The Messenger
St. Stephen's College

Oct. 1922

VERSE - - - - - - - - - Contributed
THE NEW BALKANS - - - Lyford P. Edwards, Ph. D.
DIANA - - - - - - - - - Alan H. Tongue
BOOK-FRIENDS - - - - - - George A. Shrigley
TYRANNOS - - - - - - - - - George A. Libaire
SOME NEW LIBRARY BOOKS - - - - The President
IN OCTOBER Verse - - - - William W. Vogt
FIERY HEIGHTS - - - - - - Luke C. M. Andrews

FALL LITERARY NUMBER
You say he’s dead,
And tell me many things
Of what he said and thought, and longed and planned,
And of his loving care and thoughtfulness
For all he met withal.

You say he’s dead.
I wonder can it be
That he can ever die who once has lived?
To live:
To feel the hot delight of pulsing blood through veins;
To sleep and wake, and glory in the radiant morn;
To know the mastership of one’s own soul and body;
To will the acts of higher worth and know them done;
To rise above the social laws,
And guide and lead and be not led;
To fear nor death nor life.
Who dares to live, he lives forever.

—Contributed.

The New Balkans.

Stockholm, Sweden, is a good town. Street cars, taxis, electric lights, telephones, and all the thousand and one mechanisms of Western civilization are working just as smoothly in Stockholm as in St. Louis. But Stockholm is the last city in North Central Europe where that is true. Get on a steamer at Stockholm in the evening, sail east across the Baltic Sea, and you will find yourself the next morning in Europe’s New Balkans. Everything is changed. Your very geography is no longer reliable. The writer of this article provided himself with a fine, large map of Europe lately published by the American Geographical Society and highly recommended as reliable and up-to-date. But the publisher of that map hadn’t sailed east from Stockholm across the Baltic Sea—at least not recently—because he named the port of arrival in Finland as Abo. Now the name of the place is Turku—so all the citizens in the town assured me of whom I inquired and I think the local inhabitants really ought to know the name of their own town. And Turku is not the only place by any manner of means where the map is misleading. There are three other towns in that part of the world named in the geographies: Viborg, Reval, and Helsingfors. The natives call them Vyborg, Tallin, and Helsinki. Now a man can figure out all right that Helsinki may be the same name as Helsingfors, but it really is beyond ordinary ability to identify Tallin as Reval.

But the change of names is the least of one’s troubles in the New Balkans. All through that region there are an incredible number of soldiers, policemen, detectives, custom-house inspectors, passport officers, and every other sort of government official. This whole horde comes to meet every boat, train, aeroplane, wagon, baby carriage, or other vehicle that ventures into those parts. All these innumerable officials combine in one grand effort to make all travel as slow, as expensive, as irritating, and as uncomfortable as possible. It seems to be their idea to put a stop to it entirely, though, if they did so, their excuse for living off the taxes would appear to be gone. They make the unfortunate traveller stand in long cues in all sorts of miserable sheds, or out in the rain, or in the boiling sun while they leisurely put a stamp on his passport and charge a “thumping” fee for that kindness. They stop his boat, or train, or auto, or wagon for hours while they ransack all his belongings and ask him all sorts of impertinent questions about his religion and his family relations. One of their pet schemes is to make him fill out a long questionnaire printed in a language they are sure he doesn’t understand. What the answers are or whether they make any sense doesn’t seem to matter much to them. If you say that your mother’s name is Episcopal and that your religion is Minnie it will get by just as well as the other way round. I tried it once and it worked all right.

Now this interference of ignorant and stupid officials with travel is not a mere nuisance though sometimes the sheer absurdity of it all relieves one’s irritation. But the thing has its serious side. Our modern civilization is dependant for its very existence upon rapid and easy communication and anything that hinders and prevents travel and the movement of goods undermines the social order. In all the nations of Central Europe civilization is either at a standstill or is going backwards and the one sure sign of how stationary or backward it is, is the degree of hindrance put upon the movements of people and merchandise. In Estonia the hindrance is greater than in Finland, and Estonia is slipping backward into barbarism just that much faster than Finland. It is a question whether the governments of Europe’s New Balkans are really insane or whether they are just feeble minded. Sometimes the traveller inclines to one opinion, sometimes
to the other. Much of the interference with travel is mere feeblemindedness and can be done away with by any government which possesses as much knowledge of economics as a college freshman. But the furious national hatreds, the ferocious and chauvinistic nationalistic patriotisms are apparently genuine insanity.

There are eight new nations in Central Europe: Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czecho Slavokia, Austria, and Hungary and they are in a north and south line with the six old Balkan Nations: Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Albania, and Turkey. Now as to several of these countries, it may be stated positively, that they have not the smallest chance of surviving as permanent sovereign nations. The four northern ones: Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania seem to have been created largely to bother the Russians and to give some color of legal sanction to familiar with the hatred of the Allies for the Germans and of the Germans poverty of these countries and they are all poor, if not actually bankrupt. Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Albania, and Turkey. Now as to several of these nations the condition of things was not quite as bad, but in all of them

The most depressing thing about Central Europe, next to the actual human suffering, is the general decay and shabbiness of everything. This phenomenon is universal. The museums, for instance—and the larger cities often have good ones—are shut up, all, or a greater part of the time, because there is no money to pay the attendants. The homes, street cars, and everything else that needs paint seem to have had none for years. If these countries ever do “come back” there is going to be a tremendous market for the paint manufacturers. The Libraries and Colleges similarly seem to have had no accessions of books for years. Electric lighting is seriously curtailed, the street car systems are in wretched condition, pavements are in bad repair. It is needless to go into the endless details. There is a sag, a let down, all along the line. Civilization is gradually ebbing away and barbarism taking its place.

The poverty especially among the middle class is appalling. In the parks and streets it is common to see men in threadbare black coats and aged silk hats—persons of evident education and refinement—eating a piece of black bread from a paper bag. One gets used to the various shades of pallor; white grey, yellowish and bluish that distinguish the varying degrees of under nourishment and starvation. The moral decay is perhaps even more terrible than the bodily hunger. Women of the most manifest refinement and the most modest appearance are found anxious to sell themselves—small blame to them, perhaps, for preferring immorality to starvation. Beggars of both sexes and all ages are found everywhere in such numbers as in former days characterized only a few places, such as Naples.

The present situation, tragic and awful as it is, has no physical or economical justification. The Central and Eastern European region, taken as a whole, is abundantly supplied with natural resources, with skilled labor, and with elaborate technical apparatus. It is quite able to support its population in as good a manner as the rest of Europe or the United States. It can do more. It can support its population in a higher condition of wealth and civilization than men have ever yet attained on this earth. What is required is not an economic help but the abolition of insane hatreds and the practice of mutual co-operation in one economic and political unit.

Nearly all these countries owe the United States money. It is, in the writer’s judgment, highly indisensible for this country to remit a dollar of the money due. On the other hand the United States would do well to insist upon full payment both of principal and interest, and to insist that these nations cease to squander their resources in keeping up great armies and that they practice mutual co-operation, both economic and political as the only method, either of paying their debts, or of escaping a reversion to barbarism. The admonition to love one’s neighbor has long been considered a pious doctrine suitable only for use by clergymen in Church pulpits. In Central Europe it is not only a religious doctrine, it is a necessity of practical politics. It is the only alternative to destruction.

—Lyford P. Edwards.
Diana.

On a cold, drizzly night in November, three men sat before a glowing hearth amidst the tasteful and comfortable appointments of a London club. These three, as different in appearance and occupation as it is possible to be, had found, apparently, some topic of common interest, for as each took his turn in the discourse, the others would listen intently and break in occasionally with a question.

"Yes," the man nearest to the fire was remarking, "I have become convinced almost against my own will, that there exists what is commonly known as a spirit world. I have not arrived at this conclusion in any hasty or ill-advised manner, but only after years of dispassionate investigation."

This amazing statement was differently received by the other two men, but both took it seriously, for was not the speaker a man of high repute for learning? He was in fact a Mr. Gregory Burton, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and President of the Psychological Society of London,—a frail man with a head seemingly too large for his body, but with keen penetrating gray eyes, and a resonant voice. At this point in the discourse one of the others interrupted him,—a large man, inclined to be stout, quite bald, and with a florid complexion. This was a certain professor, Albert R. Russell, a biologist of note, and a research worker in the field of genetics.

"Tell me," he said to the little man, "Have you arrived at any demonstrable proof of your assertion? We scientists, you know, while we theorize, cannot commit ourselves until the truth of our theories have been proved by experiment."

"What kind of an experiment?" said Burton. "In the last analysis, you ultimately depend upon the evidence of your senses, do you not?"

"Of course," replied Russell, "that is the only method for knowing phenomena."

"Then!" answered Burton, "I will give you our working hypothesis, under certain known and reasonable conditions of temperature, light, and so forth, entities, existing in a sphere outside our own, have been demonstrated again and again to manifest themselves on earth in temporary bodies, materialized from an, at present, undiscoverable source, through the agencies of certain persons of both sexes, termed "sensitives," and can be so demonstrated to any person who will provide the conditions proved to be necessary for such a demonstration. This working hypothesis has been proved beyond any possibility of doubt."

"Object to your hypothesis," said Russell, "in one particular. Why should your psychic phenomena appear under only certain physical conditions? If spirit beings exist at all, why should they not be evident to our senses at all times? All natural phenomena are. Your hypothesis seems to discard that upon which we stand most firmly, the evidence of our own senses."

"Surely," Burton responded eagerly, "surely you as a biologist can see this point, it is quite in accordance with biological fact. How did our senses develop?—by the survival of useful qualities, biology tells us. If there were a race of beings who had no direct dealings with us but lived in a separate sphere, as it were, how would it be possible for us to acquire a sense that would distinguish them. Adaptation is made to our environment,—to that which concerns our life. The struggle for existence would perpetuate no qualities that are unnecessary, you admit that. Then is it to be expected that we would develop a psychic sense to any high degree toward these beings, when they do not, properly speaking, constitute a part of our environment?"

The Messenger

"That seems reasonable enough," admitted the professor. "I had never thought of it in that light."

"Then further," went on Burton, speaking rapidly and eagerly with many gestulations of his hands. "Further than that, how can we account for the widespread belief in ghosts, phantoms, spectres, and other supernatural apparitions among all the various peoples of the world, from the most primitive times, unless it were an adaptation that had been preserved in the struggle for existence, as a favorable one—a belief in them and a fear of them that led men to shun them and leave them to their own affairs?"

"But how," again interrupted the professor, speaking ponderously and slowly, "how would you account for their appearance at all, even under so called favorable conditions? If they are not to be perceived by the senses at one time, how could they be perceived at another?"

"That is just the question I expected," answered the little man, looking pleased, and rubbing his hands together. "That is the power of entity itself, not ours. If it be the will of one of these beings to be seen by us, it must take on some kind of materialization. It must borrow from us a material body that can be perceived by our senses. Under no circumstances have we the power to make them materialize, or to see them in their non-material form. We can only provide favorable conditions for them, and are utterly dependent upon their will and caprice in the matter. It is evident that their knowledge and power is far greater than our own."

The stout man drew a deep breath. "I shall make no denials," he said. "It is true that we know very little. It is also true that I should be a poor disciple of our great Thomas Huxley, if I allowed prejudice to interfere with the advance of knowledge. Sit down before a fact as a little child; wrote Huxley, be ready to give up every pre-conceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abyss nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."

He turned to the third man, who up to this point had remained silent but who appeared to be intensely interested. "Come, tell us," he said, "what do you think of all these arguments in favor of the super-natural?"

The man questioned was of good build, of refined bearing, and wore a dark suit and clerical collar. He was not so distinguished as his companion, but who appeared to be intensely interested. He turned to the third man, who up to this point had remained silent but who appeared to be intensely interested. "Come, tell us," he said.

"Professionally, I, of course, believe in the super-natural. "The Church teaches us that we are surrounded by a host of spirits whose name is legion, and that many of these are evil intelligences, ever seeking for an opportunity to harm the soul of men. It is for this reason that she has always forbidden the practice of necromancy. Personally, however, apart from my belief in the teaching of the Church, I have every reason to believe in the reality of the spirit world, for I myself have only recently witnessed a peculiar manifestation. Would you be interested in hearing it?" Both readily agreed and settled back comfortably in their chairs to listen to the tale.

"It was just such a night as this," began Battle, "I was sitting alone before a cozy fire in the study of our clergy house, after a particularly hard day's work. To afford myself relaxation, I placed a music roll on our automatic reed organ and leaned back to enjoy myself. I was in a deep revery when our servant, an East Indian lad whom we had hired only the week before, entered with a tray bearing a telegram. Taking the message, I tore it open, and was about to peruse the contents when suddenly the boy seemed to sway on his feet. I looked up, and, seeing that he looked quite pale and appeared giddy, I jumped up, and helped him to a couch nearby. Thinking him faint, I fanned him for awhile with apparently no benefit, for his con-
tion grew more trance-like than ever. His eyes became fixed in a vacant stare, and his facial muscles became set and rigid. Becoming alarmed at his condition, I arose, and was about to leave the room and telephone for a doctor, when glancing back at him as he lay there, I was horrified to see something issuing from the man's side—a white, soft, dough-like substance such as I've never seen before. Fear seized me, but I remained spell-bound and could not remove my eyes from this strange and uncanny sight. The substance grew in size until it rested on the floor. Then something even more fearful happened. This shapeless, dough-like mass now increased rapidly in bulk and commenced to pulsate, to move up and down, and to sway from side to side as it increased in height. Having obtained the proportions of a human being, the mass now began to assume a definite shape; a head appeared, followed soon after by a trunk and limbs. Scarcely able to believe my senses, I rubbed my eyes and looked again—a woman, perhaps, and yet something strange and unexplained I could witness before me—a woman whose features were encrusted with dark, flowing hair, with deep gray eyes which spoke of an intensity of suffering, and a firm but sad mouth. She, or shall I say I, was clothed in soft, flowing garments, all white, except for a spot which stood out plainly and attracted my attention—a mark upon her breast that first I took to be red embroidery, but God! it was blood, fresh blood, blood that still flowed wet and crimson, staining the pure whiteness of her robe. My terror knew no bounds, but yet I could not move,—the sight fascinated me as a snake is said to fascinate its victims.

"The apparition now began to move toward me, not gliding but actually walking. As she drew near me she withdrew a hand from the folds of her clothing and, to my horror, I saw that it held a knife. My fear increased tenfold. Powerless as I was in the clutch of fear, I knew that I would be unable to defend myself against any attack of this being, and helplessly I awaited her coming. I closed my eyes and waited for the blow..."

It did not come. Instead, I heard a sad but musical voice addressing me, "Do not fear, it said," only do my bidding. Give this to Roland from Diana." Mechanically, I put out my hand, and received in it the knife. Without another word she returned, and quickly underwent a retransformation and reabsorption into the body of the Indian, which still remained in a trance-like condition.

"Recovering my senses and the power of my limbs, I crossed to where he lay, and, making the sign of the Cross, proceeded to recite over him the ancient office of exorcism, as well as I could remember it. How efficacious this was I cannot say, but soon his features relaxed and he fell into a genuine sleep from which I woke him by placing my hand upon his shoulder. When I questioned him, he seemed bewildered, and unable to comprehend me, so I saw that he knew nothing of the recent materialization that had been made through his mediumship. Indeed, I might have believed that the entire affair was the result of a fevered imagination, had I not retained evidence for my senses in the form of the knife that the apparition had given me. Who Roland is, or what she meant by her command, I do not know, but the knife I still retain and carry on my person as a curiosity. I have it now."

"Your experience is a common one to me," broke in the psychic investigator, "the conditions, accidental as they were, were just right for such a materialization. The light vibration from the fire was low, not more than four hundred billion per second, I should think; the temperature was right, and the musical vibrations that you set up with your player organ were particularly suitable for the phenomena. Finally, you were fortunate to have in your employ a very rare type of person, one whom we term an sensitive." Indeed, I should very much like to make his acquaintance myself, that I might use him in my investigations." He proceeded to talk with great volubility, and neither he or Battle paid any attention to the third man, Dr. Russell, who had been very quiet, until their attention was suddenly directed to him by the fact that he arose and mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Then they noticed how pale he was, and how evidently distressed.

He addressed Battle, "You say you have the knife?" he said. "Let me see it." He held out a trembling hand toward the priest. Watching him narrowly, Battle sought the object in his pocket, and handed it to the professor. At once he was sorry he had done so for immediately, the biologist seemed to lose all control of himself. His pallor deepened to a gray, and he groaned aloud. "God!" he whispered, "It was Di." He sank back into his chair, still grasping the handle of the knife; then, of a sudden, and before any one was able to interfere, the arm which held the knife, was, it seemed, jerked back by some unseen hand, and thrust toward his breast. He screamed—a piercing scream that ended in a gurgle.

* * * * * * *

Among his papers was found the photograph of a dark haired woman, and neatly inscribed below, the legend, "Diana to Roland, with love." Among his possessions was found a sheath of the same curious workmanship as the knife with which, according to the coroner's report, he had committed suicide.


The Light That Failed.

Diogenes was walking along a country road, lantern in hand. He came upon a ditched automobile, peculiarly deserted, and saw a man in greasy brown overalls talking alternately to himself and to the machine.

"Prithee," asked the philosopher, "what may be the trouble?"

"Trouble?" growled the irate one, "why it's this cursed rat-trap. Worst car ever put out. Won't run, won't even walk. No one would take it for a gift. It's rotten poor junk!"

"I heartily agree," cheerfully answered the ancient Greek. He gave a sigh of relief, muttered thanks to the gods, and hastily blew out his lantern. "Hub? What's the idea?" asked the man, his face reddening with indignation.

"You have spoken the truth, and are not ashamed to admit that you own a common fliver. I live in a tub myself, but I would not be seen riding in a can like yours."

"Well who the hell asked you to ride in it?" shouted the man, his voice quivering with rage. "Fliver, huh! say! this is the best little car ever. Twenty miles on a gallon of gas, tires always good for five thousand miles, and as for oil, why say man, this old car.......

But Diogenes had turned to pick up the discarded lantern. He walked back to where the mechanic stood sputtering and fuming, and looked up pitifully into his face. Tears were streaming down the wrinkled cheeks of the sage as he said:

"Have you a match?"

—S. O. S., '25.
I can remember myself as a very small boy about three or four years old, left alone by my mother in the library of our house. If I try to recollect the furnishings of the room only a few articles other than the books seem to have any definiteness in the whole picture. There was the rug with a pattern of huge flowers, which was a soft resting-place and an imaginary camping ground, and the big floor-lamp which always exuded a nasty, oily smell, and the marble-topped table with a collection of Oriental paper knives, and World Exposition souvenirs strewn all over it, and other "fixings" to crowd and overfurnish the room. On all the four walls were rows and rows of book shelves, completely filled with large, uninteresting volumes. Before I knew the value of these books I used to use them as materials to construct forts and houses and roadways for the convenience of my tin soldiers. When I was reprimanded for being so careless and communistic with my father's property, and the books were taken from me, and punishment was meted out to prevent further disturbing them, I grew to fear them. Later on—as my mind developed and I learned to read the first primers and my oil-cloth copy of "Little Black Sambo"—natural curiosity prompted me to look inside the books which had been my materials for roads and houses. I looked and was mystified. There were lines and lines of long, meaningless words which used the alphabet several times and rows of queer diagrams—bones, and limbs, and tissues of men and animals—involved charts and pictures, and hosts of other technical devices used in anatomy. To me the books were sealed and have always remained so. I do know now that they were valuable medical and physiological works, but I never cared to master their contents.

As my first search in this field, I turned again to "Little Black Sambo" for consolation. I spread the stiff book on the carpet and read for the hundredth time about poor Sambo and the greedy tiger, and cried and laughed as heartily as ever over his final victory and tiger steak dinner.

The old tale always revives the pleasantest recollections and emotions in me. I like to see children reading it again, and enjoying it as I did. It marks my first beginnings in loving books and so means the beginning of my dominant interest in the things of this world. I like books—whether I read them or not. I want them around me, on my shelves, in piles on my desk, on my chair, on my couch, in my pockets. It may be the result of my early environment, my inability to break away from childish surrounding, but I do not regret the failing. It is one of those impractical things which I readily excuse in myself, and take every opportunity to satisfy.

Book-shops and public libraries are the places where I instinctively go and where I find most of my friends. A book can be a real friend because it never changes its character and is always ready to give all its riches to us whenever we ask. "Little Black Sambo" was my first acquaintance, but through the mastery of its simple language I grew to know others. Gradually my list of book-friends grew so long and varied that I have them at every hand's turn and at every hour in the day. They never stop coming to me and I never grow weary of looking for them and claiming them. Of course they include every kind of thought and emotion in the universe and are as different and comprehensive as human beings. There are light, brilliant, easy going novels, solemn stately tragedies, beautiful, refreshing poems, humanly pulsating biographies, sober, serious theological or philosophical studies and others too numerous to mention. Many of them I see for an hour and then turn aside forever, but others I go back to again and again, and never wish to leave.
Before replying Hector filled his leather lungs with smoke, and sent out a thin blue cloud that made the mosquitoes fly to cover. "Truly, I was in the great shipwreck, and as you ride to your destination I will tell you of it."

He slapped each donkey in the rear, and gripping one by its tail set off with the procession. From his loosened tongue slipped a stream of magic speech. His listeners were spellbound, shaking alternately with terror at the recital of horrors and admiration for the hero of the story, who was now doing them the honor to run behind them in the dust. Hector took advantage of the opportunity, and made them invite him to dinner. He soon discovered that his companions were mail couriers riding from Lomas to La Consuelo, a neighboring sugar plantation. What work could he, Senor Marot, do on a plantation? He could run a donkey engine, fire a locomotive, tend a defector, or kill his man. Other things he might attempt as occasion should require.

"Assuredly, senor, one with your many gifts will have no trouble in finding employment."

Hector felt the same way about it.

Emerging from the cane the three climbed slowly up a steep hill on which nothing grew except Natal grass. Conversation stopped altogether until the summit was reached, and then one of the couriers pointed down to the valley below.

"The buildings and south fields of La Consuelo."

Stretching for miles in front of him Hector saw cane patches laid out in regular blocks, separated by alleys through which ran narrow gauge railroad tracks. A dim blue cloud in the far distance was the sea; on a knoll opposite were the white administration buildings; directly beneath him were factories, fire tower, and tall pen.

The pen was full of oxen being watered before starting the day's work. As Hector with interest began to count their number, one of the drivers dropped his whip and scuttled out of sight among the animals. Almost at the same time a mounted figure appeared from behind the watering-troughs, took the low fence at a leap, and reined in his horse. A tongue of flame snapped out from under the belly of an ox. The rider slouched forward in his saddle, clawed at the mane of his horse, and fell to the ground. The oxen moved towards him, urged from the rear by the man who had fired. Hector and driver passed deliberately through the gate, leaving behind them a tramplad bloody figure prostrate upon the ground.

Hector sighed like a happy child, and reached for his tobacco. "I shall be at home here," he said.

II.

One warm night at the end of the rainy season, Hector Marot restlessly paced the floor of an upper room in the Military Commandant's headquarters at Lomas. His sword, cloak, and cocked hat were thrown carelessly upon the only chair in the room. Light came from two guttered candles on the table, and from flickering shadows cast on the walls by campfires in the street outside. A multitude of decorations tinkled softly at the breast of Hector's elaborate uniform and his bare feet padded on the tile flooring with a sound like that made by a cowed beast. San Fernandez generals dress in the most approved comic opera style, but can never bring themselves to wear shoes.

This was the great night. Everything had been ridiculously simple. In his first two years on the island Hector had risen from section boss on La Consuelo to be the owner of a chain of commissary stores that reached from one end of San Fernando to the other. Utilizing the means thus
placed at his disposal he had trafficked with rum runners and bandits from the gold region, and his creauts in the Bank of France had risen to over five million francs. Thereupon he started to sell himself politically. He bought a newspaper and named himself after it, El Liberator. The old machinery in the shop was scrapped at once, and the first linotype printing press in the West Indies was installed to take its place. Old fashioned methods were too slow to keep up with the stream of editorials and pronunciamentos that flowed from beneath two leprous fingers. Yes, he had beaten every opponent, and tonight he would prove it to them.

Francisco Riviero should be back at any moment to tell him that the final blow had been struck. Why was Francisco so late? Could something have gone wrong with his plans? Surely he knew as well as anyone that pious President Lopez kept early hours.

"Devil take his excellency the President! Can it be that for once in his life he has forgotten his work, and kept Riviero waiting? A fine specimen is our honored Lopez, drinking ice at four every afternoon, and filling the government posts with mollycoddles! I'll be it by tomorrow morning, and then let the conscientious boys look out. There won't be a man admitted to my Civil Service who's sober more than one day a week. Let them all stay full, and then I'll be able to run their departments without interference. Riviero will be the only one who'll give me any trouble. Useful though I have found Fran, he's too independent. He drinks like a fish, but it never keeps him under the weather any more than it does me. Perhaps if I get him a little more of that green Bacardi it might prove strong enough."

The door swung open, and a barefooted sentry hanged his musket on the floor. Before he could speak Francisco Riviero lurched past him, gave him a shove, and slammed the door. He grinned foolishly, drew his hand across his mouth, and spoke between hiccups:

"This is Hector, it's your own little Fran. I have bad news for you and for all good people. Try not to grin, and prepare yourself for the worst. This evening as the so-excellent President Lopez was about to retire, he felt the stir of spring in his veins, and went out onto the balcony to smoke his last cigar. One of the efficient city watchmen took him for an assassin seeking the life of our respected Chief Executive. Be that as it may, someone fired, and Lopez is no more. Therefore weep but first give me a last cigar.

"If Francisco should die, lad, to cover the life of our respected Chief Executive. Be that as it may, someone fired, and Lopez is no more. Therefore weep but first give me a last cigar.

"It's almost time, Julio. Remember to approach him from the left side."

Julio, an old leper who for more than thirty years had begged outside the Palmas Gates of San Fernando City, winked a knowing response across the road, and said: "Do you but put your hand into your pocket when you see him coming, little friend of the poor."

Francisco smoked on in silence, and ten minutes later Hector appeared. He rode alone and at a gallop, after the manner of a hunted man who expects to become a target at any moment. The old leper dragged himself to the middle of the road, and held out a decaying hand.

"But one or two centavos, great Liberator. You well know what it is to feel flesh falling off bit by bit!"

Hector swore loudly, and drew rein. Lepers would stop him at any time, for they knew that he could not refuse their appeals. He thrust his one hand into the front of his tunic. While he fumbled for some coins, Francisco stepped from behind the tree and shot him through the head. The Liberator slid gently to the ground, as his murders disappeared within the Palmas Gates. For a moment his horse stood beside him, and then trotted back towards the city, the empty stirrups swinging aimlessly from side to side. Hector sighed once and lay still, a spot of crimson widening unevenly in the dust beneath his head.

All afternoon the body lay on the road, and no one dared approach it. The hens pecked fearlessly about, but men were more timorous, and went down other streets. Finally, as night drew on, a woman stole from the gates and timidly approached the dead Liberator. Stripping off her petticoat she spread it over his face, and then ran back into the shadows. One by one the hot tropical stars shone out, casting a faint illumination over the stark figure beneath its black pall. From somewhere near at hand sounded a distant howl, answered by other howls, drawing nearer. The scavenger dogs were gathering for the funeral supper of Hector Marot.


Little Minds.

A pumpkin lay beneath the stars
A pondering what might be.
She thought, "The moon (through corn stalk bars)
Does try to copy me!"

The moon looked down with joyous stare—
"That yellow thing I see
Must be an idol men put there
To show their love for me."

—W. W. V., '25.
Interesting New Books in the Library.

During the last twelve months nine hundred volumes have been added to Hoffman Memorial Library at a cost of over three thousand dollars. These books keep coming in every two or three days. The "new books shelf," with its succession of new volumes is always a popular part of the library. At the request of the Messenger board, President Bell has consented to mention briefly some of the better books, that the alumni may know of some of the newer things coming in to the college and that certain especially interesting ones, from the point of view of the general reader, may not be overlooked by the student body.

1. Young Boswell, a biography of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, by Professor Chauncey B. Tinker of Yale. The author will be remembered as a lecturer on the campus last spring. This delightfully whimsical and scholarly life, by the greatest American scholar on eighteenth century English literature, should be read not merely for information but for good fun.

2. Wall Shadows, a study into American prison condition, by Frank Tennenbaum. Tennenbaum is not merely one who knows things theoretically from a professor's chair. He has himself served time and felt the iron enter his soul. A human document. Some of it appeared first in the "Atlantic Monthly."

3. English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages, by A. Abram, Sc.D. From the Black Death to Henry VII's reign is a fascinating period of English history. This book tells not of wars and dynasties but of how folks really lived and worked and went to church, the clothes they wore and the games they had, in those old days.

4. The Superstition of Divorce, a brilliant piece of fire-works, and the most sensible thing on Christian marriage written in a long time, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Not comforting is this book for those who seek to make Christian ethics conform to the standards of the world. Much fun to read.

5. Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages, by Maurice DeWulf. A non-technical exposition of scholastic philosophy, written by one who knows that the middle ages were not barbaric and full of ignoramuses and who understands that one cannot outgrow the medieval mind until one has at least caught up with it.

6. The Idea of Progress. In this book the regius professor of history at the University of Cambridge traces the rise and development of the idea and shows some of its effects on modern thought. This book is hard to read, not popular, but it repays digging.

7. The Russian Bolshevik Revolution, by Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin, probably America's foremost sociologist. He is no slave to convention and no man to shout the latest reddish shibboleths. Neither the "New York Times" nor the "Liberator" thinks overly much of Ross or of this book.

8. The Eugenic Prospect: National and Racial, by C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S., F.Z.S. This is a popular presentation of eugenic thought current in the scientific world. Not hard to read and more than fairly illuminating.

9. The Iron Man in Industry, by Ezra Pound. Some of this appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." Its thesis is that, since modern man spends most of his time machine tending, a process requiring of the vast majority merely automatic labor, we had better abandon vocational training and teach our youth in our schools and colleges how profitably to use their leisure periods of life. A thoughtful and stimulating book.

10. Books and Characters, by Lytton Strachey. A collection of articles, none of them quite so acid as his Queen Victoria or Eminent Victorians. Articles on Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Sir Thomas Browne, Blake, and others. Delightful literary criticism.

11. The Story of Mankind, by Henrik van Loon. The reason why this history of the world in one volume is superior to that done by H. G. Wells is that the author knew something of history before he attempted to sketch its development. He also writes good English and his book has a delightful humor. No one can afford not to read this book.

12. International Relations is the title of the last book Viscount Bryce wrote before he died. In it a man of seasoned experience and observation in diplomacy makes plain to the layman certain invariable principles governing war and peace. He remains to the end a practical idealist, a believer in the sanity of liberalism.

13. Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age. Most of the many treatises on prehistoric man which have lately appeared have been exceedingly technical and somewhat dry. In this book Marjorie and C. H. R. Quennell have produced an interesting and popular story of our crude ancestors of millennia before Adam, which is also scientifically careful.

14. Alice Adams, by Booth Tarkington, took deservedly, the Pulitzer prize last year for the best American novel of the twelve-months. It is realism of uncanny perceptiveness, but from the viewpoint of a sympathetic observer, of the life in our smaller cities. About four out of five of Mr. Tarkington's books, like Gentle Julia, for instance, are pot-boilers. Alice Adams will live.

15. Forty Years of It. Mr. Brand Whitlock is a man whose Americanism runs deeper than is satisfied with waving flags and sobbing over the virtues of our constitution. This book, quietly presenting the facts of a long effort to serve the real America, ought to inspire all of us to a substitution of hard service for bombast.

16. The Last Book of Wonder, by Lord Dunsany, will introduce admirers of his plays to a charming and varied series of short papers, mostly whimsical. The first one, a gorgeous description of London told to an Oriental caliph by his stimulated story-teller, is as delightful a thing as one will find in a year's reading.

17. The Autobiography of Dr. Trudeau, (its exact title slips from memory) the life of a great humanitarian physician, the founder of the first tuberculosis sanitarium in America, an American Christian gentleman, will interest not merely those of his profession and contemplating it, but also everyone to whom urbanity, simplicity, and self-forgetfulness are charming traits to contemplate.

18. Babbitt. Of course everyone will wish to read this new novel by Sinclair Lewis, the author of Main Street; and the desire is justified by the merit of the newer novel. A careful and searching analysis of the "boom-ing business man." My friend and former classmate, Harry Hansen, has said of this book that "there are enough Babbitts in America to elect a president, and it looks as though they have."

19. Young Peoples' Pride, the second novel of Stephen Vincent Binet,
Fiery Heights.

There was a faint light of a veiled moon partly penetrating the drizzle of rain which mitigated not at all the heat of the night, leaving in total darkness those shrubs and small trees that stretched away, a black expanse, far up one side of the road, far down the other—above all the silence, black, wet, impenetrable silence. The quiet was scarcely broken by two figures that swung steadily upwards thru the night, the wet, silent, Japanese night. Young fellows, these were, who pushed up this winding rain-cut road; stripped to the waist, the one tall and thin, his shoulders flat under a knapsack, the bare skin protected from the straps by shirts, wet shining skin in the faint light—black were the hair and eyes of the other, his face, a mere gleam of teeth showing occasionally, a heavy canteen aswing at his hip, a flash-light in his hand. Up the wet, winding road they strode, unspeaking save for a muttered curse here and there at a misstep, a casual word of warning or a jest—seemingly not on pleasure bent to be out this late, following so tortuous and washed out a path, climbing steadily.

There came at last a level spot among the ups and downs of the country, a place close by a boisterous stream which scrambled and scurried its noisy way among great boulders. About its broadest stretch a tiny hamlet stood, made up of thatched cottages such as one sees all over Japan where the poor folk live, with high peaked roofs of straw, and along the sides, rows of windows, fast shut now, but awaiting the morning to be thrown open, like eyes blinking away sleep at the coming of dawn. Close by lay the inevitable paddy-fields which surround every village. At this season they were drained of water, the grain standing high and brown, but in that faint misty light looking like gray blocks of stone—tombs, silent and wet.

On and up they climbed, the ascent growing steadier, the light less strong, the trees and shrubs giving place to bare patches. No live thing can grow old in the shadow of such a volcano as is ahead.

Mile after mile they swung, shaking away occasionally the drops of sweat and rain from their faces, but there is no lessening and the black wet silence of the night is around them, unbroken by wind, where there is no tree for feathered folk to dwell.

More miles they come seemingly to the top of the world, in reality to the top of a plateau, a bare stretch of rough lava, eerie, silent, empty, with the wisps of mist blowing low. Following a few words between them and a little searching with the flash light, they turned sharply to the left past a heavy stake, driven deep and marked with characters, the only fruit such soil will bear. There comes a sudden drop in the path, a dimly seen light ahead, the murmur of many voices and then a thinning of the mist discloses a tea-house, broad and low, warmly and hospitably open to all.

The two enter and sit down, oblivious to curiosity, tall among the many short men there, white skinned where the others are swarthy, speaking as their ceiling slim tongue, yet knowing the language of the land like any native. While the others removed their foot gear and knelt on the raised floor of matting, the two merely sat at the edge, the others slowly inhaled long stemmed, small bowled pipes; drank their scalding hot Japanese tea in noiseless and careful sips while the others at once cooled and sucked in the brew in noisy, gusty inhalations; West and East. The one friendly, chatty, frankly curious but ever polite; the other business like, even in pleasure, distant to other than their own circle, brusque, self sufficient.

In October.

Along the road he came, from out the hills.
His weathered face that seemed to carry fright.
Behind a chestnut mask, glanced toward the North;
I knew his foot had turned from many sills
As o'er his track he'd looked; I saw a sight
Was still within his mind, to drive him forth.
He'd stopped to rest a moment, at our gate,
An old young-man who wore, stuck in his hat,
A sprig of asters mixed with goldenrod,
And on his back a bag, of no great weight;
(He saw me look and stooped to pet the cat.)
His feet, it seemed to me, were barely shod
In worn-out shoes; his road was stained with red.
"Come in, my friend," I called, "and help us eat
Some apple pie!" He turned and quickly past
A look at grey skies, and shook his head.
I lied to Jane—"A tramp with bloody feet."

How could I say that summer'd just gone past?

Twelve miles have they come, but least than an hours rest saw them take up the walk; from now on accompanied by many Japanese, men who had already walked a score or more of days that day, but who wished to gain the summit before the dawning. Bare legged chaps were these, wearing wide mushroom hats and long straw capes to shed the water; steadily, sturdy climbers if slow, a merry crew lacking the ribaldry of the American. The path was crowded, forming a long string of straw covered figures, picked out by their lanterns, winding up and away in the dark. A narrow path was this and deep, worn by thousands of feet since its last eruption had wiped out its predecessor. A deadness, which a chatter alone broke, covered everything. Lava in queer and startling formations glowing fiercely out of the blackness, dead, everything dead, but this endless string of intruders rudely disturbing the deathly silence.

Suddenly they came upon grass, making the deadness seem more real by contrast; rich, luxuriant sword grass, high as a man's head, with here and there a tree. It was a spot sheltered by a shoulder of the mountain when last it had spread forth its thousands of tons of fiery hot, seething, smoking Hell's destruction; the one blind spot in the eye of the now sleeping giant. Then the ground dropped away in a ravine, a steep drop penetrable in the blackness. Here all growth ended, as a warning and a danger line, a hint to all that here was the division, the barrier between which came the two who elected to keep up with the mountain itself.

From this point on came the real test of endurance, physical and mental. Three and a half miles of steep climb stretched away, slippery with rolling lava, treacherous with seams and cracks set for the ankles of the unwary, rough going for one having come even twelve miles of stiff hiking. Then too, there was the false view above to try your spirits; a shoulder waiting to be crossed, that spurred you on, just one good hard climb and you would be over it, a deannable elusive thing, heart breaking, for as you stop for a moment spent from your spurt, you see the ridge as far ahead as ever. Yet every once in a while you drive ahead, sweating, slipping, gasping for air hard drawn, cursing the thing that seems to taunt you—a very devil, this mountain.

Gradually the two draw away from the party of Japanese with whom they started from the tea house, for only the best of them are fast walkers, though these would wear out any three whites. The two who elected to keep up with the foreigners were like the rest, glad of a chance to see the always interesting and peculiar foreigner, ever amazed that he should talk Japanese, ever wondering at his height, venturing a polite little joke at the length of his legs. Simple folk were these men, from the country back of Takasaki, taking a year or two away from their farms to see the whole of Japan, the shrines of Gods and heroes, the mountains of legendary fame, all the noted or beautiful places of the land; Fuii, Nara, Nikko, Asama, Yilgokou. Pilgrims of a sort they were, powerfully built, with open mobile faces, and flashy white teeth characteristic of their nation, clean cut chaps without a dishonest thought in their heads.

On and up they went with a single step for rest. The mist driving chill now and steadily cooler as they mounted, the winds blowing at their backs, the skins of the two pink and dripping, cause for comment from the capped and hatted Japanese. The way was trackless and still dark though, since they were nearing the last and worse part of the climb, dawn couldn't be far off; the cold wet dawn in the solitude of great heights, through silent, wind driven mist. Like converging ribs of a fan, tracks began to form into a defined path, bearing away to the right, less steeply across the mountain. This was the only means of crossing the precipice which had been formed during one of the tantrums of this evil demon; a slippery dangerous trail, narrow, and overhanging a drop of hundreds of feet, with but a scant four feet between path and edge. In single file they go, the flash light throwing the black shadow of a man's body across the trail so that one frequently misses step, slipping, clawing, cursing, the knap sack dragging, the lava scraping the bare skin until a brawny young farmer grabs one by the arm and yanks you almost minus the arm, back to comparative safety. So the two Japanese, always interesting and peculiar foreigners, ever amazed that he thought to explore it, the steady lowering of his lantern down the side, the sudden stop as he broke through the crust, crash of the lamp delaying the rescue, screams of one in mortal anguish, a body in the agonies of the damned, then the silence but for the muffled call of the rescuers—the whisper of the mist, half heard, half felt; the cold wet darkness.

They climbed on and up among great boulders fifty feet through, souvenirs of some past disturbance when the demon had disgorged superfluous food, great holes where sudden blasts and flame had burst forth, and still no sign of that of which these things were but hints. They mount through the soft kiss of the mist, driving cold, until worn and spent they reach their goal, a thing horribly fascinating, terribly quiet, awful in its passive ness, a monstrous power quiescent, held in leash by its own nature, likely at any moment to transform the night into a scene of carnage and destruction. A hole in the mountain it was, a cavernous maw in the face of the summit, a red glowing space in the dim grayness of the mist, a half mile of white furnes with a rolling underside of bloody crimson. This then was the crater which sent forth during the day time a lazy white plume of smoke curling against the warm blue of the sky, showing at night from the distance a top of cherry red—a veritable cloudy pillar. This then was the crater which had spewed a flaming death into a party of men, blowing the head cleanly from the neck of one, scattering the brains of another, for variety breaking the legs of a third and knocking a fourth fifty feet down the mountain, so that he now carries on his back gray dents where a tiny lump of this giant's spittle struck and burned him. So this was the subject of so many legends, a great red spot in the darkness, mantled over by a white mass of choking vapor, a purring monster asleep in the cold wet darkness in the soft whisper of the mist.

Back in the comparative shelter of a rock crevice the knap sack was emptied of the jersies and sweaters, and the two, huddled together for warmth, waited for the coming of dawn, praying for the mist to lift. It was not pleasant, the cold hard bed, grit and cinders, the drip of moisture, waiting to be crossed, that spurred you on, just one good hard climb and you would be over it, a deannable elusive thing, heart breaking, for as you stop for a moment spent from your spurt, you see the ridge as far ahead as ever. Yet every once in a while you drive ahead, sweating, slipping, gasping for air hard drawn, cursing the thing that seems to taunt you—a very devil, this mountain.

On and up they went with a single step for rest. The mist driving chill now and steadily cooler as they mounted, the winds blowing at their backs, the skins of the two pink and dripping, cause for comment from the capped and hatted Japanese. The way was trackless and still dark though, since they were nearing the last and worse part of the climb, dawn couldn’t be far off; the cold wet dawn in the solitude of great heights, through silent, wind driven mist. Like converging ribs of a fan, tracks began to form into a defined path, bearing away to the right, less steeply across the mountain. This was the only means of crossing the precipice which had been formed during one of the tantrums of this evil demon; a slippery dangerous trail, narrow, and overhanging a drop of hundreds of feet, with but a scant four feet between path and edge. In single file they go, the flash light throwing the black shadow of a man’s body across the trail so that one frequently misses step, slipping, clawing, cursing, the knap sack dragging, the lava scraping the bare skin until a brawny young farmer grabs one by the arm and yanks you almost minus the arm, back to comparative safety. So the two Japanese, always interesting and peculiar foreigners, ever amazed that he thought to explore it, the steady lowering of his lantern down the side, the sudden stop as he broke through the crust, crash of the lamp delaying the rescue, screams of one in mortal anguish, a body in the agonies of the damned, then the silence but for the muffled call of the rescuers—the whisper of the mist, half heard, half felt; the cold wet darkness.

They climbed on and up among great boulders fifty feet through, souvenirs of some past disturbance when the demon had disgorged superfluous food, great holes where sudden blasts and flame had burst forth, and still no sign of that of which these things were but hints. They mount through the soft kiss of the mist, driving cold, until worn and spent they reach their goal, a thing horribly fascinating, terribly quiet, awful in its passive ness, a monstrous power quiescent, held in leash by its own nature, likely at any moment to transform the night into a scene of carnage and destruction. A hole in the mountain it was, a cavernous maw in the face of the summit, a red glowing space in the dim grayness of the mist, a half mile of white furnes with a rolling underside of bloody crimson. This then was the crater which sent forth during the day time a lazy white plume of smoke curling against the warm blue of the sky, showing at night from the distance a top of cherry red—a veritable cloudy pillar. This then was the crater which had spewed a flaming death into a party of men, blowing the head cleanly from the neck of one, scattering the brains of another, for variety breaking the legs of a third and knocking a fourth fifty feet down the mountain, so that he now carries on his back gray dents where a tiny lump of this giant's spittle struck and burned him. So this was the subject of so many legends, a great red spot in the darkness, mantled over by a white mass of choking vapor, a purring monster asleep in the cold wet darkness in the soft whisper of the mist.
ent, slowly grows red and melts—a human body precipitated in by a crumbling of the crater lip, would fall, turning in the air, slow as the aeons—The two edge away from the hole.

Dawn should bring the rising sun, the varying colors, the glory of the opening day, the dark blue of the sky changing to silver, then orange, yellow, pink, red and again blue. Mountains take form in the distance and plains, crossed with the sliver of rivers. Tiny houses can be seen clinging in precarious places, beauty, life. Far off, furthest of all is the gleam of the sea, a barest glimpse and Fuji’s most beauteous of mountains, raising its snow capped cone, sedate, serene; grace and purity its essential characteristics. There lies the peerless Japanese landscape in its entirety, field and mountain, river and sea, color, symmetry. Behind, the great cloud of smoke arises as a warning, a silent reminder of dire forces close beneath; fire, death, a far reaching destruction.

The two take up the knapsack and canteen and with long strides start down the mountain, slip, slide—a swift silent trip down. Above them is the smoke, never quenched beacon, the glory of the growing day, silence.


Interlude.

Yesterday morning the scene was set in front of Aspinwall for a pastoral tragedy in one act. At left and right massive oak trees, their green and grey flecked with patches of autumnal gold, provided property for the wings. Down center sloped a terrace carpeted with white dandelion-heads and the first drift of fall leaves. Dull green spruce trees, like wooden soldiers in lock-step, formed a background, before which wound a flat brown ribbon of road with shadows shimmering drowsily across it. Crickets tuned up at several pitches, a blue jay tested his one strident note, and a woodpecker hammered to send up the curtain.

Down the road, with reluctant step, went a doomed professor. He drew desperately upon his cigarette to keep up courage, and hastened out of sight among the spruces. Pursuing him, all garbed in black like a choros of avenging furies, ran thirty freshmen on their way to English One.

MEN OF ST. STEPHEN'S

Can you do better with your life and your education than to give them to God, His Church and your fellow men in the Sacred Ministry?

Nashotah House
A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Founded 1842

A three year course for college graduates, covering all the subjects required by the Canons. Elective courses give the candidate an opportunity to specialize. Some scholarships are available. Nashotah offers unique opportunities to men who value the Catholic faith and practice. Write for a catalogue.

THE VERY REV. BENJ. F. IVINS, D. D., Dean
Nashotah, Wisconsin.

THE BEST IN
Sporting Goods and Athletic Supplies
For all Branches of the SPORTWORLD
Can be had within a few hours from
VON DER LINDEN'S
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

HEATON'S SHOES
Ladies' and Men's
SHOES OF QUALITY
351 Main St., Poughkeepsie
Next First National Bank

Terminal Barber Shop
NEW MARKET STREET
POUGHKEEPSIE
CRAUERS

Books and Magazines, Crane's Stationery, Eastman Kodaks and Supplies, Tennis Rackets and Balls, Picture Frames Made to Order, Office and School Supplies, Flags, Flag Decorations, Flag Poles and Brackets, Complete Line Photo Supplies, Developing and Printing, 24 Hour Service.

Forsyth & Davis, Inc.
307 WALL STREET, KINGSTON, N. Y.

To Be Well Dressed—
for every occasion is the desire of all men who have due regard for their personal appearance. College Men particularly value the prestige of the right clothes at the right time.

WE HAVE THE RIGHT CLOTHES ALL THE TIME
Here—ready to put on—and expert tailors ready to adjust any detail that might be necessary to complete a perfect fit.

Men's and Boys Clothes
Furnishings—Hats—Shoes

M. SWARTZ & CO.
The Home of Good Clothes
Poughkeepsie

Schryver Bros. Lumber Co.
General Contractors and Manufacturers of All Kinds of Millwork
Factory, 363 Foxhall Avenue,
KINGSTON, N. Y.

Liggett's Chocolates
Kodaks, Candies, Writing Paper, Post Cards Flashlights
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALITY
Our Sodas Are The Best in Town
THE REXALL STORE
The Red Hook Drug Store
RED HOOK, N. Y.

NELSON HOUSE
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
The Leading Hotel of the City
E. P. COUGHLAN, Prop.

KODAKS
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING, ALSO EXGRAVING, PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMING
Raymond's Art Shop
318 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

IRVING J. STALEY
RHINEBECK, N. Y.
THE BUILDER WITH THE MOTTO:
"Build Right the First Time"
NOW WORKING WITH THE REST FOR A GREATER ST. STEPHEN'S
The Greatest Store Between New York and Rochester

ROSE - GORMAN - ROSE
KINGSTON, N. Y.
Everything for Everybody
Everything for Everybody's Home

HARRY F. PITTS, O. R.
Optometrist
---
C. V. L. PITTS & SONS
Jewelers
314 WALL STREET,
KINGSTON, N. Y.

ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE
BUY IT AT
AUCOCK'S
RED HOOK, N. Y.
Rugs Curtains
Couch Covers
---
P. Secchi
C. Cerilli
Garden Tailors
EXPERT CUSTOM TAILORS
Repairing, Pressing, Cleaning, Dyeing and Remodeling
8 Garden Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Two Doors from Main Street

THE STRAND GRILL
HOTEL RESTAURANT
(Formerly the Colonial)
Known from the Atlantic to the Pacific
Come In When You Want A Good Feed—You'll Like It.
STeAKS OYSTERS CHOPS
6-8 Washington Street
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

C. H. PERKINS, M. D.
Optometrist and Optician
Eyes Scientifically Tested—Glasses Perfectly Adjusted
286 MAIN STREET
Established 1892 Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Frederick A. Smith
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER
MAIN ST.,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

The A. V. Haight Company
PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS
Twenty Liberty Street
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Official watch inspectors for New York Central Lines

Zimmer Brothers
DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY
Expert Repairing
329 Main St., (North Side)
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

FLASHLIGHTS ACCESSORIES BULBS
POUGHKEEPSIE ELECTRICAL SHOP
STRAND BUILDING

CHAS. KLEINE
Painting and Decorating Contractor
PAINT SUPPLIES
488 BROADWAY, KINGSTON
Phone 433-W.
VARIAN'S
Sea Food Market
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Always Fresh
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
452 MAIN ST. PHONE 727

Est. 1885
WHITE PIGEON W BRAND
Annandale Exchange
Farm Products
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Grapes,
Strawberries
Tel. Red Hook 23-F7
RED HOOK, N. Y., R. F. D. 3

COX SONS & VINING
131-133 EAST 23rd ST.,
New York
Caps And Gowns
Hoods for all degrees—Church Vestments

WOOD'S
Modern Drug Store Goods
288 Main St.
POUGHKEEPSIE'S
Mirror Candy Shop
POUGHKEEPSIE'S
Famous Soda Grill
POUGHKEEPSIE'S
Leading Drug Store

"Say It With Flowers"
Saltford Flower Shop
286 MAIN STREET
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Phone 538

ARCHITECTS
St. Stephen's Memorial Gymnasium
HOPPIN AND KOEN
4 East 43rd Street, New York City

LET
GINDELE
EQUIP YOU FOR
Basketball
WE CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK
354 MAIN ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
WE ARE THE PEOPLE TO FURNISH YOU WITH
WINCHESTER
GUNS, RIFLES, AMMUNITION, FOOTBALL and BASKETBALL GOODS.
C. D. JOHNSON HARDWARE CO.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

LUCILIUS MOSELEY
31 MARKET ST.
Opposite Nelson House
Men's Furnishings, Caps, Imported Golf Hose, Fine Neckwear
SPECIALY SELECTED SPORT SHIRTS
MOSELEY'S
FURNISHINGS OF THE BETTER KIND
Cotrell & Leonard
ALBANY, N. Y.
Makers of
CAPS — GOWNS — HOODS
For All Degrees

ALBANY, N. Y.
Makers of
CAPS — GOWNS — HOODS
For All Degrees

RICH GOWNS FOR
PULPIT AND CHOIR

Send for illustrated bulletin and full information

Cotrell & Leonard
ALBANY, N. Y.
Makers of
CAPS — GOWNS — HOODS
For All Degrees

ALBANY, N. Y.
Makers of
CAPS — GOWNS — HOODS
For All Degrees

RICH GOWNS FOR
PULPIT AND CHOIR

Send for illustrated bulletin and full information

The Leading Theatres In
Poughkeepsie Are

STRATFORD
"THE THEATRE
BEAUTIFUL"
The Greatest Screen
Productions made are
shown at this Theatre.
Music by the Stratford
Concert Orchestra at
Every Performance.

BARDAVON
Formerly Collingwood
A PLAYHOUSE
DE LUXE
Now under construc-
tion. To open in Sep-
tember with High Class
Stage and Screen Pro-
ductions.

LIBERTY
A Cozy Home of
Photo Plays where
Double Features are
Shown Every Day in
the Week except Sun-
day.

NOTICE
A list of the Attractions Playing at the STRATFORD THEATRE
will be Posted on the College Bulletin Board Every Monday.

Don’t Forget!
The Next Number is The Humor Number

Order Your Extra Copy Now.
25c per copy