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SUMMER NUMBER
Wild Geese

Like drunken gods, above the South Winds flying,
They sweep beneath the threshold of the skies
And sonorous, their voices chant a tocsin,
Lest men forget that Freedom never dies.
High flung above the emudies of the cities,
An ordered liberty their only guide,
Swift winding through the mazes of the cloud-rack,
Adown the sky line's mountain rim they slide.

As in the night they disappear
There falls a darkness over earth
That is not merely dearth of sun,
To vanish at the dawning's birth:
The ebon mountains standing hard
Against the world-edge, bare their teeth;
The flock's cloud writing fades away
And breath of men creeps close, beneath.

From out the sedge, at some far tundra's brim,
A gander lifts his head, and with a cry
That sinks and drowns beyond the distant bogs,
He spurns the earth and plunges through the sky.

W. W. V., '25.

The Catholic Church and the World

"The Stone that smote the Image became a great Mountain, and filled the whole Earth." Daniel 2:5.

This text was used frequently by John Henry Newman. Perhaps a new sermon may well be preached upon it. It is from Daniel's disclosure to Nebuchadnezzar of the meaning of his dreams. The King had seen an image with a head of fine gold, arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet of clay. The prophet said that it was the image of the kingdoms of the world. Then Daniel foretold the rise of Christianity in these words:

"Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the Image upon his feet of clay, and brake them to pieces. . . And the stone that smote the Image became a great Mountain and filled the whole Earth."

1. Out of the ancient world Christianity alone has emerged as a living thing. The beauty that was Grecian civilization is noble, but dead. The mystery that was Egypt is enthralling, but decayed. The power that was Rome is a great dream, but only a dream, enshrined in ruins and old books. But the Christian Church, alone of ancient kingdoms and civilizations, survives. What we know of ancient things else we know mostly through the Church. She has preserved the relics of the rest, and colored their memories in her own good pigments. She has made us remember Greek beauty and forget the sensual degradation which spoiled that beauty; remember the romance of Egypt and forget the millions of sweated slaves beneath the lash; remember the vigor and sturdiness of Rome and forget her heartless exploitation of the world.

Who would have thought in the days of Augustan glory that a little group of Jews in an upper room of a petty rural city, Oriental of a race even then despised, waiting on a Hebrew feast day for they knew not what, for something they had been promised by an hare-brained carpenter who not long before had been strung up as an anarchist by Roman law—that these men held in their feeble possession the seeds of a Kingdom destined to survive when Roman roads were filled with weeds and Roman eagles antiquarian curiosities and Roman ways of looking at things almost laughably out of focus and Rome herself a heap of ruins?

Yet so it has been. Yet so it has been.

Why? Wherein lay the weakness of these mighty earthly kingdoms? The Image shone with gold and silver and was girt with brass and iron. Luxury and force! Are not these the common bases of success in nations? Surely if a people is strong and wealthy, men say, it must be destined to survive! Surely the efforts of great statesmen, wise patriots, have ever been and ever ought to be the making of nations rich and armed for maintainance. I have nothing to say to the contrary. The trouble with the Image Nebuchadnezzar saw was not that its armor was firm and its head and arms encased with precious metal. It was not the head or the arms or the breast or the legs which were to prove vulnerable before the Stone. It was the feet of the Image. They were made of crumbly clay. Build you a kingdom never so apt for wealth, never so strong in armor: unless its basis is sound it will fall before a shrewd, directed blow.

What is the true basis of a kingdom, of a state, of a civilization, without which all force and all wealth prove unstable? It is the recognition of the sacred worth of human personality, of the worth-while ness of a man as man. Greece built her superstructure of beauty on general slavery
the fumes of imperial patronage.

... conceivable that this Kingdom of God... and iron shard? Sometimes it has looked much that way. No sooner had... constant shall remain.

... be that she too... from Japan. "Give us" they...

... and thighs of brass, and legs of... every sort of social system, empire, civilization, no matter how wealthy, no matter how well armed, which builds upon another basis.

... it is hard for men to learn this simple lesson. One need not multiply instances. Just one will suffice, our own America. There are plenty of folks who think America can survive and prosper if only we can make her...

... one hundred years, is that the "little... history to fail to see that the greatest danger, the only real danger facing...

... to promote Arianism or Unitarianism, hoping to reduce Christ’s unique personality to human level and so reduce his commanding authority as Lord over even emperors; so in the Middle Ages did lord after lord seek to exalt his temporal authority over things spiritual; so did the early Victorian capitalists seek to use the Church to urge exploited men to grovel here below and to hope for heaven and to be content. So to-day the powers of the world, working within the Church, promising financial assistance and pre...-building expensive fabric for worship, encouraging every sort of modernism which would minimize Jesus, bidding priests enjoy luxury and be men of the world,—sometimes wearing round collars, once in awhile wearing a mitre or a magpie,—so today do the powers of the world, working within the Church, seek to wrench God’s Kingdom to the support of all that is evil, all that is clay-footed, in our day.

... But he who fears unduly for the outcome has neither much knowledge of the past nor much faith in Jesus Christ. He said that even the gates of HELL could not prevail against His Church. They have not. They will not. In easy times, it may be, men will murmur the Creed and sleepily miss the implication of our peasant-carpenter-God, Jesus Christ. It may be that in easy times... avoid enemies, masking... as Lord... none is man, not perceiving the one Body... as they are, and men in easy times may mumble ancient prayers they do not understand. It may seem that the world has conquered—in the easy times.

... But the mills of God keep grinding and times come which are no longer easy, when the clever chaps who have been running things and people and calling all men to admire their caniness, and using or seeking to use the Church to bolster themselves up withal, are seen to be a stupid and wicked lot, forgetful of the worth of men as men; times when wealth is gangrened and mere arms of no avail. Then does the Church arouse herself and sing Magnificat with meaning, and shouts aloud the old prayers, and means the Creed as well as says it, and goes to Mass and Communion with a new-found awe, and says “We are the sons of God. Down with this Image. Look you, look! Its feet are crumblly clay!”

... And another kingdom perishes, while Holy Church goes on.

... There are the great times in this world when, led by Jesus’ spirit, the people... differences between men not at all, when Parthians and Medes and Persians, strangers from Rome, Jews and Gentes, Cretes and Arabians, hear ringing in their ears the wonderful works of God.

... And to keep the Catholic Church alive and ready for those days of Pentecost, to preserve Her faith and to hand down Her sacraments—the
truth and the life—that is enought to challenge us to give our little all. Things else perish. This alone remains.

The Spirit and the Bride say come. Lord Jesus, give us grace to love the Catholic Church.

*This sermon was preached by President Bell at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on July 8, in connection with the opening of the Anglo-Catholic Conference.

Charity

Beggar Breeze
In a garden for repose,
Asks for kisses, in his hunger,
Of the Rose.

She, in pity,
All her richness doth disclose;
And with him her spirit's largess
Outward goes.

By the roadside
Crippled blindmen sigh and doze
Till the Breeze; then, grateful, whisper:
"Ah, the Rose!"

En Voyage

The outstanding features of a long journey are like an old Egyptian bas-relief, where only the important factors which are to be handed down as monuments stand out from the stone. The details of the picture are lost in the background, and the common events are passed over. I am thinking of the last trip from Japan to England by way of the Mediterranean.

We left Yokohama on a very bright day in the early summer, and such was the glamour and interest of new surroundings on ship board that I, child as I was, did not feel, at that moment, a very keen sense of loss at the parting from my parents. Many of the Japanese who had known my grandmother for quite a number of years, and my sister and me from baby-hood, had come up to see us off, bearing gifts of fruit and candy. I might remark here that a Japanese, even today, will never send flowers to a friend. They wither and die, and symbolize death.

Those who have not travelled abroad cannot imagine the peculiar feeling which one has at the beginning of a voyage. There is the smell of fresh paint which meets you when you first go down the corridors, the feeling which is associated with that smell, of uncertainty over countless things. Out on deck everything is turmoil. Officers, sailors and passengers rush hither and yon, orders are shouted, whistles pipe, and from somewhere comes the blare of a band. There are hasty and tearful farewells, messages shouted back and forth between ship and pier. Gradually order is restored on the quay as the last visitors scurry ashore. Little natives toss aboard the last baggage and cast loose the ropes, the wharf droops out for a moment the calls of parting friends, you suddenly realize that you are moving, and a queer feeling of strain possesses you until the shore with its waving throng, and the breakwater, are past.

Nagasaki and Kobe were remarkable chiefly for bad weather. We had barely got into the straits when a nasty sea struck us and, as we neared Nagasaki, it got worse. We stayed there to coal ship. Bamboo scaffolding seemed to spring up from the barges against our sides, and the coolie women mounted it, below the chutes. Great baskets weighing two hundred pounds or more were passed up hand-to-hand and emptied into the runways which led to the bunkers. Those women stood there hour after hour, passing the baskets without any visible signs of fatigue. The last woman would toss the emptied containers with a peculiar spinning motion, so that they landed one on the other on the floor of the nearest barge. We went ashore and back into the nearby hills to see the cloisonne and damascene works. At one place there was a tea-house set on the edge of a ravine, down one end of which fell a long plume of water, a fall which was noted for it's beauty. From among trees at the edge of the cliff shot this white ribbon, sown into the dark green shade of the bottom to splash away out of sight.

Fu Chow is an example—the only example of a native Chinese town that we saw. I hope it will be the last. The steamer went as far up the Yangtse as it could, and from that point we went on by launch. Having reached the dock, we went ashore and crossed a long bridge into the town itself. The streets were from fifteen to twenty feet wide and were paved with huge blocks of stone. The sewage rested in the cracks between these slabs, and all the refuse of the last few decades seemed to be raising a stench to high heaven from these very convenient cess-pools. Three-story houses leaned against each other in an arch, a sort of triumphal arch to the god of bad odors. The ground floor of each house seemed to be given over
to small shops which contributed other smells to those already fighting to impress themselves upon the consciousness. Through it all poured a sweating, dirty stream of natives, shouting, yelling and jostling. Curs of all descriptions ran about, snarling and fighting. We did not wander long in such a place. Much as I have heard of the admirable qualities of the higher class of Chinese, the one glimpse I got, wholly one-sided and inadequate as it was, of the poorer classes, has spoiled any love I might have had for the “Sleeping Giant.”

Two things preserve Singapore in my mind; first the divers and secondly a fight. We were only half-way in to the dock when a fleet of dugout canoes closed around us. They were manned by boys and men of all ages. How they handled those thin little boats and kept them from turning over as they dove out and climbed in, was a thing no white man could understand. A couple of coins would flash in the air, and as they struck the water, every canoe would rock with the sudden dive of its owner. Brown bodies would gleam for an instant in the sun, the water would fairly boil, and one of the swimmers would shoot up to the surface with the money in his hand. In a second every man would be back in his boat, and would circle around ready for the next coin.

The other incident was one of far shorter duration, but the action was so intense, the whole thing such a kaleidoscope of volcanic motion, that few of the witnesses will ever forget it. A number of Austrians were seeing off one of their friends and they all fairly well under way toward intoxication. They had taken it into their heads to torment one of the crew, a large vessel, but it was tossed about like a shuttlecock. Portholes were bunks the whole way to Aden, and the sounds from below were not pleasant to hear. The majority kept their feet turned like scolded school children.

The vessel was gazed at by the crowds, as one of their friends and they all fairly well under way toward intoxication. They had taken it into their heads to torment one of the crew, a tall, powerful chap, running down the gang plank with a marlinspike in his hand. The sailor had evidently gone berserk, and despite the grave way in which his opponents surged over him, he laid them out right and left. He was here, there and everywhere, crashing, smashing this way and that, a whirlwind of danger. He was too quick to be touched by concerted action and too hard a physique to be affected by the few screws which were driven on him. Men dropped their weapons, fought each other, stumbled and knocked flat again. Suddenly we saw the first mate, a tall, powerful chap, running down the gang plank with a marlinspike in his hand. He shot into that turmoil of darting, diving, swift-licking devils with his weapon and cooly went about his duties. The whole thing had taken minutes; at most, we who saw it—we, my breath still comes fast when I think of it. It was one of the prettiest things I have ever seen. In less than two minutes one set of screws had been reversed and the vessel was swinging about in a circle. A boat’s crew were at the davits and life preservers were in the water. As the life boat came down the falls, the first mate vaulted the rail and landed in the stern with one foot on the tiller. When he touched the tiller, he freed his end of the ropes with a dextrous backward kick at the hook. From the time they left the boat was again in its place, he stood there, steering with one foot, and balanced himself easily as they rose and fell with the waves. Although many of the passengers had seen the drowning man after the alarm was given, his hat remained floating, for his life he resolutely set out. They returned with the life-boats and were shot up to the boat-deck, we swung back on our course, and—the incident was closed. Many of us, however, could not sleep that night. It gives one an eerie feeling to have
watched the search for a man who a few minutes before was alive and doing his round of work. The quick, organized action, the cool matter-of-fact ness with which the affair was handled, and the thought that we were leaving behind what had been one of us, all combined to give us a queer sensation.

On Sunday morning we went to a service in the cathedral at Genoa. The communion was sung in Latin by priests who did not look over clean. The marble floor of the great nave was covered with camp chairs which the congregation dragged about to suit themselves. At the offertory, the vergers came down what was left of the aisles with velvet bags hanging on long rods. They jingled the coins loudly and greeted those friends who were not beneath their notice and created an atmosphere of general good fellowship. On the whole, I was not very favorably impressed with the service.

From Genoa we were supposed to go to Gibraltar, but when we were twelve hours from harbor the course was changed and we ended up at Vigo, in Spain. We were there five days before we knew what the trouble was. War had been declared; and, as our boat was of the North German Lloyd line, the captain preferred internment in Spain to capture by the British. The thing which everyone was trying to do was to get away as soon as possible. Two Dutch vessels and an English boat touched at Vigo, but they slipped away in the night, and only a very few were able to find passage in each ship. As my grandmother was American, we went to the United States Consul for aid of advice, but he was a young chap, very much impressed with the importance of his position and did little but talk to no purpose. After twelve days, we went to the British Consul, on the plea that we children were English. This man was past middle-age, dignified, and courteous. He listened to everything that was said but was very non-committal. Two days later, however, a British vessel came in, and he saw to it that we, with about ten others, were taken aboard. He attended to our baggage and was thoughtfulness itself. The ship was the S. S. Alcantara, bound for Southampton with a cargo of silver-bouillon. This was its maiden voyage and everything was in wonderful trim. Guns had been mounted fore and aft, so that wherever the enemy might be, two could be brought to bear. From the moment we got up on deck, it was evident that discipline and wartime measures were in effect. There was a snap to the orders and an instant precision in their execution which bespoke a crew trained differently from those of common passenger-ships. At night every porthole was darkened, and I saw a sailor snatch the match out of the hand of a man who was lighting a cigarette on deck, after dark. We had been out of sight of land for two days when smoke appeared on the horizon and a cruiser, long and grey, gradually drew up to us. Signal flags suddenly broke out in a whis­ping line of color, answered from our ship by another string. A second message came from the man-of-war and we slowed down but kept moving. There was a sudden roar across the space between the two vessels as a shot was sent over our bow, and a geyser of water sprang up far out beyond us. It did not take long for us to stop. A boat came across and it's crew mounted to the bridge. All this time the passengers were half-wild with uncertainty. The pessimists declared that we would be sunk by this German. The mad cheering which followed semaphore work between the ships and the sudden appearance of a French flag at the stern of the cruiser was very eloquent of the relief we felt. Two more warships stopped us before we reached England, one British and the other French. It is probably needless to remark that it was unnecessary for any more shells to be put across our bows. We were in sight of land and within a few hours of Southampton harbor when we received a wireless stating that the passage was mined, and we were forced to go all the way around to Liverpool.

By C. M. Andrews.

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**Well-Meant Verses**

**I.**

### Lines On Reading Swinburne

At 2 A. M., After Examinations.

When I am dead, and the years that come thereafter
Roll into centurials and cycles slow,
What will become of all my tears and laughter,
Joys and woe?

I, who have loved thee with a love outburning
Comets and hell, till I am seared of fears,
Shall I be under earth, unquenched of yearning
Through the years?

I, who have drunk of life (and chewed the glasses),
Shall I be punished till the end of time
By heavy labor, pushing up the grasses?
How sublime.

**II.**

### Confession.

And so the worst is said: no more of that.
My heart is light, till I've confessed.
It's queer how greatly one may be oppressed
By such a thing. It must be so a rat
Feels when the trap that holds him overturns.
And he is free again—as I am free.
And now—goodbye. You're lucky—done with me.
And I—what matter how I feel? One learns
To bear all things, they say, and so I fan
My courage and attempt to still my fears:
Hard as it is, I'll conquer at the last.
And you, I beg, forgive me if you can.
You think me heartless, after all these years
To leave you now; but, Davey, I have passed.

L. M. M. '25.

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**CIGARETTE SMOKE**

A little curl of smoke goes up,
Sweet incense to the last discovered god—
The one who gives us peace:
Who ever, without failure or delay,
Repays each offered sacrifice,
And asks no other service than that we
Prepare us to receive the gift he sends.
Some Books For Summer Reading

President Bell selected the following books from some late additions to the College library. No volumes of merely technical interest are included, but rather books of a more general appeal.

1. The Land of the Blue Popp. The eminent British naturalist, Mr. F. Kingdon Ward, F. R. G. S., went through Thibet a few years ago in search of specimens for an English botanical collector. This recounts his experiences. It is a fascinating and as thrilling as fiction, and reveals botanizing as a profession requiring daring, ingenuity and manliness more than the general public supposes.

2. Mr. Thouless, who is professor of psychology at the University of Manchester, and who was formerly a fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, some time ago was asked to a theological college. The result is a volume entitled An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion. It is admirably comprehensive, and has the added merit of explaining carefully the nomenclature of the new psychology. It is as illuminating a volume as I have read in five years.

3. If you wish a well-written romance, a Frank Stockton-y sort of thing, about four women who spent a spring in a rented villa in Liguria and were all made over, get hold of The Enchanted April by the author of Elizabeth and her German Garden.

4. Edgar A. Robinson has been described as America's greatest contemporary poet. The long narrative in verse, called Roman Bartholow, just published, will not enhance his reputation much. A good deal of it is just plain stupid. But it is worth reading for the good bits hid in the rubbish.

5. On the other hand, a book of exceedingly good poetry is The Ballad of St. Barbara, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. The title poem contains embedded in it one of the great modern English things in ballad form. Some of the other verses are extraordinary. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," very different from Gray's, and the "Songs of Education" are Chesterton at his biting best.

6. The Oxford University Press last year issued The Oxford Book of German Verse, a worthy companion volume to the similar volume of English verse which is now an indispensable anthology. It has examples ranging from the Minnesingers to contemporary poets. The volume, which is of course in German, is ably edited by Gerhart Hauptmann. Our British cousins, it will be seen, are through indulging in petty hate of things German.

7. Mr. Upton Sinclair has at last written a book on the higher education. He calls it The Goose Step, because, according to him, our higher cultured institutions are both Teutonic and syphophatic, and controlled by big business until they have no more individuality or independence than a row of German privates. The book contains a great deal of fact, true and challenging. Unfortunately Mr. Sinclair's tendency to be smart and nasty-tempered will prevent those facts receiving the attention they deserve. St. Stephen's College fare better than most of them.

8. In Magic Lanterns, Miss Louise Saunders, the author of that delightful one-act bit of fun, "The Knave of Hearts," has given us a few more interesting short plays. Those who like the amateur stage, and those who enjoy reading plays, will find some good amusement in this book.

10. If you are desirous of knowing how the modern liberals are thinking of getting a reunited religion without any creed, thus defying Solomon and making a brand-new thing on the face of the earth, read The Community Church by Albert C. Zembinnen. I was astonished. Jules Verne never wrote anything more extraordinary. Only, it isn't meant that way.

11. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is a master of English, not merely of putting words together, but of putting thoughts together, in that misused tongue. In his Marie Antoinette one finds the sadness and the nobility and the simplicity of a Greek. The queen moves on toward death, the helpless victim of a dying age. Would that we might have more such biography!

12. Here is a marvel, brethren. Thorstein Veblen has written a book in which is no sociological patois, a book which one can understand, a book as lucid as "The Theory of the Leisure Class" is turgid. It is called The Engineers and the Price System, and is an analysis of the tremendous waste involved in our present capitalist production and a statement of how our engineers are the most potent agents in promoting industrial revolution. What a book for the National Civic Federation to read!

13. One remembers that delightful biography which Cornelia Stratton Porter wrote a year or two ago about her husband, that brilliant American economist who died in the midst of most promising sane liberalism. Mrs. Porter has been living with employed girls lately and tells here experience in Working with the Working Woman. In this book the woman is neither a sentimental victim nor a moron, but a real person. For this relief, much thanks!

14. If you like the sort of fantasy in the Roman manner which Eden Phillpotts loves to write, get hold of Pan and the Twins, and rejoice.

15. Gilbert K. Chesterton did a book some time ago which has not been read as widely as it deserves; and which has just been added to the library. It is his Victorian Age in English Literature, which throws more light on the subject than most books twice the size and cost. The price is only a dollar. Like everything this man writes, this salts wisdom with humor.

16. The Old Drama and the New. Here that veteran dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer, damns the classics and extolls modern realistic drama. He seems to think that the stage has no other function than to register facts. Probably he prefers photographs to painting. The book is interesting for its wealth of material; and it stimulates me at least by antagonizing me.

17. Lytton Strachey, whose biting essays on Victorian personages are familiar to everyone, has, in Landmarks in French Literature, put into small compass facts that many desire briefly; and has done it with fine critical sense. The volume costs only a dollar.

18. Of Marguerite Wilkinson's The Great Dream one can only say that it is the sort of lyric poetry that one keeps hoping to find and does meet with only every few years.
19. Channing Pollock wrote a play called The Fool. It has now been published. Some people maintain that it is all about being a Christian. That may be why people don't like being Christians. It struck me as being upper middle class hokum.

20. A penetrating and interesting study of The New German Constitution has been made by M. Rene Brunet, professor of constitutional law in the University of Caen. This French scholar has made a scholarly and dispassionate analysis. Intelligent people, whose attitude toward the new Germany is more than merely vituperative, will be glad to get this book.

Four of us were seated about the table, concentrating on the business in hand with the utmost of silent intentness. A window was open to alleviate the closeness of the room. There was absolute silence, except for an occasional remark or a sudden heated discussion, abruptly stilled. All at once a little gust of wind snatched an unsealed envelope from the table and carried it out the window. A chair crashed to the floor as one of the group followed the wisp, that fluttered and stopped, taunted and mocked, in the night. A window called directions softly, suddenly ending in a cry of alarm as the wisp, that fluttered and stopped, taunted and mocked, in the night; and when they parted—a bit unsteadily, and almost with tears.

If it should be lost—!

"Watch here!" I ordered, and sped out of doors. A voice from the window called directions softly, suddenly ending in a cry of alarm as the wind picked up a white object and carried it out of the circle of light. I tore after it into the night, to pursue a mocking, devilish will of its own, that fluttered and stopped, taunted and eluded me, half seen in the faint light from the stars. My foot caught in a root and I crashed on my back again in the house, the voice of my partner called to ask if I had it. I looked at my find in the light from the window and gave a sigh of relief.

"Yes," I answered, "This is the blasted bridge-score!"

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THE JUNGFRAU

(From Interlaken on the eve of the Assumption, B. V. M.)

The shadows of the Lauterbrunner vale
Are purple covered steps before her throne,
Where, standing with her face and hands upthrown
And hidden from us by her floating veil,
Her radiant body glows. She is the Grail
Whose body crystalline Love's roseate tone
Reveals. A temple with a radiance of her own
Beside which the Shekhina light were pale.
Now, though her mortal glory pass from view;
Death, like a cloak of shadows, fold on fold,
Be drawn about her; feet and hands grow cold;
One lovely shoulder only hold the glow;
That, too, be hidden; still we gaze; till lo,
She stands immortal in her robe of blue.

Herbert S. Hastings, '98

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The Chain Gang

Pier Dvolsky, a count of the Austrian Empire and a member of one of the oldest Magyar noble houses, was hard-pressed for ready money. Circumstances had forced him to become Deputy Sheriff of Citrus County, Florida; but come what might he still insisted upon the gratification of two habits formed in earlier and more affluent days; he would always wear kid gloves of the most expensive brand, and he would smoke nothing but cigarettes of the choicest Turkish tobacco. Upon this chill morning near the end of February he found himself in sore straits; his meager salary for the winter quarter was nearly all spent, his last pair of Cross gloves had burst at the thumbs, and—hardest to bear of all—in his pocket was a pack of "Dromedary" cigarettes. This sad state of affairs had come about in spite of the utmost caution on Dvolsky's part. He had moved to the cheap—rooming house he could find; he had learned to do the greater part of his own laundry; he had even tried to dispense with week-day breakfasts. It was plain that he still had much to learn about the economies of Floridian petty-officialdom. Take for instance Yates, the deputy of Rivers County, who lived just across the line, not five miles away. He had a wife and three children; and yet he managed to keep an automobile, two horses, and an attic full of excellent whiskey. Dvolsky knew that it may be why people don't like being Christians.

Dvolsky wrote a play called The Fool. It has now been produced. Some people maintain that it is all about being a Christian. That may be why people don't like being Christians. It struck me as being upper middle class hokum.
to eat a meal together before you starve, an' after that I'm goin' to give you a lecture. What if ol' Jeb Hartley should come back now, an' see a fine young bird like you starvin' where he lived like a king, an' banked near fifty thousand into the bargain? T'wouldn't hardly do for to tell you too much right off at the start, I don't suppose. 'Might turn your haid. But just a pointer or two ought to set you in the right way. Come quiet now, or I'll han' cuff you."

Dvolsky was too nonplussed to resist, and the sound of the word "dinner" was an added attraction to him. He had eaten nothing but dried prunes that morning, and after such a meal no man of twenty-five could refuse an invitation to the table.

"Jus' you an' me together," Yates was saying. "M'wife's gone an' took the kids up to Jacks for the week-end, an' me an' Henery have to keep house. He's shot some quail, an' you an' me'll have 'em for lunch, same way as we had 'em for supper last time you was over. An' then how I will razz you!" During the ride to Yates' home the talk continued to be as a stream which flowed always from the same direction, while the Hungarian sated his lungs with the first real smoke he had inhaled in over a week.

Several hours later the two deputies sat with their feet on the rail of a veranda and watched the tiny ground-doves at play upon the close-cut lawn of Bermuda grass. The American had talked himself out, and the Hungarian was turning over and over in his active mind the startling truths he had been told. There was no sound except the dry "flip-flip" of palm fronds in the warm breeze and the restless twittering of the doves. Beside each of the men stood a small bamboo table, which held a number of bottles in varying degrees of emptiness, and a tall glass filled with bright green leaves, fragrant and rumpled. Even Yates felt that life, at that moment, was so pleasant that words would be out of place. They sat silently, the one in active thought, the other in a state of warm and self-satisfied drowsiness.

Towards evening Yates roused himself with a sigh and rinsed his hands with sodawater from a siphon that stood at his side.

"Well boy, do you reckon as how you've took note of everythin' your teacher said, an' got your lesson all down pat? If you have, we'll call up d'Ambra from Aloha an' Reed from Doraville, an' make 'em come over here to see you. No ust runnin' after 'em, or they'll think you ain't to be trusted. An' mark my words, you let them do the talking, an' let them make out the lists of men that want. They ain't nothin' for you to do but sit tight an' name your price when the time comes, like I tol' you to."

Dvolsky nodded. He had just been introduced to the modified system of peonage which now prevails in the south, in place of that brutal method popular after the Civil War. He had been told that he could increase his income if he would consult the engineers in charge of road-construction in his county, and find out from them the names of laborers whom they would be able to use with profit in the chain gangs. After that he would have to do nothing but trump up a charge against each of the men on his list,—an easy task among young negroes, for the most part unmarried, whose sole use for money would be for gambling and drinking,—and then deliver them as soon as possible to the contractors. They would pay him something per head according to previous agreement; and also monthly instalments for every thirty-day period of conviction in excess of onemonth. It all sounded simple enough, but Yates had spent hours in an attempt to explain fully the beauties of the system. His mind was full of illustrations, both from his own experiences and from those of others before him, Dvolsky felt that the hardest days of his exile were now over, since that store of precedent, practical knowledge, and good-will would always be open for his use and consultation.

Reed and d’Ambra stayed far into the night to haggle over terms, but in the end an agreement was reached and a list of names submitted. The count had heard something against almost every one of the negroes whom the two contractors had chosen as eligible, and his mind immediately set to work at the task of making plans for their conviction. He saw at once that his life was going to be one of ease and pleasure; he would be compelled to do nothing but let the report spread about that he was "after" any certain man, and straightway—for a slight consideration—news of that man’s doings would come to him.

When the engineers had gone he stayed for a few moments to thank Yates, but that worthy did not wish to listen.

"Now jus' you run along, boy, an' remember what ol' Randolph B’s tol' you. Jeb Hartley, what had your county before you, give me my start. an' I've always felt like I had a debt to any depity of Citrous. We all have to get a start somehow, an' we can’t never tell when it’ll do us good to have someone over the county line who feels well disposed towards us. Now Jus’ you run along before you get me all flustered.” He had lent Dvolsky one of his horses to carry him home, and now he snatched it resoundingly upon the flank with his open palm. The count trotted happily away, and Yates—his face agrin with amusement—watched him as he bounded out of sight down the moonlit path, in an uncomfortable attempt to fit the riding manners of an Hungarian cavalry officer to a narrow Mexican saddle.

* * * * *

One bright morning near the end of April in that same year Deputy Sheriff Count Dvosky rose from a leisurely breakfast, and set out to call upon his friends in Citrous. He stood upon the veranda of the private residence where he had taken rooms, and whistled for his horse. A small dark bay led it around from the stable, and held the bridle while the count mounted. He settled himself comfortably in the roomy English saddle, and at a hand-pace rode out between a double row of poinsetteas to the state highway.

There he was halted for a moment by the passage of a gang of negro laborers on their way to work. The right foot of each of those men was chained to the right foot of the man behind him, and all of them were dressed in grey cut striped round and round with black. As he watched them pass Dvosky took a silver cigarette-case from his pocket, and drew from it a cigarette stamped at the butt with his family crest, in gold. A few fine threads of Turkish tobacco had become loosened from one end of the cylinder, and to settle them in place the count tapped the cigarette upon the back of one faultlessly-gloved hand.

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