustrious literary guides off the scent. But they are not to be turned aside. Two of them have overtaken the prey. To be sure, they are barking up separate trees at different ends of the wood, and probably the quarry is not in either place; but what matter? Listen to the round, full notes,—

"The story of *Amelia*, as a whole, is the work of a mellower, soberer *Fielding* than the author of *Tom Jones*. *Amelia's* character is drawn with a depth of feeling far in advance of *Fielding's* time. The novel rouses a wonder as to what he would have gone on to achieve, had time and health been granted him." (*Harold Child, M.A., in Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*)

Dr. William Vaughn Moody gives tongue upon the opposite side,—

"*Booth* is *Tom Jones* grown older but no wiser, and *Amelia* is only a developed portrait of which *Sophia Western* is the sketch. In short, *Amelia* shows *Fielding's* weakness as a novelist. He was not copious in invention, either in respect to the outer or the inner life."

Let us leave the scene of carnage, and proceed to our third subject. Toby Smollett, grandson of a knight, was born in Scotland in 1712. After being graduated from Glasgow University, he was apprenticed to an apothecary. At the age of eighteen he grew weary of rolling pills, and went to London to sell a tragedy he had written. The Regicide found no producer, and Smollett never recovered from the bitterness of his failure as a playwright. Nineteen years old, a failure alike in his profession and in his avocation, Smollett was able to meet all the requirements of one enlisting as a surgeon in His Majesty's Navy. He served his term at sea, lived for several years in Jamaica, and then came back to London, where he married and settled down to practice medicine. He made most of his calls at publishing houses and, in 1748, had printed his first book, *Roderick Random*. This marked a return to the picaresque narrative; it was a realistic tale of travel and adventure, hung entirely about the doings of the hero. This was only natural, since the novel was told in the first person, by a slightly disguised Smollett. The incidents are presented as they suggest themselves to the writer's mind, and are not all of the same grade or merit. Farce, horseplay and violence are the chief topics; the characters are cruel, passionate, and with never a trace of sympathy, which they would have called softness. *Peregrine Pickle* was Toby's next work; it was almost identical in method and substance with the earlier one, except that it was related in the third person. *Roderick* and *Peregrine*, between them, started the vogue for English stories about the British seas. They have influenced all manner of raging-main novels, from *Westward Ho!* down through the sixty-odd variations of Mr. George Henty's one theme.

Smollett's last work, *Humphrey Clinker*, is in a different vein. It is a quiet tale about some Welsh tourists, who have commonplace adventures in England and Scotland. It is an example of the adaptation of Ben Jonson's playwright. Nineteen years old, a failure alike in his profession and in his stage 'humours' to the exigencies of the novel; the characters found in it are, to a great extent, personifications of qualities; if touched in any specified manner they respond, like marionettes, with the proper capers. This novel is of importance, because from it Dickens learned much of his technique.

We come now to the most interesting of all our four Georgians. Our Oxford guide thinks slightly of Laurence Sterne, both because of the irregular life he led, and because he read for a Pass Degree beside the sleepy River Cam.

Sterne was the originator of the concept that a novelist ought never to write with a predetermined plot in mind. His whole life (1713-1768) was a process of drifting, and of yielding to the touch of outside influences. His father was a petty officer in the army, who moved his son along with him from barrack to barrack, and finally drove him through Cambridge. The boy drifted into the Church, and spent the rest of his days fulfilling the parish duties of a clergyman under the Georges; he shot grouse, dabbled in oils, fiddled, wrote from time to time, and traveled on the continent. He began his one novel, *Tristram Shandy*, with the intention of amusing himself and shocking others; when he had finished it he had liberated future England novelists from the necessity of writing under technical restraints, and he had set up sentimentalism before reality as a goal to be sought by the writers of his own day. Sterne wanders back and forth over the adventures of his hero, and pauses frequently to moralize, to pose, or to extract a tear for himself from some imagined situation. In his own life Sterne was cruel and faithless to his wife, and a philanderer who found

his greatest pleasure in questionable intrigues; but he never thought of actual occurrences as real: he found his true emotional outlet only in the world into which he entered when he began to write. Accordingly, he endowed his characters with their sentimental other-worlds, in which they too could strut, or weep, or pose forever in the sun. He achieves his effect by never drawing a figure all at one sitting. His brush wanders back and forth over his canvas, and puts in a touch wherever his mood dictates. We come to appreciate the qualities of his characters through a growth of understanding, after the manner of actual acquaintanceship.

While Sterne was finishing the seventh volume of *Shandy*, he began his only other work, *The Sentimental Journey*. It is a journal of his travels through the south of France, in the course of which he met many charming and sympathetic ladies. In this age, which can be shocked by the fancies of Mr. Cabell, our guide does not permit us to analyse the *Journey*. We content ourselves by quoting what Mrs. Montagu, famous "Queen of the Blue-Stockings," had to say about Sterne and his vacation,—

"Poor *Tristram's* last performance was the best; his sentimental journey would not have misbecome a young ensign. I cannot say it was suitable to his serious profession. I used to talk in this severe manner to him, and he would shed penitent tears, which seemed to show he erred from levity, not malice, and the great who encourage such writings are most to blame, for they seduce the frail wit to be guilty of such offences, but we are now a nation of Sybarites who promise rewards only to such as invent some new pleasure."

The above was written in the 1750's, but it has a thoroughly modern ring. Let us take advantage of it, and relieve roadsters, and rolled stockings, and the Great War, from some of the responsibility for the looseness of structure and tone which mars many recent novels. Let us say that the manner of Sterne's life found expression in this formula for writers;—That an author ought to be free to ramble, technically and in other ways, through as many pages as he can induce some one to print. To many a minor writer, who might have thriven under compulsion of restricting laws, Sterne has given a length of rope; Mr. Scott Fitzgerald has repeatedly attempted to hang himself with it, and Miss Fannie Hurst is gasping for the pulmotor.

Vale!

—G., '24.



O Mores!

Ludwig Hoffman lived on the edge of the little village of Brunerberg. He had a wooden leg, wore a queer cap with a long tassel, and refused to associate with the shiftless patrons of fat Herman Loew's rathskeller. Most of his fellow citizens thought him odd.

No one could tell exactly when Ludwig had first come to dwell in Brunerberg. Like the hoar frost, he had arrived silently, overnight; and he lived as silently. He never argued or interfered. Ludwig shunned his neighbors, not because he disliked them, but because he found them dull. His days were spent in the little workshop, in his backyard, where he made violins. Ludwig never displayed or boasted of the instruments, but deep within his heart was an inordinate passion for them. At times he was given to strange gusts of emotion, moments when he fought gallantly with himself. When seized with these temporary fits his only solace and expression was in his music.

One evening Herr Frisch, as he passed Ludwig's house, had heard the soft wail of melody. It was a warm evening, and the sighing of the wind in the linden trees had made Herr Frisch very romantic. He had never heard such music in all his days, though, as he afterwards remembered, something like it had been played at an uncle's funeral. Herr Frisch had swayed for a few moments under the spell; then had turned and fled. A dozen strides from fat Herman Loew's rathskeller, towards which he had directed his distraught mind and body, Herr Frisch had met Herr Fredor. In the manner of that country, they had descended into the cellar together.

When two men, incited to oratory by German beer, have as their topic an eccentric miser who plays weird music to himself, the cymbals of the imps clash in a significant refrain. The next day all good fraus, whose husbands drank fat Herman Loew's wines and beers, and caressed his barmaids, had told tall tales. By nightfall Ludwig was an ogre. Many children had had dreadful dreams.

II.

A mysterious family lived in Brunerberg. Two months before their arrival a horde of decorators, landscape artists and scullions had swarmed up the mountain to the old Ehrenstauf castle, to make it ready for its new tenants. The family arrived one noon-day with a blare of trumpets, figuratively speaking, and by night it was widely known that the queer people who lived in the castle were wealthy. During the ensuing two months, the gossip club at the rathskeller and the worthy hausfraus enjoyed an abundant harvest of discourse.

One evening Herr Fredor, who was a woodcutter, was returning by a back road along the base of the mountain to his home. An early winter had settled upon the valley, and the days and nights were cold. The road along which Herr Fredor was trudging ran past the cabin of a swineherd. That peasant Herr Fredor knew well. For a whole night, they had once lain locked in each other's arms in a shallow brook. For days their wives had puzzled over this strange camaraderie, but at length they had sagely decided that fat Herman had given the two a sleeping potion. Herr Fredor now rapped, and was admitted to the squalid hut. The swineherd, who had hurried to answer the peremptory knock, had deserted a stein and a crust of bread. His heavy coat was buttoned high to protect his jowls against the biting cold. A tiny blaze lingered on the hearth.

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9.

"Good-evening, swineherd," Herr Fredor said condescendingly, that no doubt might remain as to the superiority of a woodcutter over a mere peasant.

"It's cold."

"Yes, it is! Can't you afford enough wood for a decent hearth-fire? Isn't there enough mud in the summer to stop up those gaping holes in the wall? Where's the wife? She'd have a fire burning. She'd offer me some of your sour bock to warm me. Why do you think I stopped in? Do you think I'm given to dawdling with the common folk?"

"She's gone. She—a—left to go to the castle. She has an important job." The swineherd paused in an ecstasy to pat his jowls with his purple hands. "She's the scrubwoman for the servant's quarters. It's warm up there."

"The scrubwoman for the—you amaze me! Did *she* get that place? You dirty scoundrel! I wanted it for my wife. You have the soul of a pig—swineherd!"

"Here, here, drink this!" The swineherd pushed the stein of bock towards the woodcutter, and speedily devoured the crust of bread himself. His manner was entirely conciliatory.

"Accept a mug of bock from you? You impudent rogue! Insult me! What's the news from the castle?" Herr Fredor seated himself, with an ease that suggested practice, on a two-legged milking-stool, balanced his rotund frame, and confidentially crooked a fat finger at the thoroughly awed swineherd. "Surely your wife must have—"

"She did, she did! The daughter's a rascal." The peasant's pallid face glowed with an expression of delight. "The daughter's a rascal. Oh, but she's bad! She dances, and sings, and plays a violin—just a moment—Herr Fredor!"

Herr Fredor had gone, leaving the door wide open. With an amazing burst of speed he had disappeared around the base of the mountain. A few strides from fat Herman Loew's rathskeller Herr Fredor met Herr Frisch. In the manner of that country, they descended into the cellar together.

When two men, incited to oratory by German beer, have as their topic an insane sister who dances, and sings, and plays a violin, the devil and his aides go to dinner.

III.

Two months passed, and during that time the gossips of Brunerberg had not slept once. As the days passed, Ludwig had grown stranger than ever. He was often seen walking in the moonlight, up the steep mountain slope, with his violin under his arm.

One evening the swineherd, returning to his hut from a regular meeting of the gossip club, where he could only sit by and listen, decided to cross the mountain past the castle, rather than to follow the lower road. His purpose was two-fold. First, he wished to see his wife. She had been promoted from the position of scrubwoman to a place in the pantry. If he was successful he might obtain a cold bite or two from the servants' table. For many days he had existed without a single meal prepared by his wife; his soul was in agony. Second, the beer he had drunk had filled him with unusual vigor; he felt that he could remove mountains and, to prove it,

started to climb one. For the first few hundred feet up the moonlit road he jogged merrily along. His exuberance fled, at length, and his previous determination was maintained only by a sullen stubbornness.

The air was chilly and clear. Occasional owls questioned him from their leafy sentry posts; he could hear the barking of dogs. The castle was not far distant. He smacked his lips.

Where the road merged into the clearing, he proceeded with great caution; he walked almost on tip-toe. Suddenly his lower jaw dropped; he stood immovable. Directly in front of him rose a buttress. The sweet music of a violin was heard, without any warning, scarcely ten paces away. He was unable to gasp. The music burst into a rhapsody. When it ceased, from a window far up the wall, a head cautiously appeared and a woman's voice called, "Ludwig, Ludwig! Again, again! play it again for me." The music began anew.

The swineherd tapped his ears to determine whether he had been deceived. The naughty daughter! Was it possible?

The music ceased, and the voice was heard again. "Ludwig, Ludwig! Ten years with pigs makes me love music much, and you, my darling!" The window closed; Ludwig, his violin under his arm, stumped boldly down the silvered road. Not the daughter; no.

The swineherd stood in silence. He was so hungry!

—Richard O. Gruver, '26.



More General Reading

The President has found the following score of books interesting to him within the last two months, and commends them to the students. No technical books are included. They are all new accessions on our library shelves.

1. **A King's Daughter** is Mr. Masfield's latest play in blank verse. The heroine is that hitherto maligned lady, Jezebel. Jehu is the arch villain and Elisha appears as his tool. The play has elements of true tragedy. The poetic interludes between the acts, which are all about the fate of Helen and her lovers after the fall of Troy, are especially worth-while.

2. The better manner of Arnold Bennett is revealed in his novel, **Riceyman Steps**. It reminds one of the "Old Wives' Tale," but is much shorter and more unified. The penurious bookseller and his wife are real people; but one knows more vividly the heroine, who is their slavey. People say that Bennett is an Edwardian, and that the war "dated" him. This book shows him modern enough, except that he still knows how to write English, which is anathema among some of the young Georgian gentlemen.

3. That virile younger British bishop, Dr. Neville Talbot, has written a book called **The Returning Tide of Faith**, a justification of the Christian religion by one who has faced doubt and difficulties. It is good for people who are outgrowing that creaking antiquity called "Modernism."

4. **Men, Women and God** is by A. Herbert Gray, and was written for the Student Christian Movement in England. It is the best book on "sex" that I have ever seen—sane, Christian, scientific, with no sentimentality and at the same time with decency. It is fit for general circulation; but it tells the truth.

5. In England Anglo-Catholicism is making an increasing impression on current literature. One of many volumes that have attracted interest there is **Catholic Tales** by Dorothy L. Sayres. It is in verse. It is good to find any competent modern user of poetic forms who is vitally religious. The book is robust, and will shock the life out of any Victorian Protestant.

6. **R. L. Stevenson: a Critical Study** is an attempt to estimate impartially a man who has had many furious admirers and, of late, a few scornful enemies. Frank Swinnerton has here done, most interestingly, a careful and fair bit of analysis. In a word, he says that Stevenson has no vitality; only animation.

7. Joseph Conrad has written another romance. This time it is all about the south of France and the Mediterranean just before Trafalgar. As usual, he has expert characterization and a marvelous knack of securing marine atmosphere. The story, too, is engrossing after one gets into it. Conrad's construction is always weak, in that it takes him a long time to wind up into his story; but a dull beginning is compensated for by a thrilling close. This book is called **The Rover**.

8. Dr. Fridjof Nansen, in his **Russia and Peace**, published last October, gives, mostly from first-hand investigation by himself, verified from the researches of the League of Nations, an accurate account of the transformation of Soviet society from the Communist basis, which proved immediately impracticable, to that of State Socialism with agrarian modification. Some slight knowledge of Economics is necessary before one reads this book.

9. **Gods of Modern Grub Street**, as its name implies, is about the British authors of the moment. Thirty-two of them are included, concerning each of whom Mr. A. St. J. Adcock has written a brief sketch, not so much biographical as critical. A good photograph of each author is included. This volume is of value for reference and as introductory material for private reading in contemporary British literature.

10. Robert Nathan, in **The Puppet Master**, has written a story which is whimsical without being self-conscious. It is mostly about some marionettes, used in a puppet show in lower New York, and the people whose destinies are bound up with them. That sounds rather dreadful; but the book almost avoids the obvious opportunities for sentimentality.

11. Samuel Butler's **Humor of Homer and Other Essays** is composed of papers written a good many years ago; but it still contains probably the best criticism of the Darwinian theory ever put together, called "The Dead-lock in Darwinism." The title essay is a bit over-long.

12. **Lummox**, a novel by Miss Fannie Hurst, proves that a writer of good short stories may be unfortunate in a longer and more involved medium. It is decidedly episodic, and two out of every three episodes miss fire. There are occasional flashes of psychological insight; but not many. The heroine is supposedly a servant-girl, of cow-like strength; but a good part of the time Miss Hurst herself gets into the Lummox's skin, and indulges in Semitic sentimentality.

13. **English Literature and the Classics** is the title of a collection of essays by Dr. Gilbert Murray and other scholars, delivered in Oxford in 1911-12. Most of them are interesting, and in particular the one on "Platonism in the English Poets," by Mr. J. A. Stewart.

14. At last we have a careful and full biography of one of our presidents hitherto inadequately written up. In **Grover Cleveland: the Man and the Statesman**, Prof. Robert McElroy of Princeton has presented two volumes, scholarly and rather more alive than most "authorized" biographies are. The author's conservative bias helps rather than hinders.

15. Every undergraduate should read the title essay in a volume of Mr. John Erskine's, called **The Obligation to Be Intelligent**. It might make some of the 50% alert men ashamed of themselves. Only, of course, they won't open its covers. The other four essays are worth looking at too; especially "Magic and Wonder in Literature."

16. In boiled-down form, easily understandable by the historical amateur, Mr. George Glasgow has presented the results of excavations in ancient Crete, under the title, **The Minoans**. It is nowadays a truism to say that one cannot understand the Greeks unless one knows about Crete. Heretofore the material has not been very easily available.

17. Those who heard Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn lecture here will probably wish to read **The Liberal College**, which he wrote three years ago. No more thought-provocative book has been written, for a long time, on the higher education.

18. Rather an unusual book of photographs of Greece is that published in 1923 by Unwin under the title, **Picturesque Greece**. In most books of this sort the engravings are abominable. This is an exception.

19. Someone lately has given the library a copy of Wilfrid Ward's two volume **Life of Cardinal Newman**. It is not new, of course; but it remains one of the best biographies ever done, in my opinion at least. And as for the Cardinal, is anyone really educated who has not come to know and to appreciate him?

20. Dr. Lee K. Frankel has just sent us a more than usually competent book, on **Jewish Life in the Middle Ages**, written by Mr. Israel Abrahams, M.A., Lecturer in Rabbinic Literature at the University of Cambridge. It throws a pleasant light upon a great people.

LAKE COMO

Pliny's pleasure galley, with naked ebon rowers
Dicing on their benches in the sail's purple shade,
While the master writes of seed-pearls,
Plovers' eggs with saffron sauce,
And how a Roman general meets death undismayed.

Slender crimson shallop of Beatrice d'Este,
Trailing cloths of gold and silver, from a carven stern inlaid
With fleurs-de-lis of ivory,
No whiter than the fingers
Of Beatrice as they clasp a fretted lute of jade.

Side-wheeler **Plinio**, ready for the wrecker,
With broken paddles thumping and faded awnings frayed,
Bringing fifty weary tourists
Who tell the world they're thirsty
For a chocolate ice cream soda, or some decent lemonade.

—G., '24.

TO AN UNRESPONSIVE LADY

My fountain-pen is dripping ink
From force of habit—never stops.
I have to park it in the sink
To keep from drowning in the drops.

From licking stamps my tongue is raw;
The taste, I fear, will ever stay.
My lips are but a blistered sore
Not e'en a kiss will sooth away.

The price of paper's rising fast,
And Erwin Smith has hired a clerk:
But this last note will be the last,
Unless you do your share of work.

—L. M. M., '25.

Poets

The age we live, as yellow butterflies
That flick an undimmed sun
From careless, flashing wings,
Is but a tiny space; the down soon flies,
With bits of broken wing,
To moulder at the roots of golden-rod,
And in the sod
To mix, a dainty paint for unborn flowers.

We breathe the pungency of trillium,
The sweetness of the eglantine;
Or, drunk on juice of wintergreen,
We dare the heights of climbing trumpet vine
And dance about its scarlet banquet hall
And mock the sun,
Nor fear lest we should fall!

We run a gamut of the season's blooms
And find each honeyed well a universe.
Courageous ones or, mayhap, but perverse,
Seek hidden glens
Where stranger sweets
Are found; and there, on festering death
The shimmering cloud descends
And, in the noisome glooms,
Sates tortures appetites,
Nor knows that it has drawn a cleaner breath.

We cannot know the world. The azure rim
Beneath the argent clouds
Is far beyond the sight
Of butterflies. The sweeping, morning hymn
The lark casts down is but a minuet
To us. And if the sun should quickly set,
And cease, the song,
The memory would not be long.

But summer ends and with the summer day
Die flowers, and there comes a creeping chill;
The bloom is on the grape.
We do not see the ill
That this first frost foretells. The sun of May
Still climbs the sky, at noon.
In asters, now, we find a garnished feast,
Nor know that soon
The sumach will be red
And, under flaming leaves, gold butterflies, all dead.

It may be that a ragged butterfly
Will sometimes live beyond the golden-rod
And ride the frosty breeze
In nectar hunts
That only lead to red and ochre trees.
The purple haze
Must have a bitter taste,
That smacks of asters, and of other days.

The wings are torn
And bodies fall.
The only requiem the dancers know
—For they do know, whose bodies gild the frost—
Is silenced by the driven snow
And errant winds, that sweep the sky
Of summer, and of mournful call—
The wild goose cry.

The butterflies that lie beneath the snow
Are never dead.
The flashing wings and tawny down
Were but a finer dress
That marked the gaudy clown
That played at Youth.
The Mother, lest the pulsing earth should press
Too heavily upon the new-born child,
Throws golden glamors over all the world,
That he may know
Nought else but painted flowers.

But when, the saffron coats laid by,
We dance as snow-flakes for a little space
And wander through a changing earth
That, still, we may not know,
We sweep from out the sky on frozen winds
And softly seek the white-veiled face
That lies beneath the drifts;
Until we vanish with the melting snow
We cannot have rebirth.

To April winds the flaming maples tell,
In lyric whispers, tales of nascent Spring;
And each forsythia bell
That swings and tinkles on the hills
Rings tiny overtones
That drench and drown the memory
Of harsher days.
The South Wind's symphony
Sweeps through the land till every living thing
In radiant color bursts its wintery cell.

And in the heart of all the rising life
 A vagrant, unbound beauty grows;
 A beauty which was once a butterfly
 That danced and capered in the summer sun.
 But now, when youth has run
 Its course, the dance is done.

The butterfly that found in each small bloom
 The measure of his world
 Is one with earth
 And finds, at last, the room
 To grow. Its heart beats, limitless as time,
 Above, below, and through each single form.
 And if some mighty storm
 Sweeps through infinity,
 The butterfly, no more a thrall,
 Rides every gust
 And sees its fall.

He grows with every tree,
 And knows the throb that pulses through the hills.
 He slips from out the clouds
 And fills
 The sea,
 With summer showers.
 He lies within the arms of fragrant Night
 And from her lips drinks mad forgetfulness
 Until the Dawn, whose might
 Is aught she fears, sets off the westward chase.

But we who have been butterflies
 Must have an end.
 That always dies
 The soonest, that has lived the most.
 And when we breathe Night's breath,
 I think, there creeps a ghost,
 Her sister Death,
 To tell us that the furthest darks are near.
 I think we slip away, and have no fear.

For we, who have known all there is to know,
 Have danced with every wind,
 And in the tresses of the rain have twined
 Our fingers;
 As drifting fragments of eternal suns,
 Our life began.
 We live a mighty span
 Of years
 And with omniscience comes a weariness
 That is too great for erstwhile butterflies;
 And as we float into the silences
 There will not follow fears,
 But filmy clouds of shattered wings.

—William W. Vogt, '25.

Psychoanalysis of Bigotry

The title will be found not inappropriate by the unpedantic reader. Yet let it be confessed at the outset that both terms of it were chosen—the first with its ultramodern, the other with its harsh sound—but especially the former, on the chance that there may be something in the 'psychology of advertising' that will redound to the benefit of the writer. A writer's great desideratum—pardon the neuter!—is a reader. Readers then of the title at least would seem to be well assured. Whether they will go on to be perusers of the matter so titled is another question. Let this shrewd suggestion—another very modern term—be added: that only by examining the article itself can one determine whether it is psychoanalysis or not.

In order to offer compensation for the disingenuousness thus confessed, let the subject—and the object—of the present endeavor be set forth plainly and frankly and withal briefly before the community. Those who do not 'fall for' clever advertising, and even some of those who do, may chance to be interested. As to the subject: it is purposed not to take some poor bigoted person and by inquisition drag out to the light and his own astonished eyes the skeleton in the closet of his subconsciousness—that dark secret which subtly 'motivates' his acts, and the revelation of which to himself, the 'bringing of it to consciousness,' will dissipate his whole 'bigotry complex.' No. Let it be admitted at once that we do not possess 'the necessary technique.' That we wish we did, but shrink at the labor required to get it. And the odium acquired by its use. Far simpler, less pretentious is our task: it is to state the thesis that our attitudes and opinions, all that somewhat noisome but often 'strong' mixture we refer to proudly as our 'beliefs,' are—whatever else they may be—merely habits. And that the peculiar tenacity of our views in the face of argument, upon which we so pride ourselves, might often by a little analysis be referred to the nature of habit rather than to the soundness of those views. It is our task to support this proposition by considering the nature of habit: by sketching habit as embedded in the nervous structure and accomplishing its functions in the life history of the human organism. This should reveal that 'mental' habits are just as much involved in neural conditions, in the establishment of relatively permanent physical changes, as manual habits are.

The attitude of bigotry, the aptitude for bigotry, the appetite for bigotry—do not these phrases mean the same thing? And if we were to represent by a diagram the 'psychology,' that is, the brain-thought situation corresponding to any appetite, we could use the same diagram for any habitual mental attitude. It would be the typical diagram of the schematism of habit. More,—it would be the plan of any and every reaction of an organism possessing a nervous system. Something rather basic here, you say. Quite so. And this pattern is as simple as it is universal: it is 'none other' than the so-called arc from stimulation to reaction, from impulse to act, the 'sensory-cortical-motor arc.'

It is the type of all reactions which depend upon or are the functions of a nervous organism. Some 'peripheral' or surface organ—and note that it may be on the surface of some part of your internal anatomy—is stimulated by some to it external factor which is of a nature adapted to affect this particular organ. Next, this stimulation induces an impulse moving inwards along nerve fibres specifically adapted to serve this organ,

and to carry ingoing impulses only. These 'afferent' nerves, so named from their in-bearing function, pass into the central nervous system and terminate either in the spinal column, the surface of the brain or cortex, or at some intermediate point, according to the nature of the impulse. The ends of these fibres are divided into arborizations or little tree-like branches, and in very close juxtaposition if not in actual contact with these 'dendrites' will lie similar terminations of nerve-fibres which belong to the brain or cord and do not themselves run directly to any of the organs. They have tiny branchings at both ends, and their function is to change the incoming impulse to an outgoing one, in accordance with a sense of the meaning of the stimulation for the life purpose or functions of the organism. The sense of meaning is an item of mental life, but corresponds specifically to the neural facts, and vice versa,—facts which are in the very closest connection of interdependency, albeit we can at present give no complete account of their relations.

The brain-thought situation then reads, 'The eye has been stimulated by light: that light is the sun appearing above the hilltop: which means it is time for one to arise also: and so one gets up.' The sensory-cortical-motor arc is completed by the last phase, always in the nature of a 'motor discharge'—albeit only a blush. In contact with the end of the cortical nerve lie dendrites of other fibres, called 'efferent' or out-bearing, which carry only impulses destined to activate motor organs. These organs too may be internal to the body as a whole, although they are end organs for certain parts of the organic machinery. It remains to point out that the whole mechanism is selective. It is inconceivable that we should respond by a completed reaction arc to every stimulation addressed to every organ all the time. We are continuously bombarded with appeals of the variegated environment, to relatively few of which can we possibly fully respond: that is, do the appropriate acts which their significance suggests. There are therefore innumerable inhibitions, interrupting the passage from stimulus to response at one or other of its phases.

This last observation will explain why it is so difficult to see this arc-pattern in what we call 'mental processes.' Well, in the first place the phrase is a misnomer if we mean that these have no 'physical' elements. And it would be equally a mistake to think of 'physical acts' as destitute of mental factors. All the activities of the organism, bar none, are functions of the animal as a whole; and all contain both mental and physical elements, and in the closest and most definite relation. Witness on the one hand the mental side of skilled work, or of trained play, things ostensibly 'physical'; while on the other hand the physical or motor side attends also intellectual activities. Is this so hard to see? But what awakens mental life? It is that the eye reads books and the ear hears lectures—strictly and psychologically speaking, one 'hears' even when one is at the same moment blissfully dreaming.

Yes. But one doesn't get the meaning. Well, that is then a form of inhibition. The arc cannot develop. But even if one understands that social conditions, economic pressure, et cetera, are intolerable and require instantly revolutionary action, yet one does not 'revolute': where then, you ask, is the motor discharge which the cortical phase of reaction is supposed to make inevitable? Inhibited—again? Yes, but only until a 'more convenient season.' There was a 1905 in St. Petersburg, and a 1907 in Petrograd. The difference was that although the motor action got started in the first case, it was rather forcibly inhibited. But someone may think we are writing seditiously, so let it be said at once that we are only

illustrating from contemporary history. To resume: In the case of intellectual processes, the chief characteristic is that the phases of reaction may be disconnected—that is, temporally: they seem isolated on account of the lapse of time between them. Yet they are true to type. You may see it in the large any day: the course of education, the budding and developing sense of vocation or avocation, finally you are launched on the career—acting the part.

Now the system, according to its individual peculiarities of structure, quickly forms habits of reacting. Every repetition of a particular arc renders it more a 'pathway' of 'low resistance.' It is a literal fact that the nerve fibres involved become susceptible, and especially where their arborizations intermingle resistance decreases, and the nervous currents flow through these 'synapses' as though there were a continuous conductor throughout. This is the neural aspect of habit. If the foregoing reasoning be sound, we are now prepared to accept the statement that the natural structure of mental habits is of similar type to that of habitual physical acts. A flag speaks to the eye, the mind recognizes it as a symbol of country, the emotion of patriotism attends this sense of its meaning, and patriotic acts follow. Not that you perhaps have really thought about patriotism, not that you have a clear conception, much less a noble idea of it. But you have an habitual attitude, rather fiery and very sensitive, and it makes you furious if a man doesn't stand when the so-called national anthem is sung or even played by the jazz orchestra in a cabaret. You are the victim—ah, that was a slip!—you are under the influence of a 'psychological habit.'

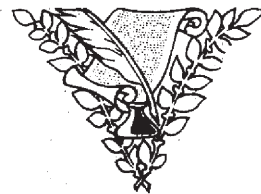
The great thing is to recognize that opinion reflects habit just as much as gait, or tone of voice, or plastering your hair back, do. Now we ask you: does the strength of these habits testify in any way or in the least degree that this gait is manly and virile, that your voice is as the voice 'of many waters,' or this coiffure the last word in tonsorial good taste? Hardly. They may be, but it is not their habitualness that proves it. It is not the strength of conviction that establishes their value. Yet are we not still afflicted with the obsession that if we have very strong convictions our views must be right? This strength may be far more due to mere habit than we are aware. This is shown in the peculiar tenacity with which one cherishes some of the oldest and earliest elements of his teaching. This pathetic loyalty is usually far more due to the early and involuntary assimilation of the ideas, than to their truth. The loyalty as such is of no evidential value. The ideas may be entirely true, but one must establish this by later reflection and testing: one must be confirmed, and take upon himself what his sponsors undertook for him in baptism. It's something like that.

It is this obsession that postpones the outlawing of the war system. Our 'enemy country' is reproached for the awful heresy of might-makes-right. But is not that the conviction of all who appeal to the arbitrament of battle? at least of all who voluntarily do so. It is only too possible that one may be forced to take up the gage of the challenger. Of course the solemn conviction of right lends a certain strength, but this element of moral force will be available to all combatants. It is not this force which wins wars—more's the pity. We should then have an unanswerable reason for retaining the system. The remark—was it not of Napoleon? one never knows who said things nowadays—that 'Providence is always on the side of the heaviest artillery,' was only a cynical way of saying that superior force will win. The fact that this may include moral forces like greater

intelligence of men and officers, discipline, and others, does not disprove the statement. For these advantages may very well be on the side whose cause is least defensible from an ideal standpoint. Professor Gibbons of Princeton says, and amply shows too, in his book *Europe Since 1918*, that ever since the Armistice the power, people or country, political aggregation or faction in Europe, and even in Asia Minor, with arms in hand, with any menacing military strength, has gotten what it demanded from the Peace Conference, the numerous—mostly abortive—other ‘conferences’ not excluding the Washington, the council of ambassadors who inherited the remnants of the Paris tangle, and from the League of Nations itself.

This no great discredit to the League. It isn’t even altogether due to the incomplete membership in the League. It is because the idea of the League is not frankly accepted, not even by its major members. Psychological habit again. It takes time, and much repetition of the new reaction; to sensitize the new tracts, to de-sensitize the old. Bigotry, reassured by its feeling of strength, chary of argument because weak in learning and in logic, dies hard. And it will never die in the nation until it perish in the individual. Speed the day!

—Horatio K. Garnier.



“Economics in Queensland”

While the Dragon Club lectures have for many years been among the most popular of the immemorial customs of this institution, the one on the Economic Conditions among the Arapunta Tribes of North Eastern Queensland, delivered on the thirtieth of February by Dr. J. H. Spillen, Fellow of the Royal Geocentric Society, was received with unusual enthusiasm. The speaker came at the request of Dr. Edwards, a former co-worker in the Y. M. C. A., to furnish the class in sociology with some up-to-date, first hand information concerning the aborigines of Australia. Since the lecture contained much material invaluable to those afflicted with term papers about this interesting race, we accord Dr. Spillen the unusual honor of an account of his performance in the MESSENGER instead of in the PROOF-SHEET.

Dr. Spillen, who has recently returned from the Antipodes, appeared in native costume. In spite of our dislike of journalese phrases, we are compelled to remark that he was a man of striking appearance. The naturally imposing effect of his features is enhanced to the fullest extent by skilful tattooing; the pierced nose and sharpened teeth would make him a marked man in any drawing room; and the curious ridges that cover his arms, legs, and stomach are so unusual as to approach the bizarre. As Dr. Spillen’s habit of chewing continuously on a large quid of “beriberi” made his speech difficult for some of the audience to understand, we print the lecture in full.

“Ladies and gentlemen, while I am, of course, extremely grateful for the glowing picture of me which your president has just given you, I must confess that I find a great deal of difficulty in recognizing myself. I might tell you a little story to illustrate my feelings on this point; but I shall be considerate enough to refrain.

“I am very glad that Dr. Bell has said that I am to talk this evening, and not that I am to lecture; for I am afraid that anything so formal as a lecture is quite beyond my power. I shall, therefore, for the first thirty or forty minutes of my time, simply talk to you, and try to tell you, in a plain, blunt way, as much as I can of the subject with which I have to deal. For the rest of the hour I hope you will talk to me,—ask me questions about any points in which you are particularly interested, or which you think I have not sufficiently explained. I hope you will not be sparing of your questions; for I shall judge of your intelligence by the interest you show in my talk. I find that this aftermath of a lecture, when some one besides myself has a chance to speak, is often the most interesting part.

“It is always particularly pleasing to a speaker to find that his audience consists, to a large extent, of young and plastic minds, on which he may hope to make some imprint. What, indeed, could be more inspiring than the thought that I have, tonight, an opportunity to leave eternal foot-prints on the soft wax of your brains? It is a sacred trust, my friends, and I shall earnestly endeavor not to betray it.”

Here the speaker, who had been standing in a noticeably pigeon-toed fashion, paused and straightened out his feet.

“My subject for this evening is the economic conditions among the Arapunta tribes of North-Eastern Queensland, a subject which I have had rather unusual opportunities for studying. Up to the time, ten days ago,

when I took an airplane for this country, I had lived among this people, completely cut off from civilization, for four long years. During all that time I had seen no white face, worn no white shirt, and eaten no white meat. I may even add, incredible as it may seem, that I had told no white lies; for the race is notoriously honest, and I found the practice not only unpopular, but unnecessary.

"As you can readily imagine, when, last Monday, I landed in New York, I found myself in a world as strange to me as if I were a visitor from Mars."

At this point Dr. Spillen took a geology hammer that he carried in his girdle, and knocked out a tooth, which appeared to be paining him.

"If you will be so kind," he continued, "as to follow me, on the wings of fancy, back to the land from which I have recently come, I think I shall be able to show you a world even stranger to you than this one of ours is, at present, to me. When we speak of economic conditions, our minds instantly turn to trusts and credits, banks, debts, and insurance companies. But among the Arapuntas there are none of these things. 'What?' do you cry, 'Is it possible that an economic society can exist without these familiar institutions?' My friends, it is not only possible, it is a fact; and the economy of North-Eastern Queensland is as interesting, if not as complicated, as our own. In fact——!!!"

We shall not attempt, by the feeble means of paper and ink, to reproduce the astounding shriek which issued from the mouth of Dr. Spillen. The only term which in the least suggests its horrifying quality is the Scotch word "eldritch." Across the floor walked a small white kitten.

For twenty agonizing minutes the house was in an uproar. For no recognizable reason, that indefinable something—panic—had been kindled by the lecturer's cry, and it swept the audience like the proverbial new broom. Women fainted. Hordes struggled madly for all the exits. A Freshman lost his cap. It was only when two of Dr. Strong's largest and fiercest mice, produced by the ever ingenious Mr. Bittner, had routed the intruder, and incidentally infected three neighbors with their pet disease, that the tumult abated, and Dr. Spillen could be induced to descend from the rafter to which he had climbed. Mopping his brow with a fragment of a gown which he found on the floor, he courageously prepared to continue his lecture.

"My tabu," he explained, with a smile which had in it elements of pathos. "I do not, of course, believe in the superstitions of the natives; still, association is a powerful factor; and, after all, can one really be sure. Was it not our own Henry Wordsworth Longfellow who said: 'There are more things from Heaven on earth, Horatius, than you'll find in any philosophy text book?'"

"But to return to the point,—where was I?"

"Among the Arapunta tribes, in North-Eastern Queensland, until a week ago Friday," replied Mr. Darbie, with an air of kindly but insistent omniscience.

The lecturer paused again, apparently greatly interested, as Mr. Haver took the Freshman out for a snow bath.

"Ah I remember," continued Dr. Spillen. "I was just coming to the real point of my talk—the economic conditions among the Arapunta tribes. But I am afraid that these little interruptions have taken up so much time

that I shall hardly be able to cover the situation in my allotted hour. Shall we let the speech go, and spend what few minutes remain in asking questions? Or if you prefer, I shall be only too glad to continue beyond the hour. In fact, nothing makes a lecturer happier than to talk indefinitely. But it is for you to decide."

The silence that ensued was beginning to be decidedly embarrassing, when Dr. Wilson's tact came to the rescue. "I am afraid that would interrupt my bridge party, and I am sure these gentlemen will forgive you for omitting the lecture; after all, as you have said, the questions are the really interesting part." He turned to the audience: "Don't you think so?"

Gratified by the thunder of agreement, our guest announced that it was now time for the audience to talk. "Dr. Spillen," asked Mr. Vogt, "does nationalistic patriotism have the same devastating effect on the economic prosperity of the Queensland tribes as it does on that of western civilization?"

"Your question is an essential one," replied the speaker, after some hesitation, "and rather difficult. But I think I may safely answer yes—and no. The concept of nationalistic patriotism is quite unknown among the Arapuntas; and there is, I may say, no economic prosperity; however, human nature is much the same all the world over, and I think we may assume that, were the conditions different, the effect would be very much the same there as here. Does that cover your question?"

"Very satisfactorily," answered Mr. Vogt, delighted to have his theory sustained.

"But sir!" exclaimed Mr. Shope, "is the general nature of Arapunta society co-operative or feudal? I mean to say, which is the dominant caste—or are there castes? As you know, the hair of the negro race is flat, while we are told that that of the Mongolians is round, or possibly rhomboid. As to the Australian aborigines—just what is the truth of the matter?"

"I am not quite sure that I catch the drift of your evidently profound question," responded Dr. Spillen; "but if you are asking 'what is the influence of the physical characteristics of the race on the structure of the social system?' I can assure you that it is fundamental."

"How perfectly priceless!" beamed Shope, vigorously wagging his head. "Thank you, sir. That is what I wanted to know."

"Dr. Spillen," accused Dr. Whitelock, "I have no doubt that, if your lecture had not suffered these unfortunate interruptions, you would have remarked upon the fact that the three Arapunta words for father, cold roast kangaroo, and smoke-from-a-locomotive are almost identical with the German terms of the same meaning; and that, furthermore, the customary greeting between tribal-relationship grandmother and grandson is pronounced with a decidedly Bavarian accent. How do you account for these circumstances?"

The lecturer remained undaunted. "Those circumstances," he replied with unruffled urbanity, "are among the mysteries of nature for which I do not account at all.

"And now, gentlemen, if there are no more questions, I shall thank you for a very pleasant evening, and retire. Dr. Edwards and I," he continued confidentially, "have an engagement to fulfill—an engagement of

Or had the bar grown?

It seemed as though he would smother. The opening must be closed by a heavy plate of steel. He jumped from the bed and rushed to the door. Nothing but the grating. Perhaps they had put the plate beyond his reach so that he might not know. He tore at the bars and pounded them. He stripped his fingernails as he fought the thing which closed him in. His breath came in gasps. He could not reach it. Perhaps he shrieked. Whether he had, or whether the cry was in his mind, he would never know. He had slipped to the floor unconscious.

When he revived he was tired, very tired. He could still breathe. It probably was the night that closed the cell. He lay still for a moment and then rose and turned on the light, with bleeding fingers. Should he look? He hesitated. If it were iron, he would go mad. For the first time, he saw the death-cell. Padded! Perhaps they drove men mad, left them alone to pay for their crimes, crushed them and made them gibbering idiots. His jaws set; his lips grew tense. He turned around and looked. It had been the night, after all.

Again he slipped to his cot, and sucked in his breath in a dry sob. Madness. How narrowly he had escaped it! He must control himself. Why had he asked that there be no death watch? This awful silence that beat, and beat, and beat. How could he live through it! He felt his thoughts slipping again. But no. He was no animal, to storm and to froth, in frenzy, at his captivity! He would not have some human clod stand outside his cell, to see that he did not injure himself! That, at least, the judge had prevented.

Now he saw the reason for the heavy cushions on the walls. They were afraid he would cheat the State!

What a joke that would be! A joke, that's what life is. He could here the State Electrician swear because he had lost his fee. A dirty trick though. Perhaps the man needed the money. He, the cynic, would laugh about that as he sat in the chair. It would give the jailers something to think about.

He had killed a man. The executioner would kill him. Perhaps someone would kill the executioner, and so on. A surge of slaughter would overwhelm the earth, and mankind would drown in a great wave of blood. That would be a revenge! He laughed again and Jim laughed with him.

Damn Jim! He never laughs out loud. Only those long yellow teeth and loose lips. And the eyes full of hatred.

Yolans reached for his watch. Wrong again. It was the silence he had heard ticking. They had taken away the watch. But it could not be the silence. Silence means no noise. It must be the night. Does the night tick? It must. But it ticked too slowly. Perhaps it was running down. Then it must be near the hour.

How long had he been unconscious? He did not know; he would never know. And what difference could it make? What is time to a man on the edge of death? A few moments, a few hours, then billions of years, forever. Do years laugh, or is it left to men to do that? At any rate, he would laugh. He would meet Death with laughter, and Death would cut off his last bit of fun. He would laugh at the chaplain. A nice bit of sat-

isfaction his death would be to that poor puppet! The chaplain kill a man? He had never had enough nerve.

Yolans lay still and listened. The ticking was louder. It resounded through the great stone tomb. Thump, thump, thump. Perhaps they were coming for him. At least he would show them he could die like a man. Poor worms! What did he want of their pity, their dithering sentimentality?

That's right, Jim. Laugh, damn you. Have your last joke. Do you think you enjoy it alone?

—William W. Vogt, '25.

THE EARLY BIRD

Too soon I hear the ringing of the bell
That calls me from my haven of repose,
And bids me to arise. But wait! Oh well, . . .
Perhaps I'd best get up. Where are my clothes?
At last I climb out slowly from the sheets,
And close the window. Soon I'm off to mess
With all the rest; but why those empty seats?
Where is the crowd? It's late; but still no press
Of hungry students, who this hall do grace
Each chilly morn. I cannot be too late.
Perhaps too early? 'Guess I did make haste.
You pip! it's Sunday,—one more hour to wait.
"O Freshman will you ever use your head,
And spend that last sweet hour of rest in bed?"

—E. M. V., '27.



THE MESSENGER

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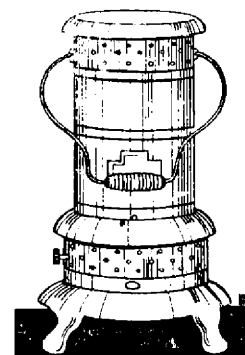
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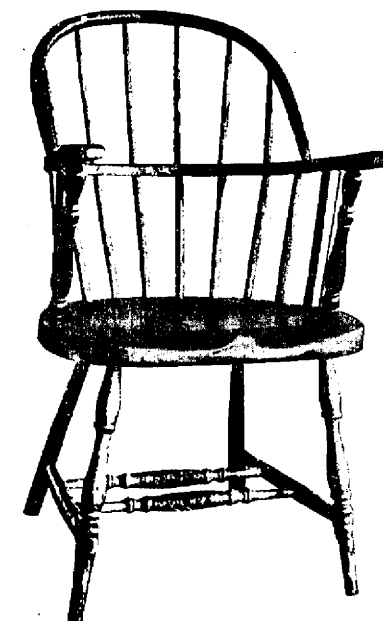
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