

# MESSENGER

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The  
MESSENGER  
ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

January



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VOL. XXXI No. 2

## REVERIE

Music as waters slow  
Murmur along;  
Notes of the thrush that glow  
Thrilling in song;  
Winds of the night that sweep  
Soft through the trees;  
Melodies sweet that creep  
Up from the keys;  
Harmony made to please,  
Vibrating clear;  
Your voice than all of these,  
To me more dear.

—G. M. S. '25.

## From the Cruise of the Galloping Hairpin

### I.

For a week the weather had been in the ratio of three to one—that is, three days of rain and wind to one of more rain and more wind—and Gloucester, a town which under such conditions is as confining to a restless person as a bathtub is to a whale, had been getting tiresome. Then, too, the luxurious ease with which Jack had remained built close to his chair before the spluttering log fire, a volume of the latest Eddy Guest's poems tucked between his knees, had been a bit too much. The household had lain bathed in a sort of tropical stupor, and it was inevitable that some fireworks should be soon released.

"Jack," I said as eagerly as one would embrace a nettle bush, "I'm going out."

"I don't care, go ahead! Haven't you ever been out before?"

"May I borrow your slicker?" A grunt, a deep-souled "Ah! but this is wonderful," set me in the street to wander, above all places, to the long wharf at the foot of Main Street.

Prior to my departure, I had no idea of the existence of "The Galloping Hairpin." However, the hopping raindrops upon her deserted decks gave full testimony of her being, for there was nothing of which I was more aware at that moment than the splashing rainfall. Fashion would have decreed: an antique three-master with a most singular name, tattered sails, a broken bow-sprit, a scarred figurehead and a bowl-shaped hull—just the thing for a season at Bar Harbor. But fashion had nothing to do with the jack-in-the-box appearance from a forward hatch of a shaggy-headed Ichabod. Nor has Emily Post in her ten commandments of yachting etiquette given any excuse for the drop-jaw manner in which I was regarded. Certainly, if slow-moving people live reasonably longer than others, there is no reason why he should not live eternally, for the casual manner that he chose to mold his chops about a peremptory greeting was exceedingly laborious. As to personal appearance, it was evident that he lavished no affection upon shaving cream and that he had eluded the barber for more than a week.

### II.

"But do you mean to tell me that this ship has been back longer than a month from Baffin Bay, and at this wharf?" We were now seated in the captain's cabin, a haze of tobacco smoke between us.

"Ain't said so exactly. The skipper and the crew got tired of keepin' house aboard ship about three weeks ago and we've tied up here until they get ready to go back up thar. Nothin' so queer about that, be thar?" A furtive glance about the cabin assured me that there was nothing extraordinary about the fact that they had taken shore leave, the skipper and the crew, for there was not the slightest trace of a high-water mark of attempted cleanliness.

"In the first place, why did you go to the Arctic regions?" I ventured.

"I don't be skipper and I don't know that." A fresh fog bank appeared between us.

"But didn't you have any interesting or exciting experiences, something worth telling?"

"I ain't fond of diggin' up dead bones, unless—say, you ain't a newspaper reporter, be you? You ain't? Do you know any? No? Well, can you keep your mouth tighter than a mackerel keg?" My lower jaw dropped another inch but, thanks to the smoke, it was not observed and the big fellow continued: "As long as this ain't goin' into any evenin' paper, it won't hurt none to tell you somethin' or other." He tossed his pipe upon the table and the mist cleared. "That is, providin' you don't ever let the skipper hear of it.

"You know, durin' the Eskimo winter thar ain't no sun, nothin' 'cept the stars doin' double duty. Well, long towards the middle of last winter, life got pretty monotonous and I was quite certain that nothin' stranger than what we'd been doin' could happen, for we'd been knockin' around with Eskimos and polar b'ars for a couple of years. The skipper called off most of the work durin' that season while we lay-to in the ship, made plans for trips from one iceberg to another, darned each other's socks for amusement, and held blubber parties with our neighbors.

"One day the skipper sent all the crew, 'cept me, off on a trip to count the stars over a certain ice floe. Towards night it got too lonesome for us to enjoy our own company any longer, so we decided that we'd go out to a banquet to be given by Whata-Tusk, what we'd call the mayor, in his ice palace. Now this fellar had a strange custom of heatin' and lightin' his house. Before anyone'd come, he'd have about five whale-oil lamps burnin'—so you can see how rich he was—and as the party grew in numbers he'd put them out, one by one. Whenever anybody'd leave or fall asleep, Whata-Tusk'd light a lamp again. I don't know why he lit them for the sleepin' ones, unless he thought an Eskimo asleep wasn't as warm as one awake. Anyhow, just about all the fuzzy-wuzzies was thar that night and the temperature was raised ten degrees. We had plenty of blubber to eat and it was a darned good party, but the noise was too deafenin' and I snook out for some peace. I made love to a ice-hummock and listened to the ice tinkle.

"Pretty soon the silence and the cold began to eat into me and I felt pretty low. Jedgin' from the sounds that drifted to me, I made up my mind that the party was gettin' a bit balmy, and any minute I expected to see the top of the igloo drop in, 'cause the skipper always warmed things up with a few draughts from his own locker. It ain't sayin' much, though, to state that the roof's the limit at an igloo party, since the ceilin' ain't any too high to begin with.

"But I'm gettin' off my story. Remember that all this time I was feelin' more and more frosty and showed signs of crackin' around the edges. I made up my mind that I'd take another peek into the festivities. Half way in the tunnel—you have to go in on your hands and knees like a Eskimo, you know—I met Whata-Tusk comin' out. He didn't wanta back up and neither did I, so we pulled faces at each other for a minute and a half and then he finally gave way. I wondered why he didn't do it before until I got inside and saw the skipper. The mayor's wife was sittin' on Cap's lap, makin' love to him with a noise that sounded like a gallon of water tryin' to get out of a pint jug. And he set thar and took it all. I went over, kneeled down beside him, and tried to take him back to the ship, but he'd have none of it. And the squaw! She knew she had him, for all that she did was to look up and grin. When I turned around to go out, thar wasn't a soul in the igloo, 'cept a few toothless old women, holdin' out their arms to me. Thar wasn't a buck to be seen. I fancied that meant trouble somewhars, so I go down, b'ar-like, to crawl out and half way thar I met Whata-Tusk comin' in. We didn't argy much, 'cause I put my fist

on his right beacon and pushed him back. Outside I decided that it wouldn't be good sense to say any more. I cut for the ship.

"Now we had two cases of New England rum on board, real Back Bay stock, and it was pretty evident, if any trouble was on foot, it would be caused by that lick. When I came in view of the vessel thar was a light gleamin' from every port-hole fore and aft and the skipper's cabin lit up like a century plant's birthday cake. I clum up over the bulwarks, snook along the deck and peeked into the cabin. It was deserted; but everythin' was topsy-turvy. The lick-locker was wide open but it was easy to see that the bottles were still at attention. I tip-toed back along the deck and found the hatch open what leads down to the fo'c'sle. And that's whar they was, a dozen of 'em, spillin' noise all over like a bunch of happy kids. And what do you think they was doin'?" He relighted his pipe, settled himself a little more comfortably in his chair, and talked to me through a barrage of smoke.

"They'd broke open a box of toys that had been sent to 'em by the Society on Prevention to Cruelty to Eskimos, and which the skipper had most likely forgot to give 'em. I reckon after a few draughts at the party struck his head, he must have told 'em whar to find the whole works, 'cause they had dumped my bunk and the closet underneath looked like a south-bound avalanche had hit it. Killa-Seal—that's Whata-Tusk's oldest boy, a big fellar about twenty-two or so—had rigged up a little clock-works steam engine, had the tracks laid out and all, and the engine, freight car and caboose was runnin' around and around like a blind mouse in a vinegar barrel. Killa-Seal was sittin' in the middle of the whole business laffin', and was happy as a baby at his first Christmas tree. The others were playin' with jack-in-the-boxes, ping-pong sets, pop-guns, tin soldiers and music boxes. One big Santa Claus had a jumpin' monkey on a string what was attached to one of the deck beams and he was pullin' away as if he really enjoyed it. Thar was some picture-books in the outfit, some red, green and yaller things with drawin's of elephants and hippos and flyin' machines in 'em. Two of the biggest fellars was sittin' in the cook's bunk, pointin' to thum cartoons and laffin' and garglin' at each other like two Fords at a grade-crossin'.

"Honest I coulda wept, it all looked so wrong. The skipper had gone clean off his nut and the crew was away countin' comets. I wound up by goin' back to the party. The skipper was still sittin' thar whar I'd left him and, o' course, the mayor's spouse was fast to sleep. I unwrapped her arms from off his ears long enough to tell him what'd happened, but he wouldn't listen. He had an empty kottle by his side and all that he'd say was: 'My feet are cold. I can't do anythin'.' I looked at the doll on his lap, got desp'rate and launched her, tucked the skipper under my arm and snook out the tunnel to the tune of all the old women munchin' blubber. Out in the air I walked him around a bit and at last he waked up to what I was sayin'. 'Oh yes!' he sez 'so they have! Thum Eskimos is just one month late, 'cause they should have had that junk for Christmas. I was to play Santa, too. The Society on Prevention to Cruelty to Eskimos told me so.' He broke down and wept a little, so I took pity on him and sez: 'You needn't worry none about that, Cap, 'cause they don't nurse any children an thoughts of Christmas and, 'sides, you couldn't find a liklier-lookin' lot of Santa Clauses nowhar, not even in a 'partment store. You know you couldn't, Cap.' And he sez back, a-sunnin' through his tears: 'For thum words I'll take you back and give you a drink of New England rum, real Back Bay stock, what I keeps in my own cabin.' My companion paused and through the darkness which had stolen upon us I heard him discharge a thirsty sigh.

"Did you take your drink?"

"S'help me, I did. But how I paid for it!" He shivered and the cabin trembled.

"Were you sick?"

"No, not sick. I was vi'lent! The nice amber drink that the skipper gave me wasn't all that was expected of it. He got his hands into the wrong side of the locker. Jockey, the cook, showed me the bottle later, what the drink come from, and the label said: 'Keepalive Bird's Egg Preservative.' But that only greased the ways, 'cause the worst part was when I got d'lirious later on and kept askin' for Whata-Tusk's wife to nurse me. And she insisted on kissin' me." The cabin shook a bit more.

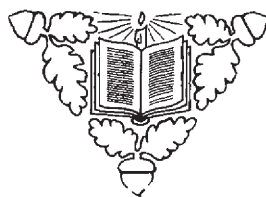
"That's too bad." I added, sincerely enough.

"Not so bad. She died." He arose, stumbled about for a moment, and lighted a hanging oil lamp. The situation was sufficiently strange in itself but the flickering light, which sent a thousand weird shadows dancing into the corners, tempted me to depart. I arose and he followed me to the wharf.

"Are you going back again sometime?" I asked.

"Maybe so. If I do, it'll be in one of thum thar air-machines what you drop booms from. Whata-Tusk's wife has got a sister—alive!" He lifted a forward hatch and dropped from sight.

—Richard O. Gruver '26.



## Concerning the Curriculum

It is not without hesitation that one starts to set down, in the brief space necessary in a magazine like this, some of the principles involved in the educational policy of St. Stephen's College. It is not always easy to state in words what may be perfectly clear in practice. It is especially difficult so to present what one has to say as to avoid misunderstanding from those readers who may not be familiar with educational terms. Nevertheless it seems worth doing. There are undergraduates who go through four years of living and work among us and who are graduated, who only faintly grasp what was the plan of their collegiate activity or who, sometimes, are unaware that there was a plan at all. The undergraduate has not the privilege of sitting in faculty meetings. His attendance there would probably not greatly excite him, but he would discover, probably to his surprise, that his preceptors are devoting an immense amount of time to the problem of how so to balance the curriculum as to turn out the most effectively trained men possible. It is well that students should have some notion of what is intended for them. In this paper there will be stated, if possible clearly, and certainly in non-technical terms, some of the principles which guide us.

1. All courses of study, like ancient Gaul, may be divided into three parts. There are tool subjects, background subjects, and mental drill subjects. The proper course must balance these. This becomes especially difficult when, as is not infrequently true, a subject is partly of one class, partly of another.

The tool subjects are those which give a man technical equipment wherewith to learn and to labor. English composition is such a subject. So are Public Speaking; the elementary laboratory sciences; the modern languages, at least in their early years of study. These tools we deem necessary to some extent for everyone. The amount of tool subjects to be required varies according to the aim of the student. All need English, vocal and written. All need to be able to unlock truths contained in at least one modern language other than our own. All need to know what scientific tools are like; therefore all must take *Biology*. But scientific men need *Chemical* and *Physical* tools as well.

The background subjects are designed to broaden the student's view of his world and to help him find himself within it. A man, to be intelligent, must know something of History, something of the Social Sciences, something of the culture of the ancient world from which our world has emerged, something of that residuum of the dreams and imaginations of the race which we call Literature. There ought, ideally, to be courses also in Music and the other Arts; but sheer lack of time has thus far prevented. *General Science*, as distinct from laboratory science, is also a background subject.

The courses whose primary purpose is mental drill form still a third group. Centuries of experiment have shown that the very best subjects for this purpose are Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Their chief, although not their only, value for the ordinary man lies in training through them in application, memory, accuracy and so forth. To some extent laboratory science gives this sort of training also.

It will easily be seen that some subjects involve a bit of all three things. A man who studies a modern language gets therefrom the use of a tool some background, and some mental training. It is, nevertheless, necessary to teach it from one angle or another. It cannot emphasize all three. Here we teach it as a tool primarily, and do not depend much

upon it for breadth or mental acumen. Latin and Greek are not merely training subjects; they give background, and they have at least a slight tool value. We teach them, however, primarily for the training of the mind. For the cultural side of the ancient world, the background involved, we have special lecture and reading courses in ancient life.

Enough examples have been given to make plain that the task of organizing and balancing a curriculum is a delicate and important one. Even the least dislocation can only be one-sided. The graduate must have a trained mind, at least a notion of what the world is like and where he belongs within it, and instruments at hand wherewith he may further study for himself.

2. The Freshman year must be regarded as a sort of higher preparatory school. This is necessary because of the inadequacy of American secondary education. For this one must not blame the high schools. They themselves are victims of a demand, educationally irrational, that they prepare men for college and also turn them out with a smattering of everything. The result is that the tool subjects are in bad shape when the Freshman arrives. Also, the American boy, commonly, is a boy with scant background. With rare exceptions, the Freshman has read little, speaks carelessly, and knows next to nothing about such things as politics, the arts, or what our great-aunts used to call "nature." Worst of all, the average Freshman has never been taught how to study, what concentration of mind means, accuracy of expression. Consequently these lacks, which his European brother-matriculant does not possess, must be supplied for him. That is the chief purpose of the Freshman year. College subjects proper really begin in the second year of residence.

3. In common with many educators—indeed it is a theory rapidly returning to popularity,—St. Stephen's does not believe in much election of subjects by the student. Some variation there must be, in accordance with variety of temperament and differing objectives. To provide this there are three curricula: the Classical, the Literary, and the Scientific. The variation between them is not great. None is a specialized course. The aim of all three is the three-fold one mentioned before in this article. Within each the range of electives is indeed small.

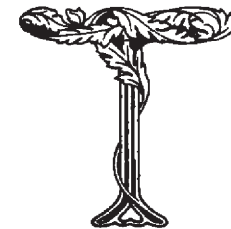
Frequently students find this lack of flexibility irksome. Long observation has taught us, however, that usually the subjects needed most are those hated most. It is the man who has no background who resents the study of History and Literature; the sloppy thinker who desires not the discipline of Mathematics; the tool-less chap who resents English composition courses. The college believes that courses of study should vary. It is certain that the worst judge of how they ought to be varied is the undergraduate who is involved. The world is too full of lop-sided people now. We must not swell their number.

4. The College is quite certain that, in this day of much requirement for success in any field, it is wicked to permit men to enter professional schools until they have had four years of cultural work on the lines laid down in this paper. One should learn to be a man before he tries to become a medical man, a legal man, a business man, or any other particular brand of men. The best professional schools require a bachelor's degree before a man can enter them. We permit no short cuts to the less worthy schools. At present, occasionally, we endorse men who have been here three years, for medical matriculation. There is a strong movement to stop this, a movement certain of success ere long. The short-cut-hunter is not desired here. The curriculum will put every possible hindrance in his way.

5. The curriculum is designed for the average student. The less than average is automatically eliminated. The more than average we try to deal with through the privileges and immunities, in the last two years, of the Honors course men. There is not space here to discuss this. Anyhow, it is fully described in the college catalogue. It does help the bright fellow to a happier and fuller life. The problem of the exceptionally well-trained or unusually brilliant Freshman is one which is only beginning to receive the careful consideration which it deserves.

Possibly these few paragraphs may be of service to those who look at our curricular requirements and wonder how they got that way.

—Bernard Iddings Bell, D.D., President of the College.



Characters: Jack Rodman, Kimball Anders, college roommates.

Time: A hot night in May, 1924.

Scene: The study of a college suite. Back, two windows overlooking the campus; both are open. Left, two doors to bedrooms, with light-switch between. Right, fireplace, with door on stage side. Near the middle of the room a heavy table with a drawer opening back. Rest of the furnishings in miscellaneous semi-taste.

The rising curtain discovers Jack Rodman sitting in the right hand window, right profile to the audience. He holds a letter open across his knees, although there is not sufficient light for reading. From without comes a faint glow which suggests a moon. Otherwise the place is in darkness.

Jack: (*wearily*) Oh, damn this weather! (*He unknots his tie with one hand, drops it on the floor, and swabs his forehead with his bare forearm. Then he again looks at the letter, slowly crumples it up, and stuffs it into his pocket. A moment later Kim Anders, dressed in the height of collegiate style, enters by the door on the right. He half-dances across the room, drops his hat on the table, and switches on the light, singing:*)

Kim: Why did I kiss that girl, why, oh why, oh why? (*Talks*) Oh why, oh why? Why indeed? How they coming, Roddy, old son? You were an ass not to go. One big time. Wine, woman and song. Gin, Jenny and jazz. Have a good time with your fool psychology? (*As Jack makes no response, Kim goes over behind him and becomes serious.*) I say, you look glum. What's the matter?

Jack: Oh, nothing. Except that it's hotter than the stoke-hole of Hell, and I'm about three years behind in my work, and—oh, well.

Kim: And what? Don't want to be snoopy, of course; but if it's any thing you want to get off your chest, I'm here to offer you absolution and all that.

Jack: (*looking out of the window*) Helen's broken off.

Kim: Hell, that's too bad, Jack.

Jack: (*ironically*) Yes, isn't it?

Kim: You know I'm—oh, the devil! No chance of fixing it up?

Jack: Not much. She didn't even try to be decent about it. "You bore me. So long." About that line.

Kim: That's pretty rotten. Maybe you're lucky, though, to find it out now. Suppose you had to live with a woman like that! Seems hard at first, of course, but—

Jack: Oh, for God's sake, shut up! I know how it seems—sorry. Don't feel like hashing it over, Kim. I suppose I'm acting like a baby; but it hits me pretty hard. I've been thrown over before and survived it; but I thought Helen was different. Oh, well—give me a butt, Kim.

(*Kim gives him a cigarette, takes another for himself, and lights them. For a moment they smoke in silence.*)

Jack: I was so sure we'd always be happy together. Fool's Paradise. And the wages of being a damned fool is life. That wonderful gift that God has given us! You go to bed—and that yowling black tomcat

keeps you awake until you're nearly crazy. Then you're groggy till the alarm clock tells you to get up. You have a rotten breakfast with a bunch of dumbbells, and go to some lectures that were dead before Moses. Then lunch with the same half-wits, and go to some more lectures worse than the first. Then sweat like a fool around the track, with about as much chance of making your letter as a flivver has of having twins; and another dumb meal. Then work your head off to learn a lot of things that don't matter a damn, and—do it again. That, Kimball, is our college days—the happiest time of our life. What is there in it? No beauty, no reason—nothing worth while. Just a crazy grind. What fools we are to keep on with it!—By God, I'm not!

Kim: What do you mean?

Jack: Just what I say! Why should I go on living?

Kim: (*a bit upset, but trying to hide it*) Because you weren't made a quitter.

Jack: Rot! Why shouldn't I quit? It's my life. I'm not responsible to anybody. If I lose interest, why not drop it? That's not quitting. It's common sense.

Kim: It is quitting, and you know it. The rest of us hang on. Why can't you?

Jack: Because I have more intelligence than the rest of you.

Kim: You haven't, because you're not going to quit. Why—oh, I'm an ass. I know you don't mean it. But you jarred me a bit at first. Where should I be if you went out? Not to mention a few other people.

Jack: Why don't you go out, too? Only sensible thing to do.

Kim: Oh, you nut! I'm not going to have a metaphysical debate about it. But you know I'm not going to do it. And you know you're not, either. Talk sense.

Jack: I suppose not. I'll go blundering along with the rest of the fools, always trying to kid myself into thinking that there is some meaning in all this mess, and that the next chapter will be worth while, until I die decently without shocking anybody.

Kim: Oh, come off it, Jack. I'm not being hard and unfeeling; but after all the only trouble is that a woman you would have got tired to death of sooner or later got tired of you first. I know it's hard now, but you'll get over it. We all do. I've been dropped by a dozen girls, and I guess I've dropped a dozen more. And every one I thought was different, while it lasted. Took me a month to recover, once. I was tragic, and languished, and my life was ruined; but I didn't give in and want to kill myself. There are still plenty of fish in the sea. By September you'll have forgotten her name.

Jack: For the love of God, don't start that line! I may be fool enough to keep going, but I'm not going to try to fool myself into thinking this will pass over. You can fall in love with three girls at every dance. I'm different.

Kim: They all are. Look here, Jack. You know how sorry I am. It's a rotten mess. But all the same, you'll get over it; and you won't have to laugh at yourself so much afterward if you realize that now. You simply have to forget it, and if you try, you can. Honestly, Jack. You'd better turn in now and get some sleep. Heavy day tomorrow.

Jack: Thanks, Kim. You may be right. But I think I'll sit up a while yet. Don't let me keep you.

Kim: Guess I will go and pound my ear. (*He goes to rear bedroom door.*)

Jack: Turn out the light, will you? (*Kim switches it off.*)

Kim: Well, good night. Think it over good and plenty, and then let it drop. You have most of a life before you, and you can't let a thing like this spoil it. Buck up! (*He goes into his bedroom and switches on the light which can be seen through the transom.*)

Jack: All right, I will—if I don't do something else. (*A short silence, while Jack looks drearily out of the window.*)

Kim: (*from the bedroom in a determinedly cheerful and matter-of-fact voice.*) Say, Jack, got your paper done for Wheezy?

Jack: (*listlessly*) Most of it.

Kim: I haven't cracked a book for mine yet. Due next week too. (*Another pause. Jack buries his face in his arms.*)

Kim: Say, Jack, want to go over to Baker's Bond tomorrow for a swim? Water ought to be about right. I can get Red's car.

Jack: Haven't the time.

Kim: Hell, neither have I, but we can take it. Come on.

Jack: I don't care. All right. (*He gets up out of the window and walks softly to the table. He opens a draw and takes out a revolver, spins the cylinder, and goes back toward window.*)

Kim: Jack, did I tell you Dad and Sis were coming up? The second. We'll have to fix up some parties and have a big time.

Jack: Yes, we'll have a big time. (*He tosses his cigarette out of the window, then suddenly drops to his knees, his head bowed over the sill, his hands before his face. The light in Kim's room goes out, leaving the study in heavy obscurity. For a moment Jack remains in his position, apparently praying. Then a shot. Kim rushes from his bedroom and switches on the light.*)

Kim: Oh, God! Jack! Jack!

Jack: Whoop!! Kimmie, I got that damned cat!

CURTAIN

?

The Messenger Board offers a prize of twenty-five cents or thirty-three Lucky Strike cigarettes for the best title to this drama.

—Louis M. Myers.



## The Autobiography of a Poem

Although I once heard her say I was the child of Inspiration, I never knew my father. My mother never spoke of him. She was forty-five years old at the time of my birth. She was tenderness itself toward me, and did all in her power to make me forget my half-orphaned state. I think I was her favorite. Certainly, none of her other offspring were so often brought out to be shown to visitors. Without lack of modesty, I may say that that the verdict was generally highly flattering. "Lovely!" "Exquisite!" "How soulful!"—such were the expressions of the women to whom I was shown. Somehow, with men I did not seem to make such a hit. "Rather clever!" "Very fair!" One man even so far forgot himself as to call me quite pretty. My mother fetched his overcoat and hat for him.

I began my wanderings early in life—indeed, when only a few hours old. I was expected to redeem the fortunes of the family, as all the others had turned out badly. My mother sought to have me gain admittance into the most exclusive society, which, I heard her tell another starving poetess, is no harder to get into than that of a lower grade. To judge, however, by the promptitude with which I was turned away from the doors of such society, I suspect she had not had great experience in it. Had it been the head of the establishment who refused me admittance, I could have stood it with some sort of equanimity; but to be turned down by a subordinate, who adds insults to injury by exclaiming, "Another putrid one from that awful creature!" That is too much!

Fortunately, I was always accompanied on my travels by a stamped and directed envelop, in which to make the return trip: otherwise, my career would have come to a sudden end at the outset. Very few poems of my age, I feel sure, have seen so much of the world, and very few have come into contact with so many varied classes of humanity. Finding it impossible to get me into good society, my mother became more modest in her aspirations. For two years I traveled steadily, save for unavoidable waits in editorial ante-rooms. And the language I have heard on occasions! I remember one editor who said on seeing me for the second time—but I think I had better not quote him, after all. I was glad my mother did not hear him.

It was especially hard for me to be able to do nothing to help the one to whom I was indebted for my being. She needed help badly, and I was her last hope. Consequently, it nearly broke my heart each time I came back to her and heard her sigh when she had torn open the envelop with shaking, expectant hands, only to find me within. How gladly would I have exchanged places with a check, no matter how small a one. I noticed that she grew thinner and paler between my home-comings. Was she getting enough to eat? What made me suspect that she was not, was the fact that finally to get money for my journey she was forced to pawn her fountain pen. I felt like a brute in accepting such a sacrifice, but how else could I hope to help her? Strange to say, on this occasion I came within an ace of being accepted. I was sent to a ladies' magazine, and it was evident I pleased the editor. With his assistant, he scanned me carefully and examined my feet. Of course they did not understand me, but as my own mother did not, it made no difference.

"Very sweet! Easily comprehensible!" said the editor approvingly, and his assistant agreed enthusiastically, although a moment before he had called me "subtle," "darkly suggestive." However, they were at one as to my beauty, and would undoubtedly have accepted me, had not a rival



# Grey Dawn

THE MESSENGER

17

Discovered: Soph, Junior, and Senior sitting under the Lyre Tree.  
Enter Frosh conversing with Prexy who nods understandingly.

Frosh: I come, with blase savoir faire  
And knowledge filled, from toe to hair,  
To show these folks at S. S. C.  
How really great a man can be.  
O Christian act! It is a shame  
That everybody ain't the same  
As me. But just you wait  
The time will come when church and state  
Will both be modeled on the plan  
I offer—I, the perfect man.  
As I was saying, when the world  
Under my good right arm is furred,  
All things which have not my O. K.  
May, as the Romans used to say,  
Go to where nemo potest shiver,  
Beside the well known Stygian river.  
I quote the Latin just to show  
My wondrous learning's ready flow.  
(Exeunt)

Soph: Ye Gods! and was I ever thus?

Junior: The spittin' image of that cuss.

Soph: Mayhap I was—though I would fain deny.  
To think that I was ever so depraved!  
O flaming youth! so willing to supply  
The stuff with which 'tis said that Hell is paved.  
And I this idiot's cicerone must be;  
To show him where his little feet should go  
Must be my task for several months or so—  
The kindly light that leads him—until he  
An intellect doth sprout, and in his turn  
Takes up the White man's load—Oh! cursed spite  
That I should be the one to set him right!

Junior: Now why the deuce did Prexy ever take  
That ass into the school? He has a face  
That leads one to suspect that a mistake  
Of a rather serious nature once took place,  
To wit: his birth. There is one balm  
Tho, he means five bucks for the Prom.

Senior: Helle's holye belles, and I myte add oh sugar!  
'Twoode bee the kynder acte to use the hatchette,  
An bye beheddyngende hym, for surlye  
At last I see the parfit sympil gadgette.

Junior: Far be it from my mind that I should scoff  
At your ability, my youthful friend.  
But if you make a human out of that  
Begad, I gave you lots of credit, soph.

(All three shake their heads resignedly as Curtain falls)

## SCENE II

Chapel—Junior and Soph seated together in the right fore-ground.

Enter Senior: Two seconds ere it's late, I hasten in  
And greet the altar with a friendly nod;  
Then endeavor to discover what in sin  
Could be a word in sixteen letters meaning prod.

Enter Frosh: I enter in with slow and stately gait  
And sorrow and contrition on my face;  
I'm glad I ain't no unregenerate,  
Like some folks that I know around this place.

Junior: Whene'er I see that chaste and pure young man,  
I flinch from thinking of the way I've gone.  
Please tell me, buddy, how the devil can  
He be so dumb and yet live gaily on.

Soph: Well may you give a light and carefree laugh.  
To me is all the travail and the woe.  
The time has come to wean the suckling calf,  
(More Cheerfully) And branding wouldn't hurt the  
brute, I trow.  
(Curtain)

## SCENE III

Same as Scene I

Discovered—Soph sitting on Frosh's head. Senior and Junior nodding understandingly.

Senior: A little righteous wrath becomes the lad:  
A healthy flush to his pale cheek doth dart.  
That Freshman does not see how well it looks.  
Some people have no eye at all for art!

Junior: A master's greatest solace and reward  
Comes when his pupil shows he knows his stuff.  
I hope he does not make his hints too broad,  
Words lose finesse when they become too rough.

Soph: A last word of advice ere yet we part:  
Force not your Gods upon your fellow men  
Nor mock at theirs. Take this to heart.  
'Twill save you from the Y. M. or the "pen."

Frosh: (Getting up) You think I am an ass!

Senior, Junior and Soph in Chorus:—Three joyful brays:  
Behold, the faint grey dawn of better days!

Curtain

Finis

—John M. Myers, '28,

## Menelaus to Helen

### YOUTH

I whisper love to you, and you to me,  
Two strangers from earth's end who see the dawn  
But hold the skiey gold in different fee;  
I breathe another day; you see night gone  
And mourn the beauty of the wasted stars  
That decked your beauty, a celestial robe.  
I feel within your heart the morning's scars,  
The spaces which were sacked by new love's probe.

Two strangers, each to each, in parched caress  
We sought to find the other's willing self.  
Poor fools! as wise to seek the rainbow's pelf  
By pledging half to Zeus for quick success.  
Our souls may tremble on our beating breath,  
But they will clasp no lover save dark death.

### OLD AGE

A stranger, you may still adorn my halls;  
I welcome you, but set you far apart  
Lest I should slowly feel, like mouldy palls,  
Your heavy, greying hair about my heart.  
You slashed my pride, but now you bring a cure  
And though you no more fear the hate of men  
You must, with old time spouse and Lord, immure  
Yourself, and watch his heart's ghost walk again.

We once had thought, in lovers' foolish pride,  
That, as from our blue sea, to meet the sun,  
The vapour climbs the air, till they are one,  
Our selves would move, and in that union bide.  
And now, two lonely mourners of the loss  
Of nought, we wait the stroke of Atropos.

—W. W. Vogt.

## The New Star of Bethlehem

"It's a matter of Time and Space," confidentially uttered the warden of St. Gaudens, his hand on the door knob of No. 47. "He's conquered them—that is, to his own way of thinking. Oh, yes, sir"—this in reply to an anxious question from a figure at his side—"he's crazy. There is no doubt about it. A friend, sir?"

"An old schoolmate," answered Whalen. "You can't imagine how this distresses me."

He'll be sane enough if he knows you," promised the warden. "Sometimes he makes you wonder. . . . Number 47! A visitor for you. I'll not go in, Mr. Whalen. If you want me, call."

Whalen entered the cell, dark but for a shaded lamp which concentrated its light upon a long narrow table, over which was bent the object of his anxiety. The table was crowded with an imposing array of flasks, retorts, panels and dials—strange toys for a madman!

"Stedman!" called Whalen, softly. "Stedman!"

There was no reply. Stedman stiffened and inclined his head in the attitude of a listening doubter.

"Merry Christmas!" continued the visitor, bravely. "A Merry Christmas, Stedman!"

The maniac turned like a beast at bay.

"A merry hell!" he snarled.

"Good heavens, Stan!" pleaded Whalen. "Don't you know me? Tom Whalen?"

"It's Tom," laughed Stedman, bitterly. "Tom, of Hatburn Hall. Yes. Tom, of course. A merry Christmas. You do believe in such things, don't you? It's Tom Whalen," he continued, turning and addressing his instruments. "We played shoulder to shoulder on Tech Varsity. Good old Tom. . . ."

And that was all.

The tapered fingers of the crazed inventor again sought the dials of the instruments before him, and the light of an inner purpose burned once more in his eyes. Whalen was shocked: This man was once as clever a scientist as ever lived, and it was pitiful to see his genius thus deranged. Whalen was once a co-experimenter with Stedman. Had their early experiments in search of television come to this? Had Stedman proved unequal to the mental effort involved? Suddenly he spoke again.

"Tom," he said, turning and facing his visitor. "These instruments here are not unfamiliar to you. Crazed as I am supposed to be, I can still remember the old days when you and I worked like fools on this problem of applied television. We used elemental vapors in this UV 600 bulb and some of the more active chemical salts on a fluroescent screen. But we never got anywhere, never saw anything. At least, not while we were working together. But when you left—for the seminary remember?—I began to get results. Quite by accident; but the fact remains that I not only perfected television, but actually went in search of incidents and scenes of by-gone days—and found them!"

"Won't you sit down, Stan?" pleaded Whalen. "It's Christmas Eve; and although a blizzard does tear up and down the streets of the city, we can at least be quiet in here. You and I, Stan, for the sake of old times? Let's forget the bulbs and the screen, and just remember it is Christmas."

"That's it," sneered Stedman. "So that you can talk your cursed theology, and turn me from my purpose of proving it all a farce. No, Tom: we are as far apart on that issue as we ever were. But if there is any power

in this new tube of mine, if there is the least vigor in the covering of this plate, you shall see as nothing with your own eyes that to which you fondly ascribe all majesty and power."

"Again I ask you, Stanley, not to attempt this futile task. Bad enough for me to see you thus crazed, without witnessing the process by which you have become so."

"My theory is sound, Whalen. Light, you know, travels at a definite rate of speed, 300,000 kilometers per second. A distant star may drop from the universe, yet we see its luster for centuries afterward. Light travels outward from the object by which it is reflected, and therefore the images of every incident of history must be out there somewhere—in space. To reproduce them, I need only to overtake and to intercept their light rays."

"For the sake of our friendship, Stedman, stop!"

For reply, Stedman reached up and turned out the light.

"Nothing can stop me now," he said. "I am determined to prove that science can do all that I have said it could do. From this test there can be no appeal. If there is a God, if tradition is correct, if Christ was born in Bethlehem, then we shall know it now, because—ah, Tom, I've waited years for this moment!—because we are going there to see!"

"Then do it, Stan!" cried Whalen, with a new hope in his heart. "Do it, Stan, and be done with it!"

It was late, and the fierce wind threw great gusts of hail against the window. The unsteady arc of a street lamp cast a weird light over the strange scientist, and the symbols of his insanity. Here and there, as the light touched them, bits of metal would leap like stars from their dim surroundings. The madman's fingers seemed to be weaving a diabolical spell over the parts of his instrument. Suddenly the emulsified glass screen before him glowed with a curious pale green light, somewhat obscured with a cloud of vapor. Breathless with interest, Whalen watched the vapor disperse, and beheld—was he dreaming?—there, before his eyes, he beheld a battle scene of the Great World War!!

"The affair at Chateau Thierry," said Stedman, quietly. "I've seen it a dozen times."

His long fingers accurately retarded the time-element, and backward through the ages the awe-stricken adventurers of science were carried with many times the speed of light, viewing briefly—wherever Stedman chose to stop—the rise and fall of empires, the lives and deeds of the great. As they approached that period in history marked by the fall of Rome, a sharp, exultant cry escaped from Stedman.

"Now comes the test," he shouted. "The tube is good for all I expected—and perhaps more. Whalen, poor fool—I pity you. We approach the scenes in which shall be exposed the common origin of Him you believe to be God."

The light flickered and dimmed. Calmly, and seemingly master of his instrument, Stedman turned a black knob three whole turns, and regarded the strengthened vision with satisfaction.

"The salts were melting," he explained.

Whalen was watching the screen, expecting—he knew not what. Presently he looked down upon a crowded street. The thoroughfare was thronged with unusual numbers, while dogs and children added confusion to the scene. Filthy beggars besought alms of richly robed Pharisees. It was a street in Jerusalem!

Wending his way down this street, and stopping here at this house and there at that one to ask vainly for shelter, came a weary, travel-worn

Jew, leading a donkey which carried upon its back a young and beautiful maiden. He came at length to the door of a stable, and after some conversation with the hostler, passed within.

The screen darkened, and seemingly went out. Stedman cursed, but was instantly silenced, for out of the darkness a single bright point of light appeared, which presently became a great star of exceeding brilliance.

"Here we are, cried the scientist, laughing contemptuously.

He clamped down tightly on the dial which was marked "Contemporary Only" and awaited results. The star continued to shine, and partially illuminated an arid desert, across which, their forms sharply outlined in the wondrous light, came three swift camels, each bearing a rider dressed in the flowing robes of the East. As they approached the walls of the city, Whalen found himself repeating certain words which rose instinctively from his subconsciousness. "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: 'Where is he that is born' . . . . ."

The scene changed. The men were watching the shepherds now on the peaceful hillsides of Bethlehem. Whalen should have been prepared for what followed, but the reality of it all took him completely by surprise. What Stedman thought, no one knew. He was watching the screen as though entranced. Suddenly a soft glow diffused an increasing radiance over the pastoral scene, and the shepherds lifted their arms and faces in wonder. Swirling mists, and than blinding light! Then a vision of transcendent beauty—a host of shining angels! A message was spoken—a word was uttered—and oh, indescribable joy!—Whalen heard the voice of God!

Again the plate darkened, the light flickered, and this time, went out. Stedman, with a prayer on his lips, and the look of a fanatic in his eyes, attempted to restart the instrument. Under his expert manipulation, it yielded, and again the plate glowed with life. The scene depicted the entrance of the three Wise Men into Bethlehem, evidently perplexed in their search for the great King of the prophecy. In the midst of their doubt, the guiding star appeared, and they followed it with high hopes, until soon it led him to the door of the very stable which had sheltered the lovely maiden.

During the night, within that lowly enclosure, a Child had been born, and as the moving image of the Adoration revealed itself upon the chemical plate, Whalen heard Stedman gasp. Glancing sideways, he saw the inventor on his knees, his face transfigured, his arms outstretched toward the babe. Stedman was dangerously close to the screen. A forward movement on his part would precipitate disaster—and even as Whalen cried out in alarm, the fragile glass broke, and the intense, blinding rays beat out upon the head of the scientist.

Stedman screamed and fell heavily to the floor. Whalen kicked savagely at a number of batteries on the floor and destroyed the electrical connection which controlled the instruments.

"It's all right, Tom," said Stedman, quietly, rationally. "But I'm done for. The rays of an ordinary tube will cause fatal lesions, but this one is powerful enough to kill almost instantly."

Whalen knelt beside him, frantic with apprehension. Stedman continued:

"Forgive me, Tom," he sobbed, "for all the slurs . . . on account of your faith . . . I worshipped Science—I tried to deny the Incarnation. Strange paths, Tom—I've traveled. And I'm through. . . . Now I know. . . . I

know that Science is but a new Star of Bethlehem—bright, wasn't it, Tom?—and it leads to God . . . .to your God, Tom—and to mine!"

The smile of a soul at peace illumined his face. Whalen rushed to the window and opened it. The storm had gone, the sky was clear and stars were piercing the darkness of the night. The bells of a nearby church rang the hour of midnight, and softly there came up to the solitary listener in Room 47, the sweet strains of the angel's anthem, sung by carolers in the distance: "Glory to God in the Highest! And on Earth peace, good-will to men!"

—A. G. S., '28.



## Pastimes

"Where," said Mrs. Schmidt, "is Herr Dr. Obst? I didn't see him at supper tonight."

"I saw him go to Mittenwald this morning, and I don't think—"Frau Braun paused—"I don't think he'll be back tonight."

"Why not?" A chorus of eager questioning.

"Hush! Here comes Madame."—as a tall, fierce-looking, middle-aged female entered and moved across the lower end of the hall.

Madam Curio, born de Belmont, niece of a minister to the Vatican, Belgian, had bought this house in the wilds of the Tyrol, during the war. She spoke fluent German and ruled her German guests with unflinching vigor. She herself occupied an elaborate suite, comprising a bedroom, bathroom, boudoir, sitting-room, and drawing-room; the rest of the house she let out in rooms to winter boarders, and—her husband. To them she supplied excellent food at a reasonable cost. To attempt conclusions with Madame Curio was something no one had ever successfully done, for, should you have the stamina to withstand her invective, you would be relegated to the mercy of her son-in-law, Herr Major Seleski, who was guaranteed to do what remained. Therefore, no matter what topic the guests had under discussion, upon her approach it instantly became general.

Madame passed to her rooms. At once questions resumed their attacks upon Frau Schmidt.

"You mean—?"

"Did Madame—?"

"Didn't you observe," Frau Schmidt returned to the onslaught, "that Madame spoke to him last night?"

"During dinner?"

"No. Right afterwards."

"I thought she was talking to Louisa."

"She has finished with that. Herbst left this morning." Herbst was the houseman.

Louisa, the chambermaid, was a pretty blonde, who, whether she suffered from the cold or not, had an unfortunate propensity for spending the night in the boiler-room. But the boiler-room was next door to Herr Major's bedroom. Now Herr Major had to get up early, had work to do, and could not endure the loss of sleep occasioned by the noise Herbst made when he took off his boots. It often occurred to him to ask Herbst to remove his boots outside. However, it was found necessary to lock Louisa upstairs after nine p. m. The Major had to get up early, and needed his sleep.

"No," continued Mrs. Schmidt. "It was Herr Obst. He was thrown out."

"Ach S-o-o-o!"

There ensued a general pause. Presently—

"What for?"

This from Edward Small, a young Englishman, who did not speak very good German. He had only been in Germany five times before.

"Because he asked Louisa whether Madame Curio paid the ten-percent service charge to the servants, Dr. Obst was summoned to the boudoir, arraigned, found guilty, volubly threatened in French,—reproached—and thrown out."

I wonder," continued Edward, "Who'll be thrown out next?"

"I don't think you will, Edward," said a young girl, by name Helena Bach, who had just joined the group. "You look too innocent, and besides,

you're English. In fact," she went on, "if anyone, she'll get rid of me next."

"If she throws out anyone," said I, "She'll throw me out."

"Why?"

"I know—" broke in a gaunt Hungarian spinster, "because, if the dollar gets too high, she'll raise your rates, and Herr Shope won't pay."

"Undoubtedly."

"Have you ever been to the Auler Alm?" queried Frau Schmidt, addressing me. "You really ought to go, although it's a long walk and quite dangerous."

At this moment Edward Small arose and went out for a walk with Fraulein Bach. They had been out a great deal together, of late, and it amused as it interested me to watch them. Strange, I thought of Frau Bach, that this steel-eyed, cold woman should produce this rich, dark, exotic daughter. Strange that she should watch the young Englishman's interest in her daughter, askance, but accept his attentions to herself with such avidity. Clever, I mused, were she to manage her daughter as a catspaw. There was no question that the mother was tremendously interested in Edward. She would talk to me about him by the hour; then switch with amazing abruptness to a philosophical contemplation of her daughter, clear in her insight, intense in her feeling, yet shrewdly calculating her daughter's economic value as a manageable asset which must not be damaged. And Edward, poor fool, basked in the mother's sunshine, and enjoyed it for the sake of the daughter. He was only nineteen, had finished one year at Cambridge, and was possessed by a Byronic obsession to be alone in the grandeur of solitude "communing with Nature." Amazing how these ideas impregnated the minds of this type of young Englishman. Remarkable how they can feed on and luxuriate in a condition which, at any other age, would be morbid. At this moment, Edward and Helena came in, both flushed from the cold, eyes shining from the snow, from the glory of the moonlight. They had been gazing far away at the Zugspitze, highest peak of the German Alps, which, like an icy finger, pierced the starry firmament. I shivered. Alone again—All these Germans—charming, doubtless, but they were no good to Edward, who spoke such bad German.

Edward had imagination, but was not quite satisfied to watch Helena's quiet rapture in the moonlight. "Peculiar," thought I. "Silent girl. She gives him no sign. Fascinating to watch this performance."

The next day, Helena, her mother, the guide, two other ladies, and Edward, were to go on a long climbing expedition; in fact, to the very hut about which Mrs. Schmidt had asked me. I knew that Edward had been looking forward to it for a week. A long time for a young man. I could not go. Lazy, I gave to the Germans the excuse that I was on a rest cure. In reality, I dreaded the possibility of Frau Braun's two-hundred and fifty pounds' sudden disappearance into a crevasse with me next to her on the rope. I could not be responsible for her safe return home upon such conditions. Besides, I was lazy.

Next morning, apparently, the whole party started out. I made my usual appearance below stairs at ten o'clock, however, to discover Edward, the picture of despair, about to board the station sleigh, presumably to catch the ten-thirty electric to Innsbruck.

"What in the world is the matter? I thought you must by now be on your way with the fair Grizelda, skipping lightly from crag to crag, observing the precise bounce and degree of Frau Braun's take-off for a jump? You know, I have always admired the agility with which you manage to

elude the swing of her ski-stock in her endeavor to right herself preparatory to her final crash."

No answer.

"So long, old chap," I continued. "I'm walking to Mosern. Promised myself a glimpse of the Inn Valley under snow at mid-day, for a long time. Besides, they have such excellent beer."

"I had a telegram" he answered, "my sister is arriving at Innsbruck. Wants me to meet her. Been collecting fossils, I guess, aunts, friends, and things. Got to meet her. Damned nuisance! Ergo, no trip—with—with—er, Frau Braun."

I nodded and went out, and spent the rest of the morning walking to Mosern. I took keen enjoyment in the bracing cold, the scenery, and above all, my sense of lazy energy. This afternoon, I thought, I'll practice those "telemachus" and try not to wrench my ankle out of joint. Arrived at Mosern, I watched the Inn valley spread out before me in all its peaceful whiteness, and, as I went into the crude little pension and ordered lunch, began to evolve the question of Edward's agitation. With my beer I decided that Edward was a fool to be so much upset by the arrival of his sister with fossils. After my beer, I decided that I was very sorry for Edward. With my coffee I made up my mind that I would watch results. On my way back home I encountered Miss Greene, in comical agitation. She was pacing up and down before a small onion-shaped chapel a slight distance from the road. Her first words:—

"When next you recommend friends to me, please examine them first. No—don't apologize, or make wishy-washy excuses. Harold is a counter-jumper—a floor walker—a ribbon clerk—a *bargain* salesman."

"Harold!" I retorted blankly.

"Your lieutenant Thomas Hutchings, if you must know. That dreadful creature whom you implored me to look after, because you said he was a friend of yours. From your description I gathered that he must be quite decent. Oh, you Americans . . . . ."

I bowed. From her I eventually extracted the following: that the anemic-looking, retired, artilleryman who had introduced himself to me the day before while I was waiting for Miss Greene to come down for a stroll, had fastened himself upon Miss Greene and her cousin, Miss Plunk, to the exclusion of any possibility of privacy, or any kind of enjoyment in which he did not take part. Miss Greene, it appears, had spent the entire morning remonstrating with a Rhodes scholar who had been eight years in England and had not yet learned the language, who was trying to persuade her to be gracious to the worthy Hutchings.

"But what you Americans don't seem to understand is that loads and loads of hopeless people became officers and things during the war, but it did them no good! No, I can't. This last is too much. From Paul Push-off."

She seemed now to be addressing herself to a letter which she flourished at me. The letter read:

"Honored damsel:—You have not perhaps, possibly, been aware of me, but I have watched you for a long time now, and I feel that I must declare me, myself. Your beautiful brown eyes look so soft and gentil that I know you will not be cruelle. If you incline to my suit, meet me at at half-four in the chapel by the road of Mosern. I am your devoted, kissing your hands.

Paul Tchoutnikoff."

"That horrid Bulgarian, I suppose," she said, "with the long black hair, who plays the guitar and nearly drives me mad. And now—there's Harold! What am I going to do? Eileen says she won't stand it!"

"She would if the letter were addressed to her," I said. "Tell you what you do. I have an old wedding ring which I'll lend you. Put it on, and tell Paul Push-off that you're married, that your husband is in the mountains, shooting; very jealous, very important, and is liable to kill you, if you are seen with Paul, or with any foreigner; that Eileen is feeble-minded, and that you are here to give her the benefit of winter ozone, healthy surroundings,—you know. If you like," I continued, "he's never seen me—I'll pose as your husband."

"That's a wonderful idea," she replied, "but what about Harold?"

"I shall tell Harold," I answered, "That there is something wrong with you, that your father sent me out here as a detective, ostensibly on a rest cure, to watch you two, and that I am attempting to cultivate your acquaintance. Then his anxiety to help me do so (he thinks I've just met you) will make him think that he is really a friend of yours, and he won't bother any more about you."

"Shall I keep my appointment at the chapel?"

"By no means. Tell him you're a strict Protestant, and will not bow your head in the House of Rimmon."

"All right," she said, and flung off.

I continued on my way home without further encounter. Arrived there, I began to prepare to wrap myself up in voluminous rugs with the object of lying in a deck chair, on my balcony out in the sun, until tea-time, with a book. Before me swept the great white plain, which I had just traversed, with the tiny village in the distance; and all around towered the mountains. The sun traveled westward. Presently it was four-o'clock, and I had my tea. That finished, I was enjoying my pipe and watching the snow over the landscape change color in the setting sun, when I observed two figures on skis rapidly moving in the direction of our house; about fifty paces behind, two more.

"Ah, ah!" I thought to myself. "That must be Helena."

It was not.

That evening, I supped alone, and read Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love." Towards nine o'clock, I was dreamily musing over the bold accuracy with which Bennett had analyzed the feelings of the woman who plays the principal part in the book, when in lurched Edward. He looked ghastly. He rushed over to the bell, which he rang impatiently.

"Tea with rum," he ordered, when the astonished Louisa, who had not yet been locked up for the night, appeared.

"Um Gottes willen!" exclaimed Louisa, and ran out.

"What on earth!" I said.

"Oh— nothing," he remarked. "Except that, after disposing of my sister and her tribe, I boarded the usual six o'clock train. We had half traversed the plain when the train stopped, and we were held up two solid hours for lack of current." He paused, while I poured him a stiff dose of brandy.

"You must be frozen," said I. "Drink this."

"Do you know why?" he went on. "Two peasants, poaching lumber, felled a tree somewhere up the mountain which fell across the wires. The wires were broken, and there we were. Simple, isn't it?"

Louisa presently came in with the tea and rum. We made Edward eat something, and sent him to bed.

The next evening, the whole party returned, Helena's mother in such a condition of nervous exhaustion as to be unfit to speak to. She went to bed soon after their arrival. Edward could hardly restrain his impatience to hear the account of their expedition. Beyond general details, he never

did hear it. One thing only stuck in his crop. It was when Helena remarked to both of us—

"I wish you had been there after supper, because Bedel, the guide, built such a cozy fire, in the midst of the great desolation, around which we gathered, watching the moonlight through the window, telling ghost stories, and singing old German songs. It was 'gemutlich.' There is no English for that, is there, Bedford?" she asked, turning to me.

"We're leaving tomorrow," she went on. "For Munich."

Edward gave no sign.

Early next morning, they went. I got up for breakfast to see them off. Dreadful exertion. Edward didn't see them off, nor did he appear until late that afternoon, when he burst abruptly on to my veranda, kicked my blankets off, let my deck-chair down with a flop, threw away my book, then rushed and seized my jacket, which he waved at me, grunting, "For God's sake. Get up, you lazy louse, and let's go for a walk."

My eye fixed on future comforts, I parried:

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere," he grunted.

"All right," I said. "Zirl."

There was a perfect coffee house at Zirl. "If," said I to myself, "there is to be a hard-luck story, no reinforcement like coffee." My thoughts were cut short by "Does it take all day to lace your boots?"

"No, but it does when I haven't got them. If you would hand me the boot you are clutching so resolutely, I could put it on."

We walked to Zirl, and, while protesting inwardly as the barbarism of such a long walk so soon after lunch, yet I could not but admire the gorgeous Alpine scenery. In tune with this, his narrative, spiced by my interest in himself, lent a pleasant harmony. There was one thing of importance in that narrative—his serious and sensible acceptance of the fact contained in his last sentence:

"Dammit, it hurts. But I shall not see her again."

—C. H. B. S. S.



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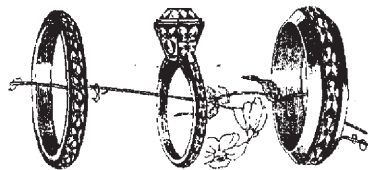
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