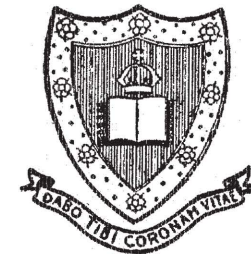


The MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

Oct.



1922

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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 Viipuri, Tallina, 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 Tallina 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 Esthonia the hindrance is greater than in Finland, and Esthonia 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 feeble-mindedness 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 chauvanistic 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 haven't 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 the various English and French corporations which have stepped in and gobbled up all the unexploited natural resources in sight. In each of these microscopic countries the inhabitants have a list of neighboring tiny nations which they hate, and another list of those to which they are indifferent or perhaps friendly. But with a few exceptions each of them hates all the others. The blind fury of this hatred is appalling even to persons familiar with the hatred of the Allies for the Germans and of the Germans for the Allies. This insane hatred and jealousy is responsible for the poverty of these countries and they are all poor, if not actually bankrupt. It is just as if every state in the United States hated every other state and had unlimited power to interfere with trade and commerce by tariff regulations and could make war at its own will. Each of these nationettes maintains a large army far beyond its power to support by taxation. This is the real cause, or one of the real causes, of the prodigious inflation of currency in the small countries. Issuing paper money is a substitute for taxation. This inflation has gone to fantastic extremes. In Germany, when the writer was there, an American dollar purchased about 1000 marks, in Poland 5000 marks, and in Austria 50,000 crowns. In the other nations the condition of things was not quite as bad, but in all of them the money is debased to a serious, if not irremediable extent.

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. Civilized life is gradually ebbing away and barbarism taking its place.

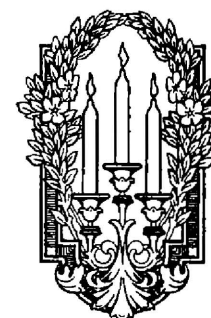
The poverty especially among the middle class is appalling. In the parks and streets it is common to see men in thread-bare black coats and aged silk hats—persons of evident education and refinement—eating a piece of black bread from a paper bag. One gets used to the various shades of pallor; white grey, 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 inadvisable 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, can never 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."

"I 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?"

"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 appearances 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 companions, being but a recently installed rector of an outlying parish, by name, the Rev. John Battle.

"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-

dition 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, perfectly formed, stood before me—a woman with a beautiful face, encircled 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 by 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 a "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.

—Alan H. Tongue, '24.

The Light That Failed.

Diogenes was walking along a country road, lantern in hand. He came upon a ditched automobile, peered beneath it, 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.

Huh? 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.

Book---Friends.

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 my 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 apiece, and pages 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.

After my first research 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 chairs, on my couch, in my pockets. It may be the result of my early environment, my inability to break away from childish surroundings and habits, 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 large and various 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.

I always had ideas how books should be circulated—especially how they should be sold—and one of my greatest ambitions was to run a book shop under ideal conditions. The memory of "Little Black Sambo" alone in the library at home with nothing but technical volumes all around it aroused a sort of sympathy in me. It was so entirely out of place—the only tale of its kind—a poor alien and an outcast. Something of the same feeling impresses me when I see a book-shop run by a person, who only deals in books because they are an easy means towards a profitable income. Books are too sacred to be trusted to such an incompetent. The book seller ought to take his work seriously, almost reverently, and ought to feel himself honored as the custodian of the wealth and persons of books.

I wanted to be the correct kind of book custodian and feel the satisfaction of returning some of the favors which books had done for me. And so when the opportunity came to open a shop at college I seized upon it eagerly, and began my preparations. I did not need any special place for my books—a store where they could be shut up like prisoners. I let them share my own room, and was glad to satisfy my longing to have these friends always near me. My apartment was festively hung with heavy tapestries, and carefully selected pictures, and lighted by shaded lamps. There were several tables where books could be conveniently scattered about—always easy to reach. Everything was planned to make my apartment attractive and comfortable for the books themselves and the customers who would patronize.

At first the men came only to buy dull texts and did not spend time discussing anything but those books required in their courses. It was sickening to me, for it all recalled the anatomy books which were my disappointment as a small boy. I began to believe that few if any people had my same passion for book-friends and regarded the printed pages as characterless things or merely utilitarian tools. But my delusion was short-lived. After the first rush for texts had died away, a new kind of encouraging trade began to come. The intellectual people, the eccentric book-lovers flocked to me with large orders for all kinds of volumes. They talked with me about so many new authors and poems and novels that I began to feel my own lack of knowledge and familiarity. Every mail brought quantities of new books, and I could scarcely wait to open them and get acquainted. I was usually sorry when the owners came to claim them, for it meant that they were leaving my shop only too soon. But it was their stopping-place and hundreds of them came for their short visits. I could meet them and care for them a short while and then send them far and wide. If only circumstances had permitted, I should have been content to remain the books' custodian for years. But I treated the books too well, and did not pay enough attention to the wheels of business to keep the system working. At any rate I satisfied myself that I could be a worthy custodian of book-friends, even though I could not run a business.

I hope I shall always be able to have my book-friends and to give them the treatment which they deserve. The memory of our old library and "Little Black Sambo" stays with me—my first recollection and the beginning of my chief love in life.

—George A. Shrigley, '24.

Tyrannos.

I.

Hector Marot sat in the canebrake and took account of stock: one quarterstaff of *lignum vitae*; one red bandana handkerchief, containing a flat packet of tobacco leaves, a silver watch, and a loaf of bread with six Mexican dollars hidden in it. But there was also Hector himself, nearly six and a half feet of bone and muscle. With his hooked French nose, hawk eyes, full negroid lips, and broad flat shoulders tapering down to a wasplike waist, he might just have come to life from a procession of Egyptian hieroglyphics. His clothing helped preserve the illusion,—he wore nothing but a long gunny-sack with holes cut in it for his neck and arms.

"Good work, Hector!" he said to himself. "You have come off well. Think of all those fine ladies and fat gentlemen who ran about the deck, squealing like so many pigs, waiting for life-boats that never came, while you slipped down through the hawse-pipe to the rocks. A more convenient landing could not have been provided at your own request. Think too of all those beautiful bodies being washed about in the waves, while you have brought away your rotten carcase unharmed."

With his tumb and middle finger—the only members that leprosy had spared up his right hand—he deftly rolled one of the tobacco leaves into a small cigar. Until a week before he had been a professional cigar wrapper in the factory of Alberto et Cie. at Kingston, Jamaica. Sanitary officers of the Crown had discovered his leprous hand and arm, vainly hidden in a fold of his garment, and at once had bought him passage for Aden on board the "Eastern Star." Leprosy had been spreading in the British West Indies, and the shifting of responsibilities was not unknown among men in the Civil Service. Let the fellows at Aden handle this mulatto: they had a new pest house outside their city. So Hector Marot started for the east, and when the "Eastern Star" went on the rocks outside Lomas, San Fernando, he was one of the ten who escaped alive. After a night in the brake, and a breakfast of bread and poisonous water, he was now beginning to wish for a drink of rum, and a match to light his cigar.

As he lay and idly pounded his bare heels on the warm earth, there came to him first the patter of donkey-hooves on a beaten path, and then the sound of men conversing in Spanish.

"Was there much fun at the Consuelo bull pen last night?"

"Not much. Manuel Pez had a bullet through his neck, but Don Gammo came out yelling like a whole pack of fiends, and we had to stop. Pez may live; it's too bad."

The acrid stench of smoke from uncured tobacco drifted to Hector's nostrils, and there was an occasional click as an aluminum canteen jolted about at saddlebow. These temptations overcame all weariness. With shouts of "Amigo" he was off through the cane, trailing his staff and bundle behind him. He soon overtook the two riders, and found them rather poor specimens of native San Fernandan. Almost black, victims of unclean living and malnutrition, they looked like children beside Hector, who was taller on foot than they were when mounted. Dressed in shirts and trousers of sugar sacking, with straw sombreros on their heads, and about their waists magenta colored sashes stuck full of cheap knives, they must at first have felt superior to Hector in his one-piece costume. He was quick to feel the chill, and seizing the donkeys by their bits he thrust the little beasts back upon their haunches. The riders at once became respectful.

"Drink, friend. This is hot stuff of two years' aging. And perhaps a light for your cigar? You look like one who has traveled far."

THE MESSENGER

13

Before replying Hector filled his leather lungs with smoke, and sent out a thin blue cloud that made the mosquitos 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 deficator, 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 alleyways down 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 bull 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. Herd and driver passed deliberately through the gate, leaving behind them a trampled and 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 caged beast. San Fernandan 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 credits 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 pronouncements 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 gone on a spree, and kept Riviero waiting? A fine specimen is our honored Lopez, drinking tea at four every afternoon, and filling the government posts with mollicoddles! 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 banged 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:

"Yes 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 drink."

Francisco collapsed across the table in a paroxysm of smiling tears, and hid his face in his hands. From his clothing tumbled the empty shell of a revolver cartridge, which went bouncing merrily over the tiles. Hector laughed, and started for the balcony.

"Now shall I address my friends."

A sudden haunting fear made him stop. Throwing open the door of the corridor he looked furtively about, and then summoned the sentry:

"Send an armed guard to the roof, with orders to shoot anyone who acts in a suspicious manner. Then let the bugles blow, and spread word through the streets that the Liberator would speak to his people."

Buckling on his sword and draping his cloak about him, he held the cocked hat a foot or so above his head and bowed to an imaginary crowd.

"You did it, boys," he murmured, "you put me here."

The tramp of bare feet came from overhead, and bugles sang in the street below, mingled with cries of "Viva el Liberator Marot," Hat still in suspense, Hector stepped out onto the balcony and began his inaugural address.

III.

Francisco Riviero, the former Minister of State, leaned against a tree

and watched hens dusting themselves in the roadway. President Marot had endured him for six months, and then sent him packing. Neither green Bacardi, absinthe, nor neat cognac had been strong enough to blot out Fran's individuality, and so he found himself retired to private life. After Hector had been compelled to let his leprous arm be amputated, he had called Francisco his right hand; now Fran too was gone, and the Liberator was crippled indeed.

"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 dismal howl, answered by other howls, drawing nearer. The scavenger dogs were gathering for the funeral supper of Hector Marot.

—G., '24.

Little Minds.

A pumpkin lay beneath the stars
Apondering 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 Tannenbaum. Tannenbaum 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 De-Wulf. 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. B. Quennell have produced an interesting and popular story of our crude ancestors of millenia 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 ordinary 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 "booming 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,

is better than the general run of this year's novels, better by a great deal. It deals with young people and makes them out neither morons nor sots. Especially refreshing it is after a dose of Fitzgerald.

20. **Agricola: Agricultural and Rustic Life in the Greco-Roman World from the Viewpoint of Labour** is the cumbersome title of a mighty good book on certain phases of ancient living not always regarded in historical studies.

21. **The Spartan** is an historical novel by Caroline Dale Snedeker, giving what purports to be, and in most respects is, a picture of life in the golden age of Greece. It joins with most popularizations of Greek culture in giving all the beauties of paganism without its disgusting features; a method as true to life as the novels of Harold Bell Wright are a true picture of America. But it is rather good fun and in some ways illuminating.

22. **Vandemark's Folly**, by Herbert Quick, is a most interesting study of the settlement of Iowa, in the form of the alleged autobiography of Jacob Vandemark, pioneer. Here we see the simple, yet heroic lives of the progenitors of "Main Street." A vivid picture, this, of a day forever gone.

23. **Idle Days in Patagonia**. The author of this book, W. H. Hudson, a naturalist of distinction and a master of English style, has lately died. This is one of the most delightful of books of travel and nature. It was a favorite of the late William James. No better writing has been done in this century.

24. **A Crystal Age** is by the same author. It is a fanciful romance of the future, differing from most such books in that it has no didactic purpose, no theoretical social system to construct and admire. It is a delicious romance, especially because of its lovely ladies.

25. **Dante: Poet and Apostle** is an excellent introduction to the significance of this greatest of poets, except Shakespeare, since Virgil. It is by Ernest H. Wilkins, Ph.D., professor of Romance Languages at the University of Chicago.

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 cast
A look at greying skies, and shook his head.
I lied to Jane—"A tramp with bloody feet."

* * * * *

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

—William W. Vogt, '25.

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 scrubs 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 and they come seemingly to the top of the world, in reality to the top of a plateau, a bare stretch of rough lava, eyrie, 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 own an alien 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; they smoked cigarettes while 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.

Twelve miles have they come, but less 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 *ri* 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; steady, 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 glooming 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 bourne from beyond which some travelers returned not. One looked back a thought gravely as one dropped down a long steep slope, slipping ankle deep in lava pebbles. The chatter of the Japanese was silenced until the lanterns of the leaders, gleaming faintly through the mist, showed that they were breasting the first ascent of 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 damnable 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; Fujii. Nara. Nikko, Asama, Ojigoku. 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 stop 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 caped 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 sil-

ent, 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. Above everything is the whisper of the mist, half heard, half felt; faint, unreal; the substance conveyed of evil dreams.

The precipice having been passed, the path again disappears and one comes finally to the old crater. One thinks of this now as but a deep hollow in the mountain over to the left, in old times before a new vent was blown in the top of the summit, it was a seething inferno. It had sprayed the country side with fire and death. One thinks of the man that tried 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 hiss of the mist, driving cold, until worn and spent they reach their goal, a thing horribly fascinating, terribly quiet, awful in its passiveness, 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 fumes 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 dark in the soft whisper of the mist.

Back in the comparative shelter of a rock crevice the knap sack was emptied of the jerseys 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—would the dawn never come? There was a period of blankness, a sudden start into wakefulness to the realization of a faint lightening, a stretching of cramped limbs.

They lay on their bellies by the lip of the crater, faces muffled from the fumes watching the play of reddened vapors, praying for the mist to lift—ah! the prayer is granted for a few minutes, showing the great red gridiron of the crater-bed, seething, searing hot. A rock, ready to hand, is pushed over the edge and falls to that scarlet surface, black for a mom-

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 silver of rivers. Tiny houses can be seen clinging in precarious places, beauty, life. Far off, farthest of all is the gleam of the sea, a barest glimpse and Fujii 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 knap sack 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.

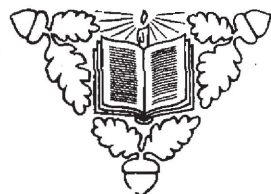
—L. C. M. Andrews, '24.

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 chorus of avenging furies, ran thirty freshmen on their way to English One.

—G., '24.



THE MESSENGER

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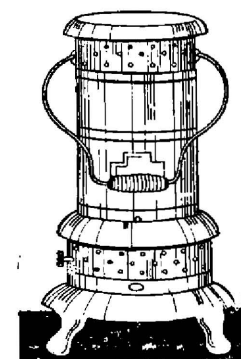
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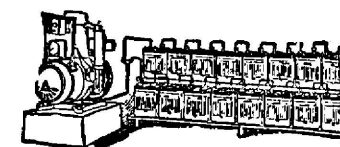
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