

MESSENGER

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THE GUNS

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Again those blatant throats, that some ten years ago
Spewed out their iron death upon the hearts of men,
Give forth a rumble to the skies, as if to throw
Anew their fiery, molten shroud across the world
And laugh, and cry, as on the olden time, "Good den!"

Their iron chortle sweeps around a trembling earth
And fearful men at broken plows shrink from the skies;
White, twisted children, who in war's womb had their birth,
Turn pallid faces from the open blue, where curled
Death-clouds when they were born. They moan, "That laughter
lies."

And we, who round the world have seen those death-clouds thrown,
Lie back in porcine peace, and share that liar's joke.
We barely caught the roar, or heard the tortured groan.
Yet if we let that rumble grow, war standards be unfurled,
We needs must see with newer food those gullets choke.

Age of Relative Values

There are some who would try to characterize our modern age as one in which real values may be appreciated. And the tendency to place importance to value on one object, by some enthusiasts, is very apt to be ridiculed by the disciples of another group.

Take, for example, some of the solutions for the control of the defective classes at the present time. The school of so-called naturalism, started by the distinguished Nietzsche, would have us eliminate these undesirables by subjecting all of us to the biological forces grouped together under the term of Natural Selection. He who *can* survive by superior physical force, or by mind, should control everything. It is the continuation of the workings of those laws and forces that have been the dominating influence in the development of the existing forms of plants and animals in geological times. The unfit and defective would be eliminated by being swamped by the development of "super men." Cruel, you say, but very effective. Normal man rebels against such a course. Did you ever consider the very opposite procedure that has been so recently advocated by certain social problem solutionists?

Let us have the undesirables and defectives. These classes necessitate the development of the "tender emotions" in the rest of us. Isn't it better to bestow "loving kindness" and other Christian virtues upon man's inferiors, than to let the weak perish? By so doing we are developing ourselves even more than helping the unfortunates—so the argument is presented. The presence of the defective, therefore, leads to man's own salvation; it means the production of saints, etc. Truly, there is a great difference, from the standpoint of naturalism. And either school is sincere in its belief. The Einstein principle of relativity in values is certainly applicable to human problems, as well as to abstract conceptions of time and space.

The main objection to the first solution was that the treatment of the defective classes would be cruel and non-Christian. The objection to the second method (that of the promiscuous production of increased numbers of defective individuals) is even more serious, aside from the economic consideration that certainly is involved. The uncontrolled production of the defective classes would soon lead to a condition which even the lukewarm advocate would not tolerate. This condition may be likened to a patient suffering from that cruel, loathsome disease known as cancer; yet too proud, or sensitive, or stubborn to admit its presence even to the family physician, until after all hopes of recovery are gone—too late for any practical solution and for the return to health, happiness and prosperity. One recalls Aesop's fable of the farmer's boy and the frozen snake.

This suggestion for the solution of a very fundamental problem goes astray for one reason at least, because it has not considered fully the cause or causes of the production of defectiveness in certain individuals.

Another school that is making rapid progress in this direction (the solution to the problem of the production and the control of defective individuals) is headed by some of our eminent medical investigators. Considerable advance is being made at the present time in the treatment of certain types of defectives. We shall have time to mention only that type of defectiveness brought about by the abnormal functioning of the endocrine glands. We are beginning to realize more and more that for normal health there must be involved the proper functioning of several internal ductless glands (endocrine), the most important of which are the pituitary, thyroid, thymus, and adrenals. If, for any reason, these glands do not

function properly dire results are evident; the individual becomes abnormal, either in size, in overdevelopment, or underdevelopment of certain parts of the body, or in mentality; or other serious constitutional diseases may follow. For example, certain forms of diabetes are produced by an abnormal functioning of the pancreas. Gigantism, and the opposite condition, dwarfism, are produced by defective endocrinal secretions. Sometimes we have underdeveloped mentality (infantilism) in addition to dwarfism in the same individual. This is the condition of the so-called cretin, which is produced by a congenitally defective thyroid apparatus.

It is the work being done on the cretin at the present time that I desire to outline briefly. It has been ascertained recently that if a cretinized infant be fed on "thyroid extract" (prepared by isolating the active principle of thyroid gland) it can be brought up to normal development. The patient continues to be normal as long as the thyroid extract is taken. The individual is able to go out into society, earn his own living, and many raise a family; in fact he is now fully normal. Here then appears to be a solution to the problem at hand. One of man's own defective, suffering individuals is now able to make his own way in the world. We have lightened the economic strain somewhat and we have fulfilled the humanitarian characteristic of alleviating misery and suffering, from one of our own kind. Surely it is just as humanitarian to do away with misery and suffering by the use of the "hypodermic needle" as it is by "saintly" or "ministerial" duties and obligations. The application of scientific methods to the treatment of mental disease should be just as acceptable as the treatment of physical disease, such as tuberculosis.

But let us hesitate for a moment. Is this procedure really a solution to the problem? Of course we would all like to solve the problem of the defective class, but we must be careful to consider every aspect of the problem before committing ourselves too far for any particular method. We scientists are therefore hesitant. How often we find that one much heralded solution to a problem is merely temporary, but is at least good because it opens the way for another better solution, and so on indefinitely! At once the suggestion is made: we agree that cretinism is caused by a defective thyroid gland, but we all want to know what is the *cause* of the defective thyroid apparatus. As long as we are on the problem of the cretin let us go as far as we can with our present knowledge.

It has also been ascertained within the past few decades that "cretinism" runs in families, that is, that it is strictly inherited. The cause therefore of the defective thyroid gland lies in a defective germplasm. It is well that we consider all the results of such a treatment as the administration of "thyroid extract" to a cretinized individual. We bring back the pitiable defective to normality, which is right, but we at the same time increase the potential numbers of cretins by permitting and sanctioning the return to reproductive vigor of a defective germplasm, that could under natural conditions, or the "unnatural" ones of society, be eliminated by the very nature of the disease. It is readily seen that such a result would never be a real solution. We ought to take care of our defectives, but very few of us would be willing to increase consciously the potential numbers of defectives. There is only one practical procedure that would eliminate the evil. We must stop the breeding of potential cretins and other defective classes, either by segregation, sterilization, or some other effective means. But that is Eugenics, you say. The answer is: if Eugenics, or any other department of human knowledge, is necessary for the formation of any method for the solution of a social problem, then Eugenics, or any other school, must come. Give us the humanitarian sympathies of the saint;

also give us the practical suggestions that come from medical research; but at the same time give us the method of Eugenics that settles, once and for always, the elimination of the defective classes that are a burden as well as a menace to society. No single method will ever solve our problem. We need a coordinated development of all the phases of the social problems, in order to make this world a better and safer place to live in.

—Leonell C. Strong.

TO A KINDLY LADY

I am no Lazarus; I will not crave
 The crumbs from your love's board.
 Although your golden hoard
 Holds all the sustenance that I would have
 To live, I cannot take the little part
 That kindness gives the beggar, from your hear

Or if you play Pygmalion, and touch
 My lips, that are not real,
 But lay your precious seal
 Upon the hungry, burning mouth of such
 As you would have, forgo grey emptiness!
 The promises of shadows never bless.



The Blizzard Trail

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT NORTH COUNTRY

Ian Mac Lachlan, the factor of *Lame Caribou*, was a splendid, if somewhat terrifying, example of the brood of hard-headed, hard-fisted Scotsman that won and held the great empire of the Hudson's Bay Company; a huge bear of a man, with eagle eyes, a hawk nose, the chest and arms of a gorilla, and the voice of a bull. His bushy hair, beetling brows, and the shaggy beard that covered his face almost to the eyes, were still, despite his sixty years, as black as when he had been a braw young laddie beside the bonnie banks of the Frith of Forth. Nor did his gigantic frame show any signs of the ravages of time. He was still as straight as an arrow, and trod the link like a buck in Spring. He could lift a full-grown grizzly to his broad shoulders and stand erect beneath the load; he could travel thirty miles in a day, on snow-shoes, carrying a two-hundred pound pack; and he could talk and walk with perfect coherence after his second quart of Haig and Haig whiskey.

His character was as formidable as his physique. The hot iron of the cold north had bitten deep into his soul, and left it seared and scarred. An ill man to cross was Ian Mac Lachlan, and a dour man to oppose. From Montreal to Bering Straits he was known as Iron Ian, and in all that country there was no Indian, half-breed, or white who would willingly face his wrath. In a land where might is right, the cold grey eyes that knew no fear, the sledge hammer fists that could smash a man's ribs as easily as so many straws, the merciless voice that decided, without a tremor, the life or death of any who dared thwart the Company—these things were the law.

Yet there was a softer side to the soul of this awe-inspiring dictator of *Lame Caribou*. Twenty years earlier, indeed, he had been a mild and gentle man. Then his wife had died—the wee, winsome lassie that had filled his life with light—and the iron had begun to eat into his soul.

Toward one person only his former tenderness persisted. His mate had left him a baby daughter—a charming, chuckling cherub, barely three months old, with soft little fingers that soon grasped the strings of her lonely father's heart, and held her clinging safely in the shelter of his breast, whatever storms might betide. Dad and daughter, indeed, grew to be famous friends. Her first cradle was a smoke-tanned moccasin, which he, with one enormous finger, would rock by the hour—a delightfully domestic picture, not without its elements of poignant pathos. On another of his fingers she cut her teeth.

As little Jeanie grew into sweet and winsome girlhood, she and Ian became closer and closer friends. The fierce, rough man who was so inexorable to his enemies was strangely gentle with the slip of a lass that had the eyes of her mother; and the Little Devil-Cat, as the voyageurs and coureurs-du-bois had affectionately named her, repayed his love in full measure. When he determined to send her, at the age of fifteen, to a school in Quebec, she was inconsolable. She ceaxed, threatened, and, for the first time since early baby-hood, wept; but to no effect. On this one point, Mac Lachlan was adamant. His only words were "Your mother wished it." Jeanie went.

For the daughter, the next five years passed quickly enough. Plunged for the first time into all the innocent pleasures of girlhood, she enjoyed every hour of her visit to civilization. The father did not fare so well. For him there were only the old, familiar surroundings, without the accustomed comradeship. Sometimes, in the evenings, he would sit for hours gently rocking the now empty moccasin, or comb his hair, as though she were present to scold him for neglect.

At last the glad day came when these two, who were all in all to each other, were reunited. Mac Lachlan stood on the little dock, waiting for the bateau from the south to bring the darling of his heart. Around the bend it came, with a swirl of paddles and the lilting refrain of one of those songs of old France which are so dear to her sons and daughters in the New World. Perched in the bow was a bright figure. As the craft drew nearer, Ian could hardly believe his eyes. This splendid vision his little girl? It must be.

The boat grounded, and with a glad cry Jeanie leaped into her father's strong, protecting arms. To her he presented no change, no strangeness. Years had not altered that powerful frame, that massive head, nor its contents. With him it was different. He had sent away a long-limbed, harum-scarum tomboy. And now—

Truly a glorious creature was Jeanie Mac Lachlan. Her roundly slender figure was strong and enduring as well as graceful, and the poise and movements of her body gave proof of abounding vitality. Her coils of raven hair made a bewitching frame for the fresh loveliness of her complexion, while her features showed the haughtiest pride and the most charming sweetness of disposition blended in a truly amazing fashion. The hawk nose of her father was there, reduced to a dainty aquiline, and the firm chin and mouth; but the eyes, and a certain softness of expression, made Ian think of the wee, winsome lassie who had shared his home and his life, and who was now doing her part toward sharing his grave.

Happy as these two perfect comrades were to see each other after such a weary time of waiting, they never managed entirely to regain their old footing of ideal companionship. After her experience in the great world, Jeanie was no longer quite content with the old life at *Lame Caribou*. She had grown, and her father had not. She would not, of course, have had him changed. His solidness was one of the characteristics for which she loved him most. Nevertheless, she could not but realize that her existence was no longer perfect. Something was lacking . . . What?

II

The scene now shifts to Merry England, renowned in song and story. In a fair ground, to wit, Sussex by the sea, stood the ancient manor house known as Gargoyle Gutters, the ancestral home of the Dorchesters, one of the oldest families of the British nobility. Successive generations had served only to imbed the fame of the race more deeply in the glorious annals of English history, till now the Dorchester pride, the Dorchester nose, and the Dorchester hens were traditional wherever Burke's Peerage was read. On the occasion with which this story really begins, the ordinary placid routine of the menage of Gargoyle Gutters was disturbed by a somewhat unusual occurrence—the banishment of a son of the house.

Herbert Lionel Chichester Worcester Dorchester was a perfect specimen of the highest type of the British aristocracy. His golden, curly hair, soft blue eyes, perfect Greek nose, and strong yet sensitive mouth, made him irresistibly attractive to most women and all confidence men. His devotion to sports was attested by the collection of cups and trophies on

the mantel of his den, as well as by the appearance of his alert and powerful frame. At Harrow and Cambridge he had been a leader in activities of every sort except the intellectual, and he had never lacked for a host of friends. It was not until he had received his degree, and prepared to face life in earnest, that he began to realize the tragedy of his position. For Chick, as his chums called him, was a younger son.

Traditionally, only a limited number of professions are open to the scions of the British nobility; and when one of the scions finds that none of these is suited to his temperament, his lot is indeed hard. Chick, from the very first, had held that the discipline of the army and navy was footling; the church and the bar he considered piffling; and the diplomatic and foreign services he regarded as awful rot. As there seemed to be no other lines of activity open to him, he proceeded to spend his time in a succession of efforts to amuse himself, with results rather more satisfactory to himself than to his father. At twenty-five, his escapades had become so notorious, his debts so large, and his disregard of paternal warnings so habitual, that the patience of his "governor", Lord Gutters, finally snapped. As the two men sat smoking at the end of a dinner which had been enlivened by the discussion of three episodes in which both Chick and agents of the law had figured, the stern father issued his ultimatum.

"Herbert," he yelled, "This damned nonsense of yours has got to stop. I'm sick of preaching sermons and paying bills. Now listen. Once for all—either you settle down and quit disgracing me, or I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"Useless things, shillings," remarked his son; "can't even buy a pack of decent fags with one."

"No comments, if you please. I give you true British fair play and ask you roundly: will you reform?"

"That's such a broad term, you know. Might mean almost anything—you see what I mean? Couldn't you be a little more definite, if I may put it that way?"

"Will you cut away from that crowd of wasters you run around with, get some kind of a job and hang onto it, and keep within your allowance?"

"Well, really, sir, that's a rather large order, all at once, don't you think? I quite see your point, but to be perfectly frank, I . . ."

"Answer me! Will you or won't you do as I say?"

"I'd like very much to please you, sir, but as a matter of fact, I'm afraid I can't. That job business, now. I should be delighted to do as you suggest, but the sickening truth of the matter is that I can't seem to find just the right job. And then . . ."

Lord Gutters brought his hand down onto the table with a force that made the building rock. "In that case," he shouted, "you are no longer my son!"

Chick brought his hand down onto the table with a force that snapped his cigarette ash into his saucer. "In that case," he remarked, "you are no longer my father."

He rose, stifled a yawn, and inquired: "Care for a game of billiards, or am I to leave now?"

As his father made no reply, he shrugged slightly and strolled into the drawing room, where his mother and sisters were waiting with something like subdued anxiety.

"I say, Mater," he remarked, "I'll be leaving the old place. Fact is, the Governor and I have been having a bit of a row. He seemed rather frightfully upset about my little debts and peccadilloes and what not—you

see what I mean? Rather up on his ear about the whole business, you know. The gist of the whole matter is that he's cut me off with a shilling. I quite see his point, of course, but it makes it beastly awkward for me, so I've decided to toddle off—Australia or Canada, or somewhere. Win to hearth and saddle of my own, and all that sort of thing. Well, I'll drop you a line when I get to some goodish place with a post-office. Ta-ta."

Leaving the circle of weeping ladies, Chick proceeded to his own room to prepare for his journey. The outfit he chose was simple. When he had changed to a tweed suit, which seemed more suitable than his dinner jacket for the conquest of the world, he was ready to go. But no! A timely thought struck him, one that was destined to turn many an hour that threatened misery into a time of peaceful happiness. He hastened to the table at the head of his bed and took thence a well-marked copy of Horace, gazed lovingly at the title for a moment, and slipped the volume into his pocket. Now he was ready to face the worst that the world could offer. Ten minutes later, at the urn in the road, he paused for a last view of Gargoyle Gutters, the home of his happy childhood, which he was now leaving forever. Tears suffused his eyes, but he repressed the unmanly weakness, and turned a resolute countenance toward the west. Suddenly his soul was filled with a wave of calm courage, mixed with an equally sudden remorse for the futility of his previous existence. "Oh God!" he cried in mingled anguish and hope, "I know that I have wasted my substance and wasted my days! But out in the great open country, where a man's a man, I will take up the white man's burden. There's a legion that never was listed. I will enlist in it! Westward the course of empire takes its way!"—then, very gently—"God's country," he murmured, and pressed toward London, where he could find a ship to take him to the Great Open Spaces—and redemption.

III

Some three months after her return to Lame Caribou, Jeanie Mac Lachlan stood on the bluff overlooking the river, her heart a prey to tumultuous moods. She was unhappy and scarce knew why. For years she had longed to be back in the scenes of her happy, hoydenish childhood, and now she was already anxious to leave. Why was it? There was no change in Lame Caribou, and yet it was different. The trouble must be with her. Suddenly realization flashed upon her. She had grown up!

That was it! She almost cried in excitement. That was why she was no longer entirely happy at the little factory six hundred miles from civilization. That was why the old simple amusements—furtively puffing at the cook's pipe, running away to join the Indians, and even hunting wolves with her father—no longer satisfied her. That was why—she blushed at the thought—she was no longer content with a place whose masculine society was bearded and uncouth, and generally old and ugly.

She turned her eyes again to the river and started. Ye Gods! was this an answer to her unformed prayer? Around the bend came a canoe, paddled by a man who was not only young and undeniably handsome, but who apparently paid some attention to his clothes. A daring idea shot through her mind. Why not stop him and have a little talk with him before he reached the post? She could thus steal a few minutes of the kind of conversation she longed for and lacked, and he could probably tell her some news of the world she had left—perhaps even of her friends in Quebec.

You, her sisters of more conventional places and less impulsive habits, condemn not too harshly her reckless resolution. She was a young and lonely girl, eager for youth and laughter. The face in the canoe seemed one that she might trust; at any rate, she thought she could take care of herself. Further, there is never a law of God nor man runs north of fifty-three.

"Hello!" she called. "Going to Lame Caribou?" This question was pure sophistry. There was nowhere else to go.

"Oh, hullo-ullo! Yes, as a matter of fact, I am. Could you tell me how to get there?"

"Just beach your canoe on that little point. It's easier to cut across the bend than to paddle around."

As he obeyed her instructions, Jeanie smoothed her short skirt, ran her deft fingers over her hair, and daubed a little powder on her nose; then she went down to greet her visitor.

As she approached the shore, he drew a blue bandanna handkerchief from his sleeve and gently mopped his forehead. With a truly charming smile he remarked. "How do you do—er—that is—er—I say, may I introduce myself? I know it's rather informal, and I hope you won't think me presuming, but in a place like this we should be rather apt to meet anyhow, sooner or later, if you see what I mean, and I thought we might as well get the bally business over with. Do you mind?"

As, for the first time in three months, she breathed the air of civilization, Jeanie was entranced. "No," she murmured gently, "I don't mind. Go as far as you like."

"That's most awfully good of you, you know. My name is Herbert Lionel Chichester Worcester Dorchester, and I've come up here to be a hardy pioneer and all that sort of silly rot."

His frank and boyish enthusiasm, together with his strong personal magnetism, gave her a warm and friendly feeling, somewhat concentrated in the left side of her breast. "I'm Jean Mac Lachlan," she replied.

"Oh, how extraordinarily jolly! You must be the daughter of the old chieftain who rules the roost, what? Amazing, you know, but he's the very man I came to see. He's going to give me a job or something, I think. I say, though, it is a marvellous piece of luck, meeting you like this."

"That was prettily said," she encouraged, with the smile that was already beginning to overstrain his heart. "Now, if you like, you can leave your canoe, and I'll take you on to see Dad."

Chick assented joyfully, and the girl led the way. Her home was only some five hundred yards distant, but the trail by which she led him circled to a length of several miles. Why? Who knows? A mere whim of Jeanie's, perhaps; or it may have been one of the blind, incalculable forces of nature that motivated the detour.

As he watched the slight yet vigorous figure ahead of him, Chick was filled with a poignant sense of elation that was akin to pain. She strode along with the ease of the outlandbred, graceful, lovely, vital—that was the word. How different from the pallid beauties of Mayfair! Away from the petty restraints of our artificial civilization, emotions arise and develop with tremendous rapidity. Already he was beginning to feel toward this lass of Lame Caribou as he had never felt toward any of the maids of Merry England, charming as he had found them.

They came to an open spot on the side of a mountain, and there his guide stopped. As she gazed over the country that she loved, she stood

transfigured—a very Goddess of the Big Places. Chick beheld her with a feeling akin to worship, which was only increased as she spoke.

"I love it all," she said, simply, yet with deep feeling. "There is so much of it, and I was born here. Don't you, Mr. ——— Mr. ———?"

He stopped her with a gesture. "I could tell you my name again, but never mind. It sounds so formal, and, to be perfectly frank, I do not care to be formal with you. Short as our acquaintance is, if we consider it in terms of actual length of time, I somehow have the feeling that I have known you always. And that makes it rather ridiculous for you to call me Mister. Don't you think it would be rather a good idea to dub me Chick?"

"So you feel it too, Chick?" She lingered over the name, and his heart beat faster. "And you must call me Jeanie."

"Jeanie," he breathed, "Oh, Jeanie!" And then ———

IV.

As the newly plighted lovers approached the factor's cabin, Jeanie's heart was filled with misgivings. The next few minutes would see the meeting between the two men in all the world for whom alone she cared. What would be the result? She was far too loyal to both to be willing to admit that either might fall short of the other's regard; and yet she could not help feeling uneasy. *They were so different; they might not understand each other.* Well, she would do what she could to prevent trouble. Turning to her betrothed and grasping his hands in her own, she pleaded:

"Chick, darling, you must be very gentle with him. He's old-fashioned and set in his ways, and just at first he may not like you very much. You mustn't mind that. After all, you are taking me from him, and I am all he has."

"I quite see your point, darling, and you're entirely right. By jove, yes! I wouldn't do anything to hurt the old monarch for the world."

The cabin door opened to disclose the brawny bulk of Iron Ian. "Not for the world."

Mac Lachlan glowered on the approaching couple. "Gude grace, lassie," he demanded, "What have ye got there?"

Jeanie blushed, rather delightfully, but no one was in the mood to appreciate that. "This is Mr. Dorchester, Dad, from London."

"I see. And does that explain why ye were walking so close together a while back that I just thought I saw his arm around your waist?"

This issue Jeanie naturally disregarded. "Mr. Dorchester," she replied, with dignity, "has come all the way from London to see you."

"Me?" queried Mac Lachlan, with the dry Scotch wit for which he was famous.

"Quite so," answered Chick, unconscious of the thrust. "I have a letter from a chappie in town, who, I understand, is quite the old crony of yours. When he heard I was turning out to be a voortrekker in this section of the great open spaces, he jumped to fill the breach. 'Mac Lachlan is the man you want to see,' he said, 'And I think perhaps he'd like to see you!' So he made out a list of my qualifications, and sent me off."

He tendered a letter to the factor, who received it in silence, read it, and looked up, apparently deeply moved. It ran: "God! Mac. I've been asked to introduce this to you. Well, here it is—— Angus Ferguson."

Mac Lachlan threw down the note with a grunt that might have signified approval, or almost anything else. "Well," he remarked with resignation, "any friend of Angus is a friend of myself. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, it's most awfully decent of you to make the offer, and to be perfectly frank, there is quite a lot, if you're absolutely sure you don't

mind. The fact of the matter is—you see I—I suppose its quite a shock to you, but—” He glanced at Jeanie for inspiration, and found only a warning finger laid across her lips; whereupon he suddenly shifted his ground. “I want a job.”

Mac Lachlan’s eye moved from the tiny moustache to the glistening finger nails, back to the glossy hair, parted in the middle, and finally to the neatly polished smoke-tanned mocasons.

“Yes,” he agreed, “it is quite a shock. What do you think you can do?”

V.

It was winter in Lame Caribou—the throttling, demonical winter that tries the souls of men. In the North Country, the season of snow is not a mere time of the year, but a cruel and vigilant antagonist. Before his onslaughts the weak succumb and sink to death or madness; but those who survive win a reward that makes their struggle seem of little import. In passing the Ordeal by Cold and Loneliness, they have found their souls, and grown to the full measure of their moral stature. It is this that gives them the cool steady gaze for which they are famous, the quaint philosophy which preserves their sanity under the most trying conditions, and the courage that endures without question.

Before a blazing fire sat Ian Mac Lachlan, deliberately puffing at a pipe, and still more deliberately struggling with his ever-present problem—the future of Jeanie. At last he seemed to reach a decision; for, as his daughter entered the room, he called to her and drew her to his knee.

“Lassie,” he said tenderly, “It’s about time for you to get married.”

Jeanie blushed. “Oh, Dad! How could you? I feel still a child. However, you know best. I will do as you say.”

He patted her affectionately on the cheek. “You were always a good lass, Jeanie. I hate to see you leaving me, but that is the way of the world, so I have chosen a good husband for you, and you can have the wedding as soon as you like. Black Pierre will be ready at anytime.

“Black Pierre! Dad, you’re joking? Not Pierre?”

“And why not Pierre?” returned the factor, indignation in his voice. “He has served the Company for many years. He is faithful and deserving.”

“But he has only one eye, and he is old, and he grumbles all the time. Oh, Dad, you wouldn’t make me marry Pierre?”

Mac Lachlan sighed heavily. There had been minor friction with his daughter ever since her return, but this was the first time she had balked one of his cherished plans. “In the old days,” he murmured sadly, “you were content to do as I told you; now, you have grown to know better than your father. Well, I don’t want to force you. Whom do you suggest?”

Jeanie hid her fact in Ian’s shaggy beard, through which her tears of joy and embarrassment slowly trickled. “Why, of course you know, Daddy,” she finally responded, crimsoning daintily. “I believe you have just been teasing me, Who could it be but Chick?”

Mac Lachlan’s jaw dropped. “Gude losh! Lassie!” he exclaimed, falling back, in his excitement, into the dialect of his youth, “Couldna ye aiblins be picking a man, whateffer?”

Jeanie trembled with a fury that reminded her father that she had once been known as the Little Devil-Cat. “A man!” she stormed. “Is the measure of a man only his roughness and his ugliness? I tell you that Chick is as good a man as you are, if he is a gentlemen as well.”

The factor’s face was so calm that Jeanie knew he must be in the very last degree of passion. “Very well,” he replied, with an ironical gentleness. “I will send him over the Blizzard Trail. If he is as good a man as

I, he will have no trouble making it, and you may marry him when he comes back. If he fails—perhaps you will realize that I am better able than you to choose you a suitable husband.” Jeanie bowed her head in terror, and he continued: “Dorchester comes back from his hunting trip tonight. I’ll go now and make up his outfit. Tomorrow he can take the trail—if he thinks the game is worth the candle.”

VI.

The brightness of the great log fire was not reflected in Jeanie’s usually sunny countenance as she greeted her betrothed, fresh from his morning tub. “Chick,” she asked wistfully, “do you really love me?”

“Oh, rather,” he replied. “Why the sudden interest?”

“You see, Dad doesn’t exactly approve. He thinks—well, never mind what the details are, but he says I can’t marry you unless you can take a team over the Blizzard Trail, from here to Painted Indian Peak and back. It’s a thirty days’ trip, traveling fast. He has the outfit ready.”

“How perfectly sickening,” remarked Chick, “Just when Broken Ribs and his squaw were beginning to play decent bridge.”

“It’s awfully dangerous,” she suggested. “Are you sure you can do it?”

“To be perfectly frank, it does sound rather stiffish; but I shall always have the thought of you to inspire me to super-human efforts. Anyhow, if I don’t, the matter will be settled, and we shan’t have to worry about it any more, if you see what I mean.”

“But that is just where you’re wrong! The worst of it all is that if you don’t do it I have to marry One-eyed Pierre. Chick—you must not fail!”

“Under the circumstances, absolutely not! Where is the sled?”

She led him to where his team lay with the outfit packed and ready. He caught up the whip, then turned to embrace her. “Good-bye, darling,” he murmured, hoarsely. “It will be hard—but it will be for you.”

“Good-bye dearest. Take care of yourself—remember Pierre. I have brought you a little present. You are not to open it until tonight.” It was a small, flat package, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with blue ribbon. “It’s only a little thing, but something you really need and want.”

Their lips met in a kiss woven of velvet and flame. For an instant they were in eternity. Then he turned and left.

“I’ll always be true, dear,” she murmured.

Her only reply was the crack of his whip. Easily, powerfully, with grim determination written on every line of his face, Chick had started on the Blizzard Trail.

It was cold—colder than he had realized while he remained in the warm aura of Jeanie’s presence. The icy breath of Boreas shrieked down from the north with a chill menace that meant death to the man who should be off his guard for an instant. Gray clouds were gathering. There would soon be snow. The Blizzard Trail was well named.

“Ordeal by not enough fire and what not,” he meditated. “Rummy idea of the old chieftain’s, this. Beastly effective, one way or another, though.”

Then he settled down to a grim silence that excluded even thought. He must not submit his stock of energy to any unnecessary drains. Thirty days—thirty days of Hell. And that was if everything went smoothly. Otherwise—but there must be no otherwise. He thought of the missing eye of Pierre, and decided quite definitely not to die. He lapsed again into a state of coma which held until time for the midday meal. Then he opened his pack and found a thermos bottle filled with hot coffee. Jeanie

must have slipped it in. How dear of her! He drained the liquid and meditated carrying the container over his heart. The imperative common sense of the trail finally conquered the sentiment, and he threw it at two of the malemutes who were fighting. A pemmican sandwich completed his repast, and he was off again.

At two o'clock the sun set, and the rest of his day's journey must be made in the eerie northern twilight. He could not afford to make camp before eight. This was a longer mush than he was accustomed to making, and fatigue, stiffness, and mal de racquette assailed his weary limbs. At half past four, however, as, for the sixth time, he pulled off his mitten, rolled up the sleeve of his fur parka, and glanced at his wrist watch, an expression of serene content overspread his countenance. It was time for tea!

Snow began to fall just as he prepared to camp for the night. Taking off one racquette, he dug an eight-foot circle in the white expanse, built a fire, thawed a frozen fish for each of the dogs, and prepared his own simple meal, a soufflé of jerked caribou. Then he settled down for an evening of quiet comfort, and took out the well-marked copy of Horace. Suddenly he bethought himself of Jeanie's present. Feverishly he undid the wrappings, and as he gazed upon the contents his soul leaped within him. This also was a book. The title, "Horace Literally Translated." New worlds opened before his enthralled mind.

"The little egg!" he murmured with tender passion. "What a trip this will be!"

To tell the story of the month that followed were a task for a Homer, and one that I would not dishonor with my feeble pen. How Chick endured torments of hunger and exhaustion—how he went snow-blind, yet, trusting to his faithful huskies, drove always ahead—how he fought a pack of wolves with his axe, not daring to waste ammunition—how he lost his outfit, starved, stalked a caribou, and struck on grimly alone—these things can more convincingly be imagined than described. And Jeanie, too—the tortures of hope and terror through which she passed—how she built a beacon to guide Chick's homing snowshoe steps—how, when he made premature advances, she put out Pierre's other eye—here again is a subject before which my courage quails. The waiting part of the woman is always the harder. Always she pays!

We return, then, to the factor's cabin, where, on the evening of the thirtieth day, Jeanie was holding an anxious vigil, while even her father was showing signs of a reluctant interest.

"If the lad is not back by tomorrow," Ian remarked, "He won't come. Didn't have enough grub."

"Oh, he will come—he will come!" Jeanie replied, with fond pride and hysteria struggling for the mastery of her voice. "He must. Dad—you wouldn't make me marry Pierre, now that he hasn't *any* eye?"

Before Mac Lachlan could respond, the door burst open and a tall figure stumbled into the room.

"What in Hell—!" exploded the factor.

"Chick!" breathed Jeanie.

It was true. Tattered, unkempt, and gaunt, exhausted to the verge of coma, there he was, with the love-light in his eyes. Jeanie was ecstatic; her father, merely speechless.

"Did you make it?" he finally asked, suspiciously.

For answer, Chick reached into his breast pocket and drew out a handful of eggshells. This proof was beyond cavil. In that country, nowhere but at Painted Indian Peak did anyone have pic-nics.

There was a new assurance in Chick's voice as he addressed the factor—a ring of confidence that told Ian that at last he had a man to deal with.

"I know it's asking an awful lot of you, sir, but the truth of the matter is that I am so done up that I can't move. So if you wouldn't mind moving into some other room, for the time being, I should appreciate it most frightfully. I want to be alone with ——" he hesitated, then pronounced the word in an accent of tender yet masterful adoration that made Jeanie shiver with happiness, "with my wife." —L. M. M., '25.



Le Denouement de l'Hiver

Down from the great North Cape the Black Shark comes
 Darkling the ocean depths with speed of light.
 All Nature pulses, trembles, thrills, awakes—
 Leviathan courses swift—he seeks his mate.
 Great clouds, Valkyries moving full arrayed,
 Stately, majestic, gray, far, far aloft.
 The heavy sea-swell piles green water high,
 Unfathomed deep,—a mile from crest to trough.
 At dawn the heavens in lurid gorgeous tints
 Are red, and gold, and purple shot with rose.
 The air is dry, and cold and crystal clear.
 A steady, chill, keen wind from Iceland blows.
 Borne on the gale, a thundering roar, the ice
 Of glaciers avalanching. Deep crevasses howl.
 The steel-gray, blue, white peaks and distant crags
 Remove their mantles, Nature's warriors,
 Naked, proud and bold.

Winter, grim Erlking, spurs his steed, and goes.
 Swirls after, Terror and Frozen Death—his train.
 Low foothills, plateaus, valleys and ravines
 Awaking, yawn, and stretch beneath the rain.
 The pine-woods, silvery in the moon's soft light,
 Yield up their treasured aromatic scents.
 The swaying boughs speak softly to the night—
 Love seeks its rendezvous,—secure, intense.

—Crunden, '25.

A Sorry Hedonist

In 1431 France had such good fortune as few nations have ever had; for, in that single year, two of the world's greatest myths were added to her glory. One was traced in gold upon the fair linen standard which a peasant maid had thrown across the skies. The other was drawn in vague, dirty lines through the iridescent slime of the Parisian gutters. In the winter of the year in which the ashes of Jeanne d'Arc.

Qu' Englois brulerent a Rouan

were thrown into the Seine, Francois de Montcorbier, *autrement dit* des Loges, *autrement dit* Michel Mouton, *autrement dit* Francois Villon, first came to light.

The Maid has received, through the years, her full meed of fable and fact; but Francois, until the middle of the last century, was favored only with the former. We have a wealth of material for Shakespeare's biography, compared with what we knew of Villon.

But, perhaps, the legends of this poet-thief are more interesting. He has been, for hundreds of years, the realized or unrealized model for dwellers in the world's Bohemias. His sang-froid, his vivacity, his devil-may-care gallantry, his love of the good things of this life—particularly of wine, women, and song—have been appropriated by those who felt the need of self-justification. And for others, his uncompromising joy in life; his complete lack of affection; his unflinching willingness to accept whatever might come, were it poverty, hunger, imprisonment, or, if need be, death; the hearty cynicism of his ever present laugh; all these have been admired by those who felt themselves drawn from the drabness of conventional life to the *quartiers latins* of Europe and of America.

But until M. Lognon published his *Etudes Biographiques sur Francois Villon*, in 1877, most of what we knew came to us by hearsay. Since the publication of this book, however, scholars have unearthed more and more information until the skeleton of his story is today somewhat more complete than that of the famous archeopteryx. True, parts are missing here and there, but we can get a fairly good impression of his life. And, in a biography, it is the impression which is important.

It is hardly to the credit of our academicians that this French Till Eulenspiegel has been so cavalierly treated. From him sprang modern French poetry and, through his effect upon Rabelais, much of the modern prose. Better the poor apologies of some of his biographers, better the Philistine excoriations of the Scotchman, Stevenson, than the drowsy neglect which has been his lot at the hands of the professorial pundits. But he is slowly coming into his own, and finding ever wider publics. Many of the hopeful, who have seen a "war for democracy" turned into a peace of conquest, have found that in Villon there is an unsuspected, innate wisdom.

Villon's father left his small farm at Loges and came to Paris, where he married; soon after there was born a son, Francois, and shortly after that the young mother was left a widow. It was a troublous time for her, as for all of Paris. The city was still in the hands of the English, the country was troubled by civil and foreign wars, and epidemics ran their sinister gamuts, unchecked. It was these circumstances, suggests Louis Thuasne, which brought the boy to a precocious maturity and which gave him the imminent sense of death which one finds through his poems.

In the summer of 1460 he is again the guest of the Duke of Orleans, but he is in the prison instead of the drawing-room. What his offense was is unknown but it must have been a grave one since he was in danger of death. He is only saved by the advent of Duke Charles whose arrival is celebrated by giving freedom to the prisoners. What the vagabond does now is unknown but, the following summer, he is again immured; this time it is in a vile dungeon to which he has been lowered in a basket. He is quite sure that his time has come but Fortune is with him and Louis XI comes to town, whereupon all the prisoners are granted amnesty. So grateful is Villon that he wishes to Louis "le bon roy de France" "twelve children, all of them male!"

Again the poet may return to Paris and this time he hides himself away to write his *Greater Testament*. It seems as though he might have had his freedom, and a little opportunity to enjoy life, unharrassed by chains, but, alas! in November, 1462, he is again in prison. This time, too, he seems to be guiltless. As spectator at a brawl he was reported to the police. Although witnesses sustained his allegations, this trouble-maker was put to the trial by water, and sentenced to be hanged.

It was a serious situation and Villon knew it; he immediately set in motion every force that he could, in order to slip out of the noose. It was during these worrisome times that he penned his famous ballad, *Les Pendus*. Under the very shadow of the gallows, almost within sound of their creaking, there came over him such a richness of feeling as would be impossible to any but a great poet. There is a dignity in these lines, a feeling of repentance, a sense of the ineffable forgiveness of another Outcast who, years before, hung upon another gallows-tree. There is no cringing here; there is no blind terror. The poet looks at Death as clearly as he has looked at life. The sweetness that was in his character, hidden though it was, comes out here as it does in few of his poems.

Ballad Which Villon Made When, In The
Company of His Friends, He Expected To Be Hanged.

O, Brother men, who after us do live,
Let not your hearts against us hardened be;
But to us wretches here your pity give,
And you will the sooner have of God's mercy.
Five, six of us who hang here, now you see;
Our bodies, which we too well nourished,
All pecked and eaten, every rotting shred;
Our bones but ashes, in this aftermath.
Against our lot let no one's laugh be sped;
The rather pray God give us not His wrath.

O, do not cry upon us, and outgive
Disdain, that at the hands of justice we
Were killed; but know that each can not relive
Another's sense, life held in different fee.
Give unto us your pardon, who do flee
To Christ, the Son of Mary still unwed;
And let His Grace upon us all be shed
That we do not go down the Hellward path.
Our soul can not torment us—we are dead.
But rather pray God give us not His wrath.

And to the ropes we can not ever give
A moment's rest, breeze-blown, who here hang free;
By birds drilled with more holes than any sieve,
And winds upon us blowing constantly!
Our bodies soaked by rain, as by the sea,
And by the sun all dried and blackened.
The crows and magpies perched upon our head
Across our hair and beards have cut a swath.
O, to our brotherhood be not misled;
The rather pray God give us not His wrath.

Envoi

Prince Jesus, who by no one art gainsaid,
Grant that to Hell not one of us be led.
For, traffic with the Fiend no man here hath;
And here let no man's mocking words be said.
The rather pray God give us not His wrath.

But the mood can not last! Villon is too much the child, too much the Bohemian, to be serious for long. Changing as freely and unthinkingly as his own fortunes, he sings of his fate in this flippant quatrain:

I am Francois—oh, unhappy song!
At Paris, near Pontoise, I belong;
My bottom shall try if my neck be strong,
At the end of a rope, some six feet long.

In the end his efforts are rewarded and the sentence, held too severe, is changed to ten years's banishment. He hurriedly sends his thanks to the Parlement, asks three days grace to say his farewells and to secure the wherewithal for the voyage, and disappears from Paris—and from our sight, for all time.

Thus passed the "father of French Poetry." But his work lives on, his influence lives on. Verlaine, who is, in my opinion, the best of the modern French poets, has clearly shown his kinship to the old-time roisterer. One might say that Villon's work is not marred by good taste. He, like Burns, to whom he has been compared, succeeds largely through the exploitation of his milieu, the people. Francois' contemporaries, and many of his followers, have been given to a pretty-pretty politeness which quite inhibits the production of poetry of merit. Villon obeyed no canons but his own, cared naught for outraged feelings, and had no truck with the court-made diction of the other poets of his day. He was of the people, his subjects were from the people, and, most important, his language was the brilliant, graphic, elastic, and responsive diction of his associates. Add to that the untrammelled emotions of his own kind—hunger, thirst, love, hatred, poverty, fear, joy, cynicism—even pessimism—and we have upon paper not the hackneyed echoes of moribund writers, but clear reflections from the soul of a man.

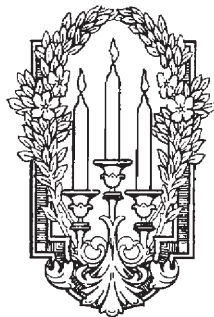
Villon lived as he pleased, was guided only by his own heart, and, since he was such a tempestuous mortal, reaped the inevitable whirlwind; but he had always the sense to laugh and he spent no black moments feeling

sorry for himself. And for that, to a man whose words will live forever, the world must be always grateful.

* * * * *

(For those who would care to know this interesting fellow more intimately, I append three references, of which the first is best: Francois Villon, Oeuvres, by Louis Thuasne; Francois Villon, Student, Poet and House-breaker, Robert Louis Stevenson; Villon's Poems, translated, with a preface, by John Payne.)

—William W. Vogt.



Between Expectorations

The two seniors sat before the fire in their study for a short period of relaxation before going to bed. They were tilted far back in their chairs, perfectly silent, perfectly motionless, and each, occupied with his own thoughts, stared at the fire. Now and again the taller of the two spat into the coals, but that was the only sign of animation from either. Presently a step was heard on the stairs, there was a perfunctory bang at the door and a thin youth with glasses, long hair and an evil smelling pipe entered. There was a grunt from one of the dreamers and a dispassionate, "Get the hell out of here!" from the other, but no further signs of recognition. Taking this enthusiastic reception quite for granted, the newcomer dragged a chair alongside the other two and eased his lanky form into it. After fussing with his pipe for a moment and squirming about a little, he burst forth to him of the expectorations:

"Say, you've been in Japan and are supposed to know all about it—we've got to have some dope for the magazine—how about grinding out a couple of thousand words?"

The other groaned slightly and shuddered. He wriggled further down into his chair as though to escape something unpleasant hovering about his ears. Then came the long his-s-ss! as he spat into the coals.

"What kinda stuff do you want?" he asked finally, as his tormentor did not cease to fidget in his chair and watch him.

"Oh, anything, old legend, things you've seen." Protest from the fire before he launched forth into the following.

"There used to be a missionary in Japan—peach of a chap—and he was working off in the country north of Tokyo. He had one whale of a job on his hands, because he had a big field to cover and had to be on the go all the time. There were ten stations scattered along the railroad, where he had missions, either in regular churches, or more usually in a private house belonging to someone he had converted. Then on the side he used to go off into the country to villages or places like the old feudal manors of England to talk to the country people. Altogether, with so much ground to cover, he didn't see one place any too often, and it was hard going. Anyway, there was one place where he was working on a couple of clans who were having a feud—not very much active warfare anymore since the power of the barons had been broken, but still a lot of feeling and occasional scraps on the quiet."

The narrator paused to meditate and to call forth another his-s-ss! from the fire.

"Well, he dropped in on them as often as he could and had quite a few long confabs with the head of one of the clans. You see they're pretty strong for precedent and honor—always have been until the foreigners ruined 'em—and it was quite a job to satisfy the old duck that it really was the chance of a life time to get a new religion. He figured that his ancestors had always been completely happy with the beliefs they had, and who was he to switch around? However, the idea that there was an after life to look forward to appealed to him a lot and he tried a few experiments. If something came up, first he'd pray to one God, and if that didn't work, he'd take a crack at the other. But to make a long story short, he finally decided to become a Christian, he and his house, and you have to give them credit, when they finally are convinced and become Christians there's no half-way measure about it. They're as loyal and as reverent as the very best."

There was another silence for a moment and a his-s-ss! from the fire.

"Well, that was that. Then the missionary turned his attention to the other clan, and there he ran into a snag for fair. When the head of that clan heard that his old enemies had been converted, he was through. Not for him! They could go ahead and insult the honorable dead and have a new religion every day, but he guessed he knew his duty and the respect due to his honorable forbears, and he was perfectly content to stay where he was. Perfectly courteous about it and all that, but the rock of Gibraltar was a weather-cock alongside of him. Part of the trouble may have been that a foreigner had been responsible for his brother's death. The latter had been just a youngster, and had gone to court in his father's retinue when some of the United States Navy were there. He and some friends were walking by the moat outside the palace grounds when this Navy officer came along. The youngster, not having sense enough to know better, poked the officer in the ribs with his short-sword as he went by. As this drew a laugh from his friends, he walked after him and did it again. The third time, the officer was watching for him, turned, and with a crack in the jaw knocked him into the moat. Lad though he was, he couldn't take such an insult, and as he couldn't light into the officer, who was a guest of the Emperor, he drew the short-sword and committed hari-kiri, disemboweled himself where he stood. Thus his honor was vindicated and all was serene—except for the loss of the next head of his clan. Of course the Emperor apologized that one of his guests should have been bothered when he probably wanted to kick the officer for not controlling himself or handling the youngster differently. Anyway all that may have been the reason why the missionary couldn't make any headway toward converting the brother of this youngster to Christianity. Besides, that wasn't the half of it."

Pause. His-s-ss!

"He had just found out that his daughter had seen and fallen in love with the eldest son of his old enemy. The missionary didn't know that at the time, but it came out later. Even if he had known, he couldn't have said anything, for it wouldn't have been polite. You can do almost anything if you arn't impolite. For instance a friend may be going to the damnation bow-wows, but you can't haul him up with a word of advice because it would be bad manners. So—on to the bow-wows! Incidentally, I'm wondering if it isn't a part of this good manners that keeps them from the slightest display of grief. It simply isn't done. A Japanese once had a business date with a friend of mine and didn't show up at the time. When said friend tried to bawl him out for it, the Japanese roared with laughter and said it was really too bad, but his wife had died and he had been at the funeral. Knowing him and the wife too, the other chap knew the Japanese was just torn to pieces inside, but as for letting anyone see it—not a chance! It wouldn't have been polite!"

Another silence, punctuated as before.

"Where had I got to? Oh yes! Well, nobody ever knew how the young chap and girl had ever got together, for marriages are always arranged by the parents, and a girl of high family doesn't bat around much, anyway. However, get together they did and fall in love right out of the box. Somehow or other the father of the girl found out about it and he was fit to be tied! He was going to kill everybody, his daughter, his old feudal enemy, the son and about everyone else he could lay his hands on. He sure was in a wax, and into the middle of this, all unsuspecting walks the missionary. He calmed down like a flash when one of his retainers

announced his visitor and the conversation on religious matters went perfectly smoothly until he found that his enemy had turned Christian and beat him to it. A white man of his age, training and temperament would likely have had apoplexy on the spot, but he didn't turn an eyelash; just froze up and did the stone-wall act. The missionary decided he'd done all that could be done for the present, and pulled out."

"It was about a month later that he was on the train and going through the station where he got off to see these old chaps. As the train started to draw out of the station, he noticed a young couple down the track ahead, who were running as fast as they could tear to catch it. There were a number of people behind them a way, running too, but as the young couple were the only ones who had a show, he paid no more attention to those in the rear. As the engine slowly speeded up he could see they wouldn't make it. The man alone could have, but not the girl. Suddenly they stopped and the young fellow said something. The girl took off the cord which goes outside the obi or sash around her waist. The man took it and slipped it around their necks, and as she clung to him, picked her up and dove in front of the engine."

There was a his-s-ss! from the fire as the narrator stopped to gaze into it reflectively.

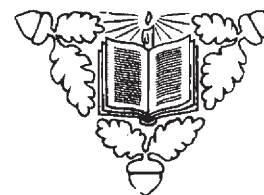
"There is a word in Japanese which I have forgotten," he went on, "that means death-for-love! That was it, and that's the story. But I don't suppose it will do, will it?" he asked hopefully of the young journalist-to-be beside him. The latter had been fidgetting and squirming throughout the recital, and now he jumped on his feet excitedly.

Yes, that'll be great!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Just write it up, type it and turn it in, will you?" He paid no attention to the disgusted curse of the other, who slid still deeper into his chair and resumed his contemplation of the fire. (His mate in the other chair had long been sound asleep.)

"Yes, that'll do the trick!" went on the writer. "Just what we need to fill space! Thanks a lot! That'll be fine! Well, good-night!"

Grunt. His-s-ss;

—C. M. A.



The President's Summer Reading

Dr. Bell has here commented briefly upon nineteen books, lately put into the college library, which he has read during the summer and which he deems of general, rather than departmental interest.

1. In respect to style it is a rule that the best historians are the driest. Only the bad ones, like Macaulay, can make their narratives live. Lately this ancient tradition is being upset. It is a real pleasure to find in G. M. Trevelyan (Macaulay's nephew or grandson or something) a scientific historian who can write. In **Garibaldi and the Thousand**, to be sure, he had a romantic theme, the adventure of a handful of brave men against an armed monarchy; but he makes the most of it.

2. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's book about the House of Alard, published last year, was a first-rate piece of work. Her this year's book, **The Isle of Thorns**, is a potboiler. But this woman's worst novels are better than most people's best novels; and the present volume may be read with a considerable admiration for technique, if not of substance. Someone tells me this is an early novel reprinted. Nothing shows this, however, except that the author's almost uncanny power of characterization does seem a little uncertain and undeveloped and immature in this book.

3. Arthur Machen, the British stylist and mystic, is a bit of the fashion just now. Even Leopold and Loeb read him. There is nothing degenerating in the volume at hand. In it has been collected some of his highly able papers on the Holy Grail stories, under the title, **The Glorious Mystery**, to which have been added other occasional papers, mostly damning civilization, and Protestantism in particular. These papers are a lot cleverer than Mencken's output, and a deal more true.

4. There are strange persons to whom the doings of a little girl from dawn to dusk can be of no interest. Such persons are warned not to read a charming book of verse by Walter de la Mare, entitled, **A Child's Day**.

5. The prime minister of Great Britain (at this writing) has composed a life of his wife, **Margaret Ethel MacDonald**, a beautiful appreciation of a remarkable woman, who combined wifehood and motherhood with an intelligent interest in Socialism and a devotion to social amelioration. For an insight into the real Ramsay MacDonald, one cannot do better than to read this book about his wife. Both of them combine mysticism and social service in all their sayings and doings.

6. Mr. J. Middleton Murry, that man who keeps alive a tradition of literary criticism well-nigh perished in an age of blurbs, has, in **Countries of the Mind**, added to two articles on Shakespeare which I found middling boring, some papers on Flaubert, Beaudelaire, Amiel and others which did not bore at all. The essay on Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is the best introduction which I have come across to that altogether fascinating compendium of universal lore.

7. Sir Thomas Malory's **Morte d'Arthur** has been received at the library, its spelling modernized but otherwise exactly like Caxton's first edition of 1485. It has been enjoyable to read it again, especially for Caxton's preface and for the beauty of the last two books, the ones about

Arthur's death and the end of the romance between the Queen and Lancelot. These are to Tennyson's poetic versions of the incidents as is Chantres to the Albert Memorial.

8. Even those who have seen **Saint Joan** played should read the published play for the sake of Bernard Shaw's introduction, a piece of work remarkable for penetrating insight into the true meaning of Medievalism and the Catholic religion. The play itself is much the best thing Mr. Shaw ever did, worthy of rank among the great classical dramas of the English tongue. This is one of the half-dozen really great books I have read in the past ten years.

9. Biography, if decently done, is exciting and stimulating reading. Mr. Basil Williams' life of **Cecil Rhodes** is good biography. It reveals the man, without too much "interpretation." What an astounding person! Despite the sympathetic effect of the author, here we see Imperialism revealed for the anti-Christian highway-robbery that it is. Read this book and observe how a British gentleman can be ruthlessly unprincipled and yet regard himself as an inspired moral leader. Thank God Rhodes had the decency not to pretend to be a Christian!

10. During the 1880's and '90's, the British ambassador at Vienna was Lord Paget. His lady, Walburga, whom he had espoused from among the Saxon nobility, was a clever woman of extreme Tory sympathies. Her recollections, entitled **Embassies of Other Days**, reveals the old regime in diplomacy, by innumerable anecdotes, perhaps more effectively than a serious treatise might do. The second volume is a mine of information, satirical but not vicious, about almost everyone of note in political and social Europe. The first volume is less interesting. This is an excellent book in which to browse about.

11. Good little Protestant boys, such as I was, were and are taught that the Inquisition was a device of devilish Papists and that all the heretics were noble heroes wickedly oppressed by Papal idiots or worse. Mr. A. S. Turberville, a Welsh Oxonian, has provided, in **Medieval Heresy and the Inquisition**, a careful but not too abstruse treatment of the subjects involved, not glossing over what to us modern people seem the wrongs committed by the tribunal, but at the same time making clear its inevitability and justification in the age when it flourished. It quite backs up Mr. Shaw's preface to "Saint Joan." For those in a hurry, the last chapter is good by itself.

12. The putting into the library of a number of novels, hitherto missing, by Thomas Hardy caused me to re-read **Far from the Madding Crowd**. Its reputation is not that of "Tess" or "Jude the Obscure" or "The Trumpet Major;" but what a good book it is! These Wessex novels are not read as much as they were when I was an undergraduate. They ought to be. Their realism beats the contemporary piffle which passes for realism. And their pessimism is good for youthful cynics, on the homeopathic principle.

13. It is hard to find a better book about the development of what is commonly called "The Doctrine of Evolution" than the one done by Samuel Butler in the eighties and lately republished. In **Evolution Old and New** the distinguished author of "The Way of All Flesh" and "Erewhon" traces clearly and accurately, the relation of the evolutionary theories of Buffon, Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck to those of Charles Darwin. Those desirous of knowing what they are talking about when they discuss these things, would do well to read this book.

14. Edward J. O'Brien does good service in issuing each year a volume of what he esteems the **Best Short Stories** published during the preceding twelve months. The collections for the years 1923 and 1922 have just reached the library. They interest not merely the man looking for good amusement, but also the student of short-story style.

15. The **University Prints: European Architecture (Series G)** furnish, especially when the index in the back is used, a good pictorial review of the development of architecture in the old world, fortunately without a word of comment by anybody.

16. Mr. W. B. Yeats, the great Gaelic poet, has hitherto been represented in the library only by fragments. This summer his **Collected Poems**, his **Later Poems** and his **Four Plays for Dancers** have been added, thus bringing to us all his work to date. Strange and beautiful the poems are. The later collection is to me much the more interesting. The "Plays" are very odd indeed and, I think, quite thrilling.

17. Mr. Thomas Beer has written, with real distinction, a life of **Stephen Crane**, that wonderful fourteenth son of a Methodist parson in Newark who became one of America's real masters of narrative prose and died before he was thirty after a life more interesting than most lives twice that long. You must not miss this book.

18. In **Henry Brocken** Mr. Walter de la Mare has written a book hard to describe but not to be missed by any man who has a bit of acquaintance with literature and a love for beautiful English and real phantasy. When you read it, be sure and compare the table of contents with the book itself, chapter by chapter as you go. This is a delightful little volume. What a sense of words the man has!

19. About the best book I know which deals with the undergraduate attitude toward world affairs and the things he demands from those who would lead him, is called **Christian Students and World Problems**. It is a report of all the addresses and discussions at the great convention, attended by thousands of American students, as well as visiting students from all the world, at Indianapolis last year. The trend of the times is easily seen. These conferences of old dealt with Missions and Evangelism. This one dealt with social, industrial and international matters perhaps more than with individually religious matters. There is much good meat in this book.



Innsbruck

In a valley of the Eastern Alps, upon the banks of the Inn, lies one of the most cosmopolitan of little cities, Innsbruck. Situated upon the express route between Vienna and Paris, in that part of Austria, the Tyrol, which from time immemorial has also been a thoroughfare between Bavaria and Italy, Innsbruck has been the meeting place of Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Balkans on their way to and from the great European capitals. For this, if for no other reason, the little town has had to keep pace with the development of art and politics, manners and speech of the outer world. I said "little city." In America a town of this size would not be called a city; but Innsbruck has been a royal residence, there is in it a "Hofkirche," also a university; hence—city.

Among others, two places are, to the stranger, of special interest, the Kaffee Munchen and the Hofkirche. The Hofkirche is unique, because in it are large, grotesque, bronze statues of many Hapsburgs. Quaint and gloomy, there is yet a fascination in the contemplation of these monuments erected to the memory of that strange family. There is also something fine in the way the modern republican Austrians have guarded these relics, which are themselves brooding over their people from the dim seclusion of the old church. In other ways you meet the same memorial, in the names of streets, such as, the Mariatheresienstrasse, or of a museum, the Ferdinandeum; whereby you will perceive an unspoiled regard, deep rooted, almost unconscious, in the people for their former rulers.

Quietly we will leave the gloomy Hofkirche and make our way upstreet to The Kaffee Munchen. On either side of the street, above the housetops; tower the cold and distant peaks of the Eastern Alps. It is with a feeling of comfortable security that we hurry within the kaffee, and push our way by main force to a sofa, before a table, at the window. Seated, we shall order Mocha with milk, or tea with rum, and await the arrival of a waitress with the pastry. From time to time various sorts of cakes of every variety, from crisp flakey Napoleons to stodgy jamroll, are brought to us for our selection. Should we already have bought outside some "leberwurst," we need only order bread and butter; no one will be offended.

In one corner of the long, irregular room, is a group of students. Serious, formal, they bow to each new comer, who in turn bows to them and takes off his bright red, or green, conductor's cap, the designation of his class. For hours they sit over their Mocha and, either scan the papers, or gravely discuss some theme of current interest. Even when a heavily plaided, booted and tweeded Anglo-Saxon enters the place, staring around in our well-known manner, these students will scarcely pause for an instance to glance up. They have become accustomed to such types. Far more interesting to them are the white skinned, blue eyed, dark haired, good looking Bulgarians, or the fine-featured Turks who speak such musical, firm French. Failing these it is always more interesting to the Tyrolese to observe, with not a little contempt, some Berliner, high voiced, clear hoated, dressed in the latest climbing fashion, whose accent and ineffectual mannerisms they love so well to imitate. In this connection there seems to be a resemblance to the attitude of a certain type of American towards the Londoner.

Outside, the throng is no less diverting. Tall, brawny, bare-kneed Tyrolese peasants, with a Nazarite duvet upon their upper lips and chins, with features perfect to the degree associated with stained-glass-window saints, swagger along, smoking long, wooden pipes with oval, painted-china bowls and gemshorn mouthpieces. Upon their heads, at a jaunty angle,

they wear diminutive, pudding-bowl hats, decorated with one snowy plume straight out behind. From their lips issues a steady stream of uncouth jargon and expectoration. Maybe, two peasant women, puffsleeved, wasp-waisted, beribboned and strangely hatted, in their Sunday best, like a pair of trusting fowls, bring up the rear. In their heavy skirts they jog uncertainly from side to side, and talk incessantly. In their wake, a priest sweeps the pavement with his cassock, and the passersby with his plaintive smile, as he ambles along. "Gruss Grott" he lisps, and every hat comes off and every female drops a curtsy. Even this small thumbnail on the hand of the arm of Rome carries within himself some magic essence which causes these swaggerers to doff their hats. Truly, St. Augustine was right. It is not the vessel which matters, but the content within. Behind him, slow and deliberate, his bandy legs an insult to his golf knickers, his bleak, red, thin-lipped face and white mustache a challenge to his legs' incongruity, an English major wends his way, muffled to the ears in wollens, but with head and hands quite bare. In and out among the passersby children scurry with little regard for the possible consequences, to the adults, of a slip or a fall on their part.

Suppose we should be fortunate enough to witness the exhibition of a "Schuhplattl" (dialect expression for a native clog-dance.) The process is some-what as follows: A space about nine feet square is cleared; at one side sits a woman with a zither, and, after the young couples have arranged themselves to dance, she will play a three-beat accompaniment. To this, presently, the girls, in short, wide skirts, black velvet stomachers, with heavy silver chains, and white linen blouses, begin to whirl around in a fast, steady pirouette. Simultaneously, the men hop, click their teeth, slap their thighs, heels and hands in time to the steady tingling-ling of the zither. They are dressed in linen shirts, leather shorts, stockings from below the knee to above the ankle, and socks from below the ankle to cover the foot, with heavily-tongued shoes cut low under the ankle. Occasionally they utter a wild, joyous "Yuh-huh!" followed by a matchless yodel to punctuate the ceaseless whirl of petticoats. All the time, with a mincing two-step, they will sidle in an out between the girls, until they begin to pair off. Each youth will twirl his partner round and round him, while they pass through an intricate variety of steps. Now he has her pressed close against his right shoulder and gazes at her through the hollow of his bent forearm. Or again, down on one knee he follows her with his eyes as she circles round about him. All the tricks and mannerisms of every kind of coquetry are brought to play in this dance. It is at once spontaneous and organized. Of a sudden the dancing youth will spring high in the air and kick, as he does so, the petticoats of the ever-whirling girl. Then partners interchange, and so they go on until, exhausted, they come to a stop. Wild applause greets them. The musician passes around the hat. As encore, the musician, usually an expert yodeler, will sing some old Swiss love ditty and yodel and yodel, until the welkin rings. The effect of this native show may be best judged when I say that even the English tourists are carried away by enthusiasm and clap the loudest for encore.

Let us leave Innsbruck, by the electric train, which creeps around and through and up the mountain side to Seefeld. Seefeld is a small village at an altitude of eleven hundred meters, where English and Americans have begun to go for winter sports since the war. The typical "pension" is primitive to a degree which is interesting and, also, comfortable. In the dining room you eat at wooden tables upon which the china and cutlery is exceedingly coarse. At the end of this room stands a gigantic stone

stove, to one side of which is a table littered with all the apparatus of primitive wool carding, combing, dampening and spinning. Hour after hour our hostess sits and combs and cards and twists the wool into thread, while she exchanges current gossip with her neighbors, or general topics of conversation with her foreign guests. During the afternoon, her guests and the tourists sit around in different groups, the one at rest from work, the other in from skiing, and drink coffee, or beer or common white wine, which tastes like hard cider on the verge of becoming vinegar. On the other side of the stove from the hostess is a spinning wheel, at which some member of the family will spin the thread just twisted. The walls are of wood faced with plaster, the floor is of crude, broad planks, the windows are double, and such are the heating facilities, that at times it is impossible to stand the closeness any longer. It would be sacrilegious to open the windows. As regards meals, there is observed a peculiar half-conscious concession to Anglo-Saxon prejudice in the supply of butter given at a typical supper. After a preliminary soup (first concession,) they will bring you a plate upon which are arranged in methodical order; one, small piece of butter, two sardines, two slices of liverwurst, one slice of smoked salmon, a faint shaving of ham, crowned by a gizzard neatly dressed with parsley. The result of this is that for the butter, which they serve as an hors-d'oeuvre, you are compelled to order bread, which is extra. For lunch, bread and butter are always extra; although such a dish as the entire head of a small cauliflower, baked whole, will not infrequently be served as extra, which must be eaten before the arrival of the meat course, or else not at all.

In the morning you will waken in a room which is absolutely cold. The maid who brings you the hot water will comment upon your peculiar habits, because you have slept with an open window. The hot water, by the time she has left the room, and you have begun to approach it, has already become chilled. By ten o'clock the room, flooded with sunlight, begins to be permeated by a faint warmth proceeding from a steam radiator. Beside all this, the process of securing a bath might almost be considered a kind of ritual. The bath must be ordered before three o'clock in the afternoon. At about five the "hausknecht" handyman, will begin to haul in enough wood to heat the furnace sufficiently to provide a bath for an entire family. For this wood you have to pay. The heating process is continued from five until eight, when the chambermaid will announce in the public living room that Herr ——'s bath is ready. You can imagine the excitement in the house on the part of all the peasants and any of the guests not of your own nationality. It is to them quite inconceivable that a human being should be so dirty as to require a bath more than once a week; and even that is considered a harmless weakness. The bathtub, be it noted, is another concession to Anglo-Saxon tourists. It is not unusual for a chambermaid to remark in an artless manner to one guest that the bath she gave Herr so and so was taken much hotter than the one she gave to another gentleman. And it is a fact these maidservants are so natural that only the actual locking of the door upon them excludes them from informally putting in an occasional appearance in the bathroom to make sure that you are entirely comfortable. Do not misunderstand me; these excellent maidens have no earthly interest in Anglo-Saxon gentlemen other than a means whereby, with diligent service, they may acquire enough money to procure a good dowry. So deep rooted is the class sentiment that it is not as beings of another nationality, or race, but as being of a different species that they are considered.

It is needless to dwell upon the folksongs, the scenery, or the beer. They have been exploited in descriptions for a long time. But I do not remember having seen much emphasis laid upon the appearance and style of the Churches. Within, they are in appearance much the same as any Roman Church. The nave and chancel are a part of the conventional, oblong, basilica kind. Outside, their appearance is more curious. The walls are of stone, faced with stucco, the roofs of red tile; but the towers are quaint. Upon an ordinary square tower, ten or twenty feet higher than the roof of the nave, is built an onion-shaped kind of minaret, squat, and painted bright red. These minarets are the most characteristic feature of Tyrolese ecclesiastical architecture. I have never seen a Gothic Church in a Tyrolese village. Too, there are innumerable shrines dotted about the countryside, very often at the end of a decidedly marked path, frequently labelled "Alter Romer Weg." These pilgrim paths, leading to and from Rome across the mountains, are interesting relics of the time of such pilgrims as Tannhauser.

As a last word, you will find in some of the village shops what they call "Orientierungskarten" which purport to be maps of the surrounding country. I have only to say that I strongly recommend that no one, who does not wish to pass a freezing night on a bleak mountain peak, should ever attempt to sally forth to explore the wilds by the aid of these maps. I did so once, and thus I know the extremity of exhaustion and hunger and cold, to which fourteen hours of walking through soft snow, with only a vague sense of direction can reduce a human being.

It is an entrancing district, of which Innsbruck is the fascinating and interesting capital.

—H. B. Sutton Shope.



Regatta Day in Argentine

If you ever go as far south as Buenos Aires, it is my advice to spend a Saturday afternoon on the banks of the Tigre River. Better still, go out there on a mid-summer regatta day, when there is life enough and noise enough and color enough to revive even the most jaded traveler. For regatta day on the Tigre means that everybody in Buenos Aires, from the President of the Republic down to the native doorkeeper of the American Embassy, is out in gay attire to watch the races.

Our party arrived at this "Henley of South America" on just such a day. Our host was Senor Marti, an interesting gentleman and somewhat of a character in boating circles. He owned a boat-house on the banks of this lovely stretch of water, and made a business of housing canoes, rowboats, and racing shells. Because he had sailed for many years over the muddy reaches of the Rio de la Plata, he was regarded as the Ancient Mariner of the Tigre. Everybody came to him for help or advice, and generally got both.

This nautical oracle had found a place for us on the deck of his cabin cruiser, the "Sinigual," which translated means "Without Equal." The Sinigual was anchored in the foremost line of a long row of vessels, and as we took our seats we congratulated ourselves upon our position. We could see everything.

From this point of vantage, the Tigre was honestly, the most attractive river we had ever seen. Picture in your mind that slender arm of secluded water down which you paddled one year in your canoe. It was calm, and looked deeper than the sky looked. Now widen this stream to the width of a great river, say the width of the Thames at London, or of the Hudson at West Point, but in the process of widening, do not lose the idea of depth, or of wonder, or of glorified banks in Nature's own garb, and you will get an idea of how the Tigre looked to us that day. Add a thousand boats, float ten thousand flags, flash the bright sun upon a thousand scintillating colors and the scene is complete.

"Ten minutes more," remarked our friend Marti "It is time the police were clearing the fairway."

A scurry of boats toward the side lines told us that this was being done. Motor cruisers, with their sides glistening like new copper roofs, backed into their places and dropped anchor; runabouts as flat as shingles raced away from the police craft to enjoy just a little more liberty before settling down to watch the events; while ketches, sloops, and yawls, or canoes, rowboats and dories, gradually moved out of the center of the Tigre and merged into the now solid ranks of witnessing vessels. In this manner the course was soon cleared, and now, at one end, we saw only the starter's boat, at the other end the judges' tender, while up and down patrolled the guardians of the lane.

Up to this moment the noise was simply terrific. On gay occasions such as this, everybody seems to talk at once. But now, from somewhere down the long line, came a demand for silence. The race, we learned, was of international interest, inasmuch as the native club-boat was to contend against the English Club. On the marble balcony of the Tigre Club, overlooking the finish line, sat the President of Argentine, the Ambassador from Great Britain, and a group of ladies and gentlemen. We could see them—with the aid of binoculars—and by turning our eyes to the starting point, could also see the rival crews, maneuvering into position.

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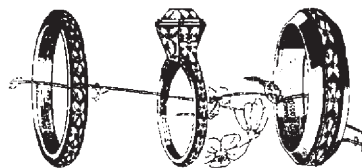
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