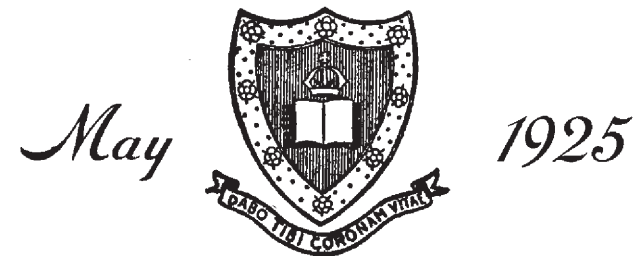


# MESSENGER

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*The*  
**MESSENGER**  
 ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE



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## Sunset

Unlovely and untitled peak,  
rearing above the low, green hills,  
whose more appealing contours  
serve but to pronounce  
your lack of charm,  
your sharp, ungraceful outlines;  
unbeautiful and creviced mountain,  
decked, at this evening hour,  
in all the gaudy-colored trappings,  
the cast-off finery,  
which at the dawning  
cloaked and veiled  
your lovelier sister in the East,  
enhanced the beauty of her swelling bosom,  
mantled her smooth, fair shoulders,  
and crowned her lovely head;  
look down, ungainly foster-sister,  
to see your folly  
mirrored in the lake.  
Ah, yes,  
cast off the bright vermilion scarfs,  
the floating purple veils.  
They're not for you.  
But no!  
Don't swathe your scered old shoulders 'round  
with wisps of mauve and rose—  
That's worse!  
Oh, mountain,  
you were never meant to wear  
a garland  
of small, pink-edged clouds—  
I know;  
I once wore pale-pink rosebuds  
and white lace  
when I was thirty-four  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But I offended  
only once.

—Contributed.

## GARIBALDI

"And other spirits there are standing apart  
Upon the forehead of the age to come;  
These, these will give the world another heart,  
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings?—  
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

—Keats, 1817

Keats did not prophesy vainly. There was born to a humble couple of Nizza (Nice) in the night of July 4, 1807, a son who would soon make Europe hum with his mighty doings, and the world ring with the echoes of his name. The father's name was Domenico Garibaldi, and he called his son Giuseppe. Domenico was a merchant sailor, captain and owner of the little vessel in which he sailed from port to port of the western Mediterranean. Although poor, the good couple scrimped and saved that their son might be educated, and hoped that some day the lad would fight in God's army as a priest. Little could they guess that some day he would be fighting in Liberty's army against the priests. Giuseppe had ideas of his own upon education. Life for him was not contained in books, but in the great out-of-doors—in adventure. And he voiced these ideas often, playing truant in order to go into the mountains hunting, or best of all, to make trips in a tiny sailboat on the sea nearby. Finally, when at the age of fifteen he ran away to sea in the company of several other boys, Domenico and his wife had to acquiesce, and Giuseppe was regularly started upon a sea-career.

The sea was now his school. A cabin-boy with his father at the age of fifteen, at twenty-five he was master of a vessel. Cruising the length and breadth of the Mediterranean, he had adventures enough to satisfy even his thirst. Three times pirates captured and robbed his ship—the sea then was not the sea of today. While trading in the Levant, Garibaldi first came in contact with those ideals which were to be his guiding stars in days to come. Greece was fighting for independence. Liberty, Freedom, were the words of the hour. While talking with those men who were giving their all for the independence of their beloved country, Garibaldi couldn't help but think of his own Italy. A sad Italy, divided, subjected to the will and domination of foreign powers—there it stood. A passion soon seized him for the freedom of his country—'Italy was first, last, and always' in his thoughts. Thus it was that he came to seek out the youthful leaders of "Young Italy" and to join the cause as one of its most enthusiastic supporters.

Europe was then in the throes of one of those periodic upheavals with which she was seized so often in the nineteenth century. Greece had just won her independence, the Reform Bill had been passed in England, the French were expelling the last of the Bourbons, and in Italy the foundation stones were being laid of another movement for liberty on the still warm ashes of the Carbonaro. This new movement was an organization of patriots called "Young Italy", formed by Giuseppe Mazzini, a young medical student. Its cardinal principle was "Independence, Unity, and Liberty for Italy." Already the energetic leader was unfolding plans for the overthrow of the government of Piedmont. Charles Albert was in his most reactionary mood in those days. Perhaps the most important part of Mazzini's plans was the conversion of the royal forces, army and navy, to his cause. This was absolutely essential. Thus it was that Garibaldi enlisted in the royal navy and attempted to stir up his fellow sailors. The revolt was premature, since people were not yet

ready for the ideals of "Young Italy". The plot was exposed, came to naught, and Garibaldi, condemned to death, fled to South America. This was in 1836.

Twelve long years were spent in exile, twelve years during which Garibaldi lived constantly on the hope of returning home. Italy, the Italy of his dreams, was "the ultimate" to him. The dread was always foremost in his mind that he should die before taking part in the liberation of his country. And there were other Italians in South America, men from the north, men from the south, all dreading that same thing. Many died there, bitterly sorrowful; many more in time went home, dying there too—but dying happily. It was in this land of exile that Garibaldi met Rossetti, a Genoese, and formed a lasting friendship with him. They formed a partnership, bought a small boat, and for almost a year traded in South American waters. But this peaceful life was too tame and unexciting for Garibaldi. Once having tasted blood, as it were, for liberty's sake, he must always do so. At that time a small bit of Brazil, the Republic of Rio Grande do Sul, had cut loose from the mother country, and was bravely attempting to maintain its independence. The restless man joined the little republic's cause.

The second part of his training had begun. Perhaps we might say that at this point Garibaldi was entering college; at least the experience gained from now on was invaluable to him, when he entered into the serious work of his later life. Letters of marque were given him by the rebels, and for a time he was a very successful buccaneer, worrying Brazilian merchants into nervous prostration over the continued losses of ships and goods. But he had also a first touch of warfare on land. With little bands of anywhere from a hundred to a thousand, ill-assorted bands, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Negroes, Indians, half-breeds of all kinds, he soon became expert at guerilla fighting. During a campaign Garibaldi met and instantly fell in love with the one woman of all, who could have possibly made a suitable mate for him—Anita Riberas. Impetuous in love, as in all things, the first words he spoke were, "Thou oughtest to be mine." Needless to say, she was. Too much can not be said about this truly marvelous woman. For two years she was with him on all campaigns, land and sea, always at his side—and guerilla life is just about as closely the antithesis of the ordinary housework of a wife as anything possibly could be. Constant danger, pitched battles, skirmishes, little or no food for sometimes long periods, always moving—that could hardly be called an ideal life for a woman. Yet Anita went through all that and worse. On one occasion, she was captured, having been separated from Garibaldi in the excitement of a battle. Somehow she effected an escape and, pursued, rode sixty miles through wild country to her husband. A short time after that ride, Menotti, their first child, was born. What an Amazon! But such a life could not go on; Garibaldi was forced to choose between his wife and a country to which he was really not bound—obviously he decided for his family. Monte Video (Uruguay) was chosen as a home until Italy called.

This second attempt at prolonged peaceful occupation was about as successful as the former. Another struggle for liberty summoned Garibaldi. Argentina was then trying to bring Monte Video under its power, and the people of the little republic naturally objected rather strenuously. They called upon Garibaldi for aid in checking the invaders, and he responded with the Italian Legion—the embryo of the brave group soon to be so famous throughout Europe. Here the traditional uniform of the Garibaldini started, the red shirts afterwards to inspire so much terror in the Neapolitans. And here also sprang up something more than a legion, more than a uniform, the reputation of his inspired soldiering which preceded him back to Italy, and did much to raise the hopes of his countrymen, hastening the final day of glory. As has been said, the thought of return to Italy was always foremost in his mind.

Partly for this reason he refused to accept more than the rations and pay of a common soldier. As the hero of the Monte Videans, he might have had the best of everything, yet his house was always dark after sundown—there was no money for such luxuries as candles. Garibaldi advised all his men to follow the same hard rules. When the day of home-going came there would be no obligations holding these children back from the out-stretched arms of their mother. Finally the days of exile were over. Word came from Italy that a return might be safely made, so, having sent Anita and his family on ahead, Garibaldi set sail for home on the fifteenth of April, 1848, with a chosen band of followers.

This was again a year of revolutions throughout Europe, and Austria, most important of all, was being shaken by internal struggles. Things looked well for Italy. Charles Albert had granted a constitution to his people, and favoured more and more the idea of a united Italy. A pan-Italian war was being waged to drive the Austrians out of the peninsula; at least it was pan-Italian in theory, though neither Frederick of Naples, Leopold of Tuscany, nor Pio Nono the pope, had any idea of giving up their crowns for Italian unity. On this account the movement was made weak by petty intrigues and jealousies. If only the Italians had been as united in 1848 as ten years later, they could have easily driven the Austrians beyond the frontiers. But now even though the people of Milan had driven 20,000 Austrian soldiers under Radetsky from their city in four days of street fighting, and Manin in Venice had secured the evacuation of his city without any bloodshed, yet opportunities were allowed to escape, and the foe entrenched themselves behind the impregnable fortresses of the Quadrilateral. Much of the blame perhaps can be laid at the door of the well-meaning head of the House of Savoy, for instance, in not making use of Garibaldi. Garibaldi's South American exploits had been advertised throughout Italy by Mazzini and the Republicans with all the skill and thoroughness of an American publicity company. Garibaldi was already looked to as perhaps the one man who would save Italy. And Garibaldi had gone to the king upon arrival, offering his services—and Charles refused. Garibaldi was then, as always, a Republican, but quite willing to suppress any Republican ideas of his own for the greater good of a united Italy. The Piedmontese king also failed to take advantage of certain opportunities offered on the battle-field, and so allowed the escape of the Austrians. Yet we cannot blame Charles Albert too greatly—Italy was not yet ready. Garibaldi accepted a small commission under the provisional government of Milan, but had little or no opportunity to exhibit his skill. The Austrians soon came from behind their fortresses, recaptured practically all the lost territory, including Milan on July the twenty-fifth, and Charles sued for peace almost at once. To many patriots it seemed as though they had been betrayed. Garibaldi, Mazzini, and a few other Republicans, refusing surrender, carried on a "people's war" for a few weeks against the Austrians in the lake regions, but were soon forced to disperse. Garibaldi fled into Switzerland—but not before the Italians had seen exhibitions of his ability in guerilla warfare. The redemption of Italy was now postponed another decade.

Garibaldi's exile in Switzerland was very short. Charles Albert soon forgave him for leading the "People's War," and in a month the guerilla chief was back in Nizza living with his family. But not for long. Looking about for a suitable place to strike a blow for unity, the Republicans decided upon Sicily, where the people were then making futile efforts to rebel against their cruel king. In October of that year, 1848, Garibaldi set sail from Genoa for Sicily, with about seventy followers. On the way he stopped at Leghorn, and the people there so entreated him to disembark, that he changed plans, de-



termining to recruit in Central Italy and strike Bomba, Frederick of Naples, from the north. However, he had very little luck in the matter of recruits either in Leghorn or Bologna, to which place he had gone. While the little force was at Bologna, Rossi, Prime Minister to the Pope, was assassinated at Rome on November the eighteenth. This caused a let-up in the papal policy of suppression, not through any good will on the part of Pio Nono, but rather from discontent and discouragement among his agents, soldiers and such; and Garibaldi's cause began to prosper. Through the agency of Gavazzi and Ugo Bassi, two priests of Bologna, men were urged to join the Republican cause. On November the twenty-third, Garibaldi was joined by Mazzini and his forty-two lancers, who afterwards formed the cavalry for the legion. The Garibaldini, now almost five hundred strong, were organized in the First Italian Legion, adopting name and uniform from the South American force. Equipped poorly in every way except in desire to save Italy, the gallant force wandered about through the papal states arousing interest in the ideals of Republicanism and "Young Italy." On the twenty-fourth of November the Pope had taken flight to Gaeta, under the protecting wing of Bomba, and a provisional government had been set up at Rome. Garibaldi made several hasty trips to that city seeking to enlist the aid of the government for his troops, but with no result. This government was not to last for long, however. The Roman Republic was founded on February 8, 1849, under the leadership of a triumvirate with Mazzini soon the controlling factor.

Now we come to the most inspiring period in the life of Garibaldi and the cause of Italian freedom. The Roman Republic was doomed to failure and death from the moment of its birth. Everyone knew it; no one could possibly doubt it. Naples, Spain, Austria, and France were all competing, one with the other, to come first to the aid of Pio Nono. The Republic of Tuscany, set up ten days after that of Rome, could not even defend itself from enemies within, much less come to the aid of another state. Piedmont was in a weakened condition. Charles Albert, repenting the armistice of the preceding year, had begun another war on Austria, but suffered an overwhelming defeat at Novara, March 23, 1849. He abdicated in favour of his eldest son, Victor Emmanuel, who during the time of the struggles of the infant state, had plenty to do himself to save Piedmont from Austrian domination. No! friendless, with practically the whole Roman Catholic world as enemies, the Roman Republic must inevitably fall. Yet the brave men who died in its defense were more than willing to give up their lives—that Italy might be born. It was truly marvelous psychology!

The Garibaldini were called to Rome, and stationed at Rieti, a town a little to the south, through April, in order to keep off any Neapolitan attacks. Here the force rose in numbers to about one thousand, and were equipped. Towards the end of the month, General Oudinot arrived from France with a force of about ten thousand regulars, and plans were hurriedly made for a defense. Garibaldi was summoned into the city. The defending army numbered somewhere between seven and nine thousand men; about 2,500 regular Papal troops and Carabinieri who had turned against the Pope; about 1,400 volunteers from other states in Italy; 1,300 National Guardsmen, including many absolutely inexperienced volunteers from the city itself; and the thousand men of the First Italian Legion under Garibaldi, to which were added some 300 Finanziere, or Customs House officials. A motley crew! The French attack was scheduled for the last day of April. Along the way the attacking army must approach the city, posters were put up advertising the fifth article of the French Constitution, viz: "France respects foreign nationalities; her might shall never be employed against the liberty of any people."

What irony! The French attacked—and were repulsed. Garibaldi, defending the Janiculum, was the inspiration and mainstay of the Roman force. Always moving about, always in the front, his person radiating encouragement, he pulled the defenders through every crucial moment, until, in the dusk, the French withdrew—defeated. The Romans went wild with joy. Garibaldi was now a leader not only in the people's imagination, but in fact. Next day Oudinot sued for an armistice.

Taking advantage of the temporary peaceful relations with the French, the Triumvirs now campaigned against the Neapolitans in the south. The First Italian Legion was sent out, about 2,300 strong; and Garibaldi, with his usual guerilla tactics, managed to defeat a vastly greater force on May 9th at Palestrina. The following day, however, he was recalled to Rome. Then a larger expedition was sent out, about ten thousand men, but under a less able commander, Rosselli. However, with Garibaldi as general of the first division, the Neapolitans were so demoralized by his gad-fly-like manoeuvres, that they soon retreated. For the remainder of May the Garibaldini pursued them southward, but on the last day of the month, Garibaldi was again recalled to Rome. During this campaign, Garibaldi, became known to the Neapolitans as the "Red Devil," and his gigantic negro companion, Aguyar, as his father, Beelzebub.

Meanwhile Napoleon had sent De Lesseps to Rome to arrange terms with the Republic. De Lesseps, a true Republican himself, fell under the saintly influence of Mazzini, and together they drew up a treaty decidedly favorable to the Romans. However, the trip of the French Ambassador was for appearances only. Napoleon had no idea of losing favor with the French Catholics by giving up the fight, and also he had a lessened military prestige to recover. Reinforcements were sent. De Lesseps was recalled. And Oudinot announced a resumption of war for the fourth of June. The Romans made ready. This time, though, Rosselli was placed in command of the defense, and it is partly at his feet that we can lay blame for some of the disastrous events of the following days. Not waiting for the time they had set, the French attacked early in the morning of the third, caught the Romans asleep—Rosselli had taken no precaution for anything like this—and captured the Villas Pamfilii and Orsini. The battle was waged fiercely all through the day, for these two places were as keys to the city, but the Romans were forced behind the wall of Urban. Probably if Garibaldi had been placed on guard on the Janiculum, this would not have occurred, at least not in the same manner. Be that as it may, once he arrived in the midst of the fray, he was, as always, the inspiration of the defense. Some accuse him of foolishly throwing away lives in vain attempts to recapture Orsini, but when one considers the importance of this outpost in defending the city—higher than the Janiculum it overlooked the whole city—we must admit his reasoning to be logical even though futile.

Now the siege settled down a question of time only. From their superior position, and with first class artillery, the French battered away at the wall, opening breaches in several places. On the twenty-first of June the Romans were forced back to the much older and weaker Aurelian wall. During this time Garibaldi had several quarrels with Mazzini, mostly over continuation of the defense. Garibaldi urged the government to leave the city with the army and carry the war back into the mountains, where the fighting would be on more equal terms. Mazzini finally acquiesced as far as the soldiery were concerned, but the government, he maintained, must fall with the city. The last day of June was picked by Oudinot for the final assault.

It was the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. As though nothing moment-

ous was about to occur, the people of the city held their usual fiesta the night before. The city was brilliantly illuminated, the people played, then rain fell, and with it the shadow of death and destruction which had been hovering over Rome for so long. The fighting was terrific, but now defeat was only a question of minutes. A respite occurred at noon, during which Garibaldi finished his plans for leaving the city. Only men who wished were obliged to go, to quote from his speech in the Piazza of St. Peter's—"Fortune, who destroys us today, will smile on us tomorrow, I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger, come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart, and not with his lips only, follow me." About four thousand followed him quietly out of the city under the cover of darkness. With him went Anita in the regular uniform of the Garibaldini. She had made her way from Nice, although pregnant, to be at her husband's side, during this crisis of his life. Soon after the Triumvirs resigned, the Assembly adjourned, but not before making Garibaldi commander-in-chief of the Republican army with plenary powers; and on the third day of June the French entered victorious. The pope was restored.

Before going on, perhaps it would be fitting to answer those people who think the defense of Rome was not only futile, but also a brutal waste of men. Of course, it is admitted that defeat was inevitable, but, on the other hand, as an excellent piece of psychology in spreading Italy's cause, the defeat was a victory. With the fall of Rome, the Italian people were given traditions of honor and bravery for a national cause, a leader who was loved and revered by all, and a desire to make Rome the capital of their dream state. The cause now had facts to tell of, wonderful deeds to relate. Italian independence and freedom were brought many years nearer by that brave defense of the tiny Roman Republic.

Garibaldi had several avowed purposes to accomplish in the famous retreat; never to capitulate to foreigners on Italian soil; to rouse the population of Central Italy to war; and eventually to reach Venice and help Manin in the siege now nine months old. How far he accomplished these we will see. Enemies surrounded him on all sides; French, Spanish, Neapolitans and Austrians. But by using South American methods, forced marches, doubling, cavalry scouts, he managed to leave the three first-named foes behind. The Austrians alone confronted him. The town and villages supported him fairly well as regards money and provisions, but gave no men—except for the addition of the eccentric Hugh Forbes, who wore an English summer suit and straw hat throughout the whole campaign, and the remnant of the Republican Provincial army, he gained few recruits—and desertions took place in scores. With a steadily dwindling army Garibaldi seemed to face certain defeat at the hands of Austria, but here again his skill saved the day. The small band eluded the huge Austrian force, and made a dash for the Adriatic, to ship for Venice. However, near their goal an Austrian re-inforcing army stood guard, so Garibaldi, rather than suffer the loss of his whole band, sought out the neutral ground of the little San Marino Republic. Here he decided to disband, for no favourable terms could be made with the enemy. The last order of the day was issued July 31st, 1849—"From this moment forward, I release my companions from all obligations, and leave you free to return to private life. But remember that Italy must not continue in shame, and that it is better to die than to live as slaves of the foreigners." In the middle of the night Garibaldi, Anita, and a band of two hundred followers slipped through the Austrian lines, and dashed once more for Venice. At Casenatico

the fugitives set sail in small boats, but off Magnavacca met an Austrian squadron. Two boats escaped—one with Garibaldi and Anita on board. Landing at once the party dispersed, every man for himself. The leader, burdened with Anita, terribly ill, only just managed escape through the timely aid of a friend, Bonnet. This was the saddest moment of his life—Anita died. And Garibaldi, almost crazed with grief, was forced on, passed from town to town, missing capture narrowly many times, until on September 2nd, disguised as a sportsman, he embarked from Caia Martina for Nice. Only a little time was allowed him here with his motherless children; Piedmont was not yet strong enough to harbour so famous a refugee, and he was hurried off on a second period of exile.

This period, from 1849 to 1854, was spent partly in Tangiers, some time in the United States as a day-laborer, and lastly, as a captain of merchant vessels plying the seas from South America to China and London. In the spring of 1854, Garibaldi returned to Nice, now safely, and settled down on the little island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia, where he had bought a farm. On Caprera, wild and desolate place that it was, he was happy—a way from the schemings of petty politicians, yet within easy reach if Italy needed him. In 1858, when Cavour made the famous pact of Plombiere with Napoleon III for expelling the Austrians from Italy, Garibaldi was summoned. Placed at the head of the Cacciatori delle Alpi, he played a minor part in that short-lived struggle, but excellent preparations were made for greater deeds soon to come.

Conditions had been growing steadily worse in the kingdom of the two Sicilies for some time. The treatment of political prisoners was terrible. In March, 1859, a batch of escaped prisoners had landed in England, and roused the country in sympathy. Then on May 22nd, Bomba died, leaving the throne to his physically and mentally weak son. People in various parts of the kingdom were constantly rising in revolt, especially in Palermo, Messina, and Catania, towns on the island. The time was now ripe for a blow to be struck. During these days one event, the trading of Savoy and Nice for French acquiescence in the annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont, embittered Garibaldi against Cavour, and might have spoiled Italy's chances in the south if Victor Emmanuel had not diplomatically stepped into the breach. It was a great blow to Garibaldi, as he said, "You have made me a stranger in the land of my birth." Nevertheless he went on with the Sicilian expedition. In May, 1860, the chosen band of a thousand men, poorly equipped, ill-assorted, university graduates and illiterates, noblemen and day-laborers, landed on the island. The battle of Calatafimi, May 15th, was the deciding factor of the campaign. Here Garibaldi not only defeated the Neapolitans, but also completely destroyed their morale, which led to victory at Palermo the last five days of the month. The enemy withdrew to the mainland—Garibaldi in pursuit. At this point the character of the war changed somewhat. Instead of a small, unequipped army, the force rose to considerable numbers; expeditions of men and supplies were sent from the north in rapid succession. On the seventh of September, with the entry into Naples, Garibaldi was proclaimed dictator. Then followed the battle at Volturno, October first, where the Neapolitans were again scattered. Piedmont now voted for the annexation of the Sicilies, but Garibaldi refused to lay down his power until Victor Emmanuel might be crowned king of a united Italy at Rome. Cavour, however, equal to the occasion, sent the king south with an army. Easily defeating some of the Pope's mercenaries at Castelfidardo, he marched on towards Naples. Garibaldi, as Cavour had judged, rather than incur a civil war, bade farewell to his army, and left the king to finish the almost accom-

plished task. The dignity of his withdrawal is recorded in his farewell proclamation to the people. "Tomorrow Victor Emmanuel, the elect of the nation, will break down the frontier which has divided us for so many centuries from the rest of the country, and listening to the unanimous voice of this brave people will appear among us. Let us worthily receive him who is sent by Providence, and scatter in his path, as the pledge of our redemption and our affection, the flowers of concord, to him so grateful, to us so necessary. No more political colors, no more parties, no more discords. Italy one, under the King Galantuono, who is the symbol of our regeneration and the prosperity of our country." With this, he left for Caprera. The world was astounded by his miraculous feats of the last year, and touched by this simple renunciation. Garibaldi was the hero of the hour and rightly so.

The remainder of his life was spent for the most part on Caprera, tending his fields and flocks, where he was most happy. However, he did try to lead two ill-fated expeditions against Rome, Aspromonte in 1862 and Mentana in 1867, but both failed through the opposition of Victor Emmanuel. Then, restless, he led a force of volunteers to the aid of France in 1870. But fighting days were over for this great leader. One man can only do so much and the Lord knows Garibaldi did enough! The two remaining steps in Italian unification, Venice in 1866 and Rome in 1870, were taken without him. In June, 1882, he died, on his little farm at Caprera, having lived seventy-five years. Trevelyan says, "Garibaldi is not to be judged as a professional soldier leading modern armies, but as the greatest master that the world has seen of that special department of human activity known as revolutionary war. . . . In 1860 Garibaldi was the right man in the right time and place. But Garibaldi's claim on the memory of men rests on more than his actual achievements. It rests on that which was one part of his professional equipment as a soldier of revolution, but which surpasses and transcends it—his appeal to the imagination. He was a poet in all save literary power. He was guided in political, and somewhat even in military situations, by a poet's instincts and motives. . . . And to us of other lands, Garibaldi will live as the incarnate symbol of two passions not likely soon to die out of the world, the love of country and the love of freedom, kept pure by the one thing that can tame and yet not weaken them, the tenderest humanity for all mankind."

—F. Hobart Walker.



## The Cellar Hole

Here's but the print where an adventurous soul  
Once halted, long ago,  
And thought to rest, yet ever felt the urge,  
The beckoning  
Of an unresting hope.

Through his too-narrow doorway, day by day,  
The distance wooed him with vague loveliness;  
Matching the lilac's purple with her haze,  
The lilac's fragrance with her sighing breath;—  
Until, one spring, (the lilacs yet in bud),  
He passed, with all of his, to seek his dream.

The small gray house  
Lone vigil kept, and long,  
Slow yielding to the kindly elements,—  
And, lo, its place knows it no more!

The lilacs bend their plumes  
Where an untrodden doorstep sags.  
The rude foundations of a house that was  
Tell of this soul, which paused  
As in mid-flight,  
Then, with the heart of Spring, went on  
To meet the smiling Distance . . . . .

—John Mills Gilbert.



## THE WAIF

Carter looked unseeingly at the coast of Washington and pondered over his problem. Two days ago he had drifted into Nome after a year's prospecting in the Alaskan back country. He had found this freighter on the point of leaving port, and had immediately wangled himself on board. Why the devil hadn't he had sense enough to take a passenger ship?

Up to a half hour ago he had been enjoying himself immensely. His hasty departure had prohibited him from enjoying even such pleasures of civilization as Nome had to offer, and the last two days he had spent long delicious hours planning what he would do when he reached Frisco.

There would be a dinner worthy of Nero at his fanciest. He ran over the items to make sure that none of his favorite dishes was forgotten, pausing sensually for a moment at each to give it the reverent thought it deserved. After the dinner there would be a play—something clever and amusing to suit his mood. Then he would dance until about two or three, and after that he would be content to take the first East-bound train home.

It was after mentally concluding this plan to his satisfaction for the fifteenth time that he suddenly realized his bereft condition. He didn't know a soul in San Francisco! He had never for an instant contemplated spending his first evening in civilization alone—he must have company; cultured, intelligent company. The company must be feminine too. He had taken that for granted. He looked grimly into a world of darkness and cursed.

It was not as if he had known the state of affairs all along. In that case he would have planned to head immediately for the station and take the next homeward headed train. As it was, however, he had promised himself an evening of unalloyed enjoyment, gloated over the thought for two days. He clenched the railing and gritted through his teeth the determination that his pleasure would not be spoiled \* \* \* \* \*

Newly shaved, shorn, and haberdashed, Carter stepped debonairly forth from a men's furnishings shop, shifted his cane to his left hand and glanced at his watch.

"One o'clock," he murmured, "We dine at seven. Six hours to collect the other half of the 'we'."

East was the direction most in his mind then, and so it was toward the East that he set off to try his luck. He was almost certain that it was the right direction. His bee-line course brought him within half an hour to one of the city's parks. Here the walks wound a bit, and Carter was in doubt as to whether he should cut across the grass to preserve his direction or merely pursue his course as nearly as the paths would permit. He decided to follow the pavements and did so for fifteen minutes more until at last he found the sign of fates had vouchsafed him: a bench was drawn across the walk. This could mean but one thing. Carter sat down.

Two hours later, his faith still unsullied, he was still sitting there. They had been good hours, spent in pleasant anticipation. Occasionally he idly wondered what the girl would be like.

A clatter of hoofs sounded on the bridle path which skirted the walls, and a girl paced swiftly into view. Girls had been doing just that very thing all afternoon and Carter watched this one without any especial interest. He was about to turn away his gaze when the rider jerked the horse to a sudden halt, sprang down, and hastened toward him. At last! He rose and waited, surveying her critically. She had a strong face and a brow that promised a brain. Good!

The girl came to a stop before him and said in a low voice: "As I was

riding, I noticed a man concealed in that waste can watching you. I thought I ought to tell you."

It was a pleasing voice but it did not say what Carter had expected it to. Just what he had expected he didn't know, but he felt that the girl was dodging the issue. Then it occurred to him that he ought to make some response.

"Oh, that's probably one of my admirers," he said firmly. The girl's eyes widened. "You seem to be surprised that I have admirers," continued Carter in a hurt voice. She continued to look at him doubtfully, still silent. A sudden thought occurred to him which threw him into a panic—maybe she would go away!

"Let's ask the chap," he said brightly, "and see which one of us is right."

He vaulted the bench, the girl following, and upended the large paper receptacle in question. From it sprawled forth a diminutive Chinaman whom he caught by one arm and jerked to his feet. "What's your game, buddie?" he enquired, and bent his head attentively to the succession of sounds which the oriental evidently intended as a reply. Carter straightened and turned to the girl triumphantly. "I told you he was one of my admirers. Come on, old timer, tell the lady what you think of me." The Chinaman did his best.

"You can't understand him," the girl accused.

"Well, maybe not his words," he admitted, "but his actions and expression."

The girl looked at the shrinking terror portrayed in every line of the Mongolian's form and smiled. "If I were you," she said, "I should take good care that Ghenghis Khan didn't jab a knife into me."

Carter regarded her with approval and drew a long breath of relief; she was getting into the spirit of the thing. He glanced at Ghenghis Khan and noticed that his captive's hand was at the back of his neck. He wrested the knife from the Chinaman and looked reproachfully at the girl. "I don't think you ought to have put him up to that," he said.

"I didn't," she laughed. "I'm not one of your admirers."

He listened anxiously to this laugh. To him a girl's laugh was the supreme indication of her calibre. He could find no fault with it. This girl, he felt sure, was a direct answer to his prayer.

She tapped one of her riding boots with her crop and chuckled. "I wish some of my friends would come along now," she murmured.

The opening! "You ought to be glad you have friends," he said sepulchrally, and, as her eyes questioned him, "You see before you an orphan of the first water."

"What do you mean?" she answered with a smile.

"I have neither parents nor friends; at least, not in this city," he answered in a mournful voice.

"That's too bad," the girl said, not yet seeming to quite grasp the pathos of the situation.

Carter nodded emphatic agreement to her remark and then hesitated. How the deuce did one do this sort of thing without appearing unduly presumptuous? Now was obviously the moment. He decided to make a stab at it.

"You have already saved me from possible murder," he said, "would you be equally zealous to save me from possible suicide?"

She looked at him searchingly to fathom his meaning. This man's bearing and conversation had made a favorable impression on her; his face



confirmed the impression, it was indicative of determination, self-control, and intelligence. She nodded.

Carter breathed a silent prayer, and blurted out his tale of woe. The girl regarded him standing calmly in the park holding the terrified oriental and making with a six-inch blade gestures intended to arouse her sympathy, and laughed joyously to herself. When he came to the part he hoped she would play in the episode, she pinched herself to see if it was really true. He was so in earnest and so afraid he was being offensive. She would not, she told herself, miss his party for anything, but outwardly she remained silently hesitant for several moments after he had ceased talking.

Finally she met his anxious glance and smiled. "I'll go," she said.

He flipped the knife expertly into the trunk of a tree and grasped the hand she extended. "That certainly is sporting of you," he cried enthusiastically. "That's great! If you ever want anybody to—to go to the Gobi and get you a dinosaur egg or two, I'm your man."

Two minutes later, after the girl had expressed her disinterest in dinosaur eggs, left her address, and ridden off, Carter turned to look at the Mongolian. Ghenghis Khan, who was just in the act of submissively bending his head to drive his yellow teeth into his captor's wrist, snapped back to attention. Carter patted the Chinaman's imprisoned hand affectionately and reaching into his pocket, extracted some bills which he presented to his captive. "You sure did win your idol's love and affection that time, old companion," he beamed, "now you run along and have an opium bust on me." The little thug vanished.

Carter recovered his cane and headed back toward the city in a reverie: "rice with gravy, fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes—".

—John M. Myers, '28.



## CONTRETEMPS

Spring slipped down the road one night;  
When rose the dawn  
Two bluebirds sang from the apple tree,  
A robin on the lawn.

Spring had danced across the marsh;  
The maples' flame  
Leapt up, and showed us her vestal fires,  
And whence the dancer came.

Spring brought to us, all in vain,  
A golden day:  
A bent old woman came down the road  
And followed on Spring's way.

—W. W. V.

## Spring, Birds and Annandale

The air was still and warm, the sun itself seemed at rest, wrapped in soft white haze. It was not cool enough for anything as strenuous as tennis, nor as vigorous as a hike. "An ideal afternoon for a ramble"; two of us were agreed upon that. I was eager also to add to my meagre list of bird acquaintances; he was competent and willing to teach me.

Of course we headed for Cruger's; that was inevitable. A very short sojourn on the campus is sufficient to impress one—through experience or hearsay—with the fact that, among the famous localities in the vicinity, chief place is attributed to Cruger's Island. It has renown as an inspiration to aspiring literary composers. In bleak, white February it furnishes a delightful ghostly atmosphere for fraternity initiations. The Cruger House has a number of fireplaces which still retain enough tiles to furnish many a student with the tea-pot stand essential to domestic life at college. In May-time the path thither is a lovers' lane par excellence,—this is strictly confidential. There are many, many reasons for Cruger's celebrity, but I shall name only one other—birds. A well known ornithologist is my authority for the statement that for his study there is no better spot in the State. Seclusion, a varied topography, and the presence of a number of fruit trees are perhaps the main reasons for this. At any rate, we were out for birds and it seemed natural that we should direct ourselves that way.

As soon as possible, we quitted the dusty road and cut across some open fields. As we did so, a rather large, brown bird started up from the grass some thirty or forty feet away. Its swooping flight helped us to identify it as a meadowlark. No song accompanied its flying—not even a warning note. If you wish to hear a meadowlark sing, you must rise early. About five-ten its nest is astir with life. The female begins to clean house while the male flies off to his favorite perch and cheers her with a song. Later both join in the grub-hunt, and from then on they refrain from any sound except, in warning, a clear but unmusical whistle.

The next bird we espied was in a tiny copse—a black and white warbler, busily engaged insect-hunting. The creeper, as it is also called, is very common in this part of the country; and pretty, its back, wings, and sides streaked with white and black markings. We stood still to watch it for a few minutes. Perfectly oblivious of our curiosity, it pecked away, as it crept up and down branches in silence.

Now we left the fields and followed the lane to which I have already referred. At one point a dense growth of cedars and pines closed in on the road from either side. Here a faint breeze filled the air with fascinating redolence from the evergreens. The invitation was too enticing to refuse. We sat down on a grass bank and rested; the day and place seemed made for that. Straight ahead of us, and below, a placid strip of the Hudson appeared. In the background were the blue Catskills. The incessant chirping of birds was all that disturbed the prevailing quiet. Suddenly there came a noisy screaming and a pair of blue-jays flew into a tall pine a stone's throw from where we sat. Their beautiful blue plumage afforded a striking contrast to the dark green of the trees. The jay had already been among the birds familiar to me, but my companion had a new story to tell me. Once he had heard a jay sing! "It was like the sound of two pieces of glass struck together." I had always believed that the only sound this bird of fine feathers was capable of was a loud, harsh "jay! jay!" Another songster was revealed to me on this trip. The cat-bird I had heretofore recognized by a disagreeably nasal "ka ka ka."

This day we saw several, and each had a different song, all alike sweet and interesting.

At length we sauntered on. Off to our right in a large open pasture were several American crows. They were feeding on the ground like a brood of chickens; now and again something would frighten them, and with noisy "caw caws" they would fly clumsily to nearby trees, only to repeat the performance again and again. Evidently they liked the sensation of feeling themselves clever enough to escape threatening dangers.

The lane dropped away a bit here, and passed through a stretch of swamp woodland where a perfect babel of bird-calls greeted us. My friend began to enumerate the various ones he recognized. Alas for me! There was only one intelligible to me. A plaintive "pee-a-wee" on two descending notes came from far off. It seemed incredible that amid all the hubbub that pitifully feeble song of the wood peewee should stand out distinct and clear. By straining my attentive powers I succeeded at length in concentrating on one other call. It was a "see thee hee ee cherink." The last part rang like the sound made by a heavy object dropped into a pool of water—"cherink". The song is so characteristic as to have been made the name of its singer—the towhee or che-wink. Near the pathway we caught sight of a number of birds flitting about the smaller trees and shrubs that grow profusely throughout the entire swamp area. Two we selected had olive green backs and wing feathers, and their breasts were yellow. The yellow green of skunk-cabbage made a difficult background against which to follow their movements. They proved to be one of the most common of the great warbler family,—the yellow warbler.

Within a few minutes we had crossed the railroad track, and had reached the island. It is connected with the shore by a narrow strip of filled-in land sufficient for a roadway. To the north the water is free; to the south it is choked with elders near the shore, and farther out by sedge grass and reeds. Swaying on top of one of these yellow reeds a red-wing blackbird kept sending his "chek chek br-r-rrr chek burrr" to whomever would heed him. In the swamp elders nearer shore I recognized some of my new acquaintances—yellow warblers; and there too a catbird. As we stood and watched, a stranger bird lit on a nearby tree; it was small and graceful; a red streak on either side of its tail and on the tip of both wings produced a pleasing effect against the black of the rest of its body. The stranger was an American redstart. We met many more of its kind before we arrived back on campus.

Our path naturally passed in front of the Cruger mansion. I tried to picture it on some past gala-day—the day of its house-warming party, for instance. Sounds of music once more filled the building and issued from open windows and doors. Men and women went in and out and chattered gayly in groups and couples. Then the phantom vanished, the music died away, and the only sign of life that remained came from some noisy house wrens who had built their nest in the rafters of the veranda roof.

We continued on toward the south end of the island. On our way we went through the tangle of weeds that was once the garden. A few daffodils and narcissi are all that have persevered against the woeful neglect that has blighted everything else. The sun beat down too warm for any feathered folk save some hardy chipping sparrows who kept up a ceaseless round of "chip chip chip".

In the center of the island are two pools of what was once clear running water. Water plants, such as pond lilies, green algae en masse, and pickerel weed have crammed and obstructed the healthy flow, and transformed both into mosquito nests. A song sparrow sang his sweet tune from a bough of a huge willow on the path side of these ponds. I crept up close to get a good

look at the bird whose singing has so often fascinated me. "Sweet s-sweet pr-r-r-etty" is the tune he sings during the present season. From the same tree came a flutter of feathers as some bird darted swiftly down to the water's edge and was off to a tree on the opposite side. We thought we had followed its flight and, in the hope of identifying it, continued to watch it swing up and down on its slender perch in the sunlight. We became impatient. Why did not the blessed thing fly, and get out of the sun so that we might distinguish its color? I threw a stone; then another, and another. Finally both of us realized that we were wasting our patience and energy on a dead leaf!

Arrived at the southern tip of Cruger's we found a brisk wind blowing up the river. Accordingly we selected a sheltered spot in which to stretch out and rest. A few feet off was a tall tamarack, proudly arrayed in its new growth of rich green needles. The birds, also, were evidently proud of its beautiful foliage, for several were chirping joyfully as they dodged about in the thick of it. For a few minutes a kingfisher startled the woods with his rattling cry. In the thicket that was our shelter we espied a Maryland yellow-throat and a Wilson thrush or veery. The latter Lowell speaks of as "that shy anchorite", but certainly this particular bird could not be so described. He walked quite close to us; his coloring was a modest, rust-brown above, with a light grey breast. After half an hour of this occupation we reluctantly acted upon our conclusion that it was time to start for home.

While still on the island, we stirred up two more species of birds—a bobolink and a few white-throated sparrows. Unfortunately the bobolink did not sing for us his "rippling, rollicking song"; we had to be content with the sight of his white back and the white stripes on his wings. On our way through the swamp-woods we were surprised by a new sound; a suppressed "quarck" came from somewhere off to our left. We stood still and listened. Soon a large bird sailed gracefully a little above the tree-tops. Crane or heron? Cranes always fly with their necks extended in a straight line, but this bird manifested its heron lineage by carrying its short neck crooked backward. Its general thick-set build further marked it as a black-crowned night heron.

It was vesper time for the birds; carols replaced the busier chirps of their daily labors. What gratification it was to be able to distinguish some of these melodies! The complicated series of sweet thrills I knew came from a blue-bird; in the same chorus was the familiar "chicadee dee dee—dee dee", the persistent monotone nasal of the nuthatch who sang "kank kank kank", and the vigorous "chewweep chewweep" from a chestnut-sided warbler. At this moment the distant sound of our chapel-bell reminded us of another evensong in which we could participate—if we stepped fast. We struck off onto a short-cut that skirts the Hudson and then leads up through the woods toward the campus. Before we left the river I added the name of one more bird to my list. We caught sight of it scudding across the surface of the water, and immediately assumed it to be a kingfisher. But as soon as it alighted on a piece of driftwood on shore, we saw our mistake. We were too far away to distinguish any exact color, but its long legs and its tell-tale manner of "teetering" proclaimed the spotted sandpiper.

By the time we came within view of the college buildings the sun was reddening the high peaks of western clouds. Chapel service had already begun—in fact it was nearly ended. Suddenly my companion caught hold of my arm. "Listen," he explained, "there's the veery singing."—rich, liquid notes impossible to describe except by comparison to a trill on a flute. It brought to mind some verses of Henry Van Dyke:

"The moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring,  
When first I heard the nightingale a long lost love deploring:  
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eery.  
I longed to hear a simpler strain, the wood-notes of the veery.

O far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;  
New England woods at close of day with that clear chant are ringing;  
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary  
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery."

—Roy Lawrence Webber, '25.



## Pleasant People

1.

JOE MUSSELS

If he could gain the sinews of an ass,  
He would quite willingly, accept its ways;  
Lest he appear what he is not, the crass  
Binds—in his creed; he never laughs, but brays.  
If he has any gods—and this I doubt—  
Each wears a ton of beef-steak for an arm:  
He does not worship Iaveh, this great lout:  
(Go read the Hundred Forty-seventh Psalm.)

A walking satire of our Atavar,  
He grunts through life, nor knows he has a brain  
Except he knows he hurls a ball so far,  
Or knocks a rival player down again.  
But let him live—he does not use much light.  
And he's another proof that Darwin's right.

2.

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

When Snubbers kneels to pray he fairly squirms  
With sanctity that fills him with a fire.  
He will not be a banquet for white worms  
But will, by reason of his prayers, fly higher  
Than those old holy nien whose names are writ  
In red upon the scrolls; his manners say  
That this great passion is but half of it—  
He prays the best when he alone can pray.

I watched, and marvelled at his ecstasy,  
And wondered if the time would come when I  
Could see such glorious sights as he must see:  
If ever with these wings my soul would fly.  
And as I watched him talk with angel bands,  
I saw him quickly peek between his hands.



3.

## JOHN DIGGES

If Digges should ever raise his watery eyes  
 And take his first look at the living earth  
 He'd shrink from such vulgarity, despise  
 The life in which there lay so great a dearth  
 Of mustiness. No *imprimatur* placed  
 Upon a title page has sanctified  
 What he would see; such things could not be faced  
 Till he was very sure that they had died.

The love he reads about he catalogs,  
 And hate he blames upon too-active glands;  
 He nothing knows of lives, but epilogs  
 Long writ in dusty books he understands.  
 I watched him reading ornithology.  
 (Above his head a jay cried from a tree.)

4.

## PETER JOHNS

For their coarse workliness he shuns the rest  
 Who walk along with him, and do not pray  
 As though the fearful flight to regions blest  
 Were ever imminent; he'd scorn the way,  
 If his pale heart knew scorn, they jeopardize  
 Their hopes of getting a celestial lease.  
 His option on a mansion in the skies  
 Keeps off the thoughts that might disturb his peace.

Untouched by dust and blood of carnal strife,  
 He shrinks from stains upon his virgin soul;  
 He will not look upon his brother's life  
 Lest he should run upon some hellish shoal.  
 His only thought his soul's morphology,  
 He conquers life with eschatology.

5.

## ROSCOE PUDGE

He roosts on intellectual carrion  
 And seeks, to plunge his beak in, cankered lives;  
 If any great man underneath the sun  
 Has ever jumped the fence, this buzzard thrives  
 On his good name; he calls it "history".  
 Back-house biographer! If he can find  
 No traces of a soul's pornography,  
 He'll drag the bones from his putrescent mind.

Not one escapes. If this a sonnet wrote,  
 Our Pudge will know for whom, and call the bawd,  
 If that died at the easel, Pudge will gloat  
 And name diseases that avenged the Lord  
 I doubt if this researcher ever dies;  
 The Devil likes him too well, with his lies.

6.

## GILLIAN CHOLMONDELEY

He prates and prattles of the seven arts,  
 Of his deep need to pacify his soul;  
 He intimates that he's of greater parts  
 Than you suspect, perhaps. Some day his whole  
 Attention will be turned to some great work  
 Eclipsing Shelley—poor old boy, with shame  
 He'd shrink if he could see the laughter lurk  
 Round Cholmondeley's mouth, as he disdains that name:

And so he'll live on thoughts of what will be  
 And feed his art by feeding temperament.  
 Some day he'll point at other poems we see  
 And tell of all the assistance he has lent.  
 But then we shall not need to hear him drool,  
 For he'll be lost in Kansas, teaching school.

—Peter Porcupine.

## Prometheus and Satan

Four great writers, two of them religious and conventional, two irreligious and revolutionary, have paid literary tribute to rebellion against Deity, have allied themselves, temporarily, at least, with those who strove to overthrow the throne of Jehovah or of Zeus. Prometheus Bound is a drama of revolt, of revolt crushed into defiance, quelled by force but unconquered. Without going into the various theories of whether the play is or is not part of a trilogy, it seems wisest to allow that Aeschylus would never have permitted this blasphemy to stand without a perfectly pious anodyne. Even then, how account for the anti-Jovian attitude of this work by the thoroughly religious, thoroughly conventional Aeschylus? However he may have sweetened the pill by a subsequent reconciliation between Godhead and Titan, it must have appeared to contemporaneity as it has remained to eternity—a scornful, unanswerable arraignment of God, and it is sure that this indictment could not have been surpassed in tone, beauty, or appeal by the second and third plays of the hypothetical trilogy. It must have been the dominant idea the audience took home with it, so why did the religious poet permit it? The answer is that Aeschylus was an artist with all the freedom that calling be-sublimity, more resolute, unalterable defiance. He becomes the prototype of the strongest, best part of his Paradise epic to the possible confounding of the faithful and to the placing of his work on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum. The answer is the same. I think the sublime defiance of Prometheus and of Satan produced an admiration that transcended the conventions and convictions of both poets, and, forgetful of consequences, of resentment, of public ire or Papal Index, each, in his age, rendered poetic praise to the eternal spirit which, holy or unholy, has the strength to say from chains and defeat, "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." Then "the almighty Power hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky": Satan to dominion over the damned, Prometheus to cruelty on the Caucasian rock. Nailed and fettered to the gorge, Prometheus suffers in haughty silence the insolent harshness of his savage tormentors and the apologetic gentleness of Hephaestus. Thereafter every episode serves but to clothe him in more majesty, more sublimity, more resolute, unalterable defiance. He becomes the prototype of that uncompromising resistance that will not budge an inch from its chosen path even to avoid the obstacle that shuts it from its goal. At first he calls on Nature to behold how might has crushed right, the bitter spectacle of power flaunting its strength. Calmer, he foretells the eventual overthrow of Zeus and declares he will await that cycle of evolution which will accomplish his fall. Oceanus he sends packing, unable to bear the sight of one who had shared the enmity of God and had compromised for his own safety's sake. This reveals another aspect of Prometheus and of all great men and causes—no toleration for the apostate; cursed be he who having put his hand to the plow, looks back; no man can serve two masters; let him follow the tyrant whose cause he has espoused and not come sneaking back to fraternize with the revolutionist he had deserted in his need. Prometheus proceeds to recount the benefits he had given men: the building of houses, the forecasting of seasonal changes, the rudiments of knowledge, the domestication of animals, seamanship, medicine, religious ritual, and the Fire, source of it all. Here it is well to notice what is at once the final cup of bitterness the Titan did not have to drain and the greatest argument for Christ's humanity: the ingratitude of man. Prometheus was a god and he bestowed, he did not give. His punishment was not, as was Jesus', the result of the complete sacrifice of

self, but of unheroic bungling in his antagonistic method of helping the ephemerals to whom he had taken a fancy. He did not love them as his fellows. In condescension he gave them favors and went to the Caucasus, not for love of them, but for refusing to tolerate the interference of Zeus. Hampered by his deity, he could not feel as does a mortal, and it was no pain to him if *his bricks were used to build fortresses, his fire to burn captured prisoners, his horses to mount cavalymen, his rituals to enslave in superstition, or his herbs to bolster a parasitic craft of medicine-men.* He was a god, and above it, like a rich man who throws coppers to urchins and cares not whether they buy fire-crackers, cigarettes, or marshmallows. So the sorrow of man's ungratefulness was not known by him, as it has been by Socrates, by the Gracchi, by Huss, by Danton, and, in our day, by Wilson and LaFollette, by the reformers of all the ages who have seen their free gifts turned against them and the advances they gave their lives for perverted by the very people for whom they had fought.

Hermes' entrance furnishes an interesting contrast. He is the ideal conservative: clever, witty, polished, full of reasons and answers. He stands pat with Zeus because, however new, he is authority, the regnant power. He would support Demagorgan, Kronos, Prometheus or any other, did he reign, simply because he is the type which cannot bear to be outside the pale, beyond the respectability of submitting to the ruling government. Hermes could "pervert the egoism of the proletariat" and of many a plebizing aristocrat, but this middle class deity is impotent before the withering disgust of the suffering god. He scolds, pleads, threatens, all vainly. Prometheus will not repent; defiant to the last, nobly uncompromising, he welcomes the lightning that will bury him alive, "bloody but unbowed".

Milton gives the same epic picture of noble defiance, and, as has often been remarked, Satan is the hero, God, the villain of the Paradise Lost. It will be seen that in all four writers, the conception of God and Zeus are identical as are those of Satan and Prometheus.

In Shelley's Prometheus Unbound we have an entirely different order of things. Here success has crowned revolt and it is patent that qualities of an unsimilar nature will be revealed. Radicalism or revolution has ever been a better loser than a winner. The way of defeat is bordered with noble lost causes and circumstanced heroes. The Daughters of the American Confederacy have a much more ardent devotion than do members of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. Almost never has a victorious Socialist made a satisfactory office-holder. With more wisdom than Shelley, Anatole France in his Revolt of the Angels shows the fallacy of victory, its meaninglessness, and the much greater glory of unbending, heroic defeat. He allows Satan to dream of a thunderous assault against the gates of Heaven, of the rout of Michael and his angels, and his establishment in the stagnating glory of King of Paradise. Satan beholds this vision and disperses his volunteers; better remain an unsuccessful rebel.

So then, now that Shelley shows Prometheus winning his fight, we must expect him to exhibit characteristics less grand but none the less consistent. My contention is that he is the same personality. The god we see at the opening of the poem is Promethean enough. I cannot believe that he who suffered on Caucasus could not forgive his tormentors. Never had he breathed a word of meditated revenge on Zeus. His soul was the kind that would pardon a bitter enemy however much it loathed a weak apostate like Oceanus. When his victory is complete, he wastes no time in wordy exultation but declares for the joys of an Islamic paradise and chooses sea-nymphs for his consorts in the freedom ahead of him. Nobler the nailing to the rock,

but, after the battle, the cavalry horse must learn to draw the plow, and the warrior must relapse into the unheroic pleasures of domesticity. "Il me faut une femme", said a French Emperor after a great victory, but it was the same Napoleon who had won the battle; and, I think, the same Prometheus.

It seems that the authorship of these plays should have been reversed. The idea of Shelley the Revolutionist writing a poem of victory is not natural: he was never a victor. All his life he suffered glorious defeat and could have written Prometheus Bound with all the feeling of one whom society had chained in the Caucasus. But, having taken the more difficult theme of success, he has, to a remarkable degree, preserved the essential characteristics of the suffering Titan, and, in his triumph, has interpreted him consistently.

—J. Harold Bessom, '25.



## The Fire

Brightly gleam the flames,  
Skyward fly the elusive, curling wisps of smoke . . .  
My eyes . . . the beast,  
The enticing glow . . . the serpent,  
As fitfully I dream.

Castles arise,  
Filmy bubbles of fate,  
Endless Utopian scenes in their train;  
Forbidden hopes ascend,  
Envigoured anew . . .  
Of joy consummate, of happiness secure.

The fetters of failure . . .  
Shattered, broken,  
My soul from the Stygian depths of its dungeon  
Leaps, immortalized, to vales Nicaean graced,  
Cinctured with verdant garland of success.

The rich radiance fades perceptibly . . .  
Dying embers from myriad spires of light  
Rend the veil of enchantment,  
Dissolve the spell . . .  
My soul returns to sterner visions of reality.

—Paul Titus.

## 'Tis the Seeing Eye that Matters

*A Grave Mistake*

*in*

*Two Scenes*

"By the seven kinds of original sin,  
By the beard of the god called Budd.  
I'll carry the gem where it ought to have been,  
If it always had been where it should."

PROLOGUE: Alas: This play tried to be a poem, and couldn't. It ought to be a short story, but wouldn't. Therefore, methinks, 'twill be as follows. The setting, as you will see, is just right for a play; in fact, if you were going to have a play, there isn't another place in the world quite as suitable as under the spread canvas of the British ex-convict ship "Bloodclot." Don't suppose that the canvas being spread means that the vessel is still underway, plying between Liverpool and India in the gay business of classic cruelty. Quite the contrary. The crew of the Bloodclot has long ceased to sing its merry song, and the shouts of the gleeful convicts no longer shiver the timbers with loyal huzzahs for England and the Queen, God Bless Her! She, the ship and not the Queen, is now permanently moored, by a complete biological arrangement, to a decrepit dock in Boston harbor. On her listless sails, in painted letters, is the sign "Marine Museum, Horrors and Agonies of Ex-convict Trade, Fifty Cents." Under this sort of strange disgrace, the sundry parts of the Bloodclot have almost forgotten their former gory purpose; but the American public has not forgotten. The American public can't forget. JAYUS MARN won't let it.

JAYUS is the most recent phenomenon in the long and varied history of the Bloodclot. He is the Jayus Marn of "I'll tell the world" fame, and the idea behind his employment on this floating prison is to "whoop up" the interest in the vessel which has been, half-dollar by half-dollar, lately dying a painful death.

It is only fair to state that Jayus, despite an awkward physical handicap, is a Press Prodigy of the first family. His genius amounts almost to madness. At the opening of this play, for instance, he is engaged in a scheme for free publicity that will make both him and the vessel famous.

"Free space on the front of the premiere page,  
And headlines two inches high.  
A tale that tells of a jewel as large  
As the length and breadth of an eye."

*Scene First*

### THE INTRIGUE DELIGHTFUL

(To the reader: It is in the ship's wardroom. Seat Jayus at the table so that his left eye only is toward the audience. One of the effects of this play is always to have the other Marn optic trained on the cabin bulkhead aft. There is something peculiar about his shy eye, something strangely reminiscent of a placid lake in a noonday sun. Jayus is sensitive concerning this odd



optical aspect, especially so at this moment, since Simlah Pooh, the half-starved East Indian of this play, cannot take his gaze from the offending orb. Simlah Pooh has for so many years groveled in abject humility before the triple gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, that he is inclined to fanaticism. As he stands there in a threatening attitude before Jayus, the Journalist, his reason and his temper are seen to be of the hair-trigger variety. At the present moment, Pooh is staging a row because Jayus says he can't have the Ruby when it is found.)

"By the hinge of the holy Tophet gate,  
By the dent in the head of the god!  
The jewel belongs by a sacred fate,  
To its hole in the land of the rod."

JAYUS:—(In a loud voice) Say, you must be crazy! Stop your raving, and get down to business. This is a play, and you've got to start acting. Show your stuff. (More seriously, and professionally) What did I hire you for? You translated the paper, didn't ya? I mean the paper, this paper, the paper you translated. And you told the truth about the vase, didn't ya? You know the vase I mean. And you promised to stay until we unearthed the jewel, didn't ya. Now what's the game? . . . Come on, Poohloo.

SIMLAH:—What I say, that I mean. When you play with a sacred object like this Ruby of Shalimudd, you trifle with sudden death. Peter Hawkins tried it. He stole the Ruby six hundred years ago . . . gouged it from the forehead of the Buddha at Shalimudd. He hid it on this vessel, and wrote this paper disclosing its hiding place. Then what happened? Had his right eye taken out, eh? Was sold into slavery and death, eh? That's what the curse says. That's what happened.

JAYUS:—(With admiration, in spite of a certain annoyance) Simpooh, the Gentleman of the Press ought to hear you. Your eloquence is convincing. Your words are Sunday Supplement quality. (With sudden decision) And they shall hear you. The gentleman aforementioned shall hear you. Oh, perfect addition to what already is a work of the highest art. Rave on, Poohbah, rave on. You are worth money to me . . . Let me see, what are your arguments, briefly stated?

SIMLAH:—(Slowly, impressively, passionately) I want the Ruby of Shalimudd. Two hundred million Hindus want the Ruby of Shalimudd. The desecrated Buddha of Shalimudd want it . . . and Brahma wants it. By the hornless head of the sacred cow, Brahma is going to get it!

(The reader interrupts to interrogate:

"But how the, who the, why the, when?  
I seem to be out in the shade.  
Concerning the details of such a gem,  
Explanations ought to be made."

(The author hastens to elucidate:

Three days ago, while some workmen were tearing out the inner sheathing of the Bloodcot to make some repairs to the hull, a vase of antique design was discovered. In the vase was found a yellow and faded parchment, purporting to have been written by one Peter Hawkins, an undergraduate in the school of English criminal torture. The writing was in strange Eastern characters, and it was necessary, therefore, to call in

Simlah Pooh, Interpreter. It is said by the Members of the Press, who were present at practically every development of this strange discovery (by coincidental phenomena best known to Jayus, the Prodigy) that when Simlah Pooh first read through the faded paper, he fell into a state of agitation closely resembling an attack of the ague. Afterwards it was only with the utmost reluctance that he revealed the sad story as found in the manuscript:

"The blow of the curse has fallen on me,  
The Curse of the great god Budd.  
I stole the Ruby from out of the head  
Of his likeness at Shalimudd.

--And so nothing matters anymore. My right eye gone from my head, my spirit torn and broken by torture, and my career blasted by this grave mistake. Oh, man's cruelty to man! Tomorrow I go into slavery—and death! Would Heaven I could replace the Ruby in the forehead of the image from which I took it. But there is no time. Look well to the *Fifth Beam Forward of the Rudder Post, Main Deck*. I have imbedded it there . . . It is about the length and breadth of an eye.

(Peter Hawkins.)

At this point, it is one of the effects of the play to bring down the curtain on the first scene.

#### Scene Second

#### THE PAINFUL DENOUEMENT

(Stage directions to reader: It is a bit more difficult—just a bit more technical, this scene, but not as unmanageable as it might be. The main deck of the Bloodcot is the setting revealed by the rising of the curtain; not the midship section, out under the unwashed sails, but the after portion, deep under the shadow of the poop. The rudder post is the central object of interest; and about it are twelve representatives of the press. The Beams are overhead, running from right to left. Simlah Pooh glowers over the situation like a jaundiced statue of outraged virtue. Enter Jayus.)

JAYUS:—(aside)

"Now for the fifth beam, now for the Ruby!  
Begad, but these beggars are stupid.  
A triumph for me, this gay sight to see,  
The Press so easily duped."

(to the Press)

Gentlemen, good afternoon. You have your notebooks, I see. You might add to what you already have concerning this afternoon's story, that when the jewel is found, the management of the ship, at great personal sacrifice, has decided to return it to its rightful owner, the Buddha of Shalimudd. Pardon me. My picture? Why certainly. Shall I hold this ancient script in my hand . . . the agonizing farewell of Peter Hawkins, you know? No . . . not the right profile, please. The flash hurts my eye. . . . Oh, you're welcome.

(aside)

"A triumph for me, this gay sight to see,  
The Press so easily duped."

(To the Press again.) Now, gentlemen, the smoke of battle having cleared away, shall we proceed to the investigation? First permit me to present Simpooh Lah, the native of Hindustan whom the manage-

ment of the vessel secured, at great expense, to interpret the momentous last words of the unfortunate ex-convict. (aside to Simlah) Pose for the Press, Simpooh. Remember that the jewel, if we find it, is yours.

SIMLAH:—(Angrily)

“I’m known by the syllables Simlah Pooh  
Arranged in the order as stated.

I’m vastly annoyed by persons like you  
Who constantly seem to misstate it.”

JAYUS:—He is eager for the search, gentlemen. He is like a hound impatient for the hunt. As you know, it is expected that this afternoon we shall uncover a large Ruby on board this vessel, said to be imbedded in the fifth beam forward of the rudder post. The Ruby of Shalimudd, to be exact. Worth I should say, several hundred thousands of dollars. What a discovery, gentlemen! What a chance for a front page feature! I wish I were in the rank and file of the Press for this most stirring occasion. An unusual chance for personal endeavor. By the way, is Hearst’s man here? Oh yes. How de do? Magazine Section, are you not, line drawings and such, well shaded? Yes. Well, we might proceed to the task.

(They go to the rudder post, and with no difficulty whatever count forward five beams, stopping at the fifth beam. Jayus Marn and Pooh examine it carefully, assisted morally but not physically by the Knights of the Knot-book. Over on the starboard side, and almost at the joint between the beam and the rib, Jayus finds a black spot resembling a pitch stain. It is a fresh stain, but neither Jayus nor Simlah comment upon this fact. The Press crowds in, and Jayus begins to dig out the pitch preparatory to unearthing the Ruby, when Simlah stops him, and indicates that it is his wish to prevent infidel hands from touching the sacred gem.)

JAYUS:—(protestingly)

“But Simlah!  
How can the Gentlemen of the Press,  
Be sure of their story’s truthfulness,  
If you insist that they do not see,  
The minute details of discovery?”

(But Simlah has already dug out a great shining ruby, and is struggling manfully between curiosity and reverence. But, being a Hindu, he is a born connoisseur of jewels, and almost at once he recognizes that the thing which he has in his hand never was, never could be, the Ruby of Shalimudd. At the realization of fraud, all the anger and hatred which has been gathering in his heart against Jayus breaks loose, and with a giant step, he crosses over to him, stands directly in front of him, and breaks into verse.

“By the crook in the tail of the holy ass,  
By the beard of the god called Budd,  
Do you mean to say this measure of glass,  
Is the Ruby of Shalimudd?”

And before the astonished Press could stop him, Simlah places both hands on the Jayus forehead and with a quick movement of his left thumb, forces our Marn’s right eye! (Horrors!) Almost at once, he refills the yawning socket with the false Ruby of Shalimudd, which, although somewhat big, fits well enough to stay put.

Then Simlah looks down in amazement at the strange thing that has come out so easily into his hand. He tries to press it between his thumb

and forefinger. He doesn’t seem able to comprehend—but when he does, it is one of the effects of this play to have him shake both fists over his head and cry:

*“The heart of this villian is so base and crass,  
That even his eye is made of glass!”*

Then Simlah tosses the colored spheroid out of a porthole into the sea, strews the deck and all upon it with copious Indian oaths, and leaves the vessel.

There is a dreadful silence—for a moment. Then a most horrible laugh. The Gentlemen of the Press emit, as previously stated, a most horrible laugh. It begins in that small group of select Knights, increases in volume as the public of Boston realizes the situation, continues to increase in volume until every throat in the United States contributes to the sound. Jayus feels personally the full force of every single snicker. He stands there helpless and dejected, and soon, even his good eye becomes red and swollen with the weight of his complete shame and disgrace.

*“The blow of the curse has fallen on him,  
The Curse of the great god Budd.  
He made sport of the gem from out of the head  
Of his likeness at Shalimudd.”*

(Curtain)

—A. Gordon Shirt.



## The Kiss

In one black space of love and bitterness  
Despair and joy had birth;  
Into the plumbless depths of hopelessness  
Fell shattered mirth.

At once the consummation of desire,  
The end of every good—  
The terror of a rampant April fire,  
Across an April wood.

How could a mortal so affront the gods,  
A wind-tossed bit of chaff,  
That they should turn against him heaven’s odds,  
And strike—and laugh?

—W. W. V.

## The Curriculum from Below

In the last issue of the Messenger there was an article by President Bell which explained the theory and workings of our curriculum. It seems to me that there may be some value in a consideration of the same matter from the viewpoint of a student. An undergraduate, naturally, speaks from a much weaker position than an experienced educator. Nevertheless, he has certain compensations in a better opportunity to study the actual effect of the system on his fellows, and their reactions to it. Before beginning I wish to say that I am not writing in a spirit of fault-finding with either our curriculum as it stands or President Bell's exposition of the theories upon which it is built. With much of the latter I am in hearty accord; but I shall have cause to comment upon only those parts of it with which I disagree. And the whole Student Body feels the greatest appreciation of the constructive attitude the Faculty has displayed toward the curriculum, and of the improvements it has already made.

In the first place, many of us find ourselves inclined to quarrel with the dictum that all courses of study are divided into tool subjects, background subjects, and mental-drill subjects, and that the proper course must balance these. Why? Cannot a man acquire the necessary mental discipline through learning something which is in itself of some value? We do not consider Indian clubs and chest-weight exercises necessary to the training of an athlete. In fact, it has been found that the average football player will wilt in a half-hour class of Y. M. C. A. calisthenics. But is he much the loser? Furthermore, and quite in line with the physiological analogy cited above, it seems to be a wide-spread opinion among modern psychologists that the transfer value of mental training is much slighter than it has been considered heretofore. There is, of course, another aspect—that doing anything well improves a man's calibre, or undermines his disadvantageous complexes, or something of the sort; but from that standpoint it makes no difference in what field he works.

There is still another way in which psychology tends to belittle the effects of purely disciplinary study. According to Dr. A. A. Brill, we instinctively forget anything which we find distasteful. This, I suppose, is a more scientific and therefore a more respectable way of phrasing the old saw that you can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. In practice this theory works out even more strongly than Brill has stated it. Generally, if we don't like a subject we never learn it at all.

For instance, we are told that centuries of experience have shown that the best subjects for mental drill are Latin, Greek, and mathematics. About the last of these I have nothing to say; but as regards the Classics I feel that I have a certain right to air my opinions. As far as I have been able to discover, I have read more Latin and Greek than any student of this college for many years past. Since I have a natural taste for languages, I have enjoyed my work; but I have certainly found therein nothing of such value that I should feel justified in advising anyone to whom the Classics did not come easily to spend much time upon them. Perhaps in forty years, when I have become somewhat better satisfied with myself, I shall feel more respect for the things that made me what I am. Moreover, I have discussed these subjects with scores of men, and tried to study their effects. The results of these conversations and observations have led me to the opinion that whatever the disciplinary value of these subjects may have been in bygone centuries when they were taught as the very backbone of education, at present it is certainly almost nil. It is at least conceivable that it should be beneficial to a man

to practice pure mental gymnastics; but in the great majority of cases he does not do even that. The man who is not interested in the Classics usually makes a very, very feeble effort to learn them. It is much simpler to pass them. This, while it may mean a great deal of nervous strain, usually requires a comparatively small amount of real work. A reasonable degree of familiarity with a trot can be made to cover a quite extensive ignorance of the language; and then—everyone can't flunk. Without discussing the amount of Latin that the average uninterested man knows after from four to six years of studying it, I hardly think that the mental discipline he acquires thereby, even if it should prove to have a high transfer value, can be of much use to him in other intellectual work.

Another question which I think will bear discussion is that of uniformity of requirements. It is undoubtedly true that the subjects needed most are often those hated most. But it is not always practicable for us to get what we need, even if we are willing to work for it. While an entirely elective program may give too much leeway to mere laziness, set requirements often make too little allowance for differences in ability. And these differences, I think, are much greater than is generally recognized. Some men can acquire a reading knowledge of a foreign language in a few weeks, or even days. Others, of equally high general intelligence, cannot do as well in many months. The "blind spot for mathematics" is a common ailment. Yet the sufferers from it are not always the most illogical thinkers.

In art and music the extent of these differences is realized. Why not in other subjects? Nobody advocates forcing everyone to learn the violin. Is it not quite as unreasonable to make men who have proven their lack of capacity learn languages? Of course, after a year or so I could probably learn to whine out "Bambalina", or something reasonably near it. But would it be worth the trouble? And how much return on his investment does a man get who really works at French for four years, and at the end of that time has to run for help whenever he comes across a quotation in a history book? Tunes stick in his head and words in mine, and neither of us can change it.

To sum up, my attitude toward the curriculum—and I believe it is fairly representative of the Student Body—is this: Education may be divided into the acquisition of background, of tools, and of mental training. To be truly educated a man must have a certain degree of background—the more the better, of course. He must have a trained mind; but let him acquire the training in subjects which are in themselves of value. He must have tools; but it is worth his while to work only for those he is fitted to use. It is poor economy to spoil a good carpenter to make an indifferent jack-of-all-trades.

—Louis M. Myers.



## Floating Theaters

New York's civic knee was bent to a group of fascinating foreigners. A contingent of dapper broughams drove nightly to Wallack's Theatre, where Madame Vestris sang the tune of the town, "Take Back the Virgin Page." Mlle. Fanny Elssler had created a sensation, when she danced "La Tarantule." In the afternoon she entertained young men of New York in her suite at the Brevoort Hotel. There it was that she impressed them with her demureness—and, her determined pose of unworldliness. Macready and Forrest were kindling the sparks that later resulted in the Astor Place riot. Respectable men about town were composing lyrics to a certain Miss Ellen Tree. The excessively discreet "New York Mirror," committed itself by saying that Miss Tree was a "lovely girl", and "should go far on the boards". It also inferred that this young lady was very much of a flower in the mud. The periodicals were also commenting upon a new book called, "Nicholas Nickleby", by the rising young English writer, "Boz".

Far down the coast, in New Orleans, these famous people were not community-influences; with the exception perhaps of "Boz". The romantic Creoles had a social life of their own. In the evenings they packed the small Theatre d'Orleans, to listen to French Opera companies sing, "Les Huguenots". Maudlin sounds of a charivari, were sometimes heard, coming from the direction of the Rue Royale. From grilles, balconies, girls tossed roses and orange-flowers, upon masqueraders, who passed through the streets at carnival-time.

Along the levee, apart from this life, might be seen a few curious boats, docked in a sort of isolation. They were long, with play-bills pasted upon their sides. Over the roof-deck they bore signs announcing themselves as "floating theatres". New Orleans, apparently, was their "headquarters", but the Mississippi River, was evidently their "Broadway".

Usually a "Papa" owned each boat, or else leased it. Frequently it was due to his prowess as a father, that he retained a nucleus of players "on board". Around these, his family, he drew a few journey-men players, whom he found in the coffee-houses along the wharves. Sometimes these players were English, sometimes French: men and women who had crossed the Atlantic from Europe, and had not returned. In most cases "Papa" had a younger daughter, who like Victoria Crummies, had captured the secret of eternal Youth. She, the persistent "infant phenomena" could play Ophelia, and "double" in a dancing-turn. "Mamma" played "Queen Gertrude", and "Lady Macbeth", to "Papa's" "Hamlet", and "Thane of Cawdor". She could also "double" as the evil witch, who tries to snatch the "infant", (whose name was probably Mariette) from the "kindly knight".

When the boat paddled slowly up the river, "Mamma", would climb to the roof-deck, to "pull-off" the traditional publicity stunt. On a clothesline that extended from two corners of the deck, she would hang the brightest costumes. There would be Macbeth's red tunic, and of course, Mariette's ballet outfit. Along with these, there hung a few pieces of the company's personal wardrobe, on the principle that laymen always like to know about a few theatrical intimacies. As the theatre glided around the curves in the river, the natives on the shore, and in the distant cane-fields, might catch sight of this display, and thus be further tempted to attend the performance.

After that "Mamma" might come down, and sit on the narrow deck in the stern. There perhaps she inspired Mariette, (who was becoming increasingly dulcet with advancing age) with her stock-story of the evening she played with the Hallam's in Yorktown before the heroic George Washington.

Mariette no doubt was thinking of the time, when she might "take New York by storm", dethrone Ellsler, and have an extremely refined cut of herself, printed among the virginal pages, of "Godey's Ladies' Book."

For some reason Mariette did not seem to get to New York. Whereas, "Mamma" had long ago resigned herself to the landing of the Mississippi. So, when the boat neared the wharf, they carried out their preliminary duties, with habitual calmness. "Mamma" pushed the kitchen table off the stage, and rolled "Papa's" pallet out onto the deck. "Papa" was busy placing two strips of florid cardboard on both sides of the stage, thus making possible a representation either of castle, or woodland stream. Mariette skipped behind "the forest of Arden," was leaning against the wall, and slipped into her dancing pantaloons. By this time the "kindly knight" had hurried to the front of the house, to assist in throwing out the gang-plank.

Mariette was the star of the performance. Her name was printed in large, black letters on the bills. After "Hamlet" had seen his father's ghost, she made her first appearance. There on the battlements of Elsinore, she would strum her banjo, while the "Jim Crow" gallery of colored people stamped out the time, noisily. Later when she as Ophelia, had drowned, she defied death by re-appearing as "la premiere ballerina".

In those days the appearance of the floating theatre was as great an event as the arrival of the circus became in later years. It still is, in certain river towns of the south. In most places the lumbering boats are now pulled by puffing tug-boats. Occasionally there may yet be seen an "infant phenomena". "Papa" seems to have vanished, and is replaced by a little Jewish manager. Instead of scene-lifting and acting, he wriggles through the throng telling it that there will be "three ax, with songs and a clog put in between them." The play's title is not mentioned. Probably it is a decrepit Broadway success, aged but not antique, such as "Bought and Paid For". Between the acts, the heroine may sing "Splash Me and I'll Splash You". The gaunt comedian will perhaps "rock the house" when he steps before the curtain, and tells the audience that the "ladies" will please remove their hats. Those, whose hats cost less than fifteen cents, may keep them on. So the floating theatres go, bearing no signs of a very recent Broadway influence, and entertaining a not over-fastidious country-people.

—Lewis Hammond.



## The Landlady

The last time I was in Berlin the pressure of foreign visitors was so great as to necessitate our taking rooms, for a month, in the apartments of a private person. The regulation of the housing authorities compelled every householder to rent out all rooms in excess of the allowance, prescribed by law according to the size of the family. The occupant of this apartment, Frau Dr. Rath, was one of those women who have for so long accustomed themselves to grief as to have made of it, first a luxury, later a vital necessity to their existence. She was fat, healthy in appearance, and deeply read; yet she had allowed the disillusionment of her early married life to warp her whole attitude towards everything. The strength of her mind had concentrated itself for twelve years upon imbibing every kind of learning, to all of which she had imparted a distinctly morbid bias.

The first time I met Frau Rath, to arrange about accommodations, she received us graciously, asked a great many questions about ourselves, England, the outside world, and told us about her life. Her husband, a degenerate, who had worn his clothing until it was reduced to such a condition that the laundress refused to touch it, had been a solicitor and had died nearly five years before, in this apartment. After the funeral, his widow had gone out to take a walk, had slipped from the pavement and fallen down. There is no question that she did at the time sustain some injury to her spine in consequence of the fall, but it had shocked her to such an extent that she had never again ventured outside the apartment.

As our conversation progressed my mother noticed that the room had become oppressively hot and directed me to open the window. I was about to do so, but was intercepted by Frau Rath, who, with a mysterious gesture, laid a warning finger on my arm and said,

"Don't do that! For four years I have avoided infection by staying in the apartment with the windows closed. If you open the window, all the microbes will fly in from outside, and then I shall become ill."

Very much astonished, I sat down. As the conversation continued, my sister's small dog, then two weeks old, which had been mistaken for a kind of muff, began to squirm around in the child's lap. Thereupon our hostess jumped up in great agitation and asked us to put the dog outside.

"In fact," she remarked, "you can't possibly have that dog here, because the danger of getting dog-worm is very great. Don't you know that the Kaiserin (Empress) had such a dog, for which the Countess von—cared, and from which she contracted dog-worm in the discharge of her duties? It's a horrible disease, I assure you. First, her nose was eaten away, then gradually her whole face disappeared. In fact, she finally died."

My mother rose to the occasion to remark that our dog was pedigreed and had been carefully examined by a veterinary before we bought it, which was true, and had been pronounced to be free from any kind of infection. Frau Rath was slightly reassured. The effect, however, upon my small sister was such as to cause her to open all doors and touch all balustrades with a fold of her dress, and to be almost afraid to shake hands ungloved with any stranger, so great was her fear of microbe infection. As for the dog, it nearly expired with heart-failure induced by the cumulatively weakening effect of constant hot baths.

At this point the bell rang, and Johanna, the maid, ushered in Frau Meyer, our hostess' mother, a little, old woman of seventy-three. She had just returned from the Red Cross, where she worked from six o'clock every morning until four in the afternoon. To do this she had to get up at five,

winter and summer. Berlin is latitudinally considerably further north than New York; therefore, in winter, five o'clock is not only pitch dark, but also bitter cold for a woman seventy-three years old. She did this so as to earn enough to be able to maintain Johanna for her hypochondriac daughter. Arrived at home in the afternoon, the old lady drank some coffee, and then went out to shop and to do the marketing for the household. That finished, she returned to help the maid to prepare dinner. After dinner she balanced the accounts pertaining to her Red Cross duties, helped Johanna with her dishes, and at eleven o'clock went to bed. During all this time Frau Rath did not a stroke of work. She was entirely dependent upon Johanna for everything.

Johanna was of medium height, gaunt, hollow-eyed, consumptive, past middle age, and took entire charge of the work within the seven-roomed apartment, except in so far as she was helped by Frau Meyer.

For Frau Rath the day would terminate at ten o'clock, when she went to bed; and to her bed-side Johanna would bring a tray. Upon it were placed three small basins, one for her teeth, one for her face, and one for her hands. Madame du Barry had "nothing on her". There were, besides, two small napkins and a variety of bottles, jars and glasses, containing the sleeping-draught, internal-microbe-killer, gargle and nose-syringe, besides a few instruments, wherewith she might manicure her nails and curl her hair. The elaborate ritual connected with this tray occupied half an hour. The tray was then removed, and Johanna brought her mistress a cup of chocolate. This finished, the lady went to sleep, and left her mother and the maid to clean up. With the account of all this Johanna used to regale my mother, in the mornings while making the rooms.

By way of occupation Frau Rath received her friends who came to see her, to drink coffee, in the afternoon. Also, she read omnivorously. Such she was when we first met her. My mother took rooms there and stayed about a month until she could get hotel accommodations. In the course of this time she had to listen to this woman's life history. A more dismal record of petty selfishness fortifying itself against slimy vice I have never encountered. At other times we were entertained by the old lady, who used to declare that she could do nothing with her daughter, that every time she tried to assert herself, Elizabeth would go into hysterics, call the doctor, and be ill for a week.

Our period at an end, my mother left and went to a hotel. No more was heard from either of these women until two months later, when, one evening, there appeared the veiled, gaunt ghastliness of Johanna, all in black. We asked her to come in, but she behaved like one demented. Upon being questioned as to the cause of her behaviour and her visit, she disclosed that three days ago Frau Meyer, crossing one of the great avenues, had stumbled and fallen, and had been struck by a passing vehicle. The injury, although slight, had proven fatal to her age; thus she had died within a few hours, fortunately in a condition of painless stupor. But, the reason for Johanna's excitement was that her mistress instead of even pretending to that natural affection for her mother which would justify you to expect some exhibition of grief on her part, had gone into raving hysterics, foully cursing her fate, her mother's clumsiness and carelessness to be run over in Berlin, where, she contemptuously added, "even a chicken is safe." What would she do now that she could no longer afford to keep a maid? How could she venture outside to go to market, she, who had not been outside the apartment in more than four years?

The funeral was to take place the next morning, and Frau Rath had absolutely refused to accompany the body to the church. We sent a message

of sympathy, bidding Johanna go to the proper authorities, and sent her away. In Germany everything is regulated, even death.

We left Berlin.

Three months later, upon our return, we inquired at the house where Frau Rath had lived, and discovered her there, but changed. Where before there had been an obstinacy, deeply buried under pink, fat flesh and showing only the suave graciousness of her external demeanour to strangers, there was now a certain thin, bleak anxiety, a hard tearlessness. She said no word of complaint; she made no mention of her mother's death; she told us nothing of her present mode of life; but her entire being radiated a strong, fierce antagonism to her misfortunes, to her privations. Yet, that afternoon, a tremendous improvement upon Johanna brought us the coffee. Johanna, it seemed, had faded, and finally had gone out like a candle. Experience had taught Frau Rath that a younger and stronger person was needed for such work as that woman's had been, especially for the daily bath, which required the heating upon the kitchen stove, of large vessels of water, which had to be carried to the bathroom. This work alone had left Johanna panting, in the old days, and had undoubtedly contributed to the weakening that had caused her death.

We made our adieus and left.

Later, the doctor told us that the exigencies of the occasion following her mother's death had driven Frau Rath to increase her income by means hitherto unsuspected. I have said she was deeply read, and should have added that she spoke French and English fluently. This talent she now turned to advantage by privately translating English and French books into German. The last I heard about her was that she had sent her mother's body out of the house, in the company of the clergyman, the doctor and her friends, to be buried; but had, up to the end, resolutely refused to leave the apartment, even to attend the funeral.

—Bedford Shove.



## A Marvellous Film

The following is but an episode from the most daring, and stupifying scenario ever shown on any screen. We take pleasure in presenting the testimonials of various well-known people, who were captivated by this great film-drama, "Children Who Smoulder".

Elinor Glyn: "—more poignantly beautiful than anything we have ever written."

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Brander Mathews: "It was swell."

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Sub-Title:

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Picture:

A happy family scene, in the old farm-house of the Pinkerton's. (Quick flash of the great elm tree in the front yard, with two cooing doves perched in the top-branches.)

On the front porch stands Grandmother Pinkerton, shielding her eyes from the sun, with her hands. She is watching for the approach of her grandsons. At intervals she may be seen giving the old family yell, "Wah hoo. Wah hoo."

Within the humble but wholesome home, is little sister Emma, who may be seen, from time to time, as she drags a puppy from beneath the dining-room table, and puts him outdoors. (Quick change to the mountain range.)

Chester and Victor are seen coming over the Rocky Mountains. Chester reads a trigonometry text-book, as he trudges along. Victor is seen throwing stones at little birds, and stepping on flowers.

Sub-Title:

Great was the love of this prairie-flower, for literature. Chester Pinkerton like "Honest Abe", ne'er was seen without a well-thumbed volume in his hands, which were, indeed, well-calloused from honest travail in God's sunshine.

(Close-up of callouses, and sunshine.)

Victor, on the other hand, was as unlike his brother, as a thistle is unlike a rose. Always plotting and planning to thwart Chester's noble aspirations toward finer things, he is as a fly in the ointment.

(Close-up of fly, and of Chester sitting at a desk making plots and plans.)

Picture:

A girlish figure is seen leaning on a picket fence, at the end of an especially lighted, and shadowed road. She is blond, and beautiful. A stray ray of sunshine concentrates its energy in her hair, giving the effect of a halo. She espies Chester and waves her sun-bonnet at him,



her body see-sawing over the fence until he stands before her, and speaks her name.

Sub-Title:

"Rose!"  
"Chester!"

Picture:

Rose hangs her head and swings from left to right. Chester bites his lip, and weeps quietly. He asks her to run away with him, to college. Rose tells him that she must not—her damned old aunt, and uncle need her home to feed the chickens twice a day.

(Close-up of farmyard, showing Rose throwing grain to the chickens.

Her front teeth are prominently exposed. She bends over to caress a goose, and weeps—one unchanging expression, and a lot of glycerine.)

Flashback:

Rose gives Chester a daisy, to keep for the daisy-chain the boys have at college in the springtime.

Fade-Out:

Rose and Chester walk down the long, long, lane together—so directed that they fit neatly into the sun, from top to bottom, which is smiling as the author intended, at the end of the road.

—Lewis Hammond.



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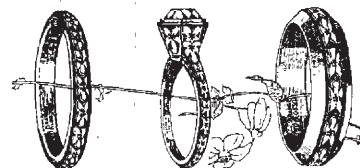
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